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OUTING.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORT, TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

VOL. XXVI.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1895

JAMES H. WORMAN, *Editor in Chief.*

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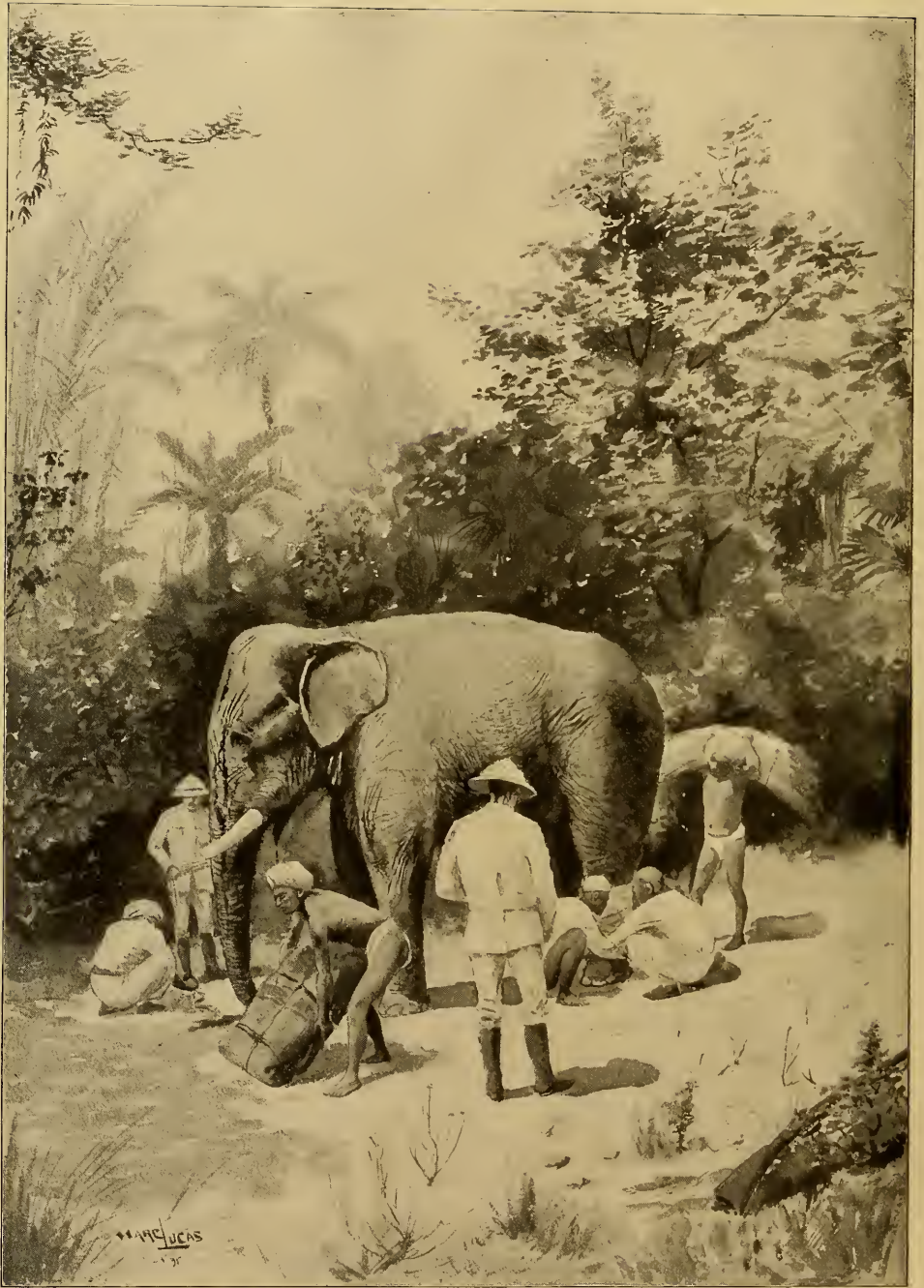
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EDITORIAL AND MONTHLY RECORDS. Conducted by William B. Curtis	I
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Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

(See "A Tiger Hunt," p. 3.)

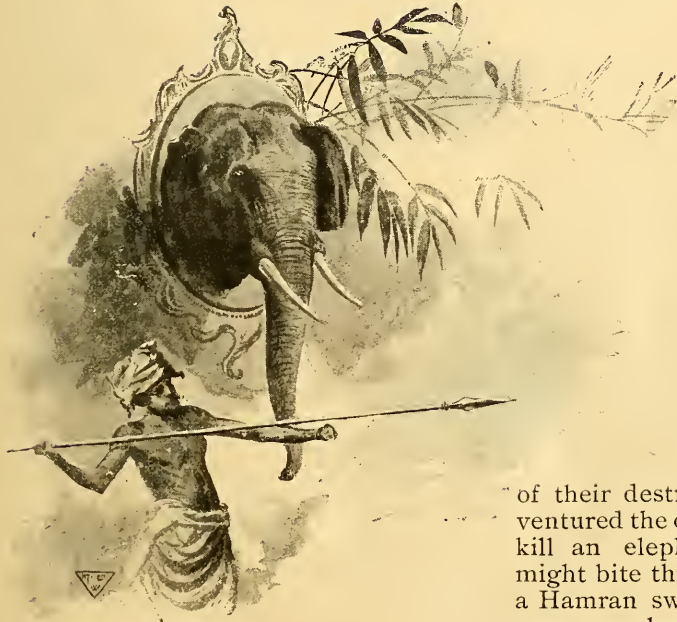
THE HERO OF THE DAY. (p. 6.)

OUTING.

VOL. XXVI.

APRIL, 1895.

NO. 1.



A TIGER HUNT.

BY

DR. J. H. PORTER.

“YOU saw him yourself?”
“*Ul-hund-ul-illa*, praise be to God, your servant saw. I beg to represent that Chunder Dé and I both saw him. Monkeys began to swear as we rested by the Fakir's tomb, and a peacock flew screaming across the nala. Then we ascended trees with haste, and he came. *Mashalla!* this was a great and terrible beast, the grandfather of all tigers.” Thus spoke Ali, the village shikari, as he salaamed before the Major.

Our camp lay by the Narbada, and we were a party of three fully equipped for tiger hunting. We had seven elephants—shikar tuskars and pad animals. All our providings and personnel were such as in India nobody supposes he can do without. That evening our talk was naturally of tigers, and apropos

of their destructive powers, the Major ventured the opinion that “A tiger *could* kill an elephant. For instance, he might bite through those vessels which a Hamran sword-hunter cuts.” There was a prophecy in his words that passed unheeded then.

The season for tiger hunting begins in April and lasts until the monsoon. During this time it is intensely hot. Water-courses fail, springs go dry, pools evaporate. Then wild beasts of all kinds leave those remoter tracts to which they retire at other seasons, and gather about drinking places in foothills and jingly lowlands.

In beating for a tiger the start is never made early in the day. This creature, whose structure forms an unequaled mechanism for offence, possesses little endurance in the heat of the sun, supports thirst very badly, and soon breaks down from scorched feet if harried by day. Therefore, when its lair is found, sportsmen wait until the sun rises high before going out. Their hunt is almost certain to be among those ravines where the tiger always lies up,

and not usually until the last extremity will he break out into the burning plains.

Still tigers are not organic machines made to act by instinct in an invariable manner. Some will assault at sight, others skulk and dodge through *nalas* for a long period before the beaters and will not attack until wounded. No human being who has not seen a tiger fight can conceive what their charge is like.

Our beaters were sent off betimes to look for tracks, and, of course, ordered to keep within certain definite limits. Equally of course the injunctions were thrown away. For genuine, inborn, spontaneous contrariness, there is no variety of *genus homo* that can match a Hindu.

By ten o'clock the country around our shady mango *tope* looked through the quivering air as if it were on fire. Then the elephants were brought up and we inspected them carefully. This was always done, lest before the day was over we should find on some of them sore backs, and an end put to their use for a time. A wild elephant gets over the worst injuries, but with domesticated animals a chafe from its girth is a serious matter if not attended to at once.

With pith helmets twined by folds of muslin and jackets padded down the back to intercept the sunbeams, we secured our rifles in their howdah racks and rolled out toward the distant hills across a sea of scorched jowaree grass. When we reached the jungle there was not a sign of life about; there never is in daylight and during hot weather. At this time every living thing there has to be forced to show itself. Imagine a high alp breaking down through a forest belt fringed with scrub; its front scarred by a great ravine swept by a torrent during the "rains." Half way down, where more friable soil had been washed away, lay an island, and beyond it the main gulch broke up into many *nalas* that ran out and lost themselves upon the plain. Such was the scene of our exploits.

We occupied those dry water-courses most likely to be traversed, blocked others with pad elephants, and closed the rest by natives placed in trees. The tiger we knew lay upon the chur

itself, and we perched our scouts around to signal his movements. When our beaters began their work, signs ominous to the initiated were displayed by my tusker, Chakravati Raja. He stamped and trumpeted as soon as the howling din of the beaters commenced. His Highness had a little attack of the nerves that morning. Briefly, an elephant is never to be trusted; least of all, where his own safety is concerned. "Dere was too much ego in his cosmos," as Hans Breitmann says—not he of the ballads, however. There is a *probability* that some elephants may be relied upon, nothing more. The great beast is as nervous as a hysterical girl. He may stand a tiger's charge, or he may dash you to death getting out of its way. As for those traits set forth and printed in books, talk to the keepers of Teperah and Keddah-men of Mysore about his virtues or intelligence, and they will laugh in your face.

Pea-fowl and florican whirled past as the line approached, an axis stag glanced across the *nala*, antelope monkeys scuttled through the boughs, and a sounder of hog broke away to our left, but the game we sought was not to be seen. "Stripes," the tiger, that is to say, carries in his head a complete topographical chart of any locality he infests, and you may safely swear that all the covered ways leading from that place are well known to him.

Presently one of our lookouts made signs that a tiger was afoot, but if so he turned aside. Most probably the man in his excitement broke a small twig or detached some fragments of bark. While stealing away the tiger's ear possesses the discriminating power of a lying up moose, who hears a stick break under your foot even while an autumnal gale crashes the branches of a pine forest in the northern wilds. There is no surer way, after rifles, of stopping outlets than by placing trackers out of reach who occasionally snap a withered branch or softly strike pieces of wood together. A tiger will notice this in the midst of any turmoil that can be made, and if not ready to fight he knows that the path is occupied and turns off, if skillfully managed, in the direction you wish him to go.

Our Stripes' disinclination to show

himself did not last long. A shot from the Major's heavy ordnance was answered by his savage voice, and almost immediately shrieks of terror and pain arose, mingled with the tiger's well known short, hoarse roar. What had happened was only too plain. The wounded beast had charged our line of beaters.

"Push on," I shouted. The mahout drove his ankoos into the elephant's head, and we burst through the underbrush bearing down everything before us. The Major was up first. A man lay against the trunk of a tree, apparently dead, but fortunately he was only stunned.

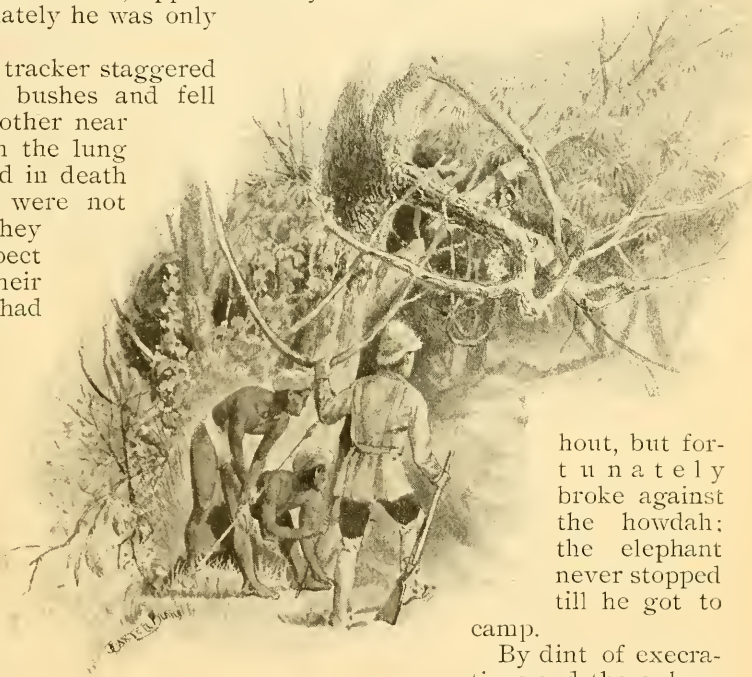
As I approached a tracker staggered out of some karinda bushes and fell down in a faint. Another near by was bitten through the lung and his body twitched in death spasms. These men were not taken by surprise. They all knew what to expect at any moment. But their Hindu heedlessness had been intensified by fatalism into infatuation. "If it is to be to-day, it cannot be here-after; if here-after it cannot be to-day." That is the principle they act upon.

When the wounded and scared natives had been cared for we moved on; but there was no need for any more beating. We could trace him by the blood track. The tiger's prudence came to an end with his injury. It was only necessary now to follow him. Few persons, seeing the elephants' stately pace and majestic appearance as they advanced in line up the valley, would have supposed that, so far as two of them were concerned, it was nearly as dangerous to be in their howdahs as it would have been to have gone on foot. We had not got half a mile before my elephant stopped and stretched out his trunk toward a clump of jungle oppo-

site us, while another of the animals wheeled and, but for his driver's exertions, would have fled.

"Neither of your elephants will stand, gentlemen," said the Major. "And—look out! Here he comes!"

He was coming, indeed; coming as only an infuriated tiger can come, with tail on end, dilated form and blazing eyes. Chakravati Raja bolted, but Gordon's brute got off first. The panic-stricken elephant fled screaming down the ravine. A vine swept away his ma-



"THE TIGER RETREATED." (p. 6.)

hout, but fortunately broke against the howdah; the elephant never stopped till he got to

camp.

By dint of execrations and the ankoos my tusker was brought up after a time and turned back; but I had enough of the "Raja" during that skurry. He nearly finished me more than once against the trees. The tiger, hard hit by the Major on this attack, retreated into a hollow overgrown with grass and bushes. It was evident that most of the sport would fall to the Major's share, and all I could do was to climb into a small tree growing out of an isolated rock near by—a bad position, and one not to be occupied except in case of necessity. Bisgaum, ridden by the Major, behaved beautifully. His mahout heaped encomiums upon him. "*Touba, touba!*"

Shame! shame! upon those unsainted ones! You, Bisgaum, are my father and my mother and all the rest of my relations. Shall it be said that you, oh valiant in heart, fled from this son of the devil? *Astagh-fur-ulla!* God forbid!"

At the word of command Bisgaum moved forward, but the ground was very unfavorable, and I called to the Major that it would be better to fire the grass beyond, and that if he advanced farther it might easily be impossible for me to aid him by a shot. He did proceed a short distance, however. Then a man slipped down from his perch and the cover was soon ablaze. The light of battle shone in the Major's eyes as he halted poising his double rifle. But he had got too close, and the crackling of flames scarcely commenced before the tiger burst out and in an instant was on his elephant's head. Bisgaum tossed like a ship at sea in the effort to throw the desperate beast off, and the Major, holding on with one hand, used the rifle pistol-wise and over-shot. The explosion and flash, however, made the tiger lose his hold. Ramping round, he caught hold of the elephant's hind leg, biting deeply. Bisgaum screamed with pain, and his huge form sank backwards, so that the tiger had to let go or be crushed.

Leaping aside he again flew at the elephant's head, and so rapid were his movements and his position such, that the Major could not shoot, while I was, of course, unable to do so. This time his fangs were fixed in the trunk, and he literally pulled the elephant down.

Now was the time to see the necessity for that careful inspection of one's gear, already mentioned. Suppose the girths had burst with the convulsive movements of the wounded animal, nothing

could have saved his rider's life; he would have been torn to pieces without any possibility of succor. Everything held firm, however, though the strain must have been great, and as Bisgaum pitched forward, the Major, with admirable coolness, braced his knee against the howdah's cross-bar, and firing downward shot the tiger—dead.

"Stripes" was a magnificent creature and had made a grand fight. Nevertheless, the natives gathered around to revile him and cut off his whiskers. They always do this, and if a sportsman wants to have a perfect head he must watch his attendants closely.

A pad elephant was called up to carry the game to camp, and then another, for the first had a fit of hysterics as soon as it was brought alongside. This often happens. A jungle crow or monkey knows when a tiger is dead, and is satisfied that it cannot do any further harm; but an elephant frequently does not know a dead tiger; he is too bewildered with constitutional nervousness to know.

We were soon ready to start, though the hero of the day, Bisgaum, had to be left behind. Everything possible was done for him. He limped into the camp, his wounds were dressed and a guard was set. Teeth and talons had torn his head and shoulders very badly, but that was not the worst. Bright arterial blood spurted from his leg at every pulse, and although this hemorrhage grew less under pressure and wetted bandages, it did not entirely cease. He was suffering severely, too, from shock; his eyes were dim, and he shook in every limb. Before noon the next day the mahout came, casting dust upon his head, to tell us that Bisgaum had died. This was one of those rare instances in which an elephant was actually killed by a tiger.





IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JAPAN.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

AT the head of that lovely island-dotted inland sea of Japan, which rivals our own beautiful Puget Sound, stands the picturesque village of Arima. No more attractive spot to the tourist offers in the land of the chrysanthemum than this mountain town, famous the world over as the home of basket makers.

Arima is so difficult of access that the ordinary traveler seldom turns his face thither, but he who does venture there finds himself amply repaid for his trouble.

The path to it is rough, narrow and precipitous, and really fit only for foot passengers; still one may be pulled up in a jinricksha or carried up in a kago, but whichever mode of locomotion he selects he will be sure to regret it, and wish he had tried the other. We chose the kago.

In early days the kago was a shallow basket with a high back, slung from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men and in it the natives doubled their

knees and sat on their feet with great dignity and apparent comfort. They were born of ancestors who have been sitting on their heels for more than two thousand years, and could readily assume the necessary position, but the greater size of the foreigner, his stiff joints and high head, prevented him from taking kindly to this mode of locomotion, so longer baskets have been provided, in which the foreign traveler is comparatively more comfortable. There are a few arm chairs on poles in which one may ride "like an idol in a procession," but the motion! Let us forget even the memory of it!

With the long kagos, three coolies are always used, and sometimes four. A short pole is put across, underneath the long one, and one end rests on the opposite shoulder of each coolie. This heavy beam on the bare flesh bruised and blackened it until it made our hearts ache to see it, but they seemed not to mind and ran along singing and calling

to one another gayly. Each coolie carries a long staff in his right hand, and stops every few yards to rest the pole on it, and change shoulders; when one changes they all change. The head man keeps a sharp lookout for stones and bad places in the road, and gives notice to those behind him by a sharp "hi, hi," which is passed back from coolie to coolie.

On the way up we met returning visitors, who gave us rather dolorous accounts of their trip and of the difficulty they had in making the natives understand what they wished, but this did not in the least dampen our ardor or deter us from making the excursion, for the day was a glorious one, and it was a pleasure to be out under the blue sky and in the sunshine among the grand old hills.

Occasionally we met a farm laborer tending a primitive ox cart, on the way into the city. The Japanese do not mind carrying heavy burdens themselves but they never overload their horses or oxen, and these merciful drivers had shouldered at least half the load, hanging one portion in front and the other behind on a bamboo pole.

The horns of the oxen were fantastically decorated with strips of red cloth and their feet were shod with straw sandals, which all horses in Japan wear.

Tiny tea houses, so picturesque that one wonders if they are not really toy play houses of some giant people, are found at convenient distances along the way, and Japanese girls, who looked as if they had just stepped off a fan, brought us the "honorable tea," a clear, straw-colored beverage, that not only cheers, but would certainly inebriate if one took enough of it. The coolies poured their tea over a bowl of rice, and with one or two dexterous movements of the chop-sticks gulped it down; then, with a whiff at their diminutive pipes, away they went with regular step and the monotonous chant of "*Ito sha! Ito sha!*"

The scenery was most impressive. Our path ran along high hills covered with clumps of wild azalias in bloom, mingled with myriads of tiny white roses—"the summer's drifted snow." Over a rustic bridge that clings to the

mountain side, through paddy fields of rice, lying terrace upon terrace, beside groves of feathery bamboo, and—Arima is in sight. The coolies start at a livelier pace and bring us up to the door of the yadoya and deposit us with a sudden jerk that threatens to shake out what little breath the kago has left in our bodies.

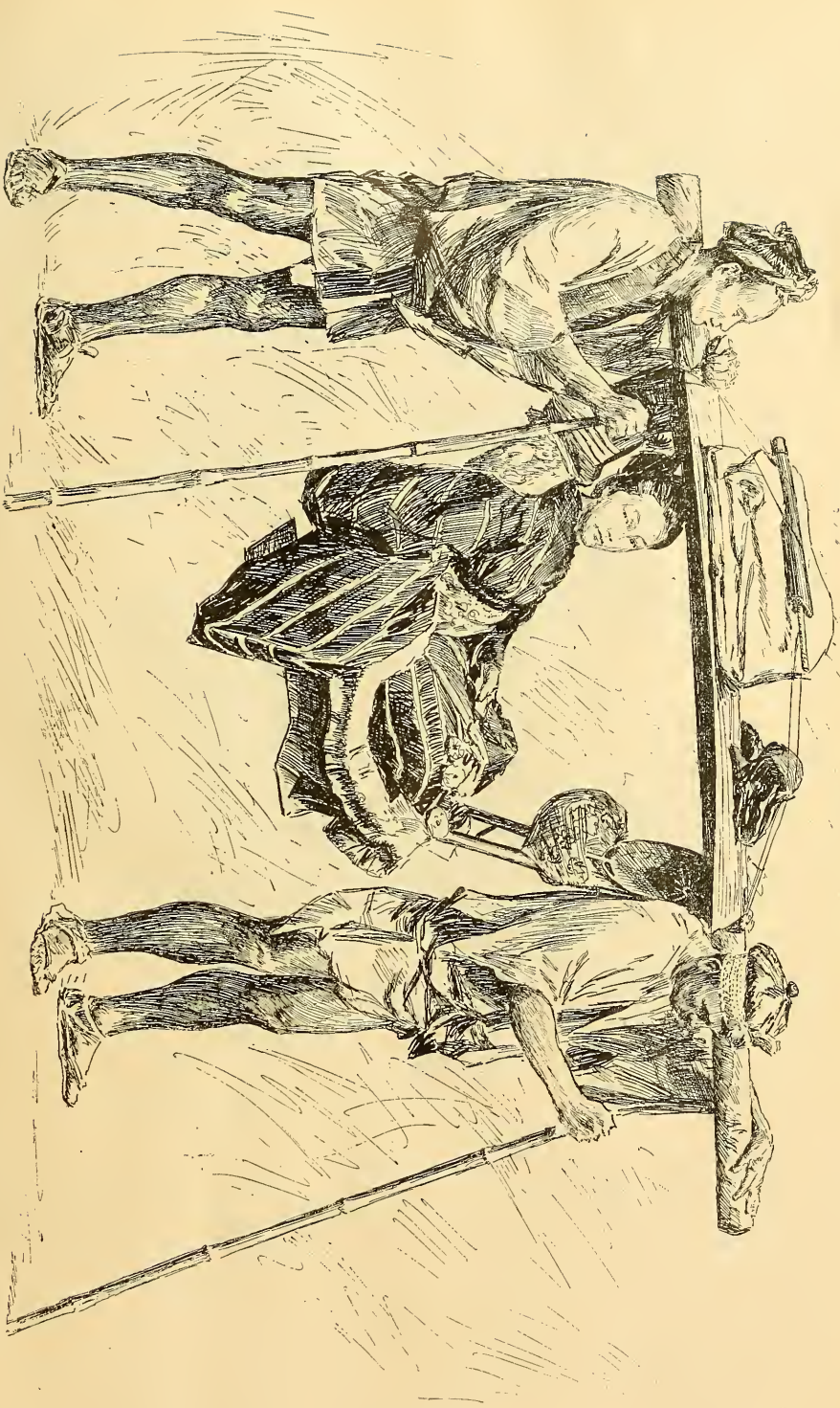
The town is prettily situated in a deep gorge, through which a clear, cool stream rushes, tumbles and leaps into a waterfall at the upper part of the village. The streets are narrow and winding, with series of short stone steps here and there to ease the wayfarer's travel. The houses are small and built almost one upon another. So close are the heavy, projecting roofs that conversation is easily carried on from balcony to balcony.

Arima is much resorted to during the heat of summer on account of the cool mountain air and the hot springs, the waters of which have for centuries been a panacea for the aches and pains of rheumatism and the various forms of skin disease so prevalent among the Japanese.

Until lately the Arima wares could be bought for a song, but Japan has been demoralized by the incursions of so many foreigners, that prices now range from the real value of the article up to about ten times its worth, according to the number of visitors. If the tourist understands this he may get goods at his own price, by seeming indifferent and pretending he will go away without purchasing; this a Japanese salesman will never allow.

They have no conception of the western idea of modesty, and go freely about in their "nude simplicity." A lady who objected to so much nude in nature, ordered her head boy to tell the coolies to wear more clothing hereafter. The following morning they all appeared wearing bath towels across their shoulders, nothing more. It is impossible to make such naïve and simple people understand the artificial meaning of the word modesty.

Their lives run in very natural grooves; their wants are few; their aspirations and desires not very exalted; consequently they are contented and happy. They gathered about us in crowds, but they were polite and



THE OLD FASHIONED KAGO.

quiet, and their curiosity mild and inoffensive.

It is so damp in Arima that fungi sprout luxuriantly, and the moss lies thick on the roofs. Where thatch usurps the place of tile, the purple iris may be seen in full bloom upon the house-tops. Apropos of this, an old legend tells us that from the root of the iris is made a powder which the Japanese ladies use for whitening their

faces. Centuries ago, one of the Mikados issued a decree that the iris should be banished from the earth, as the use of powder made the women vain.

The hills in and out of the village are melodious with the clang of bells from Buddhist or Shinto Temple. Wayside shrines, where one may stop to say a prayer or bless one's self, are frequent and add variety and picturesqueness to the scene. Praying and



ONE OF THE CRAFTSMEN.

How to obey the Mikado, which is their duty, and to have their face powder at the same time was a question it took some time to solve, but it was done by planting the iris in beds built on the ridge poles of their thatched cottages. Whether this was the origin of the elevated iris beds the tourist

pleasuring go hand in hand with these people. When they want a holiday they start in large or small companies to make a round of pilgrimages to their favorite temples, not in sackcloth and ashes, but with as little clothing as the law allows, and with drum and gamisen to while away the hours.

The *Yadoya*, or inn, which sheltered us for the night, is presided over by an intelligent Japanese who understands European cookery. For this blessing,



OFF FOR THE RICE STRAW.

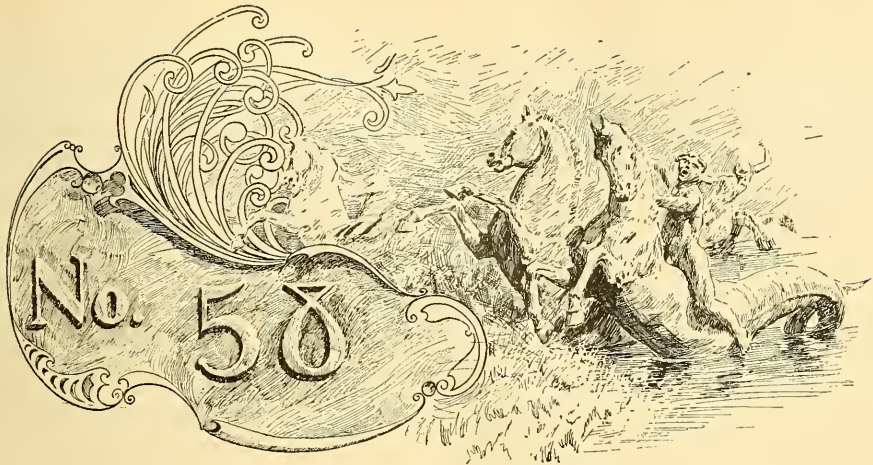
and European beds, chairs and table, we were very thankful. We slept the sound sleep of fatigue and were awakened betimes in the morning by a deafening chatter under our balcony. It proved to be the police who had come to see our passports.

It was a curious picture; the quaint old Japanese inn for a background, with a half a dozen American men and women, sitting with the natives flat upon the floor of the verandah, looking more at them than at their wares, it must be confessed. They in turn were more interested in our clothes, rings, parasols and hats, than they were in selling goods. In fact one must establish an entirely new method of buying goods in Japan.

We spent a greater portion of the day in looking at goods and wandering

about the town, exploring old works and corners, watching men, women and children plunging and splashing together in the public bath. Late in the afternoon we began the descent of the mountain with a glorious sunset in the western sky and the head of the inland sea in full view. All the way we followed water-courses, with picturesque old rice mills and clusters of heavily thatched cottages along the banks. The shades of evening were gathering fast (for there is no twilight in these semi-tropical countries), when we rode through the park in the heart of the Foreign Concession in Kobe, shaded by ancient camphor trees and out-spreading palms, to the door of our hotel, feeling that we had placed upon memory's walls a beautiful picture of the home of the basket-workers of Japan.





AN EPISODE OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE.



MISS HARRIMAN lowered her parasol and stood expectant.

"58" called the young woman at the rolling chair stand.

Miss Harriman seated herself, without a glance at the gray uniformed figure

that went with the chair at seventy-five cents an hour. She made a point of always scrutinizing the cab horses she hired, but that was because a carelessly selected horse might run away, or go lame, or die in harness; with a man it was different.

A moment more and Miss Harriman was one of the multitude that streamed to and fro in the sunshine, through the broad avenues of the White City.

It was a motley crowd. A boy in scarlet, crying official guides in a shrill nasal treble, offered her his ware in passing; a Turk jostled and stared; a Japanese, commonplace and insignificant in his stiff European attire, made way for her, with the gentle courtesy that he had not put off with his silken garments. Women were there with sleepy babies in their tired arms; couples arm in arm, or hand in hand, out on a holiday in

fairyland; girls with note books, bent on improvement; girls without them bent on amusement; country folk, open mouthed; foreigners, open eyed; faces



MISS HARRIMAN.

old and young, earnest, laughing, stolid, eager.

"Go slower," commanded Miss Harriman, "I want to see the people; they are the most amusing thing here."

"There are wonderful things in the buildings that might amuse you," hazarded Number 58.

"I suppose so," said Miss Harriman coldly. She hoped that the man would not prove presuming. She was struck with his voice, however; his accent, too, was not unrefined. Then her attention drifted back to the crowd.

"I'm thankful I wasn't beguiled into wearing blue serge," she mused. "I should have felt like a uniformed orphan or the three hundredth part of an educational institution."

The man behind her, meanwhile, though with very rudimentary ideas on the subject of serge and white duck, was thinking that never had he seen anything so dainty, and delicate, and exquisite.

"Women with straight, straggling locks ought all to have been born in the eighteenth century, and worn wigs," decided Miss Harriman continuing her meditations.

At that moment, by some subtle *rapprochement* of mind to mind, the man behind her, with his eyes fixed on the waves of ruddy bronze beneath the brim of Miss Harriman's white sailor hat, was feeling vaguely sorry for the other women—the tired, dishevelled, uncurled sisterhood—for all the world in fact, except for himself and her. The minutes went so quickly that they seemed to go by electricity, like most things in these last years of our century's mad rush toward its death. He would have stopped time's dynamo if he could. He wanted to carry this beautiful creature on forever.

Beauty, abstract or concrete, exercised a powerful influence over John Bowman. Unconsciously to him it had been a magnet in his life and drawn him upward. Like a blade of grass growing beneath a stone, and forcing its way, pale and starved, up toward the sun, his dull, cramped boyhood had reached up blindly after it. Later, with the strength and rebellion of youth, he had rolled away the stone. Now he stood free and untrammelled:

free to rise high as his will and wishes bade him: free to stretch his arms out after the good things that he coveted.

Meantime the hours were passing and Miss Harriman was growing bored. The exhibits were very nice, she allowed, but she had seen things like them all before. The variety of artistically grouped tombstones amused her most, but it was tiresome being amused all alone. Solitary sightseeing might be all very well for men, but for women, unless deaf mutes, it was a mistake. She solaced herself a little by buying some blue enamel spoons in the Russian exhibit, and an exquisitely painted icon, with a world of mystery and sorrow in the divine, uplifted eyes.

She had left her chair in the broad aisle while she made her purchases, and when she returned several were standing together there. She hesitated a minute, and blamed herself for not noticing the man she had hired.

"Is this my chair?" she asked, touching one at random, "Are you 58?"

"Yes," said John Bowman, lifting his cap slightly.

Miss Harriman raised her eyes and scrutinized his face carefully for future guidance. Suddenly she dropped them, flushing a little. There was certainly a difference between a man and a cab horse.

"Isn't it wonderful!" said a slight, pale girl at her side, appealing to her timidly.

Miss Harriman looked at her vaguely. She was thinking about John Bowman. He struck her as an incongruity, and in a world made up for the most part of round pegs in round holes an occasional incongruity is interesting.

"Oh, the things!" she said, "Yes, they are very fine." She smiled indulgently at the girl's enthusiasm. She had missed the wonder herself; it was more subtle than spoons or icons, but the little type-writer had perceived it dimly. Miss Harriman, however, had the spoons.

The girl, encouraged by the smile, followed her out through the great arched doorway into the Court of Honor. As the beauty of it burst upon her she drew in her breath quickly.

Even Miss Harriman, used as she

was to beauty, felt a thrill of admiration and surprise.

"It is really charming!" she said warmly. "French's figures, and those bulls of Proctor's are superb."

The shabby figure beside her stood speechless. To her wondering eyes it was fairyland materialized. The shining palaces, the Corinthian columns, the statues and fountains, the arching bridges, the steps against which the blue lagoon water lapped softly, all were of marble to her, as pure and white as ever came from Carrara mines.

Miss Harriman knew that it was all plaster and that the statues were stuffed with excelsior.

"They say that the dome of the Administration Building there is only ten feet smaller than the dome of St. Peter's," she said.

The girl smiled back at her uncertainly; she knew nothing at all about St. Peter's.

"I never thought there could be any thing half so beautiful and wonderful in all the world—did you?" she said.

Miss Harriman felt less critical as she passed on, leaving the little shabby figure still agaze.

Solitude was very wearisome. Miss Harriman searched the crowd vainly for a familiar face; she wanted to exchange impressions, and to send some one to look at the tombstones. She began to think a little of going back to the hotel, where her companion, Miss North, was imprisoned with a sprained ankle. Then she gave up the idea, shrugged her shoulders slightly, and looked over them at John Bowman.

"How did you come to take this position, and how do you like it?" she said, abruptly.

John Bowman stepped to the side of the chair, pushing it on with one arm.

"I took it to pay the dues for my last year at the Law School, for which I had to run in debt," he answered obediently. "As to liking it, it's better than some work I've done."

"Such as —?"

"Oh, a good many things," he said, suddenly reticent. "My friend Connors put the idea into my head first," he added.

"Not Hugh Connors?"

"Yes."

Miss Harriman laughed. "How funny!" she said. She was sorry as soon as the words were spoken, she was not usually so *gauche*. The situation puzzled and interested her, Hugh Connors' friendship, she knew, stamped a man, as a hallmark stamps silver. She glanced up at him covertly and saw that he had flushed at her exclamation. He was looking fixedly ahead, and she could study his face. Whatever he might lack in wealth, nature had dowered him lavishly. He was a splendid specimen of America's finest type—straight, tall, and sinewy as one of her forest pines, full of verve and nervous force, broad browed and finely featured; his strong virile face lighted by the flash of humor in his eyes and softened by the sweetness of his firm, clean shaven lips.

Miss Harriman felt suddenly aroused and interested; she wanted to know the how, why, and whence of this product of our peculiar civilization.

"In the old world cads masquerade as gentlemen; here, seemingly, we reverse the operation," she thought.

It was easy for her, skilled woman of the world as she was, to gratify her curiosity. Before he knew it, John Bowman was telling his story.

"I'm from a little town in Illinois," he said; "a place you never heard of—one of those places that grow up along a railroad, one wonders what for. It was ugly and flat and dead. I was discontented and wanted to get away, but my people wouldn't hear of it. I went to school and did chores and played round the railroad tracks. Father's ambition was to make me a clerk in the grocery store. Mother wanted to make me a minister because I was quick at my lessons, and she thought it was a rise. A teacher came to the school one year, a Miss Mackay. She was very good to me; lent me books and told me much about the world without. After that I disliked Smithville more than ever. Miss Mackay was different from any one I had ever seen, and I used to try to be like her. I realize now that she was a lady. I recognized the difference plainly enough then, but I didn't understand it. Of course I fell in love with her. I was fifteen and she twenty-five and pretty, and my ideal of all that

was beautiful and refined in life. It was the best thing could have happened to me. It roused my ambition. One day I wrote her a wild note, vowing to make myself worthy of her, to bring back name and fame and lay them at her feet; and then I ran away. I can fancy now how amused she must have been."

"I don't believe she was," said Miss Harriman.

"Perhaps she smiled a little; but if she knew the world at all, of course she saw the pathos as well as the absurdity."

"And I really thought she would wait for me. Boys are such hopeful, ignorant, enthusiastic creatures."

"Aren't you a good deal of a boy yet?" said Miss Harriman.

John Bowman laughed.

"Yes, I am," he said. "I'm as sure of that name and fame now as I was then. The goal is further off than I thought eleven years ago, that's all; but I shall win them yet!" He stretched out his lean, brown hand as he spoke, as if he already felt them in his nervous grasp.

Miss Harriman smiled, but not incredulously. The man impressed her powerfully. He seemed to her all instinct with potentiality.

"Are you sorry she didn't wait for you?" she asked.

"No," he said; "not now."

He had supposed until that moment that he was sorry. His own words and the sudden realization of why he no longer cared, startled him. An hour had blotted out the regret of years.

"You have probably been in love a dozen times since," said Miss Harriman,

carelessly. As regards the constancy of men, she called herself an agnostic. "There may be such a thing," she said.

"I have never thought about any other woman from that day till—this," he answered her. "I haven't had time."

The slight hesitation, of which John Bowman himself was hardly conscious, together with the evident admiration in

his eyes, amused Miss Harriman. She wondered idly whether this man was falling in love with her too. She was well used to men's doing it at first sight often—before they saw her, sometimes, she was wont to say cynically. But this man did not know how rich she was. The situation would be new and piquant and deliciously absurd. She laughed as she thought of it.

Its very unconventionality appealed to her; she was so weary of conventions.

"Go on and tell me what you did after you ran away," she said.

"Well, I worked my way East," he resumed. "Miss Mackay came from the East; consequently I looked upon it as the source of all light."

"I thought you were a New England man at first," said Miss Harriman. "You speak like one."

"I think I am quick to notice and catch little tricks and mannerisms," he said. "I found that out when I first went to Harvard and found myself different, somehow, from the other men. They were most of them gentlemen—I mean gentlemen born."

"And you," said Miss Harriman pleasantly, "are a gentleman made. It is much the same thing in the end."



"The same? One would hardly think so, or else the end is not yet."

He stretched out his arm and eyed his gray uniform quizzically.

"Oh, women have an instinct like a divining-rod, you know. They can detect gold even when it is hidden under a numbered uniform. If the richest lodes didn't lie below the surface, what would be the good of the divining-rod?"

"But buried treasure, unfortunately, is not accepted on change, in your world."

"No; but once unearth it, and it is current the world over, which is more than some of our social coin is. Society is bimetalist, and the baser coin predominates—we need more gold."

Miss Harriman's manner was losing

vowed I'd climb to the top, and I scrambled up somehow; when it was a question of books or bread and butter, I went hungry. I grudged the time it took, though; other men have a tremendous start. I'm afraid I have been boring you awfully," he added, boyishly; "I think there must be something about you that leads a man on to be egotistical."

"I was interested, that was all," replied Miss Harriman.

"I wanted you to understand," said John, slowly.

* * * * *

That evening John Bowman spoke to the tired little woman at the ledger.

"Do you want to do a friendly act?" he asked.



"AN OLD COUPLE FROM THE COUNTRY CAME BY AND SAT BESIDE HER." (p. 19.)

the little touch of condescension which had characterized it in the beginning.

John Bowman laughed.

"I shall come into circulation some day," he said. Then he went suddenly back to his story.

"It took me nine years to get to college. It was uphill work, but I

She looked up at him kindly and nodded.

"Did you notice the lady who had my chair to-day?"

"The pretty one in white duck?"

"Yes; I want her to take it again to-morrow; will you manage it for me?"

"I'll try," she said.

Consequently, day after day, Number 58 stepped forward in answer to Miss Harriman's application at the chair stand.

This beautiful, unapproachable woman, whose thoughts were not his thoughts, or ways his ways, was rapidly becoming the one woman in the world to him. For the first time in his life he doubted his ability to win what he desired. His strength seemed turned to weakness, his consciousness of power into humility. He had scaled many a steep hilltop boldly; but to win this woman was to scale the very skies.

Miss Harriman, had she stopped to analyze it, would have found her own state of mind more complex. She was like a runaway child gathering forbidden roses with hasty hands that crushed the flowers; half ashamed of its naughtiness, and half fascinated by it; a little excited and frightened at having wandered so far out of bounds, but feeling quite able to take care of itself and to run home as soon as danger threatened; not realizing how far it had strayed, nor remembering that roses have thorns.

Miss Harriman knew that she had over-stepped the bounds of conventionality, and the novel sense of freedom and emancipation exhilarated her. John Bowman's unspoken homage, though she was half ashamed of her tacit acceptance of it, and of her pleasure in it, still pleased her. Of any wrong done to him she never thought. She had grown to accept the fact that it was the way of men to love her. Love, she thought, did not go very deep. At twenty-five she was tired of pretty phrases, and the lovers whom she had never loved because she doubted them: the hand they sought was so very full of gold. Miss Harriman was very worldly wise, as, she told herself, it behooved an heiress to be. She was a little vain, in fact, of the cynicism which she thought she deplored, and which was, after all, not very deep-seated. As to danger to herself, the idea would have amused her hugely. She was safe-guarded by the very condition of things which made the situation unique and diverting—the difference in their social position. Consider him in a sense a gentleman as she might, she could not rise above the knowledge

that he was still "Number 58," a liveried servant to be hired at will. So, like the first and typical woman of our race, she ate the fruit which the great god Society forbade, heedless that such disobedience might lead to expulsion from the pleasant, well kept garden in which she walked, into the wilderness of social ostracism. Could Miss Harriman have been persuaded to consider such a possibility, she would doubtless have smiled her little faint, scornful smile, and replied that when she grew tired of the wilderness she could always bribe the angels. She was fond of making remarks of the sort, she considered them characteristic, in which she was mistaken, but as one is usually taken at one's own valuation the world agreed with her. Possibly her maid, her companion, Miss North, and John Bowman, all of whom adored her, would have been the only dissentients.

No one, however, whispered of danger and expulsion to this modern Eve, and she went on plucking her fruit defiantly, and finding it pleasant to the taste, and a fruit to be desired to make one wise, for John Bowman was slowly opening her eyes to a knowledge, not of evil, but of good. He had offered on the first day of their acquaintance, to be her guide through the wonders of the White City, and day by day, as they went together up the aisles of man's history, her insight grew deeper and broader. Led by his fresh and reverent enthusiasm for man's achievements and possibilities, she reached the height on which the little type-writer had stood, and saw the wonder. He showed her the world, as he saw it, till she began to realize dimly that she had never yet pierced below the polished surface that hid the depths of life. Her eyes began to fill with something of the awe and amaze which shone in the girl's eyes when she looked out over the Court of Honor, and saw what seemed to her a vision. John Bowman's eyes were filled only with love, and he saw a vision night and day, which in his waking hours he knew to be only a vision. If he ever indulged in a day dream Miss Harriman was apt to wake him roughly.

"I do so like to see the people amus-

ing themselves!" she would say, smiling a little disdainfully at some motley, merry group.

Such speeches and smiles stung the man of the people with a sense of hopelessness.

"And between the two there is a great gulf fixed," he said once in answer, "and those who would pass over, cannot."

"Never misquote," said Miss Harriman; "it is a bad habit. Why did you say that?"

"I was realizing the impassability of the bottomless gulf that separates you from us of the under world," he replied.

"How absurd to class yourself with people like that!" said Miss Harriman, quickly. "You have such an exaggerated way of talking."

"If I don't belong to them where do I belong?" he returned, bitterly. "Do you regard me socially as your equal? Would you acknowledge my right to say what you would permit every man of your world to say, that I love you? Wouldn't you smile then at such folly and presumption on the part of one of the people, even if you didn't take the trouble to be angry?" He paused. "You don't answer, you see," he said.

The repressed force and passion in his voice disturbed Miss Harriman. Her heart beat for a moment with quick, frightened throbs. She mastered herself and the situation directly, however.

"I am sorry I have made you so angry," she said. "I am still more sorry if I have unwittingly hurt you. Suppose we forgive each other and go to the Fisheries. I haven't seen the aquariums yet."

It was the first time the word love had been spoken between them, but once released from silence it towered over them like a new Genius of the Vase, and not even Miss Harriman's skill could imprison it again.

She slept badly that night. In the morning she talked a little about going East, Miss North's ankle being on the mend. She made no definite plans, however. Later she went to the Fair, as usual, only accompanied by her maid, but she took no chair. She wandered abstractedly through the buildings and grew very dull and tired. It startled her to find how much she missed this

man, who was nothing, and could be nothing to her.

"It makes one dull to sleep badly," she explained to herself. "I believe my head aches."

She threw herself down on a bench in one of the broad aisles, tired and oddly depressed. An old couple from the country came by and sat beside her. The man wore a loose, ill fitting suit of black, and a large, shiny, round-crowned straw hat, in which his head was lost down to his bushy eyebrows. His long, straight upper lip was clean shaven, but he wore a small, grizzled chin beard, which he pulled constantly between thumb and forefinger. His wife was dressed in dreary stone gray, with a baggy basque, and the short, looped-up overskirt of fifteen years ago. She had on yellowish cotton gloves, baggy too, the elastic which had once held them around her wrist having lost its stiffness. They both gave one the impression of having shrunk gradually away from their habiliments. There was a good deal that was fine and had once been beautiful in the old woman's face. They sat and gazed about them wonderstruck.

"Oh, John, I wish—" sighed the old woman at last, looking wistfully at her husband.

"So do I, Mother:" he said. They had lived so long together that many words were not needed. They sat close together on the bench, and the old man's brown, horny hand slipped down and clasped the funny yellow glove. Miss Harriman noted it with a sudden strange thrill. They loved each other, this old pair, really loved each other, after all these years.

Love, love, love! whispered the liberated Genius, standing invisible at Miss Harriman's side.

"How he would have liked it!" sighed the old woman, "can't you see him taking it all in, father. He was always so keen for seeing things."

"I suppose he'd have understood all these things, wouldn't he?" said the old man slowly. "He was real smart. I guess he might have been running that grocery store now, mother."

"He's better off; I don't wish him back," said the old mother; "only there's times my heart is hungry for him, John."

Miss Harriman went away softly and left them sitting hand in hand. She found there were tears in her eyes.

"How foolish I am," she said.

She turned and looked at them again, the two queer, homely figures on the deserted bench. Regardless of all the strange, new wonders around them, they were looking tenderly into one another's eyes.

Then the crowd passed between and hid them, and Miss Harriman turned and went home. But the Genius followed her, whispering—love, love, love.

John Bowman spent a miserable day. He tortured himself with the thought that he had offended beyond forgiveness by his outburst of the day before, and that he had seen Miss Harriman for the last time.

She set his fears at rest, however, by appearing as usual the next morning.

"My year has only three hundred and sixty-four days now," he said, forcing her to raise her eyes to his by the intensity of his gaze; "please don't wipe out any more; it is a crime to shorten life."

"Not in the case of a capital offender," returned Miss Harriman.

Having yielded against her better judgment to the fascination which drew her to him, she now perversely ordered him to the Art Gallery, where chairs were not admitted.

"I haven't seen the pictures at all, and I am going away in a day or two," she said.

"Not till I have spoken my heart out," thought John Bowman.

Miss Harriman purchased a catalogue and wandered aimlessly through the galleries. By and by she sat down before an impression in yellow—a man, a dog, a fence, done in brilliant chrome, intended probably to suggest to the initiated that a mellow autumnal sun was shining somewhere behind the scenes. She gazed at it so long and fixedly that several persons stopped and hunted it up in their catalogues, convinced that it was something to be admired if not understood. Miss Harriman, however, was quite unconscious of the picture. She was looking into her own soul and shrinking back dismayed from what she found there. All her narrow social prejudices, her conventional estimates,

her pride of birth, rose hotly to crush the weakness which was assailing her heart. She had no fear of being unable to crush it. She would go home tomorrow—that she was determined upon—and, once away, she would forget, as the men who had loved her, or said they loved her, had forgotten; and he—no, she wanted him to remember. She felt herself quite strong again when she turned away from the advanced bit of art before her.

"Do you see it, mother?" she heard a voice beside her say.

It was her old couple of yesterday. They were standing before a picture of some boys at play, attracted, doubtless, by its bright, crude color. The old woman was wiping her eyes.

"It's Johnnie's very self," she said.

She turned, and, catching Miss Harriman's eye, smiled through her tears.

"The picture's so like my boy," she said, apologetically.

"Is he dead?" asked Miss Harriman.

Something in her tone, which could be very gentle and sympathetic sometimes, drew out the story of the old mother's sorrow.

"No, he isn't dead, my dear," she said, "but I haven't seen him for eleven years, not since he was like that boy there, jest as bright an' handsome, and the best boy, Miss; wasn't he father?"

Her husband nodded slowly.

"Smithville wasn't big enough for him to grow in, he said," she went on, "and because we hindered his going—hating to lose him, you know—he ran away."

"An' he might now be running Smith's grocery store, now that Smith's dead," put in the old man.

"He's East," said the mother; "he's getting an education; he writes us pretty often; he's a good boy, Johnnie is! It was seeing that picture there, that favors him so, made me silly like."

Miss Harriman took the hand stretched out to her and held it a moment.

"I'm real glad to have seen you," the old woman said in her simple, honest way. "John and I feel strange here in this big place without a soul to speak to. It's been real pleasant talking to you."

Miss Harriman smiled down into the kindly, wrinkled faces.

"Thank you," she said.

The old pair followed her at a little distance and went out with her and down the broad steps, at the foot of which John Bowman waited. He looked

looked like their boy John. It was quite pathetic."

John Bowman raised his eyes unwillingly from her face and looked toward them. Then he dashed up the steps to



"MISS HARRIMAN PURCHASED A CATALOGUE." (p. 20.)

up eagerly as she came toward him. The old people followed down slowly behind her.

"Look!" she said. "There is the funny old couple I saw yesterday. I found them crying over a picture that

their side, quite forgetting Miss Harriman for the moment in his surprise.

"Why, mother! Why, father!" he cried.

From where she stood, by the deserted chair, Miss Harriman could see

the fine old face glow and quiver with sudden joy as Mrs. Bowman clasped her arms about her boy's neck. They stood together, half-way down the steps, a little to one side of the ascending and descending crowd that stared and smiled. The old man was content with silently pressing his son's hand; but the mother, half-crying, half-laughing, was pouring out eager questions and little loving ejaculations, tremulously stroking the sleeve of his gray uniform, as if to convince herself by actual touch of his reality, or pushing back the hair from his brow and gazing at him with insatiable eyes, in perfect unconsciousness of everything about her except her boy.

By and by they came down the steps, Mrs. Bowman clinging proudly to her son's arm. Miss Harriman watched them with a thrill of pride.

"If he had been ashamed of them I would have despised him," she thought.

The next moment John Bowman was speaking to her, and the little old woman was holding out her hand.

"My mother says that she knows you already, and that you have been so nice to her. I can't thank you enough for that," he said.

"To think of your knowing my John all the time! I can't get over it!" cried Mrs. Bowman.

"How nice it was you found each other!" said Miss Harriman, as Mrs. Bowman, still clinging to her hand, poured out her pæan of joy and surprise. There was a pretty deference in Miss Harriman's manner which she paid to few of her own world. All her little cynicisms and worldlinesses, all her unconscious insolence of wealth and position dropped from her in the presence of this shabby little old woman who was John Bowman's mother.

"I was sure I could trust her," thought John, triumphantly. "She is made of finer stuff than she knows, God bless her. I'll win her yet, please God, against the world."

Miss Harriman said good-bye and walked on a few steps, leaving the three together. A little way off she turned and watched them. As she looked she saw the mother throw her arms about her boy's neck again and kiss him. There was no shrinking, no fear of

ridicule in his eyes. Miss Harriman's grew dim with an emotion for which she had no name.

"How strong and true, and tender and brave he is," she thought. They were the qualities she had always bestowed upon her heroes before she grew so worldly wise, and before heroes went out of fashion. Again that strange thrill of emotion swept over her, leaving her pale and trembling. She knew its name now—the Genius beside her was whispering it mockingly in her ear. The whisper frightened and yet fascinated her. She wanted time to think, time to master herself, time to understand—but no time was given her.

John Bowman was coming rapidly toward her. He grudged the seconds he must spend to reach her; the day was almost over and he had so much to say. Presumptuous, ridiculous as his speaking might seem to her, speak he felt he must; not to ask her for any promise, he told himself, with a smile at the thought of such folly; not to tell her of his love, either, if he could keep the words back, but to make her understand, in some way, that he was only waiting till he should stand on her level and could speak with his eyes on her eyes, face to face. Perhaps she understood already; he tried to read such knowledge in her look as he brought the chair to her side, but she avoided his glance.

"We must hurry," she said, nervously.

"Why?" asked John boldly. "There is plenty of time, and I want to talk to you."

"My head aches; I can't talk," said Miss Harriman. There was a new tone in her voice which John did not understand.

"I don't want you to talk, I only want you to listen, you will do that, won't you? Listening won't tire you, will it?"

"No," said Miss Harriman, a little breathlessly, "I don't suppose there will be any harm in listening."

"I won't bother you long," said John. "I've told you already what my past was, and you have seen the people I love and honor with all my heart, Miss Harriman; you know too what I am now, so I needn't speak of all that—I want to tell you what I am going to be, and what will spur me on and make failure

impossible. You will wish me success in the fight?"

"Yes," almost whispered Miss Harriman. "Why, of course I will; all the success in the world," she added quickly.

"When success comes I shall have something else to tell you—you will listen then, Miss Harriman?"

Miss Harriman's breath came quickly.

"Will you listen?" repeated John, bending closer. "Remember, you said there was no harm in listening."

"I hate to be quoted," said Miss Harriman, restlessly.

The chair rolled slowly from the quiet path into one of the broad, crowded avenues, and came suddenly abreast a little group of three, two men and a smartly dressed woman, also apparently on their way to the station.

With a quick sigh of relief Miss Harriman leaned forward and hailed them. She was frightened; she wanted to escape from herself; she was dismayed at her own weakness, afraid of John Bowman's strength, and here was safety.

In the midst of the greetings and laughter John dropped back into his place. He walked behind unnoticed, forced to suit his pace to the easy saunter of the pretty woman, and answer careless questions put him by Mr. Drayton the pretty woman's husband.

"The world to the rescue!" he thought bitterly.

The group stopped at the turnstile and Miss Harriman left her chair.

"It is six hours, isn't it?" she said, turning to John Bowman.

Her voice trembled, but she made an effort and steadied it.

John was silent.

"The lady asked you if it was six hours," the man at her side said sharply.

"Yes, six," John answered slowly.

"That's four dollars and a half, isn't it?" she said, appealing to Mr. Drayton. "When I get beyond two times and and five times I'm hopelessly lost."

She held the money toward John, and for an instant her fingers touched his.

"I shall not need you again," she said hastily, "I shall not be back again."

She went out through the turnstile and up the steps to the station, laugh-

ing at some sally of the pretty woman's. John Bowman stood stonily where she had left him. When she reached the platform she looked down, and their eyes met. She stopped laughing and stood still for an instant, leaning over the railing; then she turned abruptly away into the crowd.

It was a long while before she forgot that look. She went to the Fair again the next day, but it was with the Draytons, and she did not take a chair. At the end of the week she went home with them. She was not very enthusiastic about anything on her return, except, perhaps, about the icon and the enameled spoons which she brought back with her.

"Your indifference is absolutely unpatriotic," said Sally Drayton, who had dropped in with Miss Harriman's cousin, Hugh Conners, for a cup of afternoon tea.

"Patriotism is beautiful," remarked Miss Harriman, "but beautiful things are apt to be too high for us little worldlings."

"Helen is a fraud," said Hugh Conners; "I saw her crying the other night at the German band concert when they played the Star Spangled Banner, and all the people went wild over it."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Harriman, sharply.

"Don't blush for it Helen; enthusiasm is refreshing," said Conners, placidly. "There was a fellow at Chicago who wrote me letters every week bubbling over with it; they were as good as the German band for stirring up *blasé*, *fin de siècle* people like you. I'm going to cut them up a bit and get them published if he'll let me."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Drayton.

"Bowman? The finest fellow I know, and the best friend I've got. He's a man without a past as you look at it, but with a future before him which is going to more than make up for that lack."

Miss Harriman's Coalport cups clattered perilously. "My fingers are all thumbs to-day," she said, with a little forced laugh.

"I would like you to see his letters, Helen," said Conners, taking the cup she held out to him, "they would show you the Fair in a new light. You would

be forced to admire in spite of yourself."

"But I do admire!" exclaimed Miss Harriman.

"Icons and spoons!" said Conners, scornfully.

"Yes, icons and spoons," assented Miss Harriman, bitterly.

What she had brought back with her beside her Russian treasures was an overwhelming sense of humiliation and self-contempt. It was a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. She was ashamed of that hidden episode in her otherwise well-ordered, conventional life; she blushed to remember to what extent she, Helen Harriman, had wavered in her allegiance to her social gods, and on the other hand she scorned herself with a deep, unconquerable scorn for her weakness and cowardice. The thought that she had put it in the power of the man of whom she was ashamed, and yet for whose respect and admiration she perversely longed, to despise her, as she despised herself, rankled unbearably. She strove restlessly to forget, or at least not to remember, and by dint of filling every hour which society could not claim with good works and all the latest fads, political, intellectual or philanthropical, succeeded fairly well.

John Bowman's face, she congratulated herself, was fading from her memory, when toward spring came a note from Hugh Conners to say that he was sending her his friend Bowman's letters. With the note came a package of magazines. For a week she left them unopened. They lay on the library table tempting her, but she resisted; then, in the very moment of confident strength and security, she yielded.

In a week from that time Miss Harriman had canceled her engagements for the coming month and announced to her companion, Miss North, that they would sail for Europe immediately. America bored her, she said. She was restless and wanted a change.

Europe, however, bored her, too; and before ten months had passed she was at home again. Following her and her fortune came the Duc de Vauxfort, a man of perfect breeding and unquestioned position—one of the nineteenth century's most exquisitely finished pro-

ducts—brilliant, polished, coldly cynical.

Society welcomed Miss Harriman enthusiastically, kindly forgiving her cavalier treatment of it the year before. Sally Drayton secured her at once for a little dinner on the twentieth.

"I am so tired of dinners," said Miss Harriman, fretfully.

She accepted, however. One has to choose between dining and living out of the world. She even told her maid to put out the smartest of her new Worth gowns. At twenty-five, whatever her state of mind, a woman likes to know herself well dressed.

"It needs just three of the Duc's roses," she decided, critically surveying the fair vision of herself reflected in her great-grandmother's *cheval* glass.

A note to the Duc was lying at that moment upon her writing-desk.

"Does mademoiselle wish the letter posted?" asked Justine.

Miss Harriman hesitated a moment, then answered that the morning would be soon enough. She took up the note and held it irresolutely. It was still unsealed. She slipped it from its envelope and read it over.

"Why not?" she thought, tossing it back with an impatient sigh.

It would be a brilliant match; she would enjoy the position it would give her; and the Duc himself was quite charming—all, she was sure, that could be wished for. She sighed again irrationally.

"To-morrow will be time enough," she repeated, "and Justine, take these roses off. I don't like the effect after all."

"It is so nice to have you back again, my dear, and I am so glad you could come to us to-night," Sally Drayton was saying a half hour later. "I want you to meet Lord and Lady Illesford, and I've got a new man, an Adonis with brains, my dear. Isn't it refreshing. Old Mr. Conners has just taken him into his law firm. I am going to send you into dinner with him," she added, hurriedly, turning to greet Hugh Conners, who was coming toward her, followed by a strikingly handsome man in faultless evening dress—the Adonis with brains.

"Miss Harriman, let me present Mr. Bowman," said Mrs. Drayton.



"TRY WEDNESDAYS, THEN." (p. 26.)

Miss Harriman's self-possession for once deserted her. She paled suddenly and her lips trembled as they repeated the name mechanically with the customary formal little smile and greeting.

"I am to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner, I believe," said John Bowman.

His manner was quite easy and self-possessed, but his voice shook a little.

The few steps to the dining-room were taken in silence. Miss Harriman found a distinguished politician on her right and began at once discussing tariff reform with an incoherence which caused the great man to wonder why women always liked to talk about things which were plainly beyond their understanding. This one was so pretty, however, that he smiled at her indulgently before devoting himself to his soup.

Miss Harriman turned graciously toward John Bowman.

"So success has come?" she said. She was herself again.

"Not yet," he replied, smiling, "but it is two years nearer. Perhaps you will believe in it now."

"I always did," said Miss Harriman.

"Yet you were surprised to see me here to-night."

"Yes—or, perhaps, not surprised exactly; startled possibly; the unexpected is apt to startle one, you know."

"You thought the distance between Chicago and New York world-wide and unbridgeable, but you see I have bridged it," said John. "Won't you congratulate me on such a feat of engineering?"

"Of course, if you want me to; but really I am not surprised. We are going to communicate with Mars by and by, you know. Probably we will have a reciprocity treaty if the Republicans are in—nothing would astonish me. I am ready to accept anything."

"Even the bridging of two worlds?"

"Oh, that—" she laughed, with a contemptuous little wave of her hand.

"It is strange that we should meet

just here," said John. "I look upon it as an unconscious atonement on Mrs. Drayton's part—she interrupted me once, you know—or perhaps you don't remember; I had so much to say to you that day. Did you ever tell her about your guide?"

Miss Harriman flushed hotly.

"I see; of course you could not," said John.

"What must you have thought of me?" cried Miss Harriman in sudden abasement; "it was so cowardly to leave you that way."

"What did I think of you?" said John, smiling. "I can't tell you that now, Miss Harriman; success hasn't come to me yet. You were quite right to treat me as you did; I was a presumptuous fool; perhaps I am that yet, and you will tell me so some time."

"That would be rude," said Miss Harriman, demurely.

There was a little stir and rustle about the table.

"My hour is over," said John, softly. "If you knew how I had lived on the anticipation of it these last ten days!"

"I am at home on Tuesdays," said Miss Harriman, hurriedly, gathering up her gloves.

"All the world comes on Tuesdays," demurred John, audaciously.

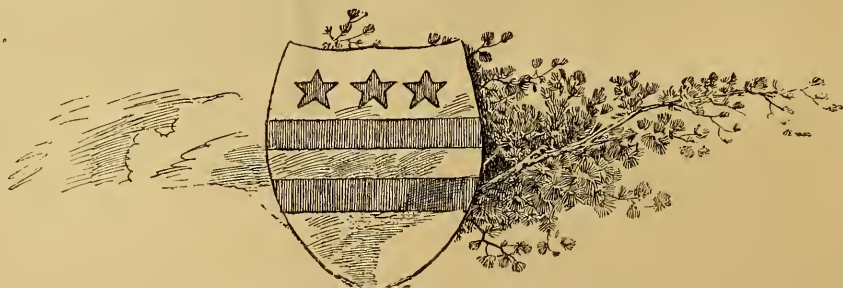
"Try Wednesdays, then," laughed Miss Harriman, looking back at him. "Au revoir."

"If Mademoiselle only could know how beautiful she looks to-night!" exclaimed Justine, admiringly, as she unfastened Miss Harriman's wrap.

"Do I?" said Miss Harrison, with a pleased, half shy, little laugh.

She sent the maid away and sat down before the fire a while, smiling softly to herself. By and by she went to the desk, took up the note lying there, and, still smiling, tore it in two.

"I am afraid I am too good an American after all to make a good duchess," she said.



A BULL FIGHT ON THE BORDER.

BY PHILIP W. AVIRETT.



EL PASO DEL NORTE, or Guadalupe as it is called now, is a picturesque little place on the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande. It was in gala-day attire in honor of a bullfight as I entered it.

On the corners stood men and women smoking *cigarellos*, eating *queso de tuna*—a most delightful candy—and waiting for the day's sport to begin. I went at once to the arena, or bull ring as it is more proper to call it, and found it a huge amphitheatre, walled round with boards, above which rise the seats covered with canvas awnings to shield the spectators from the sun. The *tentidos*, or benches, are all alike; but some of them are gayly decorated on such occasions by the grandees who come in from their *haciendas* to witness the spectacle. The best seat is opposite the *matredo*, or gateway, through which the mounted *picadors* enter, and through which their dead horses are dragged out. A few privileged amateurs were loafing about the sanded floorway. When I entered, the place was so strangely still that I fell into a doze while waiting. A vast throng had arrived in the interval before I woke from my slumbers with the

feelings of a modern Rip Van Winkle. Gayly-appareled *senoritas* waved huge fans with a languishing grace; haughty grandees, with *sombreros* half a yard wide, smoked or sipped their favorite beverages—mostly *pulque* and *agua-ardiente*, for your high-class Mexican hates American drinks; typical cowboys in leather breeches; *bucoros* in enormously wide pantaloons and hats, and here and there an American, like myself, made up a scene as varied and as brilliant as a garden filled with butterflies on a summer morning.

There was a premonitory flourish by a most horrible Mexican band, and then the fun began. The *picadors* entered first and rode slowly round the ring, each to his proper station, and, then, with a truly sybaritic burst of music, on came Juan Pacheco, the great *espada*, the principal actor in this semi-barbaric scene, escorted by his *cuadrillo* and followed by the *banderillos* in a marvelous costume that looked as if it had been designed for the "Barber of Seville." He made his entrance with all the grace of an actor of the Comedia Française, and, bowing to the audience, took his position opposite the *materado*, flanked by his six *chulos* and *banderillos*.

At a given signal, amidst an uproar of applause, in rushed a huge black bull, decked with the ribbons of his *ganaderio*, breathing a defiance and a hate that seemed to have been born of the moment, but that filled his entire huge frame. The *tableau* became a *vivante* then. For a moment the great beast wavered, then charged obliquely at the red mantle of an especially decorative *chulo*, and, like a flash, wheeled and made for a mounted man. In an instant there was a confused mass of man, horse and bull writhing upon the ground.

From the red mantles of the *chulos* and the charge of a second *picador* the mighty monarch of the ring turned in a truly regal way, and from disemboweling the horse he chased a *chulo* so hard as to compel him to vault clear from the ring and give *tauros* a moment's peace.

In a second more the mantle of a *pica-dor* caught his imperial eye, and again horse and rider bit the dust. A too-reckless *chulo* here met his fate, for, flaunting his rag before the quivering beast, he slipped, fell, and before his companions could divert the avalanche of flesh, he was crushed like a strawberry upon the sand, and the bull was away again to meet his own doom. With the sinuous grace of a panther, Pacheco, the *espada*, had sprung toward him, grasped his tail and given it a twist of such exquisite torture that the bull, with lowered front, made for him, only to receive the sword which the great *espada* had, until then, concealed in a muleta of blue silk. Straight in the quivering flesh above the brain it sunk until the spring of life was touched, and without a sound the splendid animal fell dead.

There were wild huzzas and bravos then; for so quickly had it been done that the charging *pica-dor* had not even passed the bull when he fell at the feet of the calm and imperturbable *espada*. It was the supreme expression of tauro-maquia; the triumph of skill over force, and the great *espada* was hailed almost as a king upon his coronation day. As he bowed, with the careless grace of a tenor at a third encore, there was a rush of caparisoned mules; a burst of music, and, amidst wild huzzas, the carcass of the dead bull was hauled hastily away, while the body of the poor *chulo* whom he had killed was taken to the Church of Guadalupe; there to be visited by a

vast and curious throng when the day's butchery was done. After this the sport grew tamer; the bulls charged in a perfunctory way, and, as a rule, it required all the arts of the *banderillos*, with their barbed darts, to induce those who belonged to the species of lean kine, of which the poet wrote, to stand up and be killed. One magnificent animal, however, from the plains of Durango, killed two horses and wounded as many men, but, before the basilisk-like eye of the *espada*, it stood confused and powerless, and went calmly to its doom. One other great milk-white fellow seemed far more loath to kill than to be killed, and when a wounded *pica-dor* lay prone upon the ground before him, he turned away with a toss of his lifted tail and a look of reproach in his great limped eyes.

When the day's sport was over, and the sands were soaked with blood, I went to a little Mexican restaurant—the interior of which Rembrandt would have loved to paint—and, sitting there eating my *frijoles* and *chile con carne*, I mused on the problem why it was that the women had seemed more cruel than the men. I noticed their faces especially, and while they now and then expressed some concern for the safety of the dark-skinned Adonis of an *espada*, never a word or look of sympathy or regret had they for the lesser lights of the arena, or the poor brute creatures who gave their lives that the days of Nero or Commodus might find a parallel in modern times. To me, I confess, it is still a mystery.

APRIL'S PASSING.

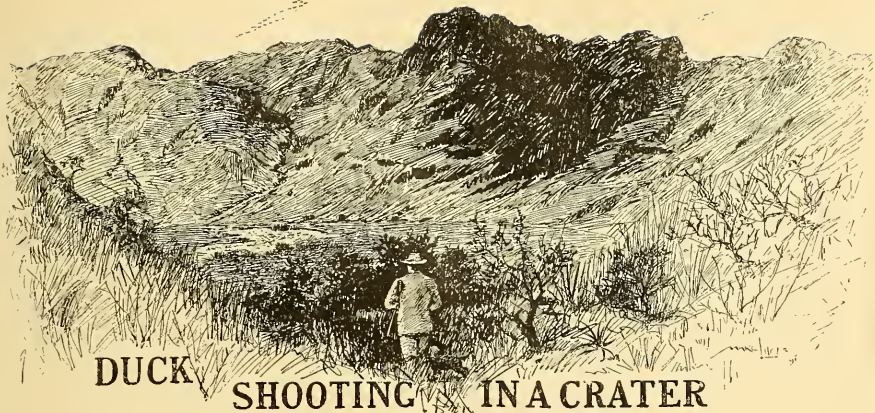
APRIL fickle, and fond and fair,
The glad earth echoes your passing by,
A rustle of wings in the moist sweet air,
A ripple of song in a tender sky.

New life astir in the heart of the wood,
Leaves fold their nests, as the soul its dreams,
The May flower thrills in its snow flower hood,
At the gushing laugh of the dancing streams.

And young hearts echo the song of love,
And memories rise in the older bread,
And the soul of Nature, below, above,
Awakens life to a new unrest.

Oh, April you laugh and you frown, and sigh,
But the glad earth echoes your passing by.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.



BY H. D. COUZENS.

THE boys had planned a trip from Honolulu to the duck ponds, but they invited such a number of fellows that I decided to take a jaunt alone, for I had an idea of my own that I wanted to put to the test.

A few days before I had ridden out to Diamond Head, a picturesque and long extinguished crater which stands near the shore, about six miles from Honolulu. In a spirit of investigation I had left my horse with a friendly Chinese farmer and climbed the steep sides to get a look at the interior of the crater. It is, I should judge, from a mile to a mile and a half in diameter, and the descent inside is, if anything, more steep and rugged than the outside slope. The season had been rather wet, and on the day of my exploration I made a discovery. When I reached the rim of the crater and looked in I saw the shine of water about three quarters of the way toward the opposite side. The rains had formed a shallow pond in the hollow of the crater, the rest being rough, broken ground, covered thickly with grass and underbrush. Floating on the pond were many small, dark objects, which could be nothing but duck.

I had indeed made a find, but I had no gun with me. I decided to interview those duck as soon as possible, for, although the crater's interior was very rarely visited, except by an occasional tourist of an exploring turn of mind, I didn't want anyone to get in ahead of

me. So, on the day the boys set off I saddled my horse, packed up a lunch, and with Dan, an excellent retriever, set out for Diamond Head. The day was fine and the ride a beautiful one, down Nuana Valley and out along picturesque King street. On the left towered cloud-capped mountains, broken at regular intervals by Pauoa, Manoa and Paulilo valleys, and the Punchbowl with its dismounted cannon peering down at the town. On the right the road was lined with palms, with here and there a banana patch assiduously attended by Chinamen with huge, mushroom shaped hats and bare legs.

After a brisk canter I took the road to Waikiki Beach, from which direction the roar of the surf was already audible. Cocoanut palms, which antedate the memory of the oldest inhabitant by a century and more, line the coast, growing straight and tall, despite the weight of years, and looking for all the world like extremely long-handled feather dusters. Riding on through beautiful Kapiolani park, with its tiny streams shaded by magnificent algeroba trees and spanned by pretty little bridges, I came to the open beach. A party of natives squatted on the ground mending a fish net gave me a pleasant "aloha" by way of salutation as I passed. I rode along the coast for a little way, putting up a lonely plover here and there; then turning inland, skirted the base of the Head for a short distance. Coming at

last to a shady patch of mimosa, I dismounted and tethered my horse. With Dan at my heels I climbed to the rim of the crater, crawled cautiously through a rift and looked toward the place where I had seen the pond a few days before. No water was visible, but I could see duck uneasily flapping and settling back again; so, keeping under cover, I made my way down to comparatively level ground inside the crater and proceeded toward the now invisible pond.

I found the pond was surrounded on all sides by "kikania" bushes ten or twelve feet high. This detestable plant bears about the nastiest, ugliest thorny bur in creation, and the ground under the bushes was covered with them. They are awful things to get in a dog's hair, and I looked at Dan's coat and hesitated, wishing I had left him behind. But we had to go ahead, burs or no burs; so I started through the thick cover toward the pond, keeping Dan close behind. It was tough work, for the bushes made a belt more than a hundred feet wide, and I had to go on hands and knees.

I could hear a babel of quacking and gobbling, and at last, when the stalks became thinner, I knew I was at the inner edge of the cover. After cautioning the dog, I slowly and noiselessly shoved aside some of the brush in front and peered out.

Ye gods! what a sight! I had seen duck in quantities before, where they were so thick that pot-hunters could knock over from fifty to a hundred with that beastly invention, a swivel, but never have I seen so many crowded together in one spot as there were in that little pond.

The water covered about two acres but there wasn't a square foot of it visible, and the edges were lined with waddlers paddling around in the mud, unable to get even a sight of water. Occasionally an uneasy duck rose, gave a few flaps of his wings, and settled again, and so thick was the huddling mass of his fellows that he had to literally crowd them apart to get back to the water again.

Imagine my feelings with this congregation before my eyes, and the realization that I was at least eighty-five yards from the nearest duck. The cover

ended where I was, the rest of the ground being as bare as my hand. The water had originally extended to the edge of the cover, but had gradually dried up.

My gun was a twelve gauge and wouldn't do much execution at that distance. I had but one alternative, and I took it, I dashed through the cover, rushed toward the water's edge and blazed away with both barrels. What a roar from the multitude of wings, and what a flapping and fanning of the air! They were so huddled together that they could not all rise at once, and many, confused and hampered by their fellows, fell back into the water more than once and it was some time before the last had taken wing.

Bang-bang! went the gun, as fast as I could jam in the cartridges, spat-spat, splash! they fell, one big sprig coming down squarely on top of my head. When the air had cleared, and the last of that feathered host disappeared over the edge of the crater, I gazed on the field of battle. Several wounded duck were in the water, with Dan in hot pursuit, and one or two others I stopped just in time to prevent their escaping into "kikania" bushes. When Dan had retrieved all the birds in sight, and brought out three from the bushes I took count of the slain. There were thirty-seven in all, nineteen "native" duck, ten "nor'wests," five spoonbills, and three sprig. A good many of these had only been wounded and it took lots of work to get them all together. As it was, a few got into the bushes, and were lost. Dan's coat being by this time so full of burs that I didn't want him to chase after any more of them.

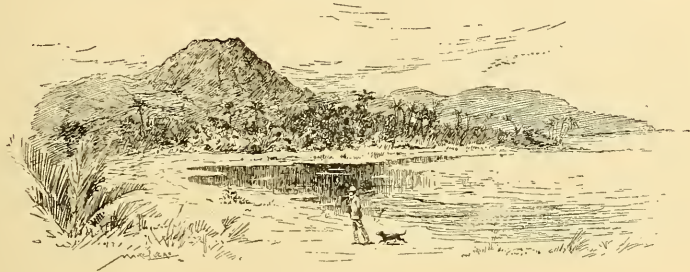
Near the edge of the pond, on the opposite side, I saw an old rotten tree trunk, and as this was the only available cover anywhere near the water, I made the dog lie down beside me behind it, and pulled some dead "kikania" bushes over us, making a blind good enough for any duck except sprig, which are as wary as wild geese. I hoped there would be sportsmen at some of the ponds down below, and that they would drive some of the ducks back, but I waited a long time before any more appeared. Finally, just as I was about to give up, satisfied with the bag I had already

made, a bunch of teal wandered in and I potted two of them. Then another long wait and four sprig came over the crater's edge. My cover wasn't good enough for them, and after circling around the pond, out of range, they took themselves off the way they had come. Soon after a large flock of plover came in from the sea-shore, and as they passed right in front of me I knocked down eight with two barrels.

For an hour and a half no more birds appeared, then two little duck, species unknown, lit at long range. I was too hasty and missed both, and the lucky little fellows vanished over the edge. Just as it was getting dark six teal flew across the water, and I downed the tail-

ender. I didn't want to pick my way over the uneven ground in the darkness, so I forced a passage through the "kikania," and followed by the tired and bur-laden Daniel reached my horse just as the short twilight of the tropics settled into night.

Those were the only birds I ever shot in Diamond Head. The next time I visited it I found the pond had dried up entirely, and though I paid it several other visits the following year, I only saw duck once, and then only a bunch of about half a dozen. The cover was so poor I wasn't lucky enough to get a shot. I disposed myself behind the log as before, but not another bird appeared that day.



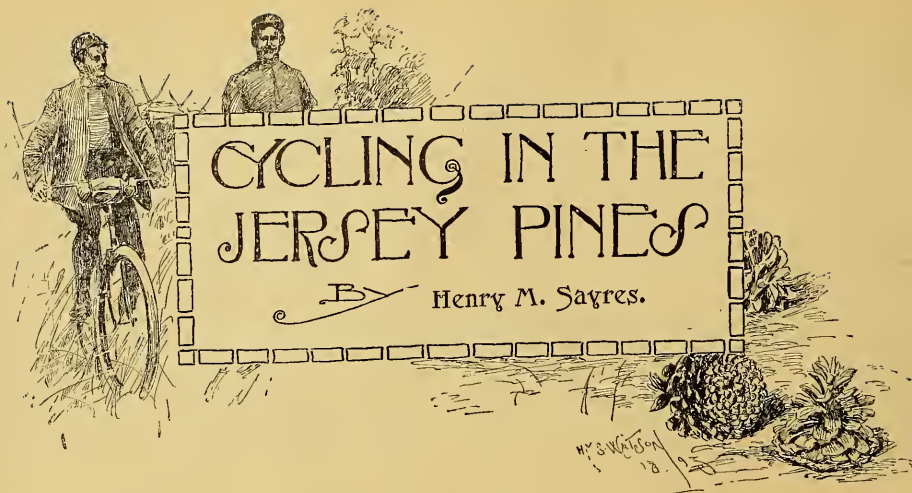
GRAND RAPIDS OF THE ATHABASCA RIVER.

O RIVER of the "Great Lone Land,"
 Upon thy forest banks I stand
 And gaze in wonder as thy tide
 Rolls tireless on—a river wide,
 Whose waves, with thunderous dash and roar,
 Their echoes send from shore to shore.

On, on the swirling billows roll
 With lightning speed, beyond control;
 Now rising to a mountain height,
 Tossing the spray in gleams of light;
 Now dark and sullen in the shade
 By overhanging fir trees made;
 Then onward still with mighty swell,
 Until again the foam-bells tell
 Of giant boulders hid from sight
 'Gainst which they're dashed to atoms bright.

Backward the haughty wave-crests curl
 An instant, then right onward swirl
 To meet some other unseen foe,
 Deep-hidden in the gulf below.
 And so, with neither pause nor rest,
 They hasten toward the lake's calm breast.

EMMA SHAW COLCLEUGH.



WE had loaded up the camera, and the luggage carrier was filled, and almost every time we turned over in our beds that night we turned out to examine the sky. Our hearts sank within us. For weeks we had been plotting and dreaming of this trip into the pine barrens of New Jersey; were we to be disappointed now that the camera was loaded with supersensitive films and all our old clothes were ready to receive us into their comfortable embrace?

The earth seemed to be asleep and wrapped in a cloud of fog. We wheeled into the mist and were silent. The watery vesicles beat our faces with a spray that would have been cool and delicious if our hearts had been less heavy. A water-break across the road gave me an unexpected shock because I was gazing at the sky. I fear the artist was doing the same thing, for he bounced over a stone and cut some curves in the dust.

"Do you see," said he, "the cobwebs in the grass are threaded with drops of water? It is a sure sign that it will not rain to-day."

The toll-gate woman was awake and on the alert. "Encourage us a little, won't you?" I said.

"The fog is coming down. It is a certain sign of good weather," she answered. "The sun will be out directly."

She and the artist were good prophets. Like a ball of polished copper the sun burned behind the mist. The trees ahead of us gradually appeared less unreal and huge. We could see the drip-

ping grass blades. A soft wind seemed to spring out of the cloud.

"There is blue sky," said the artist; "now see what that old 'bike' of yours can do on this good road."

I laughed silently behind his back. He had never seen the roads in the New Jersey pine barrens. I was aching to introduce them.

Another toll-gate. The turnpike was ended. Swing quickly around the corner and look sharp for those interesting little gullies that the enterprising farmer takes such delight in cutting across the path.

We were in the open country. The fog was gone. Locusts bordered both sides of the road, and their branches met above us, drooping under their burden of delicate foliage and the weight of the waterdrops that dripped on us as we slowly glided beneath. The flowers that come with the summer blazed in a yellow glory along the path. Tall blossoms stood in the grass like magnificent sentinels attired in the radiant purple of royalty. Great clusters of the gorgeous orange-yellow milkweed pricked the eyes with their vivid color. A crimson butterfly sat and swung on the highest tuft. Bees hummed about it. A catbird stood on the fence and examined us. Broad shadows that lay across the road were cut sharply and regularly by the brightness of the morning sunbeams. An indescribable sweetness, the perfume of untamed Nature, breathed over us, and we are sunk in a sea of delicious fragrance.

We wheeled across the bars of sunlight and shadows as if climbing a gigantic music-staff, where the notes were birds and flowers and the brown trunks of trees. We climbed a vacant spot where

"Put the brake on that old wheel of yours," he called. "I must have a camera shot at this."

Out again into the still and dewy morning. The road was becoming less



A SNAP SHOT BY THE WAY.

the composer had rested for a moment to add a burst of melody all the sweeter, all the more impressive for the sudden pause. The artist was beginning to think things. His wheel wobbled.

and less familiar; the footpath was growing less and less distinct, as if traversed by few feet. The trees were changing in character and in appearance. Chestnuts, old yet full of vigor, stood

singly in the fields, or here and there in groups, the pale-green clusters of their flowers sprinkling them as if Nature's only thought had been of their welfare. Oaks began to straggle along the highway, and pines became every moment more and more abundant and conspicuous. There was something suspicious, too, about the road. I saw the artist looking at it frequently, as if he found it interesting. Presently he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. I could do as I pleased, for he was ambitious to lead and never looked back.

Other roads began to come into ours, and ours began to give off branches with unpleasant frequency. Finally it divided into four; but bless the guide post! It stood at the forking of the way in the shade of the pines and of the scrub oaks, kindly extending its four fingers, each with a label that to us was more beautiful than any jewel could have been.

It was slow wheeling along here. We had lost much of our freshness, while the road was gathering itself together to show what it could do in the shape of bicycling horrors. Stones? O, no, indeed. Dust? Not a bit of it. Ruts, sun-baked into ridges of brick? Happily, no. But something worse, something that suggested welcome thoughts

of walking. It was the Jersey sand. The road was wandering, too, in a strange way that the roads of civilization would scorn. The shade was getting denser. The trees were more and more of the evergreen group. Huckleberry bushes were becoming conspicuous. The artist jumped off. "I think I will walk a little way," he said. I had been walking behind him for some time as he struggled and wobbled in the sand. The soil of the New Jersey Pines and the rubber tire of the bicycle are not on good terms.

"Just think what a grind it would have been with the old fashioned tires!" said I, to encourage him.

A rabbit passed leisurely across the road. A pine lizard ran up the trunk of a cedar tree, its ridiculous tail trailing after, and peeped at us from the other side. A wood-pecker clung to the rough bark of a dead pine. It was so still that the sighing of the tires as they crushed softly through the sand was the only sound except an occasional murmur of the wind in the pines and the oaks. The road was only as wide as a carriage. In certain places the trees that stood too close to the edge had been hollowed out to allow the hub to pass. The sand became deeper. There was not a trace of a foot-path. Obscure and uncertain tracks passed at bewildering intervals across our road. Should we take any of them and abandon this sandy way perhaps for a worse one?

"Are we going in the right direction?"

"I don't know. All the roads in the Pines are alike; the majority of them lead nowhere; many of them wander on for miles and then run up a tree. I have been here a dozen times, but I always get lost."

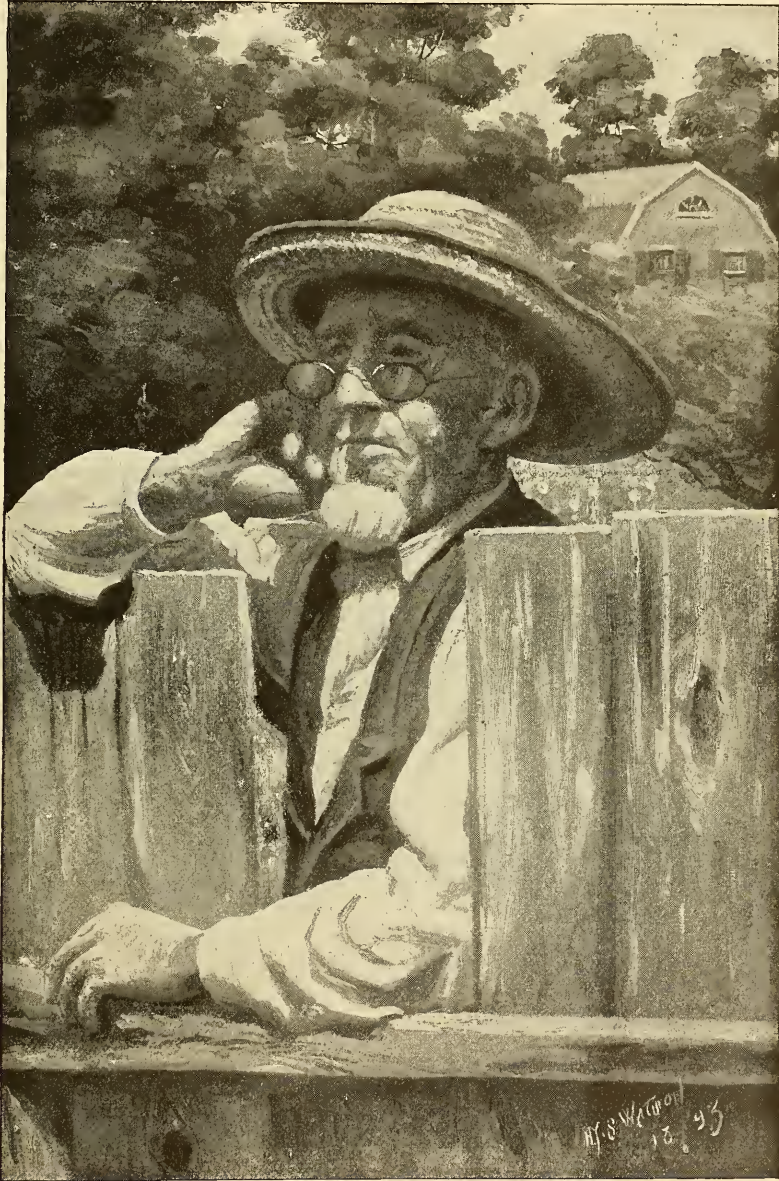
The silence of the wilderness wrapped us about. It was the untamed luxuriance of the out-of-doors that we love. Pine trees towered above us with their naked trunks tipped by their cluster of leafy branches sharply outlined against the blue sky. Scrub oaks and huckleberry bushes, thorny vines, dense clumps of ferns, low shrubs, flowers in profusion surrounded us; a hedge of "the white spiked Clethra flower" for miles marked out each side of the road. There was no dim distance, unless we gazed into the sky. The short stretch of the road was soon lost in its own windings. We trudged and pushed the bicycles through



THE CROSSROADS.

the yielding sand. There was not a human being in sight. Not a house. Not a human sound. We would have been thankful for even the barking of a dog. The warm and aromatic breath of the

your ears. Faintly, yet sharp and distinct, the merry tattoo of the hammer on the iron came singing through the forest. It was the sweetest sound we had heard to-day. I was willing to admit, now



AS WE RIDE BY.

piners filled us with delight. We cared not one penny whether we were lost, for it was all beautiful and strange.

But listen! There it is again. Surely it was the musical clink of an anvil! Isn't that it again? Stop, and strain

that another human being was near, that there were two bicyclists in the world who were getting discouraged. But now we pushed forward with lighter hearts, although the sand seemed every moment to get deeper and heavier. The

collection of silex grains that for courtesy we called the road made a wide sweep whose curve showed us the blacksmith shop.

It stood in a little clearing of pine forest, alone except for another house, apparently a second edition of itself. Nowhere in the known world but in the New Jersey Pines can you discover such a blacksmith shop. Around it the dense woods of pines and scrub oaks, with the sandy road in front, the second house beside it and the blue sky above; a shanty built of logs chinked with mud, a slanting roof of slabs discarded from the saw mill, inclosed a space scarcely large enough to shelter the anvil, the bellows and the tools of the owner's trade. A wide door opened toward the road, and a single window, closable by a wooden shutter, completed the structure. The roughened sand under the trees showed where the shoeing is done. The little dwelling house was a counter-part of the shop, except for the glazed window on each side of the front door, and the barefooted children playing in the sand. The blacksmith stops his work and looks up as we come to the door. Then he laughs till the woods ring, and the children come tumbling toward us, and a woman looks out of the window.

"You've come from up country; I know by them spidery things," he said. "Do you expect to ride them in here? Where are you going, anyhow?"

"To Blankston's Cranberry Bog. Are we on the right road?"

"Straight on, six miles through the woods. But if you try to ride them bicycles any deeper in here you will never get out alive. Better leave them with me till you come back."

"All right," I said; "but do you lock up at night? Our bicycles represent a good deal to us. We are very fond of the spidery things."

"I can't just say that I do lock up; I fasten up, this way."

He closed the door, thrust the prongs of a pitchfork into the wood and forced the handle into the sand.

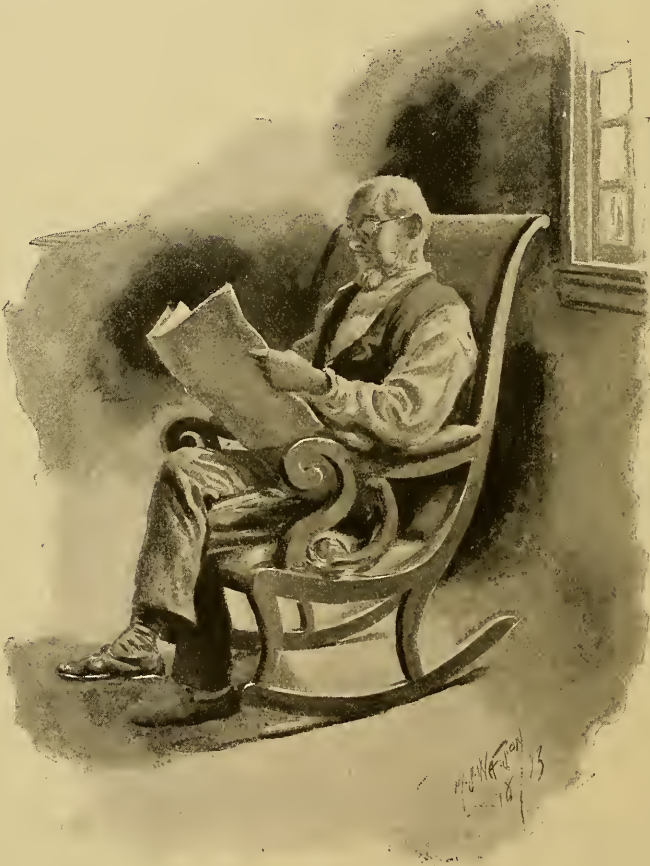
"There!" he said, "that's enough. Nobody don't carry off many anvils down here. But maybe

you'd feel safer with more than that?" I intimated that we should.

"Hello, you other fellow! Goin' to take my picture? I hain't had one of them took since I got married and went to Brindletown to my wife's Aunt Susan's. All right, now. Let her fly."

The shutter flew, and the happy blacksmith was "took" as he stood there and as he stands here.

We rode onward through the forest



THE LOCAL WEEKLY.

aisles, dim with the shadows of the pines. Purple orchids bloomed in the path. Ripening huckleberries dotted the bushes beside the way. Huge flies were beginning to make themselves unpleasantly familiar. Mosquitoes with light colored stripes around their legs were getting too numerous for our entire comfort. I brushed a tick from my knickerbockers. The roughened sand, impressed with marks of bare feet, gave signs of a human habitation near by. I could see a chimney through the trees. We pushed our bicycles into a road-side clearing where the house was a palace when compared with the general style of its neighbors in the wood, for it had risen to the dignity of clap-boards. A log shanty chinked with mud was now used as a stable, although the family had not long abandoned it for the more palatial story and a half clap-boarded house, where they seemed to be the aristocrats of the region. The little cleared space beside the unshaded door was crowded with what appeared at first glance to be a seething mass of children of all sizes, some of them black as night, some white except for the tan and the dirt on their cheeks, and others speckled with great copper-colored blotches. A black woman stood in the door; a white man was wheeling a speckled child in a toy wagon. I fear that such combinations are not rare in the region.

My one objection to the Pines is that the wheelman must become a pedestrian as he approaches them. At one time, perhaps at many times in the geological history of New Jersey, these regions were sunk beneath the ocean, which, regardless of the land that was in the future to become a great State, sifted her sands through her wet fingers and let them drop wherever they might fall. As the result of this carelessness, New Jersey is sand. The roads are as deep in a soft and shifting mass of siliceous sand as one's ankle bones are high above the common ground; and the sweet air that in the summer is fragrant with the warm and spicy breath of the pine trees is often dusty with little sand-grains.

Nature seems to be exceedingly fond of these sandy wilds, and to resent any attempt to encroach on her favorite possessions. She has minute vines, that run in and under and through the sand, and grow faster as they are maltreated. She has oaks that spring up and grow

like evil weeds; she has bushes of all kinds and shapes and all degrees of hardness, that fight with her and for her; and between these assistants and the original owner that, although silent of speech, speaks in the loudest of tones, the trespasser has a struggle that he remembers long after he has conquered, and even when Nature has turned about and is fighting for him as bravely as she once fought against him.

At the entrance to the forest-clad lands we bid farewell to the bicycle until we come out of the woods. Its advent even into the region of scrub oaks has been a surprise to the natives, familiar only with the slow and staid charcoal carts and with the clam wagons that pass through their little clearings and by their doors; but to the inhabitants of the pine woods the bicycle is much as it was to Rudyard Kipling's Hindoo. What they would say if they should see the panting wheelman trying to force the machine through the deep and heavy sand is a problem unsolved.

No matter how often the wheelman may have come this way and have shuffled a yielding journey with weary legs, it is ever new. Some unknown insect runs staggering across the path; some bright blossom is blooming that he never saw; some bird is twittering in the thick bushes that he has never heard; it is always fresh and sweet.

The pine barrens of New Jersey are not cool in midsummer. The explorer must face that fact before he dismounts in the sand at the forking of the roads that enter from the open country he is leaving. When the breezes are obstructed by the density of the foliage the woods are sultry and hot. The air is then heavy with the balsamic odors of the pine trees, and with the perfume of the flowers. It is spicy and delicious, it is invigorating and stimulating, yet it is hot, and the heat is dry; it withers the city man, it scorches him and makes him weak in his knees.

Traveling alone through these pines is not entirely so safe as it appears to be. To lose one's way is easier than to keep it or to find it. The roads in the pines of New Jersey have passed into a proverb on account of their endless length. They seem to wander on and on through the thickly growing trees until they get discouraged and stop as suddenly as if the world had ended.

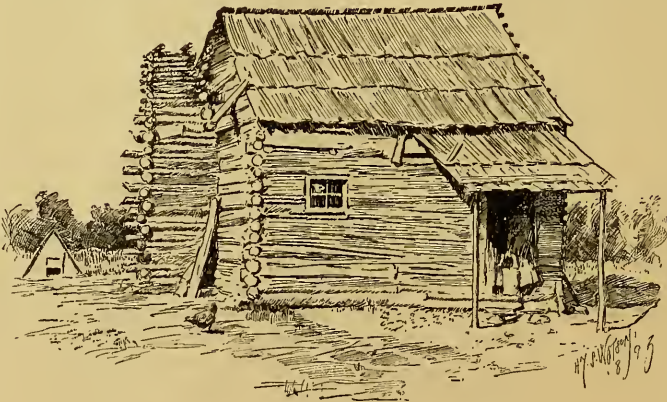
The barrens are full of short stretches of unfinished pathways that lead into the wildest forest. There are few that lead anywhere, and the pedestrian or the horseman, or the shuffling wheelman that is not wise in woodcraft, or not familiar with the region, is more likely than not to be lost before he has fairly entered into the depths of the woods. Once lost his condition is pitiable. Round and round he wanders in the shifting sand that falls into his footprints and almost obliterates them before his foot has fairly left its mark. And the plainest road has the obnoxious habit of forking at any spot where it takes a notion to divide, and the branches are so exactly alike, and the landscape ahead is so unvarying, and the pine trees and the scrub oaks and the underbrush are so nearly the facsimiles of every other pine tree and oak and bush, that he is lost at the most conspicuous part of the road, the forking of the highway.

There is no house in sight. Huts are scattered far apart in the little clearings that make themselves known only when the traveler comes upon them unexpectedly. They are only one or two-roomed cabins built of the rejected slabs of the saw mills, nailed together irregularly, or of logs with the chinks stuffed with mud, or with the bog moss that chokes every small stream and fills every swamp. The chimney is mudplastered, yet if the owner be very wealthy there may be a coat of mortar between the logs; but the chimney, a door, and a window with a single board shutter, complete the building upon which the traveler comes unexpectedly as he walks through the wilds of pines and scrub oaks and straggling underbrush. Tow-headed children in abundance play in the sand and the sun

about the door; a slatternly woman and an unkempt man with one suspender, or none, complete the household; while a well, possibly with the old-fashioned windlass, adds what charm and comfort it can to the out-of-door possessions of the owner.

A patch of sand with a few potatoes, a few watermelons, perhaps, or a scanty growth of corn, yields the crops. What need have these people of crops? Are not the huckleberries plentiful and free to all that choose to pick them? And will not the store-keeper in the village a dozen miles away, buy them for cash or take them in exchange? And the cranberry bogs that are springing up in the region, will not they give an abundance of light labor, with the best of sure pay? The Pines people have few wants, and these are easily supplied with the little money that they can obtain from the picking of the wild huckleberry or the more than half-tamed cranberry. They seem to be happy; yet I cannot tell. The heart knoweth its own

bitterness. Trouble comes to the hut of the pine hawker as easily, I suppose, as it does to the palace of the city gentleman, and is as poignant. Death bears as sharp and as severe a weapon in



"HUTS ARE SCATTERED FAR APART."

the barrens of the New Jersey Pines as he does in the greatest city, and the wounds that he makes are as deep and as long in healing. And the temptations, I imagine, are as hard to be resisted.

The water of the streams and of the swamps is an infusion of the cedars and the plants that border them and dip their roots into them. The color is a dark, transparent amber that in deep places is almost black, but when dipped in the hand shows every ridge and furrow of the skin as clearly as does the water from the city faucets, often with a greater distinctness and beauty. It is

as spicy to the taste as are the cedars to the smell. Sparkling and sapid, it is the prince of the water that flows as Nature started it. To the lover of all out-of-doors it is as stimulating as wine. Sweet and beautiful, bright and clear, the dwellers within these regions are to be envied by us that only on rare occasions can have a draught from its cool and delicious depths.

To dip it in the hollow of the hand when the tongue is parched with the breathless air under the pines, and the throat is dried by the flying sands that are hot in the sun, is an experience to be remembered. The dark waters lie still and placid in the shade of the wooded banks; the shallows of amber show through them the pale sands below; aquatic plants wave long arms in the slow currents, and the thirsty wheelman stops to look before he stoops to drink. His submerged hand is an amber hand, pale, its outlines uncertain, its moving fingers curved and

bent and distorted in the ripples that they have made; a pink petal from an azalia floats over; with his sudden movement a shower of such petals falls about him, the amber flood is bearing on its ripples a fleet of pink, and the bewildered wheelman forgets his thirst. The faint breeze of the woods sweeps over the stream; the bushes on the bank tremble, the weeds in the water nod and bend; amber waves dash themselves against the shore; the water lilies stir and tremble as the ripples lift them, and the breeze is spicy with their delicate perfume; magnolias like waxen stars gleam in the thickets; the tall pines have marched to the water's edge. The clouds skurry across the dark and inverted image of the heavens; the breeze comes again and stronger; the pines sigh with that peculiar and indescribable moan that they always utter

when the winds hurry through them; the sunlight is lost in a moment behind the black cloud that brings a sudden shower with its gentle dripping of warm tears. The water is dimpled by the touch of each drop; minute foam bells and bubbles of thinnest water-film stud the surface, eddy, touch and burst into drops of spray. The rain patters on the leaves and rolls over the sand in little dusty balls; the air is still except for the soft rustling of the dripping trees and the swish of the rain against the water. The sun bursts through the

passing rain cloud as quickly as it retreated; the drops still fall for a moment, then the birds begin to chirp, the dimples on the stream float away, and the astonished wheelman remembers that he was thirsty.

The oppressive warmth has given place to a sweet coolness. The wheelman is happy in the loneliness and the stillness of the secluded path across the woods. Glimpses of blue sky gleam through the trees;

the air is fragrant with the dewy perfume of a thousand flowers. The artist in advance stops and leans on his wheel.

"Oh, ho! tired out, are you?"

"Listen!"

"Bob, Bob White—Bob White."

A little creeping sensation of exquisite delight steals up into the hair and shivers about in an ecstasy of pleasure. The cover is full of quail and the air is vibrant with their distinctive piping. A pine snake, bloated and glistening, wriggles across the road, and a rabbit for a moment peers from the bushes and is gone. The road turns suddenly, it widens, and over the low trees a chimney of civilization appears with terra cotta top, and the wheelman is again within sight of a two-story house with a tin roof, and within the limits of the artificial.

There is something exceedingly at-



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

tractive about the New Jersey pine barrens. There can be no other spot in the world, I think, except perhaps in Florida, where Nature has so lavishly scattered certain of her choicest treasures. And according to my limited experience in Florida, the floral treasures of the pine woods are not nearly so abundant nor so rare, nor so fragrant, nor so beautiful as they are in the pine barrens of New Jersey.

As the mental picture of the New Jersey Pines and of the pines of Florida come to me, there seems to be a great resemblance. Perhaps if I could place a section of the one beside a slice of the other, this would cease and the difference become conspicuous. It may be only the enchantment that distance gives to each that makes the chief charm as I recall its beauties and its attractions.

And their differences are as great. In the forests of Florida the deciduous cypress trees that stand in great clusters around the clear-water lakes and ponds add a feature to the landscape that is peculiarly impressive. To the Northern visitor who sees them for the first time their feathery foliage is little short of startling; their expanded bases, their tall and straight boles tipped by the conical mass of delicate leafage, give the very swamps a mysterious aspect, and serve as a fit setting to the clear-water lakes that like brilliant jewels rest beneath them. In Florida as elsewhere, Nature rests in the winter, but the superb climate with its gentle warmth and the sweetness of its air, the softness of the clouds, and the feeling that one is almost within the tropics, so that at nightfall he instinctively looks to the heavens in search of the Southern cross.

All this is lacking in the Pines of New Jersey. There the summer air is as

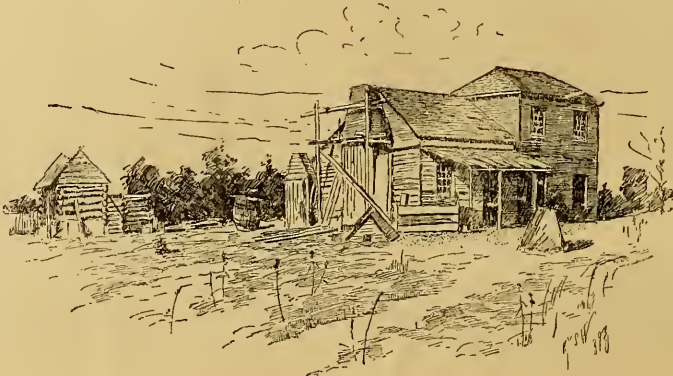
warm as it is in Florida, but the warmth is indescribably different; it is not that soft and balmy atmosphere that the Southern State has to offer in the winter, although if the wheelman will trudge through the mixture of sand and snow that covers the roads and the uncertain paths in the Pines of the Northern State in winter, he will discover that the air within the forest is less frigid, less stinging than that of the winter outside; and it will instinctively bring to the mind of a visitor to Florida the remembrance of that region.

But it was with no thought of Florida that we gave our bicycles the final push and leaned them against a paling fence that marked our return to civilization; it was rather with thankfulness that the journey was ended. The house that we hoped would welcome us for the night, had broad piazzas and comfortable rocking-chairs, and a view across a hundred acre cranberry bog, where the plants were blooming with the luxuriance and the profusion that only such a plantation can show. The white blossoms sparkled over the great fields as if they were snowflakes sprinkled there.

We had reached the end of the trip. We had now only to sit in our rocking-chairs and see the evening shadows wrap the forest in their soft embrace. The pines stood black and shapeless against the sky, where burned and blazed a dust of quivering stars. Fire-flies stabbed the gloom with their darting flame. A cool breeze sighed and moaned through the pines, yet the world seemed as still as if death had touched it; then a tree toad started its croaking, and as we went to bed a whip-poor-will began to cry for an unmerited punishment.

* * * * *

"Bob, Bob White—Bob White."
The morning had come.





SPRING IN ROME.

BY LEILA GITTINGS.

TO catch a glimpse of Aurora, Goddess of the Dawn, one must rise early, even in Rome, where she is manifested in the ideal beauty of a painting by Guido Reni on the ceiling of a hall of the Rospighosi Palace and by another fresco by Guercino at the Villa Ludovisi.

To leave the pictured ceiling of the Ludovisi, where cupids sport with garlands and riot amid the roses, and find, out of doors, spring, scattering the like largesse into the lap of the morning, is to turn, as it were, from the painter's work to his inspiration.

A spring morning in Rome is yet more than the realization of an artist's dream. Different elements transfuse themselves in it to form a bewitching whole, too subtle and divine to be quite imprisoned on canvas, or expressed in language. The inarticulate speech of a "Song Without Words" may best reflect the spirit of the fleeting hours—their transient loveliness made up of breeze and vanishing dew, and warmth, and light; the twitter of birds, and even the sonorous street cries from soft Italian throats. Along the Pincian Hill

flower beds send upward their thousand delicious perfumes; and the almond and fruit trees are masses of pink and white bloom.

The Borghèse woodlands are veiled in a gauzy texture of delicate green which stands out like feather tracery in relief against the darker foliage of perennial growths.

In front of the Villa Medici, the ideal academy of the French, the view toward St. Peter's is particularly fine in the cool morning light, before the sun is so far west as to dazzle the eyes looking in that direction. What a perfect frame to the picture one finds here ready made by stepping back a little under the smooth trimmed ilex trees behind the lazily dropping fountain!

Rome is full of such vistas. Perhaps the most beautiful is in the Garden of the Priorata of the Knights of Malta, on Mt. Aventine. There the opening at the end of a long, dark alley of bay trees is filled up with a telescopic view, as it were, of St. Peter's, buoyant in perspective, "buried in air."

In the Piazza di Spagna the flower merchants hold high carnival, congregating about the *Spanish stairs* and displaying tempting wares in panniers of goodly size, poised on their heads.

"Here Narcissus, day by day,
Buds in clustering beauty gay.
Here the golden crocus gleams,
Sleep the bubbling fountains never."

Violets, roses, lilies, anemones, lilacs, English primroses, pansies and rarer plants seem to burst into bloom simultaneously and to be brought hither as to a happy hunting ground, where the Italians use them in pursuit of prey. With tireless patience and trebled prices the fragrant beauties are launched against "the strangers within the gates."

However, the foreigner soon learns through experience and observation that he is entitled to as many flowers as he can conveniently carry for a franc and a half (or thirty cents), while for a dollar he could buy out the entire stock in trade of some lucky young dealer and send him off as happy as a king to prepare for another floral campaign and maybe invest a portion of his capital in the State Lottery, that omnipresent magnet which attracts so much of the spare currency in Italy.

I have heard it deplored with many a regretful groan and shake of the head, that strangers in Rome were becoming too sharp to be cheated, and that they thereby deprived a certain proportion of the citizens of a legitimate and constitutional source of income. Nowhere, perhaps, can this woeful complaint be better verified or tested than at the market known in the vernacular as "Rag Fair," held on Wednesdays in the vicinity of the Farnese Palace.

It is a curious hurly burly into which flocks of fascinated strangers bravely plunge, hoping to "snap up unconsidered trifles" for a mere song, and have them turn out prizes on their hands.

Many an Autolycus plies his trade among the crowd, laden with tape, bal-lads and all manner of haberdashery that "maids do lack."

On rickety stands are spread out to the best advantage venerable hoards of odds and ends. Dilapidated fans, bearing coronet and monogram, about which breathe thoughts of bygone belles; old seals, loose heaps of amethysts, strings of garnet beads, old "lamps for sale," of ancient design, tattered and torn embroideries and once gorgeous canonicals. Here are old iron door-knockers and rusty nails; a Bluebeard's bunch of keys; a jewel casket of inlaid ivory and tortoise-shell, which might in its prime have belonged to a Princess, and relics, manufactured expressly, from the catacombs—there is nothing, provided it be portable and sufficiently aged, which may not be stumbled upon some time in the mart. Naturally, amidst these battered wrecks of time, as in a vasty deep of flotsam and jetsam, one is apt to flounder and to hesitate.

"I have doubts," said an American to me lately, within the precincts of the Fair.

"I am often doubtful," he repeated pathetically, as he gazed long and rather abstractedly at the decapitated head of an antique Venus with a chipped-off nose, but otherwise quite perfect.

This element of uncertainty, however, is probably the secret loadstone of the place. By its exaggerated electrical action upon the mass of humanity surging to and fro within the charmed circle, it paralyses the sober second thoughts and timid scruples; while on the other hand,

quicken the original trumpery barter into the attractions of a game of chance.

When a choice is made the object is negotiated for largely by expressive pantomime. Brisk holding up of fingers and turning down of thumbs, like the children's game of "wiggle-waggle," forward a mutual understanding between buyer and seller.

If the customer be wise, and feign indifference, in nine cases out of ten he will gain his point; though as the price falls his spirit does not rise proportionately blithe and debonair as should be the case. On the contrary, he is reduced to a compunctiously cheap and pitiful figure himself by the superb air of renunciation, and inimitable shrug of the shoulders, with which his purchase is conferred upon him.

"It is yours! I give it to you!" With indescribable dignity thus does the huckster, wearing the modernized toga of ancient Rome, forego his righteous claims upon the foreign interloper. So might a kingdom be surrendered and the conqueror humiliated at the moment of victory.

Close by, in the Campo di Fiori, are many bright bits of color amongst the Contadini, who preside there over heaped up pyramids of vegetables and fruits. The various groups are sheltered beneath gigantic umbrellas, patched and pieced with nondescript garments of faded hue.

These portable roof-trees, though in shape mushroomy, have nothing else of the *parvenu* about them. They are heir-looms, and undoubtedly antiques, too valuable to be put up (or down) for sale in the Rag Fair.

Umberto and Marghérita, the king and queen, are immensely popular at all times, and whenever they appear on the streets receive the most friendly greetings; while for beggar as well as ambassador they have the same cordial bow in return.

Ordinarily, only the scarlet liveries of the queen announce her coming; while the king, in his plain citizen's dress and inconspicuous little victoria, is unheralded in any way save by the lifted hats and brightening faces of welcome along the route. But during a gala week, such as that of the celebration of their silver wedding, they go about in right royal

state, preceded by guards of honor and followed by a train of royal guests and attended by representatives of nearly all the nations of the world, but in the character of honored allies.

Queen Margh rita, the "Pearl of Savoy," is the King's first cousin.

Both are of the House of Savoy, and amongst the entertainments, public and social, military and civic, the Historic Tournament in the grounds of the villa Borgh se, given at their silver wedding, was the most brilliantly unique of them all. It represented the four great epochs of the House of Savoy during a thousand years, beginning with the Counts, then the Dukes, the Kings of Sardinia and last the Kings of Italy.

Each epoch was indicated in the person of its founder—the first Count, the first Duke, and first King of Sardinia; the r les being sustained by the three nephews of King Umberto, the young Dukes of Aosta and Abruzzi, and Count of Turin. The epoch of Kings of Italy, being so recently inaugurated by Victor Emanuel, was not set forth as the others. Instead was chosen a symbol pointing to the succession to the throne of future Princes of Savoy; the idea being happily expressed by the Prince of Naples in the fifteenth century dress of a Knight or Grand Master of the Order of the Annunciation—Santissima Annunziata.

The whole performance was like a page from some gorgeously illuminated chronicle of the Middle Ages.

There was the vast Colosseum-like amphitheatre, open to the skies; its seats occupied by a brightly dressed throng of spectators and shaded by tall trees.

The royal box, richly decorated, was hung with old tapestry depicting deeds of chivalry, and filled with princely guests and envoys from other countries in their distinctive court dresses—some bizarre as well as brilliant.

On the course, immediately below the King and the Emperor of Germany, his guest, were drawn up on horseback the four handsome young Italian Princes, with their immediate attendants in the Tourney, who bore their lords' standards and heraldic devices.

Men-at-arms, cross-bow shooters,

Saxon mercenaries, primitive Roman foot-soldiers, pages, and bannerets on foot; and mounted heralds, trumpeters and musicians, were also disposed about the field; while in the large central arena the knights went through the intricacies of quadrilles, guiding their caparisoned horses dextrously in difficult evolutions which were enthusiastically applauded by court and commons.

From the left sleeve of many of the cavaliers fluttered a *gage d'amour*; while the rapid motion of their steeds stirred the long love-locks of one period, the shorter fringe of an earlier, or the stiff, powdered queues of a later date. The mode of wearing the hair was a detail carefully attended to in each costume, and it would appear as if all the wigs of Italy must have been draughted for the occasion.

The arrival of the court and royal guests, escorted by a splendidly mounted company of Cuirassiers of the Guard, the beautiful entrance and preliminary march of the Tourney, the stately departure at the conclusion of the quadrilles, when ten royal carriages were accompanied along the Corso to the Palace by all the participants in the brilliant show—all united to form a memory never to be forgotten by those who were present.

An impress of light and youth remained from that Festival week in Rome. Light—in the sunshine of cloudless skies, in wonderful illuminations of the city by magnesium rays, and myriads of Venetian lamps, so that the avenues looked like fairyland; youth, in the ages of most of the Royal visitors. To have seen the young princes of the House of Savoy, the Duke of York, Prince George of Greece, the Prince of Montenegro, and the Emperor and Empress of Germany, is to feel oneself in possible touch with the future history of Europe.

Yes! it is the season of promise and hope in the Eternal City. A Marguerite entwined about a kingly crown is the festal device of the hour. The badge of authority bearing a flower, a type of the youngest child of the mother of nations—united Italy—of spring in Rome.

A VOYAGE IN SPAIN.



I AM a prince at times, a-sailing silver streams,
 That wind thro' meadows of the beauteous Land of Dreams ;
 The land untouched with sin, unsullied with a sigh,
 More wonderful than earth, far deeper than the sky !
 I wake attuned to love, with smiling of the day,
 Before the last star sets my ship has sped away.
 Bold Hope the Captain is, the crew Good-wishes sweet,
 Imagination rich, my eagle Courser fleet.
 I leave bewildering strife—the worldliness of men,
 God's kingdom for the soul—my eyes in rapture ken ;
 Resplendent sunshine glows, delightful birds give song,
 June forests not so fair, what time I speed along !
 I pass the isles of Peace, brave bowers of blissful Trust,
 Bright cities of the Wise, broad country of the Just,
 I see them good and fair, intelligent and kind,
 Robust and strong and true, the hero heart and mind ;
 Their homes are palaces, their riches free as air,
 While music, song and mirth, are laughing everywhere ;
 They have Rome's ancient pride, glory of Grecian days,
 Inventive wonders new the ages sought to raise,
 The light of Love prevails, pure Plenty sheds her store,
 Celestial children play around Joy's rose-twined door ;
 Sleek cattle graze at ease, fair horses are afield ;
 The happy farms the sound of cheer and comfort yield ;
 The dogs as shepherds sit, brown bees are busy still,
 Wide plains are white with wheat, far vineyards crown the hill.
 In groves glad scholars list to sages sweet with lore,
 In temples fair as dawn great multitudes adore ;
 Mild labor knows no fear, intelligence no ban,
 The soul has won a soul, the man is made a man ;
 Whatever wisdom wills, what piety can plead,
 Produces here its flower with better bearing seed ;
 All holy things abide, all prospects rich abound,
 As in my ivory bark I pass enchanted ground :
 It seems historic truth, a pure perpetual now,
 As fancy's waters close about my surging prow,
 From morn to golden morn, I sail and sail away,
 Into Hope's happy world, the Spirit's endless day !
 So earth is gliding on the silver flow of time,
 To land the race at last in regions so sublime !

William Brunton.

RIGGING AND SAILS.

BY CAPTAIN A. J. KENEALY.

WIRE has entirely superseded rope for standing rigging, and dead-eyes and lanyards are fast giving way before the advance of the turnbuckle. An old sailor cannot help regretting the decline and fall of his profession and the growing popularity of the art of the blacksmith. So far as the rigging of ships is concerned, when wire rigging was first introduced it was thought that its rigidity would prove a fatal objection to its successful use.

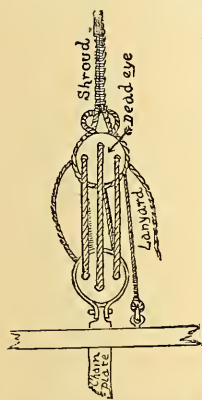
Science has, however, set its foot down firmly on such objections. The decree has gone forth that rigging cannot possibly be set up too taut, and the less it stretches the better. The old argument that a yacht's standing rigging should

"give" when the craft is caught in a squall, which old sea dogs were so fond of advancing, has been knocked on the head by scientific men who declare that a vessel's heeling capacity affords much more relief than the yielding quality of rigging. Thus all or nearly all of the modern immense steel sailing vessels in the East Indian and Australian trade have their steel masts stayed as rigidly as possible by means of turnbuckles, and practice seems to have demonstrated the truth of the theory. These ships encounter terrific seas and gales off the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and their masts are thus subjected to violent and sudden strains, but I have been assured by the commanders of several of these great freight carriers that they

have never known their "sticks" to be imperilled by the rigidity of the rigging, and the tauter it can be set up the more secure the masts are supposed to be.

There are, however, a number of old salts who condemn this theory as rank heresy, and go in for deadeyes and lanyards of the old-fashioned kind, and the greater the stretch between the upper and the lower deadeyes the better are they pleased. There is no doubt that turnbuckles look neater than deadeyes, and they are probably well suited for small craft. The Herreshoffs have long

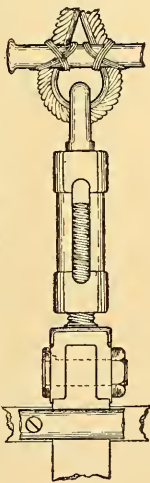
used them for setting up the rigging of the sloops and yawls of moderate size which they used to turn out in such numbers, and which first laid the foundation of their fame. The boat owner can please himself as to which method he may choose, and he can rely that with either his mast will be perfectly secure. Both methods are shown in the accompanying cuts.



SHROUD, DEADEYE,
LANYARD.

There is one thing in connection with wire rigging that I must warn the amateur against. Beware of shod wire rigging. "Shoes" are iron plates riveted to the ends of wire rigging to receive shackle bolts. They are never reliable. Eye splices in wire never draw. "Shoes" often collapse without notice.

Turnbuckles are very handy appliances for setting up rigging in a hurry, whereas the same operation conducted by means of a deadeye and a lanyard takes much more time and trouble. A small craft rigged as a sloop, cutter or yawl, requires only one shroud on each side to afford lateral support to the mast, and a forestay—which in the case of a cutter or yawl should set up at the stem head, but on a sloop is set up on the bowsprit. A simple way to fit the rigging is to splice an eye in each shroud, forming a collar



TURNBUCKLE.

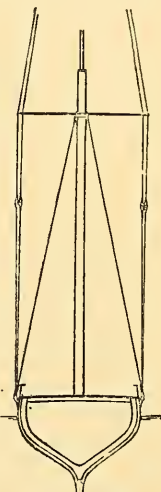
sufficiently large to pass over the masthead, first covering the part that is to form the eye with canvas sewn on and painted. The starboard shroud goes over the masthead first, then the port one and last the forestay. In large yachts the lower rigging is often fitted in pairs, the bight of the shrouds being passed over the masthead and secured in the form of an eye with a stout wire seizing.

Many riggers shackle the shrouds to an iron band fitted to the hounds. This plan is open to objection. There may be a flaw in the iron and the band may give way suddenly, causing the mast to snap off short like the stem of a clay pipe.

Bands may look a little more snug than the collars, but they are heavier aloft and not so reliable, and for these reasons I am old-fashioned enough to prefer the collars.

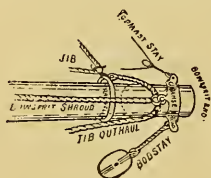
For a small sloop, cutter or yawl, a pole mast is preferable; but all boats more than twenty feet on the water line should be fitted with top-masts, the rigging of which is shown in the cut.

I strongly recommend a running bowsprit for a cutter or yawl of any pretensions to tonnage. They have been used for years and have been found to work admirably. The length of the bowsprit is reduced as the jibs are shifted, until when the "spitfire" or storm-jib is set the bowsprit is run so far in board that it looks like a mere stump. In a sea-way the benefit of this is obvious, the weight being materially reduced forward and the pitching consequently lessened. The jib also sits well and does its work, and is far preferable to that horror of horrors the "bobbed" jib of a sloop, which always makes a sailor's flesh creep when he sees it. How it has managed to survive is a marvel to me. It is a lubberly and slovenly device not good enough for a scow. The rigging of a running bowsprit is shown in the cut on the following page.



TOPMAST
RIGGING.

When it becomes necessary to set the storm trysail, lower away the mainsail and furl it as fast as possible. Lower the boom down into the crutch amidships, and secure it by hauling the sheet taut and by tackles or lashings from each quarter. Unhook the throat and peak halyards and hook them on to the trysail gaff, the jaws of which parral on to the mast, allowing the gaff end to rest on the deck. The topping lifts must be unhooked from the main boom and taken in to the mast or the rigging, so as to be out of the way of the trysail. Lace the head of the trysail to the gaff. The clew of the trysail is hauled aft by a luff-tackle which forms the sheet. Another tackle should be hooked to the clew and made fast to



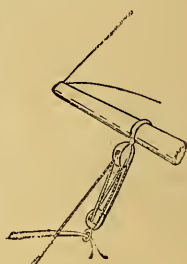
RIG OF RUNNING BOWSPRIT.

windward over the main boom and gaff, so that in case of a shift of wind the sheet may be hauled aft on the other side without delay or the danger of getting aback. Then you can man the throat and peak halyards and set the sail, trimming the sheet well down.

If you should have the misfortune to carry away the main boom, and you have no trysail on board, lower away the sail, unlace it from the boom, close-reef it, and set it with a luff-tackle for a sheet. When about to set the storm trysail and your vessel is yawl rigged, set the storm mizzen. It will keep her head up to the sea while the sails are being shifted. In a cutter, heave to by hauling the fore sheet to windward, keeping the jib full. Shifting jibs in heavy weather in a cutter requires care. The first thing to do is to get the sail up from below and stretch it along the weather side of the forward deck with the head aft. Haul the foresheet to windward and trim the mainsheet in flat, tricing up the tack if the sail is loose-footed. Keep the boat as close to the wind as possible. Let go the jib outhaul, and the sail will fly in along the bowsprit. Muzzle it, man the downhaul, let go the halyards and down with it! Then reef the bowsprit. Some

cutters are fitted with a rack and pinion wheel, with a handle like that of a winch, for this purpose. If not supplied with this handy contrivance, reeve a heel rope, and after slacking the bobstay fall and the falls of the shrouds and topmast stay, heave on it until you can knock the fid out. Then rouse the bowsprit in by the shroud tackles to the second or third fid holes, as desired; ship the fid and set up the gear, beginning with the bobstay, the weather shroud next and the lee shroud last, at the same time taking in the slack of the topmast stay. Now to set the jib. First hook on the sheets and take a turn with the lee one; next hook on the tack to the traveler and the halyards to the head. Man the outhaul and bowse the tack out to the bowsprit end. Hoist up on the halyards and sweat up with the purchase. Trim the sheet, let draw the foresheet, ease off the mainsheet and sail her along again. If these instructions are carried out a storm jib may be set on a reefed bowsprit without parting a rope yarn.

To shake a reef out in the mainsail, set up on the topping lift so that it may take the weight of the boom. Untie all the reef points. Cast off the lashing at the tack if the sail is laced to the boom, or come up the tack tackle if it is loose-footed. Then ease off the reef earring and hoist the sail, setting up the throat first. You can then ease up the topping lift and trim sheet.



HORSE FOR MAIN SHEET.



FIG. X.

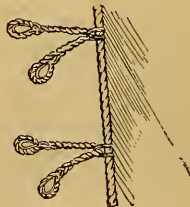


FIG. E.

A convenient method of bending and unbending a storm trysail is shown in Fig. X and Fig. E.

Fig. X represents the shape of the mast hoops, to each of which two iron hooks are fastened. The hoops are of

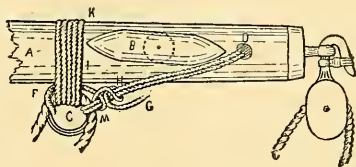
the ordinary size, but about one-quarter of their length is sawn out and to the ends the iron hooks are riveted. Fig. E shows how the thimble toggles are seized to the luff of the sail at regular intervals. When it is necessary to set the trysail, adjust the jaws of the gaff to the mast, make fast the parral, hook on the throat and peak halyard blocks and mouse them. Hoist up slowly, slipping the thimbles over the hooks on the ends of the hoops as the sail goes up. The sheet must be hauled aft before the sail is hoisted, and should be slacked off handsomely to allow the sail to be properly set. Then all hands should clap on it and flatten it in.

If your boat is rigged as a cutter or yawl the foresail may have the tack made fast to the eyebolt to which the stay is set up. The luff of the sail is seized to galvanized iron hanks that run up and down on the stay. If the foresail has a reef band in it (as it should) a lacing is used between the reef and tack cringles. Don't bowse up the halyards too taut the first time you set the sail, and don't break your back flattening in the sheet. Give it a chance to stretch fairly. The same remark also applies to the jib, whether set on a stay or flying on its own luff, as it must necessarily do if your craft is equipped with a running bowsprit.

For the sake of lightness, blocks are frequently made too small. Manila rope, of which both sheets and halyards should be made, has a habit of swelling when wet. It is generally rove on a dry day, and renders through blocks quite easily when in this condition. A rain squall will swell this rope to such an extent, and halyards will jam so hard, that sails will not come down when wanted, and disasters happen. The work of setting and taking in sail is made very laborious through small blocks and large sized halyards. It should be borne in mind that halyards ought to run through blocks as freely when wet as dry. Blocks should always be fitted with patent sheaves.

The running rigging of a mainsail consists of peak and throat halyards, topping lifts, main sheet and peak down-haul. To bend a mainsail, shackle the throat cringle to the eyebolt under the jaws of the gaff, stretch the head of the sail along the gaff, reeve the peak earring through the hole in the end of

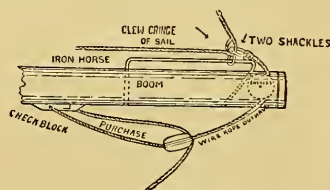
the gaff and haul it out, securing it in the manner shown in the illustration. The earring is represented with the turns passed loosely in order to give the amateur a clear and distinct view of the proper method. It will be seen that *aa* is the peak end of the gaff; *b* is a check block for the topsail sheet; *c* is a block for the peak down haul, used also as signal halyards, hooked to an eyebolt screwed into the end of the gaff, the hook of the block being moused; *d* is a hole in the gaff end through which the earring is passed. The earring is spliced into the cringle with a long eye splice. It is then passed through *d* round through the cringle *e*; through *d* again and through *e* again; then up over the gaff at *i* and *k*, down the other side and through *e* again, and so on up round the gaff four or five times; at the last, instead of going up over the gaff again, the earring is passed between the parts round the gaff as shown at *f*, round all the parts that were passed through *d*, as shown at *m*, and jammed by two half hitches *m* and *h*.



If the sail is new from the sailmaker's loft, only haul the head out hand taut or you will ruin it. I have seen yacht skippers clap a "handy billy" tackle on the head of a new mainsail and haul on it till they could get no more. I have seen them treat the foot in the same way, the result being a great bag of canvas of no possible use in beating to windward. A mainsail costs a good deal of money and is easily spoiled. One of Mr. John M. Sawyer's splendidly cut sails can have all its utility and beauty taken out of it in half-an-hour by a lubberly sailing master.

After the head earring is passed, lace the head of the sail to the gaff, taking a half-hitch at each eyelet hole. Next seize the luff of the sail to the mast hoops with marline. The foot of the mainsail should next be made fast to the boom in the same manner as the peak, the lacing going round a wire jackstay rove through eyebolts on the top of the boom. Do not "sweat up"

either the throat or peak halyards too taut the first time you set it, and avoid reefing a new sail. Lower it down altogether, set the trysail, or do the best you can under head sail and the mizzen if on board a yawl. A mainsail should always be allowed to stretch gradually and the slack of the head and the foot should be taken up at intervals. Remember that no greater injury can be done to a new sail than to try and make it sit flat by hauling out the foot too taut before it has been properly stretched. The best authorities advise that the sail should be set with the leech slack, and the boat run before a strong wind for several hours.



GEAR FOR HAULING OUT LOOSE-FOOTED MAINSAIL.

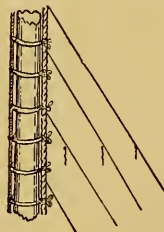
Another excellent plan is to hoist the sail up with the foot and head slack while the boat is at anchor, and as it flaps about in the breeze the sail will stretch without injury. Of course when the head and foot are thoroughly stretched they can be hauled out taut as they can be got.

Personally, I prefer a mainsail with the foot laced to the boom, but all are not of my way of thinking. A loose-footed mainsail has many admirers and this is how it works. The mainsail out-haul consists of an iron horse on the boom, a shackle as traveler, a wire out-haul made fast to the shackle and rove

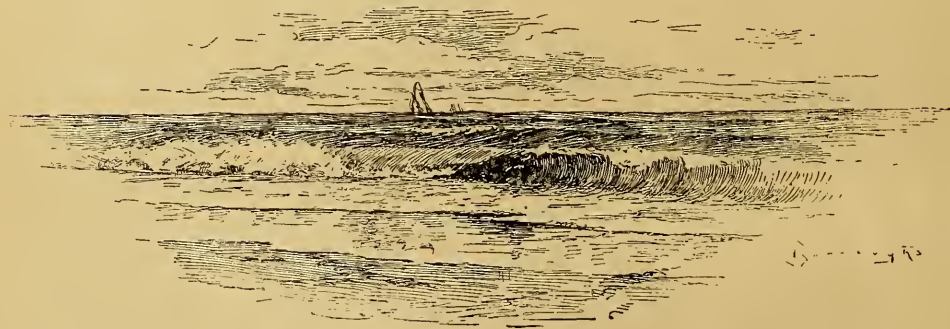
through a sheavehole at the boom end and set up by a purchase.

If the mainsail is of the loose-footed variety it should be fitted with a tack tricing tackle and a main tack purchase. The last named is handy for bowsing down the luff of the sail "bar taut" for racing. Sweating-up the throat halyards lowers the peak slightly, and peaking the sail slackens the luff. By hauling up on the main tack tricing tackle till you can get no more, and at the same time lowering the peak, the mainsail is "scandalized" and the boom can then be gybed over in a strong breeze with the least possible risk of carrying away something.

To prevent masthoops from jamming when the mainsail is being hoisted or lowered, a small line is seized to the fore-side of the top hoop and then to every hoop down the mast. When the throat halyards are pulled on, the foresides of the hoops feel the strain and go up parallel with the after sides. The accompanying figure shows this at a glance.



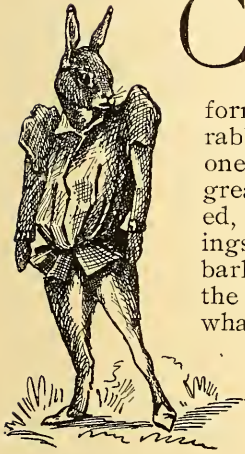
It is true that this method has found little favor with amateurs, but I tried it with great success on my first cruising craft, and later on in a yacht of far greater pretensions. The "wrinkle" should by no means be despised.





HOW GREYHOUNDS HUNT.

BY AARON H. POWERS, JR.



"COME, boys, catch a rabbit."

Five of the large greyhounds that formed the corps of rabbit exterminators on one of Kern County's great vineyards showed, by delighted leapings and quick, sharp barks, that they knew the full meaning of what was said to them.

They were eager for the fun, for experience had taught them what was forthcoming.

The sixth dog, a staid matron, sat unmoved until her master, noticing her, said: "Come, Fan, we want you, too." At once her whole manner changed and she gamboled about as eagerly as any of the others.

"If I hadn't invited her personally she would have moped here for an hour after we had gone," my host explained. "Did you ever see a pretty woman who knew she was attractive? She always wants to be coaxed, don't she? Well, that's the way with Fan. If her coquetry hadn't won she would have come of her own accord after awhile, but all the rest of the day she would have been downcast and half sullen, because she hates to yield."

As he spoke the dogs led the way to the barn. When we reached it all but one were anxiously awaiting us at the door leading to the stalls where the saddle horses were stabled.

Fan had remained with her master. Now and then she thrust her long, narrow muzzle into his swinging palm or

turned to reciprocate the affectionate caress of a younger dog which had stopped in his wild career to rub his nose against hers or lick her face. When the horses were brought out the dogs waited till they saw we were headed toward the vineyard. Then they left us, hurrying pell-mell in its direction.

Three years before this vineyard had been a waste of sage brush. As every one knows, the sage brush is the natural habitat of the jack rabbit. Of course, as soon as they found that tender, succulent young vines were growing in Kern the long-eared gentry gathered in by thousands from half the country to join their neighbors in the feast so kindly prepared for them. The vines thrive wonderfully in the rich virgin soil of the great Kern River Delta, but a young vineyard, no matter how thrifty, makes only the beginning of a meal for a party of big-eared jacks. They ran away from the coyotes, jumped rabbit proof fences, dodged shot, and stole bait from traps guaranteed to kill. Nothing seemed to "get there" till the hounds were brought.

The dogs were not dieted and groomed as are professional coursers. They were turned loose in the vineyard to find their own dinner. Food was there, and lots of it, and the bloody paws and noses of the fleet hunters, when they returned from a run in the vineyards, showed they did not go hungry. No matter how much hunting he has been doing on his own account, if a hound can get a man to go with him he is always anxious for the chase. The eventful morning of our hunt was no exception. When the vineyard was reached the hounds deployed without delay into a skirmish line with intervals of about

fifty feet. Up and down this line a setter zigzagged with nose to the ground. The hounds leaped high in the air every now and then to see if their scout, the setter, was close upon the prey. The pack steadily advanced, with every sense on the alert for the detection of any possible game. Their hearing and sight are exceedingly acute, but their sense of smell is quite dull. They depended upon the nose of the setter to scent the rabbits hidden under the wide-spreading vines. How much they appreciated the setter's ability was shown conclusively by their tactics.

No captain ever had more willing followers nor more undisputed command. A change in the tone of the setter's bark, as she lit upon a fresh trail, brought every hound to "attention." A few sharp barks told them the game had been started and sent those nearest the setter deploying, bunched for a close chase. The others sped straight ahead till they found that the rabbit was swerving toward the right. Then the two hounds on the right lengthened their strides and dashed to the front just in time to head bunny off. Bewildered, the rabbit stopped. This action temporarily saved his life. The dogs expecting to meet him two feet farther on, shot past and their prey darted to the left to find a fresh dog ready to take up the chase. It was Fan. No escaping her.

Close behind came two of the other hounds. Down the long rows of vines they shot, straight as arrows. Their speed was so great that the spaces between the vines were passed before the rabbit could decide where to dodge through them. The hounds were steadily gaining. The chase was nearly over, for the dogs, though running in relays, were fresh, while bunny was tired by a long chase. The end seemed at hand, when the rabbit, evidently seeing the open country at the end of the row, now close at hand, put forth a mighty effort in a last spurt to reach it, when "smash" he lit in the supposed to be rabbit proof fence, the wide meshes of which his fright-blinded eyes had failed to see. The wire net bent a little and bunny fell back stunned. Before he could get up "crash—mash—smash!" the three hounds struck the wire, and

rabbit and dogs tumbled over and over on the ground. The fence was a wreck.

Coming like a cannon ball, the first dog had strained the slight red-wood posts, the next two knocked down a rod or so of the light wire connecting the posts. For the first time since the chase began, one of the hounds barked. This was the signal for a concentration of forces to "rally by company." All gathered around the rabbit, and each got a strong, firm grip on the most accessible part. Then they lay back on their haunches and pulled.

Riding through the break we started over the open country. The dogs were not long in starting another rabbit. He headed for the county road. It was a straight chase and each bound brought the hounds nearer. Just as we thought all was over, the hounds slackened speed. There was a three-board fence in the way.

As the dogs hunted for an opening through which to crawl, their owner explained what seemed to be an abominable funk by saying :

"Fan came from the pound in Oak-land. I had been looking for a dog to bring down here, and a friend advised me to watch the pound if I wanted a good dog cheap. I did so and got Fan. On her first chase she was nearly cut to pieces. Our fences are not made like those farther north. Usually a fence has two or three boards and on top a strand of barbed wire. She would take the boards all right, but would strike the barbs of the wire, which would tear her skin terribly. It took her several days to learn what hurt her. Then she stopped jumping fences, and when she took out her puppies to train them, I suppose she admonished them in a motherly way to beware of fences. Sometimes they jump the picket fence near the house, but in a chase they never take a fence."

While he was talking the dogs came back. They had lost their rabbit. The day was blazing hot. This, of course, is essential for a country that boasts of raising the finest raisins in the world, but it makes one pity the hounds when he sees them stand with lolling tongues and dripping jaws, while their gaunt ribs rise and fall with marvelous swiftness. This pity is changed to quite

needless alarm when one sees the hounds run to a ditch of water and lie in it neck deep, lowering the head now and again to lap the cold, clear water.

After giving the dogs time to rest, our horses were turned toward one of the big alfalfa fields. The grass was about ten inches high and so gave a good hiding place for their long-eared majesties. There were a little more than six thousand acres in the patch, an abundance of feed for an army of rabbits.

The great alfalfa patch was a nest of rabbits. One was soon started and a dog was in pursuit, when another, startled by the noise, leaped from its hiding place. His fate was decided by two of the lagging hounds who started him in the same direction as his brother. Then the queer sight was presented of a rabbit chasing a hound, for the first rabbit was speeding on out of our sight in the luxuriant alfalfa and the second, followed by the hounds, was seemingly doing his best to overtake the first hound. A third rabbit called off the other dogs. This chase we followed.

Only one dog kept close to the turns of the rabbit. The other two ran, one on either side of the line of chase. This was not because of laziness, but was dog tactics. When the rabbit turned to the left, the hound on the left turned also and, doubling his speed, headed, not in the direction of the rabbit, but for a spot at least two hundred feet ahead of where the rabbit began to turn. He ran in a straight line. When bunny reached this spot, the hound was there too, just a little too late, however. The dog was only running for his dinner, the rabbit for its life.

With desperate energy the hunted creature turned at a sharp angle, but its pursuer was fresh, the first hound having been replaced by the one making the short cut. For a while the rabbit dodged. It was tiring fast. A quick turn gave it a start of twenty feet. The delay of the dodging had brought up the other hounds. The great Calloway Canal was close at hand. Down and along its bank ran the rabbit. Forgetful of its fear of water, thinking only to escape its pursuers, it made a noble leap into the stream. But a canal eighty feet wide cannot be taken at a leap by even one

of Kern County's biggest jack rabbits, and poor bunny's fate was sealed. Before he could struggle a dozen feet in the water the dogs were on him. There were no dodgings now, and a shrill scream was drowned as the foremost hound thrust the struggling rabbit's head under water in the final shake that broke its back.

Wading out, the dogs soon pulled the rabbit to pieces. While they devoured it we looked for the other dogs, but they were nowhere to be seen. We had gone two or three miles in our chase and they were traveling in different directions. The question, yet unasked, as to how the hounds were to be collected, was answered by the dogs.

They seemed uneasy. One ran along the bank of the canal, anon leaping in the air and rising on its hind legs to survey the country. Then it settled on its haunches and raising its nose heavenward, let forth a howl pitched in a minor key that was enough to wake the moon. The other dogs joined in. Suddenly they stopped. From the north came a faint "Ow-ow-o-o-ow," and from the northeast a similar cry. These howls differed materially from the first. They were the "Here we are, boys," in answer to the question, "Say, where are you?"

Our dogs' silence was but momentary. Again they raised their voices in a doleful chorus. It was quite different from the first and evidently meant, "Come over here, the boss is with us." In a few minutes the hounds came rushing up and Fan was nearly smothered in the caresses of her puppies. These she endured with a good grace for awhile, until wearying of the frolic she brought them to an end with a growl and an impatient toss of the head.

On the homeward trip we discussed the nature of the greyhound. They are very fond of petting, and with few exceptions will make friends with any one who will caress them. They are resentful of unkindness as they are appreciative of petting. A sentence spoken in a quick, harsh manner will cause them to slink away distressed with their tails between their legs.

Their affection for one another is as strong as for human beings. A rancher in the foothills had two hounds. A

large handsome dog named "Blacknose" and a bitch. The bitch was a great thief, and one night did not come home. That night "Blacknose" did not appear. He had never spent the night away from home before. His owner was worried. Anxiety increased as the days passed, and still no sign of the hounds. On the fourth day the boys on the farm started for a neighboring ranch to ask about the dogs. On the way they saw what seemed to be a living thing in the distance near a pool. Approaching they saw "Blacknose" lying whining by the side of his dead companion. A gaping gunshot wound in the side of his mate told the story. The bitch had been at her old tricks; and some exasperated ranchman had taken summary vengeance. As they drew nearer the huge hound showed signs of great joy. At the dead hound's side lay a half dozen hares and cotton tails, evidently caught by "Blacknose" for his companion, as his gaunt sides showed that he himself had touched no food. The dead hound was buried and "Blacknose" taken home. Twice they had to bring him from his mate's grave. He refused all food, and at length died. If not of a broken heart what then?

"Blacknose" was an exception to the average hound however. Most of them are fickle and there are but a few that are not skillful thieves. They are omnivorous and are especially fond of eggs. As soon as they hear a hen cackle outside of the hen house, the hounds start on a still hunt for her nest, and finding it, keep it empty from that time forth. But place an egg on the ground, allowing them to see you, and they will never touch it. Meat of any sort they devour eagerly, and potatoes, mush, pie, bread, will be eaten; in fact nothing comes amiss to them.

As far as their source of supply is concerned, they follow closely the advice of the too thrifty Scot to his boy:

"My son, get money. Get it honestly if you can, but get it."

Nor do they steal only what is openly exposed. A man talking to a friend felt a tugging at the tail of his coat. He did not mind it till he saw his friend's hound trot along with a beef-steak in his mouth, then, grasping con-

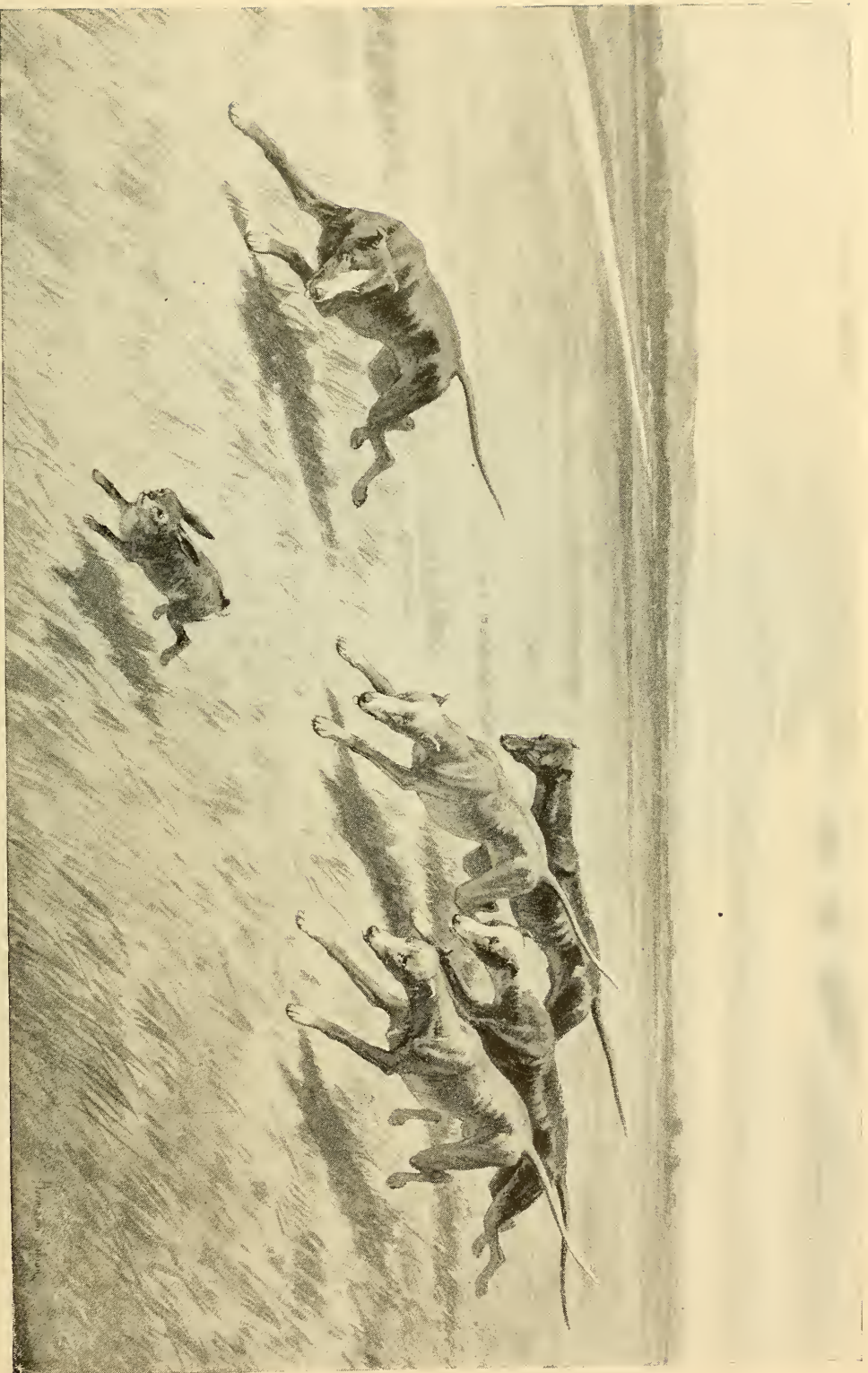
vulsively at his nigh hind pocket, he found that his supper had disappeared.

One peculiarity that is shared by few other kinds of dogs is their fondness for fresh fruit, especially the muscat grapes, which, in the hot Kern Delta, contain an enormous percentage of sugar. As the fruit ripens, the dogs cease to haunt the kitchen. Long before the men on the ranch have discovered any ripe fruit, the dogs have almost ceased chasing rabbits. They live on grapes and figs. If they confined themselves to the fresh fruit the loss would not be so much felt. But when, toward the end of August, the amber colored berries are placed on wooden trays and left in the open field so that the sun can convert them to raisins, the dogs give up eating fresh fruit. Raisins are nicer. Then, too, they are spread out so conveniently that they can eat all they want without even the exertion of looking for it.

Now a greyhound's stomach almost equals an accordion pleated skirt in expansiveness, so that when he has had enough, there are a good many pounds of raisins tucked away in his department of the interior. Because of this propensity, there comes, with the ripening of the grapes, a time of captivity for the hounds, and they are kept tied up till the raisins are out of the way.

This is not the only reason for their confinement however. Though they no longer live on rabbits, they still chase them for fun. The trays, loaded with raisins, are laid in long rows between the vines. The rabbit, of course, takes one of these rows. Down it goes. Down follows the dog. "Clatter, smash, bang!" go the trays. Some are turned over and others are jumped on; in either case the raisins are scattered in the sand and many ruined.

One peculiar thing about the greyhound is his tail. Long and slim, he never uses it to whisk flies. It is both a brake and a rudder. When he begins to run it develops into a very important part of the dog. As he turns to the right or left, speed is not slackened, but by the aid of his tail he veers around, and when he wants to make a sudden stop, the tail goes round and round rapidly, helping him to check his speed. What would be the result if his tail were cut off is a tale some one else must tell.



Painted for CUTTING by Hermann Simon.

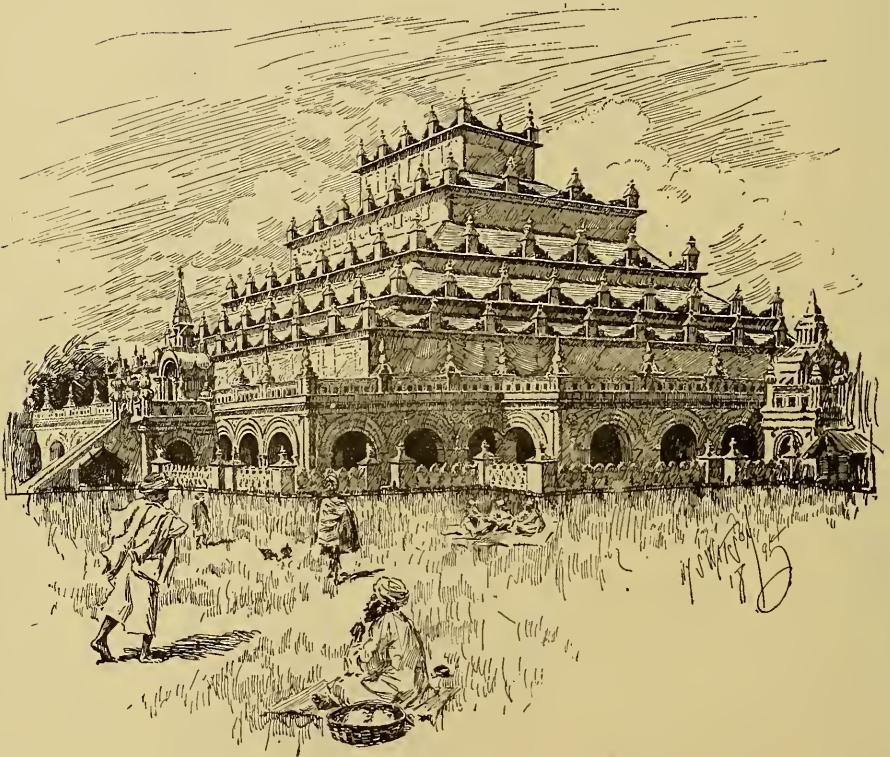
“FOR A WHILE THE RABBIT DODGED.” (p. 51.)

THE FALLEN CITY OF THEEBAW.

IN THE TRACK OF LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

BY EDWIN ASA DIX.

(Concluded.)



“THE INCOMPARABLE PAGODA.”

MANDALAY has other sights than its moated citadel, more consonant alike with the old and the new dispensation. For in outer and inner form, in native dwelling and the market place, in street and house and temple, the life and needs of the people seek their fulfillment in the same way as always. The change of masters has not brought about a change in manners. The Burman is a Burman still. He eats his rice and drinks from his lota of water, and chaffers for a brightly-colored tunic, and repairs to the sacred shrines for devotion, as ever in the past. Outside these castellated walls, the old still lives on, and the new shall not change it for yet many a day.

Hence it is that as we ride back across the park, pass the gates and the drawbridge, and roll out through the dusty town, the vision of the spectacled clerks fades away, and we see in the mind's eye only the fans and idols and bowing courtiers, unchanged, like the people, since the former days. About us, the streets buzz in humble, incessant industry and traffic, as in royal times. A few more Manchester cottons are perhaps sold, or knives of Sheffield; but the countless traits and tricks of native life and domestic habit persist, regardless of a fallen dynasty. The Burma of the common people is unconquered and unconquerable.

Its native, as we encounter him, is of

a distinctly prepossessing type. His complexion is Mongolian rather than Hindu, and the smooth, dark yellow of his skin contrasts curiously with a head of long, black hair, coiled above in a modish knot. His limbs, bare and shapely, are ornately tattooed. A Burman's expression is less saturnine than that of his cousin of India; he smiles at you, and finds life not chiefly a burden. He pays his rice-offerings and flower-offerings to Buddha, regards the precepts concerning alms and kindness

row, to the number, it is said, of four hundred and sixty-four.

These little buildings, square in form, have an elaborate portal on each of the four sides. Above run intricate traceries and moldings, of plaster and stucco, along the cornice-lines, and each building is crowned with an elongated dome of precisely similar height, and this again by the iron and gilt *htee* inseparable from this class of structures. All but the *htee* is snowy white.

You can lose yourself in this sym-



FRANK G. LENZ IN KHARKI CLOTH AND PITH HAT,
AT MANDALAY, BURMA.

and care for animal life, and smokes and chatters cheerfully in the sunshine.

We ride on through the city, past the wattled huts, the shrines, pagodas, booths and occasional griffins, and approach the open country. Before us in the distance is seen a white, symmetrical acre, a rectangle of land seemingly sown with glistening shrines, all precisely alike. And so it proves. It is the Temple of the Royal Merit, a vast array of uniform fanes or chapels, marshaled in aisles and streets, row on

metrical maze; never was seen such workman's patience and skill in duplication. The shrines, graceful and gleaming in themselves, impress also by sheer number. The eye grows fatigued and seeks relief from this multiplex luxuriance. In the center stands the chief pagoda, overshadowing the rest, yet unable to draw away the interest from the serried ranks of sub-pagodas in this strange, holy city.

These shrines are of artistic and pleasing design, and each is cut and

finished with the same patient, loving care of decoration. Those in the inner aisles are exact replicas of those on the edges. One slab or tablet alone varies in each, displaying a carved text or excerpt from the sacred books. The Burmese workmen who built and labored over these miniature temples for year after year, in the fierce sun, may have crouched and worked under priestly or royal lash; nevertheless, their sympathy was not, could not have been, divested from their task. Into these fair, countless caskets was inwrought the religion and the passion of a fervent race.

Rolling onward to another outlying tract of the spreading city, we approach a single snowy structure, whose six diminishing stories carry its apex high into the air. We are looking upon what the people have proudly yet affectionately named "The Incomparable Pagoda."

We enter the walled inclosure which surrounds it, and first find, near it at the left, a Buddhist monastery, for the priests of the pagoda and, for acolytes and students. It stands upon piles, and is another of the ornate, fantastic Burmese constructions, with sides of red and gold, tiers of peaked roofs, and a profusion of the dark-brown wood carving, overgrowing eaves and cornices and gables—the whole contrasting powerfully with the great white temple beyond. Within the monastery are somber apartments, and a hall or chapel, dimly refulgent in garnishment of gilt and glass. In it sits a great Buddha, silent, calm, inscrutable. Columns and walls glisten faintly in the half-light, tiny mirror-spots starring the fading gold. Priests with shaven heads and saffron robes, and a serious expression of face, are seen reading from rolls, while others stand near us, regarding the visitors with calm forbearance. These priests in Burma, *phoogyees*, as

they are termed, are held in deep respect by the people. Their educational influence is supreme. Young men of all classes spend early years of study and seclusion in the monasteries, whether they intend to be priests or not. Here they read the sacred books, study the life and words of Gautama, and receive what secular learning the priests have to impart. These buildings are in a measure colleges and schools. In this one, as we stand thoughtfully within it, there is a quiet, monastic atmosphere, curiously like the stillness and retirement of some cloister in Christian Europe.

But the pagoda is our main quest, and we pass out from the monastery into the glare, and crossing the vacant space before this temple come under the spell of its silent beauty.

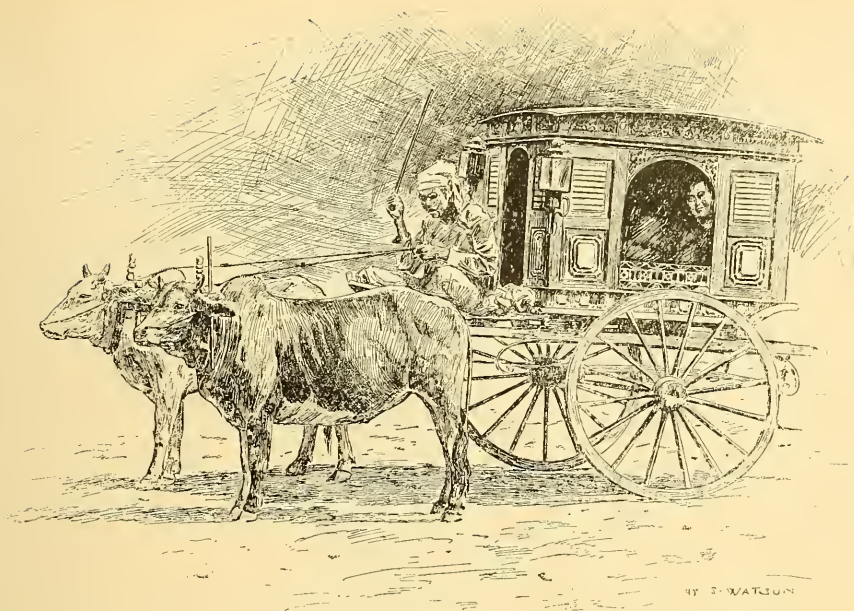
Whence came these new yet wonderful effects of symmetry and beauty?—this new school, yet old, of architectonics, this new scheme of adornment? We see here, finally realized, the charm of uniformity, of right equaling left, of repetition on equal or variant scale. Scan this pagoda, the Incomparable, as it glows before



THE PAGODA OF PEGU.

you in its noonday light; go around about it; tell the towers thereof. Man cannot deny its power and its completeness. Yet see from what simple motives it has built itself up. Those strong round arches of the lower story subordinate their own ornament to the beautiful detail of the parapet above them; and from this upper platform, reached by a noble sweep of steps, grow tier on tier of lessening stories, until the whole is completed.

The effect is produced, moreover, by the simplest of materials. No costly marbles are here; stonework only, and brickwork, rude and honest, and coated with stucco and dazzling whitewash; in detailed scrutiny, rough and unrefined; in result—incomparable.



LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

MANDALAY TO THABYEDAUNG.



MANDALAY was made very lively by the presence of 2,000 British troops of whom it seems rather paradoxical to say 1,500 are not British at all. They are Hindoos. The English have learned the secret of utilizing the military instincts of their conquered native races and retaining their devotion, too. The Burman will, I doubt not, in due time, be drafted into the ser-

vice, and one characteristic especially tends toward that end, for he is the proudest and most vain of all the Asiatics. Crowds of them, dressed in long silk cloths wrapped about the tattooed portion of their bodies, the ends carelessly thrown over their shoulders, a short white coat, and a colored silk cloth wrapped about their heads, stroll along the streets of Man-

dalay laughing and chatting as though each were a man of leisure, living on his income. The silks being all bright colors—reds, yellow sand the like—make a gaudy, though it must be said a very pleasing appearance.

The Burman is slow going, indeed one may say generally quite lazy, and when he does earn a few rupees he suspends work until he can gamble away or spend his earnings. It is impossible to hurry him to or at his work.

The Burmese women and girls are quite the contrary. They work, some very hard. Many of the elderly women keep a bazaar or small stand, selling a few paltry articles or fruit at a small gain. Like the Kachin and Shans of China and Burma, they pierce a large hole in each ear, into which they press glass, gold or brass short tubes. They are fond of bright colored silk clothes. They wrap their cloth about their waist, letting it extend to the ground with a fold in the front, and as they step along they expose the leg above the knee. The well-to-do wear besides a little coat covering their breast. Some of the girls look quite handsome

promenading the streets, lighthearted and happy.

They certainly deserve, on the score of neatness, beauty and cheerfulness, the praise which Rudyard Kipling makes "Tommy Atkins" bestow upon them, and they exemplify, to some extent, Tommy's judgment that "There aint no ten commandments" in Mandalay; certainly one or two of them sit lightly on the Burmese. Life is very promiscuous between the Burmese, Hindoos, Chinese, Madrasses, Eurasians and Europeans. In fact before many years the full blooded Burman will be a race of the past, in cities and along the navigable rivers.

The purest form of Buddhism is taught in Burma. Thousands of Buddhist priests, or "Phoongyees," are to be seen daily in the streets of Mandalay with shaved heads and wearing a cloth of dull yellow wrapped about their body, gathering their daily bread from door to door among the people. These Buddhist priests deserve a great deal of credit for the amount of good they do. Every Burmese boy in the smallest hamlet is taught by them to read and write. In fact, every boy serves in a Phoongyee monastery a number of years, dressed as a Phoongyee himself. The Burmese girls do not fare so well, and few of them can read or write. Some receive an education from Buddhist nuns who live apart from the priests. For these reasons foreign missionary work in Burma is slow.

In all I spent twenty-seven days in Mandalay, the longest stay I had yet made anywhere since leaving home. Part of the time I was very hospitably entertained by an English officer, Captain John E. Harvey, of the Mountain Battery, and the remaining time I spent with T. P. Purdie, a kind-hearted Scotchman, manager of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. One week whilst at Mandalay I was down with malarial fever, brought on by traveling through the swamps and in the rain. When I had sufficiently recovered to be able to make inquiries as to route, roads and other necessary points upon which to form a judgment, I found all my preconceived plans had again to give way to the everlasting floods, the effects of which, it seemed to me, I

never was to escape. I had purposed traveling in a direct western line from Mandalay to Chittagong, and thus by the land route to Calcutta, but I found that the whole Aracan coast was impassable, owing to overflows from the monsoon rains, and no course was open to me to take at once, or within any reasonable time, but that down the Irrawaddy Valley from Mandalay to Rangoon due south. From there I could take ship and skirt the Aracan coast up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta. I would fain not have taken boat until I came to the extreme end of my Asiatic journey at the Bosphorus, but there are a few things more masterful than a determined Yankee. Monsoon rains are; and no one will ever be able to say I am not a good judge of tropical and sub-tropical rains.

It was the morning of the 22d of August before I started on my ride to Rangoon, 415 miles. I had to discard my old bicycle clothes, worn out through China, and rig myself in Kharki cloth, coat and knee pants, native putties, and a pith hat of "topee."

The Kharki cloth is adopted by the English Government for its valuable wearing qualities and for its lightness. All the troops in India and Burmah have Kharki uniforms.

Bidding farewell to my good Scotch friend, Mr. T. P. Purdie, I wheeled along the broad macadamized road running through the city from the shore to the railroad. I passed many of the Burmese two-wheeled carts drawn by humpbacked oxen, hauling merchandise from the river steamers, the gharries or carriages drawn by small ponies with the Burman or Hindoo driver perched on high, and the small, low top Burmese carriages, drawn by oxen, where the men and women have to squat on the floor.

As far as Minzu Station the next morning I found the railroad path much cut up by the previous day's rain, but at Myittha it was dry again. It was necessary to stay under cover from the sun here for two hours, so extreme was the heat during noon hour, and a Chinese station-master very kindly furnished me with tea and sweets. In the afternoon I passed groves of bananas and many rice fields along both sides of



W. M. L. 1895

THE DINNER HOUR OF THE FIELD HANDS.

the track. The Burmese, however, are not as clever as either the Chinese or Japanese in building rice fields and growing rice. The Japanese are even better than the Chinese at this.

I could see showers of rain falling to the east on the slopes of the Shan mountains and on the plain to the right, but luckily none ahead; so I briskly wheeled over the narrow path to Thabyedaung. When I called out to the Burmese women carrying fruits and other products on their heads to clear the path they scattered in all directions from fright. One crowd, getting only a front view of me swiftly coming toward them, could not understand my means of locomotion, and the whole lot started running ahead of me, until, completely tired, they went stumbling over the bank to escape.

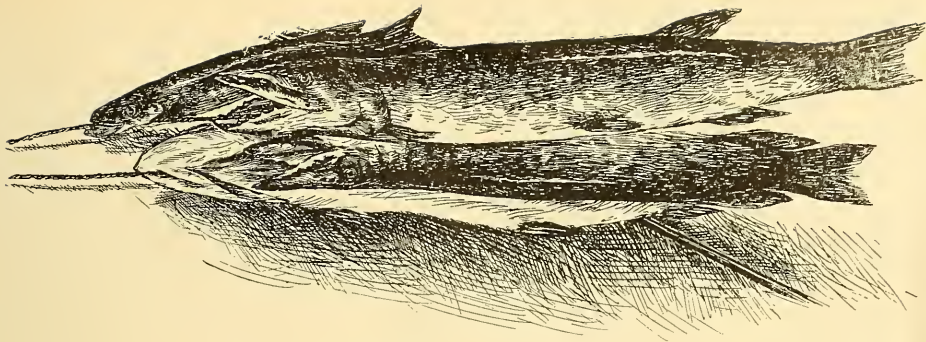
Just as darkness came on, and when yet

two miles from the station, the tube of my rear wheel burst with a loud report. The outer tube, almost worn through, had given way and let the inner one blow out. This inner tube had been in the rear wheel for eight months, from Nanking, in China, to here, and had withstood some fearful riding and all kinds of weather. The remaining two miles I trundled it on the flat.

Next morning, before I started onward, I replaced the burst tube by a new one, wrapping the outer tube with tape, and the wheel was again temporarily ready, at least until I should come to the railroad workshop at the next station. When I reached that I easily changed the worn rear outside tire on to the front wheel, and the good front wheel tire on to the rear wheel, showing the great advantage, when touring, of having both wheels of like size.



THE RAILROAD STATION AT THABYEDAUNG.



JACKING FOR PICKEREL.

BY E. W. CHUBB ("GREENHEAD").



OF OUTING's many thousands of readers comparatively few have ever tried jacking for pickerel in the spring, by the light of a cedar wood or a kerosene blaze, and spearing the fish on the shallows. Some may

characterize jacking as unsportsmanlike and cruel, but the fatal spear thrust is surely more merciful than the fly. Be that as it may, I am not here to justify the cause of jacking but to write of pleasant hours devoted to that pastime.

I have spent many evenings in the old flat-bottomed scow in the bow of which was fitted the iron basket to hold the blazing brands. This basket was mounted on an inclined wooden pole fastened securely to the stem post and at a sufficient angle to allow coals to clear the boat in their fall. Amidships lay a pile of dry cedar, split fine, from which the fire was replenished at frequent intervals. When standing with my eyes below the level of the flaming jack, I could scan every foot of the shallow waters, and readily detect the skulking fish.

My faithful ally on these occasions was old Herb, a character who had been employed on the farm for several years. He never tired of his self-assumed posi-

tion as pusher, and could rarely be prevailed upon to wield the spear.

The old farm house stood but a half mile from the lake where our sport began in the early spring. As soon as the ice had left the shore a hundred feet the pickerel made his way toward the grassy bogs bordering the water. Then spear points were filed sharp, and our boat was piled high with its load of fragrant fuel.

Let me describe an April night when conditions were favorable to jacking. The lake lay calm and motionless in the semi-darkness, and it was just the sort of a night when one might reasonably expect to run across a "big 'un." This belief I imparted to Herb who was shaving up kindlings for the fire. He assented with a grunt as he placed the result of his whittling in the basket and piled on some fine pieces of extra dry cedar. When all was completed to his satisfaction he produced his old short pipe and filled it from his buckskin bag. Then the match flared out and I heard something like the following: Puff, puff, "There," puff, puff, "now," puff, "I guess she'll do," puff, puff, puff. Then the match was applied to the bristling jack. The dry cedar snapped fiercely and jets of flame flared from the numerous openings in the basket work, throwing out a ruddy glare and emitting a delicious aromatic odor.

Herb seated himself in the stern; I picked up the spear and took my place behind the blazing light. At first we

moved along swiftly, as there was little likelihood of our finding anything worthy of our aim along the sandy, stony stretch. Propelled by Herb's muscular arm, and assisted by occasional thrusts from the butt of my spear, we made rapid progress. The fire crackled and sputtered as it consumed the flinty knots, and now and then a lithe little pickerel dashed out of the shadow and across the circle of light. But presently I whispered a warning word to Herb, who slowed down, for ahead of us, away out of spearing distance, something dark was moving slowly toward the deep water. The dark object was a pickerel of five or six pounds weight; its course was across our bow, and we bore steadily down on the fish; but even as I poised the shaft for a long throw there was a lightning dart and a wake of bubbles and disturbed sand. The spear came down with a muttered ejaculation. Herb, however, pulled complacently at his pipe and simply remarked, "Old feller acted like he was in something of a hurry, didn't he?"

We passed on, seeing schools of sunfish, perch, rock bass and croppies, which kept the water in constant commotion. The fire burned more fiercely as we turned and faced a lazy breeze. The cedar's pungent perfume acted like a narcotic, and I was almost nodding at my post when Herb called me back to the business in hand with a start which nearly resulted in a ducking. "Peg him, peg him; on your right!" hoarsely entreated Herb, and swinging my spear around I saw a stocky fat fellow fanning the water uneasily as he faced the light, uncertain whether to remain or take himself off. The spear went hurtling straight at him, and soon I felt jerks proceeding from the bottom, where the spear was imbedded in the mud, though firmly fixed in the game. More wood was added to the fire, and soon the gray bottom was discernible for many yards around us. The roil disturbed the spot where the fish was endeavoring to escape, but the spear was gently raised till it reached the surface, when a quick move safely deposited in the boat a conglomeration of pickerel, spear, marl and weeds.

Hardly had the spear been freed from the spotted six-pounder before I heard

Herb's warning voice, "Look out on your right."

I peered through a cloud of resinous smoke that started the water from my eyes, and I made out a fish almost counterpart of the one flapping in the boat. He lay broadside toward us, and without ripple or sound my companion propelled our craft onward. We stole nearer and nearer, till I felt a closer approach might alarm the sly rascal. I decided to risk a throw, and after calculating the distance and depth of water, I shot the five prongs outward. A moment later I saw the spear shaft jerking about in a fashion which proved that the tines had reached their mark.

"Hurry, Herb, or we'll lose him yet," I called as the tawny body writhed upon the surface. But the tines kept their murderous hold, and I grasped the shaft and in another minute had the fish safe on the bottom of the boat.

Another supply of fuel was added to the fire, and we pushed through thick reeds into a patch of clear open water, and thence among scattered clumps of bullrushes, now and then picking up a small pickerel.

At last we approached a boggy shore where the bottom was black and strewn with water-logged limbs of trees. Several times during our progress across the shallows we had heard the sound of mighty wallowing close in shore, but as yet we had been unable to catch a glimpse of the uneasy fellows.

"Let's get closer in shore, Herb," I remarked. "I believe the big ones are up under the logs."

"All right," came his reply; "I'll put in around the point yonder."

The brands had burned low and I had not replenished the basket, thinking to touch the shore and build a big blaze before venturing over the black bottom. Now and then the boat grazed some of the submerged timber, and when I saw an unusually thick piece lying directly across our course I dreaded a collision, as the shock might jar the few remaining brands from the jack. Accordingly, I allowed the spear handle to slide through my hands and strike the obtrusive limb. The blow had rather more force than I intended, but instead of the limb being borne down and pushed aside there came a mighty up-

heaval. The air was full of spear, mud, water and monstrous fish. My log was nothing more nor less than a whopper upon the middle of whose broad black back the spear had fallen with sufficient force to thoroughly discompose his majesty, and without form or ceremony he abruptly departed, leaving behind him a trail of roily water, a spear floating thereon and complete darkness.

Herb soon kindled another fire; then, with grim determination to land the fish that had been allowed to escape through my carelessness, we resumed our search through the long, crooked windings among the rushes. More than once the spear was raised for a plunge at some inoffensive piece of timber lying half buried in the yielding bottom.

One jackful remained and that was not of the best. I punched out the cinders and trimmed our last fire discontentedly, for I was wrathful at missing the finest chance of the evening. Herb pushed steadily on, chuckling at my exhibitions of temper. "Closer in," I called, thrusting vigorously at the bottom with the butt of the shaft until the boat all but grazed the shore. A shadowy form was seen lying in about a foot of water. I did not remember a log being there, for it is a spot with which I was perfectly familiar. "Easy, Herb, I believe I see him," I whispered and then riveted my gaze upon the long object lying so still ahead. Nearer and nearer we moved till I distinctly made out the fish and two long white telltale scratches on the dark back where, earlier in the evening, my careless blow had left its imprint. The great head was turned directly away from us, the fish offering a most difficult mark. Would he lie still long

enough for me to get within striking distance? I hardly liked to trust to a throw, for so large a fish is apt to struggle free from the tines. While I hesitated, the great form moved lazily a foot or two and I acted promptly, although the fish was barely within a spear's length of me. Putting all my strength into one thrust, I lunged forward and directly found myself half out of the boat, splashed with mud and slime, breathless and excited, yet triumphantly clutching the spear handle. It was thrashing this way and that as the great fish struggled, but by the feeling I guessed that it was well planted.

Herb worked at the paddle lustily, but with all his endeavors seemed to make slow progress in bringing me up to my prize. I still clutched the extreme end of the handle and implored my companion to exert himself more or we must surely lose our fish. I succeeded in securing a longer hold on the spear-shaft and little by little we crept up to the writhing form. The tines were firmly imbedded near the gills where they were very unlikely



OLD HERB.

to become loosened, and, with Herb's assistance, the bulky fish was soon hauled aboard where a knife thrust instantly put a stop to his movements.

It is years since we spent those jolly nights together, but even now when the country claims me for a day or two and I pass within sight of the old lake lying calm and still on a night in April, and the dark banks so suggestive of jack-lighting experiences, I feel that I would give up a large portion of my worldly goods for one more try for the shovel-nosed fellows with old Herb to wield the paddle.

THE CONVERSION OF TRAPPER LEWIS.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



HE was mighty hard to convert. As he put it himself, he was "sorter sot in his ways," and, above all, he "didn't keer fur no durn boys to be foolin' round him." I doubt if evangelist ever softened a tougher subject. It must not be imagined that my efforts and his final conversion were calculated to improve his chance of getting on an easy trail in the happy hunting-grounds. The only spiritual features of the case cost five cents per slug, and were rank, naturally. Personally, I didn't care a hang whether he fied forever after he died, or endured the equal punishment of having to bide the end of all things in the God-forsaken North Michigan village where I first saw him. I wanted to get solid with him for a time while he lived, but I believe he might have been worked into Paradise with half the scheming that was necessary before he deigned to look favorably upon me.

I was then a big, raw-boned lad, a fairly good shot for my years, and crazy to get hold of all possible information about shooting and trapping. I had to stay with an elder brother in the woods till his lumbering operations could be concluded in the following spring, which meant that I had at least ten months during which I could shoot, fish and trap, according to season. It was a fine opportunity, for there was plenty of game, large and small, within rifle shot of the wretched village; the latter consisted of a footpath, with a saloon and a couple of dozen other buildings strung along it. At least half of the male residents hunted or trapped at odd times, but they didn't amount to much. Several of them used to find pleasure in stuffing me full of yarns of their experiences, but they were merely picturesque old liars. The real trapper

and hunter, the man who had trailed across the continent, and who knew the secrets of woodcraft, was Lewis. He had mined, prospected, trapped and hunted in the far West and North for at least forty years, and I pined to know him and gain his confidence. Many attempts had failed, many drinks had been uselessly paid for. I had tackled him every way I could think of, yet all I had received in return had been an occasional "Hello, Canady," when he chanced to be feeling particularly genial, and perhaps a few muttered remarks when he agreed to swallow drinks at my expense.

Lewis was not much to look at. He was short, thin, and did not weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds. His face was brown as a mink pelt, much wrinkled, and marked with a ghastly white scar obtained years before in a set-to with a wounded grizzly. Hair, stubby beard, and eyebrows of yellowish white, contrasted curiously with his dark skin and beady eyes. Taken all in all he reminded one of an ancient monkey. Despite his habitual lounging walk and battered exterior, he was full of vigor, and quick as a cat if occasion demanded. His gait in the woods, or on a trail, was not so very fast, but he could apparently stay forever, and, as I found out later, he had a peculiar knack of wriggling through rough places which would baffle many larger and more powerful men. His favorite weapon was a double muzzle-loading rifle of the old-fashioned "over-and-under" pattern, and with this rifle, or with any large revolver, he could do some cracking good shooting. With the shot-gun he could do little—he wouldn't try it, for he hated that weapon with all the unreasonable pertinacity of the old school of still-hunters.

"Them durn noisy things won't kill nuthin'!" was his contemptuous remark the first time he saw my expensive fourteen-gauge muzzle-loader.

This was the kind of man I had undertaken to thaw out, and my scheming for two months had affected his bearing about as much as a New York bonfire

would affect the Polar ice-cap. He once *had* so far relented as to say to a friend of mine: "Canady's a slick-spoken feller 'bout huntin', 'an a mannersome feller, too; but I reckon it's all book larnin' an' don't amount to much ennyhow. I'd like to see Canady run foul of a bear—his durn slick talk wouldn't help him enny, an' I reckon his shootin' 'd be about level with his talk."

Beyond this unsatisfactory state of mind he had showed no symptoms of ever advancing, when the first of three events, which marked three stages of what finally became a warm friendship, occurred.

The lounging-place of the village was, of course, the saloon. It had a long room with a bar across one end, a pool-table in the center, and a dozen rough chairs strung along the walls. The pool-table happened to be a new one, and at that time I was supposed to be a good player.

One evening I strolled down to the saloon and found Lewis and half-a-dozen of the regular hangers-on sitting swapping yarns and possibly (?) waiting for somebody to stand treat. I filled the long-felt want, then I picked up a cue and began knocking the balls about. I had no intention of playing, so paid no heed to where object or cue-ball rolled. The crowd watched me lazily for perhaps ten minutes, then, to my surprise, Lewis remarked: "Say, Canady; I reckon I know a feller can down you at that game—fur a dollar!"

A thought occurred to me that perhaps I could get solid with Lewis at last, so I quietly weighed the chances for a time and decided to take them.

"So you think your man can do me up, Mr. Lewis?"

"That's what I said, Canady."

"And you're *sure* he can do it?"

"Shure! I *know* he kin! If he don't he ain't no son of mine."

"Oh, he's your son, eh?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, when do you want to try?"

"Will you go him, Canady? By gosh! we'll just play you right now. I'll fetch him—he ain't far off, you bet! But hold on thar, Canady! Just pile up the dust 'fore I go after him. Don't want to fetch no feller fur nothin, understand!"

We put up our dollars for a match,

best three in five games, and the old chap started after his hopeful progeny. I don't think he had far to go, as I suspect the son was just outside the door, and the whole affair was a put-up job. Anyway, they soon showed up, accompanied by all available citizens. The old man evidently considered the contest an international affair, the stakes immense, and the coming triumph of his son too important to be missed by anyone.

The crowd took up easy positions around the table, and the game began. I presently wished myself well out of it, for I soon discovered that my opponent was a very ordinary player and was also badly rattled. Luckily, he had never seen me play, and it would have been a simple matter to have let him win. This I had figured out to be the shortest cut to Lewis' friendship, and I intended trying it. But an unexpected complication arose. One of the few friends I had in the place sung out, "One dollar that Canady wins the match!" This *was* a muddle. I could not fool my friend out of his money, yet if I beat young Lewis—farewell to all hope of further association with his redoubtable dad. Finally I begged off on the score that the betting made me nervous, while my friend took alarm from a timely wink and agreed to shut up. After considerable monkeying, Lewis, Jr., won the first and second games. As we began the third frame my would-be backer edged near me and whispered—"What in thunder are you tryin' to do? *They won't play no higher!*" I could have roared with laughter at the idea of *that* game, for the entire outfit couldn't have scared up ten dollars. Lewis Jr., won the decisive game, much to his delight. But 'twas his dad who derived the *real* satisfaction from the winning.

"Gimme them thar stakes! Gimme Canady's dollar," he shouted, and in the fullness of his joy he actually treated all hands. For once he became talkative, and made divers sneering references to Canada and all things Canadian.

I felt a trifle savage, for I saw too late that I had made a mistake. Had I won, the old man might have been mad, but I should not have earned his contempt. Therefore, I was not at all sorry when some sharp talk arose between

my friend and a man who had wanted to back my opponent.

Old Lewis was keen for another match, but I called him aside and asked him as a favor to sit still and watch the game if we played another.

He became suspicious at once, but agreed to do as I asked. Meanwhile, the disputants had arranged another match, for a dollar a side, young Lewis to play and stand to win, or lose, nothing. This arrangement gave him confidence and he rashly broke the balls. I found an easy set-up and pocketed fifteen straight. After a moment's silence the crowd voiced a hearty "Good boy, Canady!" and before the man who had lost the dollar had time to get *real* mad, I had made the bettors draw their money.

Things turned out better than I had expected. The crowd agreed that "Canady was a square feller," and old Lewis held out a paw and said: "Put her thar, Canady; yer a cuss to play pool; but what'n thunder did yer throw off in the first game fur?"

"Just for a bit of fun," I replied, for the last thing I wanted him to know was the true reason. From that day on Lewis and I became almost friendly, but, while he would speak occasionally of his old-time experiences in the West, I was unable to edge him in the direction of his more recent doings. In fact, I believe he thought I was a well-meaning youngster and a confounded nuisance to boot. Anyway, he showed no disposition to ask me to join him for a hunt until the season was well advanced. I could laugh now as I think of the times when I accidentally (?) met him on the road near the village; how I'd pretend not to see him, and would toss up a small stone and rattle a load of shot against it before it fell, and how at last I killed a flying pigeon at long range—longer range than Lewis had credited to the despised shotgun. That time he stopped and said: "Canady, I reckon yer pretty handy with that scatter-gun, if that pigeon wasn't killed by accident. Wish I could run you up agin' a drove of pa'tridge—they'd fool you, fur yer can't hit them fellers when they're goin' in arnist."

This was said in such a decided tone, that I almost laughed. I told him that "pa'tridges" were easy enough sometimes, and to my delight he exclaimed,

"Is that so! Well, I'll show you they ain't; I just passed a drove of 'em a piece back, an' if yer game to go, I'll take you to 'em, and see how you shoot."

Lewis' "pa'tridge" were ruffed grouse, and we soon found the brood in some briers. When they rose in the open I managed to kill with each barrel. The first bird was the old hen, and the fact of the second being a slow, young one, made the right-and-left easy. Lewis was thunderstruck, and his surprise was heightened when he saw the old bird. But in a moment, his prejudice reasserted itself, and he remarked:

"Slick work, Canady—yer a hummer; but did you hear how she roared through the timber? That durn gun's too noisy—she'd scare everything out of the woods! An' she aint no good fur anything bigger'n pa'tridge."

However, old Lewis had been somewhat impressed. He spoke of the grouse in the village, and I heard that his comments upon the first wing-shooting he had seen, were quite favorable. Still the longed-for comradeship did not arrive, although the thin end of the needful wedge had been inserted in the old fellow's cross-grained notions. His final capitulation came about in this wise:

One day I felt lonesome, and decided that a tramp along the railroad would be good medicine. I did not expect to do much shooting, but pipe and gun are always good company, so I took both with me. As I was in a wild country, a couple of balls to fit the gun, and a charge of buckshot, were always in the pocket of the shooting-coat. I knew that the railroad ran through a burnt district famous for pigeons and berries, and decided to go that far and bag a bird or two, if nothing more. Before I reached the "burn," I saw old Lewis, with rifle on shoulder, emerge from some cover and cross the track ahead of me. He was evidently trailing something, and in a moment he saw me and beckoned me to join him.

When I reached him, he said—"Look thar, Canady; what you think of that fur a track?" I saw an impression in the dust, and asked if it was not bear sign.

"Just so, Canady; 'taint nuthin' else—look a-yonder where he crossed the creek."

Sure enough, the moist sand bore unmistakable imprints.

"Now, Canady," the old man went on, "if yer good fur a whirl with him, I don't care if you come along. He's workin' to the berry-patches." I at once drew the charges of shot, and put an ounce ball in one barrel and nine buckshot in the other. Lewis looked on with interest, and upon my telling him that the fourteen-gauge would shoot ball first-rate, he exclaimed—"Well, I hope she do; fur by gum she may have to 'fore you get through."

We agreed to take opposite sides of the creek, which was full of floating logs that had missed the freshet, and were waiting higher water. Lewis' parting advice was—"Go slow, yer not apt to see him till you reach the berry-patch. Don't try no fool shootin', and don't let that fool-gun get you into trouble."

I fancy that Lewis knew too much about black bear to really anticipate any serious trouble, but I also knew that his advice was good, and determined to act upon it. We parted, Lewis following the tracks across the creek, while I moved carefully ahead, keeping what I judged to be about abreast of my comrade. The cover was dense, and the course of the creek very erratic, which fact made it as likely as not that the bear would finally be found upon my side of the water.

After a lot of slow, cautious work, I drew near to the berry patches. No sign of the game as yet, but I presently discovered a footprint in a muddy spot. It had been made by the bear, and so recently that the muddy water was still slowly trickling into it. So the brute had crossed to my side! My first thought as I viewed the sign was, Won't old Lewis be hot! and for a moment a feeling of triumph overcame every other sensation. He'll sneer at Canady, will he? Guess I'll show him—show him—what?

The triumphant feeling fizzled out, and in its stead arose a sensation of utter loneliness. A second glance at the track detected a number of little holes in the mud. Claws had left those traces, and a series of sickly tremors crept up my spine as I peered nervously into the surrounding cover. At last I moved forward, but halted before I had covered thirty yards. What was the outrageous thumping in my chest, as though some imprisoned thing were trying to beat its way out? I knew what it was, but I

could not stop it. Did I *really* want to kill the bear—had it ever, by word or deed, injured me? I felt that it had not. Why then was I so keen to slay the poor creature—why was I there at all?

I began to wish myself well out of it. Why hadn't the fool bear stuck to the other side of the creek? Lewis was a bear hunter, and the proper man for the animal to interview. Were there two bears? If there were, this one wasn't the bear I was after. Old Lewis was after *my* bear. I had nothing against this one; in fact, it wasn't *the* bear at all! Besides, mebbe the old man was right when he said that a shot-gun was no good for bear. I came precious near going over to see old Lewis about it!

I figured out that mebbe if I broke a stick or two, or just made a little noise this bear would sneak away and I could go on and slay the right one. Finally, the uncertainty became unbearable, and I crept doubtfully forward for half-a-dozen steps, then shriveled into as near nothingness behind a tree as a man can, for straight ahead, about fifty yards away, was the bear! It had not seen me, and, luckily, it was moving from me, else I'm afraid I'd have stampeded.

Its black body disappeared behind some cover, and as it vanished my feeling underwent an extraordinary change. A fever of excitement, a wild impulse to follow seized me, and I stole forward as rapidly as possible. My loss of nervousness, and the new, keen desire to kill, surprised me. The sight of the game had braced me up. The previous long, uncertain stalk had rattled me, but things were now all right. "Shot-guns no good," be hanged, and old Lewis, too! The fourteen-gauge should prove its merit right now.

Crack! crack! the double report of Lewis' rifle ripped the silence of the woods. I leaped upon a log and saw the old man skip behind a tree. I saw his arm flourishing as he strove to reload; then something black rolled into view about half-way between us. The black thing finally got upon its feet and came blundering directly toward me. I glared at it for a few seconds, then tossed up the gun and fired both barrels when it was hardly twenty yards away. It collapsed at once, for the ounce ball happened to find the head.

Up came old Lewis on the jump. He

took one look at the bear's head, then excitedly exclaimed, "Great gosh!"

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Why, Canady, I'll be eternally chewed up! Why didn't you blow the hull head off the durned fool, while you was at it? By gosh, that scatter-gun shoots some! See whar the buckshot ketched 'im; the big ball knocked the brains clar out. But, Canady, I drawed true on him; I bust his shoulder, t'other ball cut his leg. I knowed it would fur it grazed a sapling."

So I had managed to knock down a dying bear, and to fill it so full of mis-siles that its hide might have served as a title-deed to a lead mine. I didn't care if I had—*we'd* killed the bear!

The animal was not nearly so large as I had expected. I waived all share of the quarry and the bounty, if there was one. Lewis got out his knife and gave me an object lesson in the matter of how to flay and carve a dead bear. This part of the fun was rather tedious and unpleasant. He hung up the skin and hams, then we went down to the creek and washed our hands.

The old man was jubilant. He thawed out wonderfully, and I saw readily enough that I and the shot-gun had climbed considerably in his estimation. But I could not guess that within the next ten minutes Lewis was to become my sworn friend for life.

He wanted to hurry home to get his horse for the purpose of packing in the bear, and he told me that one big pool formed by the creek was jammed so full of logs that we could cross dry-footed and make a bee-line for his house.

When we reached the jam I didn't like its look, but Lewis said, "It's easy; I'll learn you how to skip 'em." He did, with variations not on his program.

The logs appeared to be firm enough until he was half-way across. Then he stopped and laughingly told me to follow. As he spoke, either his foot

slipped, or the log he was on turned—anyway he disappeared. I had just begun to laugh, when I saw the disturbed logs draw close together over the one open space which Lewis had found in his descent. Down went the gun, the coat fell on a log three jumps from there, and the last bound of a mad rush landed me on the log Lewis had just vacated. The shock separated the log a few inches from its neighbor, and with a foot upon each I strained to broaden the gap. In an instant they were a couple of feet apart, and I dropped between them into water up to my arm-pits. With an arm over each log I hung and worked my long legs scissors-fashion through the water. Old Lewis was there all right, tumbling about in the liveliest kind of way, and I hadn't kicked three times before he seized me by the thigh and climbed up my body like a cat scaling a fence-post. The first thing he did was to spout about a pint of water into my face, then he yelled like an Indian.

There wasn't anything much the matter with him, but he was about as badly scared a man as I have ever seen. He recovered in a moment and we both went ashore to strip for the work of securing the rifle. This was accomplished by forcing the logs well apart and prodding for the rifle with a stout branch. As the water was barely six feet deep we soon located the weapon, then Lewis held the branch firmly while I climbed down it and returned. Then we went ashore and had the delayed laugh out. Lewis told me how it felt to be under water and vainly butting one's head against a roof of logs. Later when we parted he wrung my hand and told me this:—"Put her thar, Canady. I ain't the feller to forget bein' snaked outen a scrape like that. Ef it's a go we'll hunt pardners this fall an' trap her out 'til spring." And we did.



SPRING BIRDS.

BY N. CLIFFORD BROWN.



THE wind was fair and the sun shone in a benignant spring sky as I sauntered into the woods near a little city by the sea, in southern Maine.

Birds were in great force, and I sat down on the shore of a little pond to watch the swallows. They were mostly of the white-bellied species, but among them occasionally appeared a

barn-swallow out foraging from some farm in the neighborhood. In a ragged old oak, overhanging the water, a pair of the former were evidently arranging a nest. A big white feather came floating along in the air. The male swallow captured it with a graceful swoop and was on the point of carrying it into a hole in the side of the tree when he was attacked by a couple of English sparrows. One of the ill-mannered foreigners promptly possessed himself of the coveted bit of building material; the other proceeded to buffet the rightful owner, and, had it not been for his superior powers of flight, it would doubtless have gone hard with the swallow.

I threw some stones at the rowdy sparrows with the good effect of scaring them away for a time, and then turned my attention to a pair of least flycatchers which were flitting about a gully, spanned by a foot-bridge, on my left. The male acted precisely as if he were intoxicated. He would start from some twig near the ground, or from the ground itself, in a spiral flight upward, snapping his bill loudly, chattering in the most extravagant fashion, and every few seconds losing his balance and turning a complete somersault. When he reached the treetops he would come down again

in much the same style, the somersaults only being rather more frequent and reckless. Once more on his perch he would sit quietly with ruffled plumage and flashing eyes until he took it into his head to renew his gymnastic performances, or until some passing insect tempted him to make a sally for a utilitarian purpose. Doubtless this was his method of expressing sentiments to which his more gifted associates among the birds give utterance in song.

I had begun an argument with myself as to the existence of a law of compensation in nature when with a loud outcry three burly English sparrows came careering over the treetops in pursuit of a single little hairbird. The foremost ruffian was just preparing to strike his victim. But a kingbird, who was leisurely hawking for early moths, happened to be in the line of flight, and, plainly supposing himself to be the object of the onslaught, attacked the three sparrows with instantaneous fury. The battle was short and decisive. Within thirty seconds the sparrows were in ignominious flight, the kingbird in ferocious pursuit, and the little hairbird panting but secure on the railing of the foot-bridge.

"All honor to the rescuer of the weak and to the defender of America's fair name!" I murmured to myself. But these scenes of violence had destroyed the charm of the spot. I went on with my walk.

The trees about me were all oaks, growing in close order, and even with their young leaves shutting out the sun almost completely. A wood pewee whistled out some melancholy notes just over my head. A great-crested flycatcher screamed discordantly from a hollow stub on my right. High up in every leafy tree was a troop of wood warblers--shy, diminutive species, rarely seen except by the eyes of the initiated. I made out the blue yellow-back, the Nashville, the chestnut-sided, the magnolia, the blackpoll and the black-throated green. Presently I put up a hermit-thrush, who flew off with a quer-

ulous *pay* as if he wished me to recompense him for my invasion of his sanctuary. Then I heard the tapping of a woodpecker. I followed him as he dodged from tree to tree to the outskirts of the wood, where I saw him fairly at last—little downy, the smallest of his kind.

But I had driven him into dangerous territory. Hardly had I caught sight of him when he was fiercely set upon by a whole troop of English sparrows. It was a most unprovoked attack and at the same time so sudden that the woodpecker was completely dazed for a moment. Soon, however, he began to defend himself bravely, and it looked as if he might beat off his assailants. Any one of them would have been a respectable adversary (in point of prowess) for him, so he prudently decided to retire in good order.

Bobolinks were singing in the open fields beyond me. It was easy enough to twist their notes into an invitation, "Come and see *me*, come and see *me*," and to imagine an echo in the long-drawn trill of a Savannah sparrow, farther away, "me-e-e-e." As I stood there, undecided whether or not to go on, a couple of boys came along the road bordering the wood, one of them mangling a popular waltz on a harmonicon. Close behind them came a young man and a pretty girl driving in a buggy. The swain looked at me coldly, even sternly; the pretty girl with indulgent kindness. They whisked by, and I caught a faint odor of perfume, which suggested ballrooms and other allurements of civilization.

I turned back to the city.

Haze was already gathering. The sun went down into heavy clouds long before it reached the horizon. Then a dense fog drifted in from the sea and the air became muggy and oppressive. Indoors it was a positive labor to breathe. So thoroughly uncomfortable did I feel when night came that sleep was out of the question. I tossed restlessly about in my bed until the noises of the city—which wide-open windows admitted undeadened—began to subside, when I suddenly became aware that the air out of doors was alive with birds. Some of them seemed to be just above the housetops, while others were

at such a height that their notes hardly reached my ears.

In an instant I was all attention. I could plainly distinguish the direction of the flight, which was from southwest to northeast, or about parallel with the coast line. Bobolinks seemed to outnumber all other species. They flew constantly, but in greatest force about midnight. There were "peeps" at all times. Ring-neck plover passed along at intervals, and from their noisy call-notes I easily made out that they were in large flocks. The winter yellowlegs were less numerous, but every hour or so came a flock of some size whistling vociferously. Now and then I heard the *quawk* of a night heron, and twice I thought I distinguished the guttural note of the veery. Besides the *chips* and *peeps* common to many little birds there were other notes which I could not identify; for there are not a few cries which birds never utter except when upon their nocturnal flights.

I have no idea how long I lay awake, but it must have been until hard upon daylight. And when I fell asleep I dreamed of a tropical paradise, where gay flowers bloomed and bird choirs sang bewitchingly. But before long the rumble of wheels began to make an impression upon my ears, and then, by gentle degrees, I awoke. Turning toward the window I saw that the fog had disappeared and that the sun was up in a cloudless sky. I listened in vain for bird voices. Out of all the host of the night before not one remained. Yes—one! There came a few subdued notes from the topmost spray of an old elm on the street, and then a burst of melody. I could see the singer slowly swaying in the light breeze, and I knew him well—the purple linnet. He was singing to me now of days we had spent together in balmy southern forests, where he had vied with the summer tanager and the Carolina wren. He was singing of the magnolia and the yellow jasmine; of snowy cotton fields; of cane-brakes gay with cardinals and nonpareils. He was singing of the fresh, free air of the Maine coast; of tossing blue waters lightly flecked with white, of breezy beaches and of the balsamic solitudes of the pine.

THE PIPER OF CRAG AILSA.

BY ANNETTA JOSEFA HALLIDAY-ANTONA.



IT was a wild night on the storm-vexed Isle of Skye. The mists, that had been assuming all manner of shapes the day through, now settled below the peaks, and, shepherded by a harrying wind rolled through the gorges and curled and writhed in the ravines. Northward, sweeping the horizon from east to west in weird, jagged crests and fantastic outlines the grim fire-born Cuchullins cut the sky.

These peaks of Scotland which were once a great centre of plutonic activity are now lifeless ; the very birds seem to shun them, and apart from the lichens which nestle in their hollows there is little sign of life.

Many of the rocks are nearly vertical with such narrow coigns of vantage that only strong limbs and a good head can carry a stranger to their summits, though the narrowest foot or hand hold of hypersthene would support a weight of many tons.

There is probably no wilder spot in Skye, or in the western islands, than the Hart O'Corrie, a dark purple glen, lined with delicate-sprayed ferns, through which one must journey to reach Loch Scavaig and those gloomy forms, honeycombed by the tempests of ages, the Cuchullins. Few dwellings break the spell of savage sterility, and deer, sheep and goats are the almost sole occupants of Hart O'Corrie.

One snug farmstead nestles among the mosses of the glen, and somewhat farther down the defile a half dozen huts of uncemented stones, windowless and chimneyless, constitute the Skye village which hugs the foot of the nearest of the Cuchullins Sgor-na-Strìth. Tiny

patches of oats and potatoes grow nearby in a sickly sort of way, and testify to the hardness of the struggle with nature in this unpropitious climate.

It was the wildest of many wild nights on the island, and the shepherds and keepers drew close around their tiny peat fires and told tales of the malignant one-legged goblin, Ludag, who haunted the Cuchullins in stormy weather. Occasionally when the bursts of rain swept with force and fury down the glen, the fire of peat would suddenly be scattered, and then the men would affirm as they patiently gathered it together, that Ludag, astride of one of the splintered Cuchullin peaks, had cast upon their hearthside the dreaded evil eye. With such surroundings it is small wonder that the inhabitants of this Isle of Mists of the Gaelic poets are influenced by many superstitions.

In one of the stone huts, a sudden, sharp knock caused two men who were cowering over a cheerful blaze, to start hastily.

"Wha's oot the nicht?" queried one, and then as the knock was repeated, his companion answered:

"Auld Davie, it may be, Tam, let him in, mon." The figure that entered was bowed and old, with grizzled gray hair, and misty eyes that looked as if they might have been borrowed from the heart of some Scotch glen. The costume that he wore had perhaps been originally a full Highlander's outfit, but weather and wear had reduced it to a plaid whose thinness barely served as cover, and rendered it useless as shelter against the keen blasts. He carried with him that instrument which has such an indescribable effect on the minds and actions of Highlanders, a bagpipe, and seating himself before the fire, where his clothes soon began to steam, he played old tunes beloved of all sons of Scotland. Though the bagpipe is the instrument of the open air the two listeners did not find the music harsh within the small apartment. Once upon a time a college of pipers flourished at Dunvegan to which pupils from all parts

of the Highlands went for instruction, and had the caves of Skye voices, they could tell many tales of the scholars who practiced the bagpipes within their dark shelters.

At last the old man paused. "It's windy oot," remarked one of the men as he removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Ay," responded the piper, "boot it's no a soughin', winnin' wind. It's a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, an' the deil rock them in a creel that doesna wish a' weel housed."

He held his withered hands out before the glowing turf.

"I was a Wednesday bairn," he muttered, "a child of woe, and my mither's corpse remained soft after death. May the wind o' adversity ne'er blaw doon your door, Tam, as it did mine."

The two listeners nodded at each other. Old Davie Tulloch the piper's story was well known for miles around; how in his youth he had been a shepherd among the Cuchullins, until an Irish lord, who was fond of deer-stalking in Skye, took a fancy also to the wild young Gael, who could play anything from an Irish jig to a pibroch, and persuaded him to go south over the waters to Ireland. And then came the sweetest and the saddest part of Davie's story—his love for Kathleen, the azure-eyed, dark-tressed daughter of one of Lord Barrymore's tenants. How she married him and came to his gray, cold northern home, making it like the summer which the Skye Islanders dreamed of but knew not, old residents of Hart O'Corrie told from memory, and of the lover of her own people and his fishing-smack the *Kathleen*, the mothers of virtuous Gaelic maidens warningly narrated again and again.

One morning Davie awakened to find himself alone. The presence which had made the grim land of his birth so like the country where he had wooed and won his love, had vanished, and those of the hamlet who had been near to the shore at daybreak told how a boat containing Davie's beautiful wife and her fair-tongued countryman had rowed swiftly away from the scattered islands and rocky headlands of the coast, to where the sails of the *Kathleen* quivered like seagulls' wings.

"She will come back!" said Davie

when they told him; "she has na deserted me! Wha wouldna luv a peep o' green Ireland after a year here? Ye dinna ken, havin' na been thair, boot she will come back, my bonnie Kathleen will come again!"

He had given her the greatest treasure that a man can bestow upon a woman, a heart whose love and fidelity were above distrust. Being pure and faithful himself, he never doubted for an instant the constancy of the woman who had promised to love and honor him until death.

"She will come back, I tell ye!" he persisted, though years passed by with no tidings of the absent wife. That he might the better watch for the first glimpse of the *Kathleen* he built his hut on the highest point of Sgor-na-Strith upon which a tiny cabin could stand. The ledge was called Crag Ailsa, and from its dangerous position the piper's house was commonly called the eagle's nest. After many years of weary waiting he would say as he looked wistfully out to the tossing waters: "She is drowned, drowned! How can she come back to me if she is under the waves?"

"You will perish meeserably Davie," said the kindly minister of the parish in warning when he made his regular visits to the hamlet in the glen. "Ye air gettin' an auld mon, Davie, lad, an' a single misstep will cast ye down to yonder black Loch. An' thair be ither lassies, Davie, lassies o' your ain blud, wha will ask na better than ta see ye go pipin' doon the glen an' ta fry the troutses ye may brang hame."

But Davie shook his head; one life alone of all the world's great existence was beloved and beautiful, and to him love once meant love forever.

"If she be dead," he argued, "I can never luv another, an' if she be alive, what wad she say to find me false when she comes back?"

His sublime trust in her never faltered, and through youth, manhood and old age he was faithful to the faithless.

All men and women with one absorbing thought are fanatical. The one idea becomes a mania. As the years rolled by the piper grew a visionary. The boom of a gun on the ocean upon a stormy night assured him that the *Kathleen* was trying to make port and



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

“HE CARRIED WITH HIM A BAG-PIPE.” (p. 71.)

would sink in sight of land. He would perch himself as far above his cabin on Sgor-na-Strith as possible and play the airs he had learned in Ireland, when youth and love and manhood stretched before him, a path untrod.

There was not a fireside, or an oat-cake, or a cup of milk in all Hart O' Corrie but was free to old Davie, and, with the reverential love of the romantic inborn in all Highlanders, his pathetic story was always listened to with attention and his vagaries humored with patience.

"Ay," he exclaimed at length, as the ever present look of expectancy which had become sculptured upon his face brightened with reminiscence, "feefy years agoe this nicht, Tam, syne I last kissed my wife. Bless her bonny hair and eyes! Your Janie will ne'er be so braw a lassie as my Kathleen, and something tells me she's a-coming back to-nicht."

He murmured some endearments in Gaelic as he tottered to his feet. He seemed very feeble and aged and the tremulous hands that clung to the bagpipe were cold and blue.

"Why do ye go, father?" asked one of the men, "na ship could leave in sic a storm, an' ye're na strong but feckly-like. Go out na mair to-nicht, Davie"

"Na, Tam," persisted the old man, "I must watch for the *Kathleen*, I must be the first to see her," and he lifted the latch and disappeared in the darkness.

"He's na long ta leeve," said Tam as he threw a fresh piece of peat upon the fire, while his companion rejoined: "Did ye mark how his eyes loked when he spoke o' something ta happen before mornin'? They were like a buke. He has second sight, but I hope na ill will come ta the auld mon oot in this deil's weather." "What ails you at the mist and rain, Jamie?" added Tam in rebuke as he made all fast for the night. "They wat the grass and they slocken the ewes, an' they're God's wull; auld Davie and the storm-fients are too gude frien's ta be feart o' each ither."

For the first time in his life the piper felt uncertain of his footing, as he clambered to his home on Sgor-na-Strith and listened, with an ear long accustomed to the sound, to the waves breaking on the mighty headlands to the east and

west, and moaning at the base of the adamantine rocks.

"Sic a wild nicht," said the piper as he listened. "God keep the *Kathleen* and breeng my bonnie safe hame!"

There was a strong wind blowing around Crag Ailsa, and the old man's progress was very slow. The cold too was numbing, and there was a strange chill feeling that seemed to creep into his very vitals. Suddenly the prolonged boom of a ship's gun, telling of a vessel in distress, mingled with the voices of the storm.

The piper started.

"It's the *Kathleen*" he cried, "she's lost her way; she's on the rocks," and he sat himself upon a tiny summit behind which was a perpendicular wall of rock; "it's the *Kathleen* an' I canna reach her. Davie's here, my bonnie! he's waiting, he's always waited for ye! can ye hear me, Kathleen?"

He strained his eyes across the foaming waters of the loch.

"Davie'll guide ye hame," he whispered softly, "listen, Kathleen!"

"For the love of heaven, what is that?" cried the captain of the sinking survey ship of the Skye coasts, as a strange sound was borne over the angry waves from the dangerous shore.

There was for an instant silence and in the lull there wafted across the black and turbid waters the piercing notes of the shrill bagpipe, playing "*Kathleen Mavourneen*." Then the pent up fury of the hurricane broke. The air and the waters engaged in a delirious struggle in which the swelling and flinging of the white waves strove for mastery with the roaring winds. The piercing rain came in horizontal masses and every peak of the Cuchullins shrieked with each portentous blast.

* * * * *

Music and musician, craft and crew went out in the darkness, and the human life above and the human life below were swept away in the final crash of the tempest.

Death had been kind to the old piper, and when, after several days, the sun pierced the mist clouds and rendered the ascent of Sgor-na-Strith possible, they found him fallen backward upon the rock, his bagpipe closely clasped upon his heart.



THE NATIONAL GUARD OF ILLINOIS.

BY LIEUTENANT WM. R. HAMILTON, FIFTH ARTILLERY.



IN 1765, the territory now known as the State of Illinois was ceded by France to Great Britain, and in that same year was made a part of the colony of Virginia. In 1787 it was made a county of the Northwest Territory, and in 1800 a county of the Territory of Indiana. In 1809 it became a Territory by itself, and in 1818, with a population of about 52,000, it

became a State, and was admitted into the Union.

In 1848, the constitution adopted when it became a State was superseded by another, and this again by a third in 1870. The population had, meanwhile, increased to about 800,000 in 1848, and to over 2,500,000 in 1870. In 1878 it had mounted up to over 3,000,000, and the law-abiding element had become aware, from many riotous demonstrations, of

the necessity of establishing their militia upon a more modern and sounder standing than the old organizations which had been the vogue since 1818.

The wonderful increase in population had brought with it the many elements that make necessary the exercise of the highest powers of the law through military systems and organization. The present Militia law of the State was, consequently, passed in 1878, and the National Guard placed upon its present status. A number of changes in the law have been since made, but the principal features of it have remained the same.

At the time of the passage of the law there were in the State service only three regiments, badly organized, and a number of independent battalions and separate companies, poorly drilled and worse disciplined. At once, on its passage, what is now known as the First Regiment Infantry, I. N. G., was mustered into the State and became the cornerstone of its magnificent Guard.

I use the word *magnificent* advisedly, for I well know that many of the older, and perhaps finer appearing regiments of the Eastern States believe that the Western States have nothing to compare with them in the way of citizen soldiery. If a word from one who has

BRIG. GEN. H. A.
WHEELER.

freely
and with
out re-
serve.
And so,
right in
the be-
ginning
of this
article,

I say *magnificent* National Guard of Illinois. Like all bodies, there are parts of it very inferior, but there are in it men who, forced to encounter a most unrelenting competition for daily and material prosperity, yet are willing to give up, at a moment's notice, nearly all that life holds dear, and offer to the community their property, their time, their services, and even their lives if necessary, as these men did during the railroad strikes the past summer. They bore uncomplainingly with heroic patience the trials and dangers of a service that all soldiers condemn as the most detested known to mankind—civil war—and to this must be added what the regular soldier alone can so well understand—a military capacity in the execution of the exceptionally hard duty they were called on to perform. Even citizens as well as caviling soldiers admit that the word magnificent is a most fitting one, in speaking of these men.

According to the census of 1890, Illinois had an *unorganized* militia, or men capable of bearing arms, of 853,000, and at the present writing this number is calculated to be about 900,000. The Militia law of the State authorizes a force of 10,221, but of this number only 5,000 are organized into military com-

served with, mingled and had experience with, both Eastern and Western militia, can change such an opinion, it shall be uttered

LT. COL. M. KAVANAGH,
JR.

LT. COL. F. P. WELLS.



COL. G. M. MOULTON.



COL. FREDERICK BENNITT.

the best interests of the line are stunted by the top-heaviness of the staff. In Illinois the general staff consists of one Adjutant-

panies or regiments, and the appropriations are not sufficient to even carry on this number in anything like the way a rich State should provide for its citizen soldiery.

The organized force is divided into three brigades. The First Brigade has its headquarters in Chicago, and consists of the First, Second and Seventh Infantry regiments, Battery "D" of Artillery and two troops of Cavalry. The First Infantry has three battalions of four companies each, the Second has three battalions with three companies each, while the Seventh has two battalions of four companies each. Each of these organizations

have their headquarters in Chicago, and the officers and men belonging to them live in or quite close to that city. Another regiment, the Sixth, has its headquarters in Chicago, but it belongs to the Third Brigade. The Second Brigade, with headquarters in the State Capital, Springfield, has the Fifth and Fourth Infantry regi-

ments and Battery "A" of Artillery. The Third Brigade has the Third and Sixth Infantry regiments. Each regiment, except the Seventh, has three battalions of four companies each, with full regimental and battalion staffs. The authorized

strength of infantry companies, officers and men, is 103, of artillery 110, of cavalry 109.

As usual in most of the State forces,



COL. FRANCIS T. COLBY.

General with rank of Brigadier, one Assistant Adjutant-General with rank of Colonel, one Surgeon-General, one Inspector-General and one Judge-Advocate-General, each with rank of Colonel, *and twenty-two Aides-de-Camp with rank of Colonel.* It is this latter item that is to be condemned; for the preceding officers are but a small number to do the work expected for so large a force. It seems as though in this American

country of ours, where the civilian affects to scorn anything military, he must surround himself with all the gold lace and shoulder straps possible. Some of the Eastern States have a too numerous staff belonging to the Governor, but Illinois is far ahead of New York even in this regard. It is a pity that the law does not require the Governor to pay out of his own pocket for all the officers he appoints on his staff; then, perhaps, the number would be lessened. Each of the three Brigadiers has a staff consisting of one Assistant-Adjutant-General, one Assistant-Inspector-General, one Judge-Advocate,

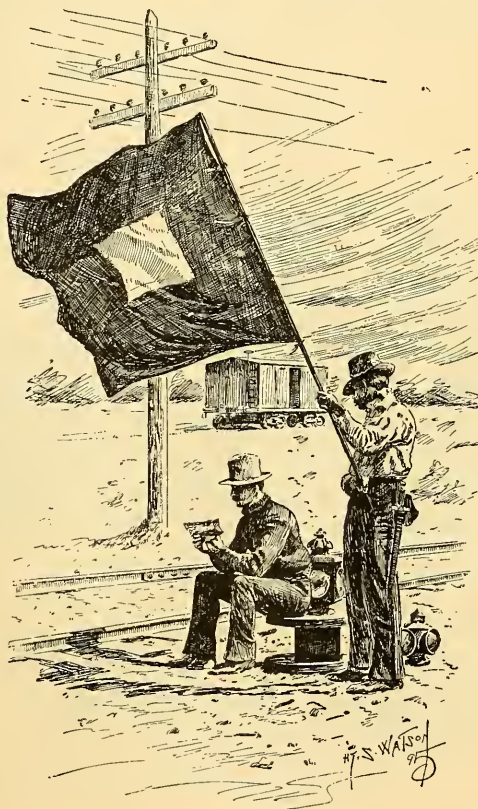
one Inspector of Rifle Practice, each with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; one Surgeon with rank of Major, one Quartermaster, one Commissary, each with rank of Captain, and two Aides-de-Camp with rank of First Lieutenants. The field and staff of the infantry consists of one Colonel, one Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, one Adjutant, one Inspector of Rifle Practice, one Chaplain and one Assistant-Surgeon, each with rank of Captain; one Surgeon with rank of Major and one Quartermaster with rank of First Lieutenant. The non-commissioned staff of each regiment

consists of one Sergeant-Major, one Quartermaster-Sergeant, one Commissary-Sergeant, one Hospital-Steward, one Color-Sergeant, one Ordnance-Sergeant, one Drum-Major and two principal musicians. The general staff is appointed by the Governor, also the Brigadiers. The brigade staffs are appointed by the brigade commanders, the regimental staff by the Colonels. The total strength of the general staff is twenty-

eight; of the three brigade staffs, thirty-three; of the seventy-six infantry companies, four thousand, four hundred and sixty-five; of the two troops of cavalry, one hundred and seventeen; of the two batteries of artillery, one hundred and twenty-seven, making a total organized force of four thousand seven hundred and seventy. To this must be added the Naval Reserve, the story of which has been recently told in the pages of OUTING.

As before stated, the members of the general staff are appointed by the Governor and hold office until removal by court-martial, removal by the Governor

for cause, or by resignation. Their commissions expire when the Governor goes out of office. The same rules hold good for brigade staffs, the members of which are appointed by the brigade commanders. Though the duties of the staff are laid down in the State military code, practically all centers in the Adjutant-General. He and the Assistant-Adjutant-General are the only officers paid a regular salary by the State, and he is therefore Acting Quartermaster and Commissary General as well, and Chief Ordnance Officer of the State. He has a force of clerks in his office, but beyond



SIGNALING.

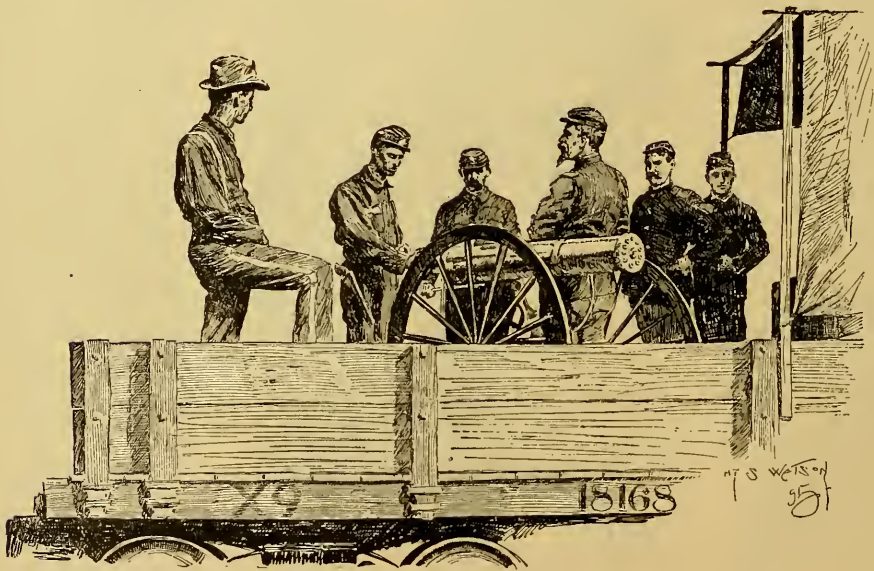
that he is assisted in the discharge of his duties by only one officer in each department, with rank of major. He spends all moneys appropriated for the Guard, on authority of the Governor, issues all general orders, and his entire time is given to the duties of his office. The brigade staff officers belong to their brigades and exercise their functions only when in camp or called into active service.

The present Surgeon-General, Dr. Senn, who by his work before the National Association of National Guard Surgeons, as well as his professional reputation, is well known throughout the Union, has succeeded in putting his department on a better footing, with

by the State code, but most of the regiments train men to the duties appertaining thereto, and especially is this so with the Second Regiment, which has a most complete signal outfit, including heliographs. There are many practical telegraphers and electricians among the men in the regiments, and it would be easy to organize in every regiment a corps fully the equal of any in the country.

Every regiment of Illinois has a bicycle corps under the immediate command of the Adjutant. The work done by some of these corps is superior, in a military sense, to that performed by bicycle corps of Eastern regiments.

The department in which the head is



AN IMPROVED BATTERY.

more thorough system than any other of the Guard. There is no ambulance corps nor are any ambulances owned by the State. The hospital corps of the regiments, through Dr. Senn's efforts, are being put on a better footing, and in the First and Second regiments the medical departments are as good as in any Eastern regiment.

The Judge-Advocate-General does not seem to have anything to do in Illinois, but whether this is because the troops are so good, or because the department functions are practically exercised by the Adjutant-General is not known.

There is no signal corps authorized

brought into more intimate contact with subordinates, is the department of rifle practice. From the report of Lieut. J. D. Baker, U. S. A., on duty with the I. N. G., we quote the following relative to this department.

"The National Guard takes great interest in this branch of instruction and has attained high efficiency therein. In former years very little of this instruction was given at home stations and a great deal during the annual encampments, often at the expense of other and equally as important matters, such as field-training, outpost-duty, etc. This year all the instruction is being given on ranges at or near the home

stations, with satisfactory results. Attempts are being made to impart to the practice a more practical character by the use of moving targets and by combining the extended order drill with skirmish firing. It is probable that, in future, most elementary instruction of this kind will be given on local ranges and only the more advanced instruction at annual encampment, thus allowing more time for other kinds of instruction. The system followed is almost identical with that in use in the United States Army, the only real difference being in method of classification. The text-book used was written by Colonel Rice, General Inspector of Rifle Practice of the State; same in all essentials as United States Firing Regulations, but simpler and more compact."

At most of the home stations, ground has either been donated to or rented by the State for target purposes, and these same grounds are now being also utilized, to a great extent, as drill grounds. The State owns two large target ranges which are also used as camp grounds. That for Chicago troops is Camp Logan, situated near Waukegan, on Lake Michigan, and but a few miles from Fort Sheridan; the other, Camp Lincoln, is near Springfield and is used by the troops of the southern and middle counties. At each of these places the State owns ammunition store-houses, with bench

reloading tools and magazines. The State thus furnishes its troops ammunition at about \$10.50 per thousand. There is kept on hand of rifle and carbine ammunition only about 125,000 rounds, but from its two store-houses the supply could be vastly increased with little delay if necessary.

All stores are purchased by the Adjutant-General, upon approval by the Governor. These purchases are generally made in open market. The Adjutant-General also supervises the pay-

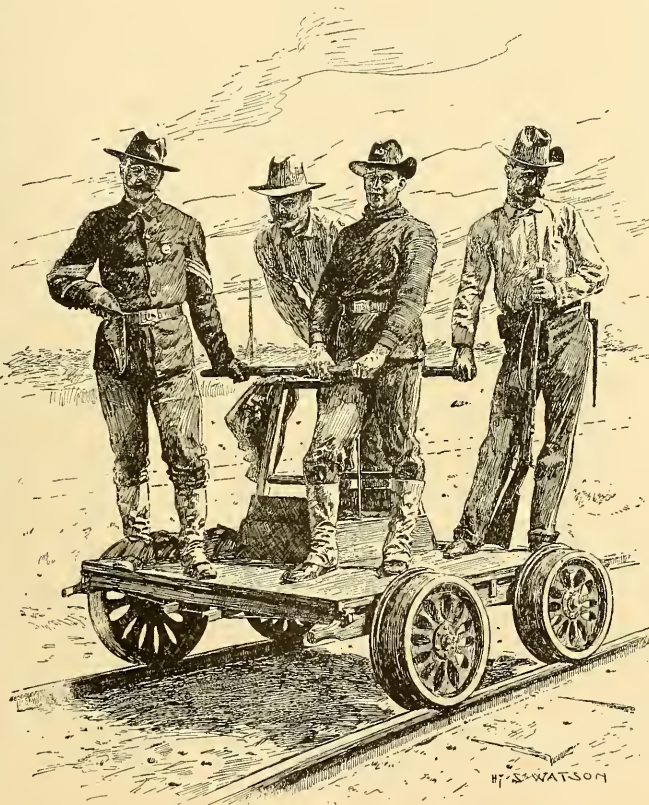
rolls when troops are paid. At annual encampments an allowance of \$1.00 per day is given to each enlisted man and officer, together with transportation and subsistence. On riot duty or to enforce law, men receive \$2.00 per day, while officers receive pay of same grade in the army.

The Adjutant-General formulates all regulations and orders. The code provides regulations similar

to those of the United States Army, and where the code is silent, then Army regulations govern.

To sum up, it may be said that while there is much wanting in the system, the personnel of brigade and regimental staffs is good.

The field officers of regiments are elected to office by the company officers. Company officers are elected for a term of three years. Although the code authorizes the Governor to ap-



OUTPOST DUTY.

point boards of examination for the promotion of officers below the grade of Brigadier, yet the practice has been to make these boards regimental, appointed by the regimental commanders. The Governor can revoke or refuse commission to any officer failing to pass the examination before one of these boards. All troops of the line are uniformed with the undress uniform of same branches of the Army, including leggings, campaign hats, overcoats, etc. This uniform is in fair condition. None has a full-dress uniform except the Second Regiment. Some of the troops have the old dark-blue overcoat, and others the light-blue. None has a suitable field outfit of flannel shirts, canvas uniforms, campaign shoes, etc.

In the matter of equipment and armament, the infantry has the new model Springfield rifle, cal. 45, steel bayonet-sabbard, McKeever cartridge-boxes, haversacks, canteens, knapsacks, etc., the same as in the Army. About one-half has the field cartridge-belt in addition. The equipment is serviceable, but is not so clean or in so good condition as it should be. The cavalry and artillery are both equipped as in the Army, except field belts and farriers' outfits. The artillery does not serve as infantry, as in the Army, and therefore is not equipped as infantry. It is armed, one battery with four twelve pounder brass guns, the other with four 3-inch muzzle-loading rifles, while both have four Gatling guns with limbers. The men carry sabers, but all its drill is practically foot drill, there being no provision made for horses, except when in camp, when they are hired by the State. The cavalry are armed with the cal. 45 Springfield carbine and

United States cavalry saber. Most of the men in the ranks are draymen, teamsters or other men owning their own horses, so that most of their drill is mounted. The State pays a small compensation for the use of the animals. Both artillery and cavalry are deficient in field outfits and equipments.

Very few companies own their own mess outfits, sufficient to take the field with, but the State has an ample supply of cooking ranges and cooking utensils, as well as tents, with which to supply the entire force. In camp, food is furnished by a contractor and cooked by civilian cooks. It consists of the Army ration, with such additions as the contractor is willing to furnish. Two mess tents are provided, one for the men and one for the commissioned officers. In regard to accountability for property issued to them, the same rules apply as in the Army, with the exception that regimental, company, battery and troop commanders, are required to be also bonded officers. Property returns are made yearly to the Adjutant-General.

The personnel of enlisted men in the Illinois National Guard is, if anything, somewhat above that of the Eastern States. They are large, well-formed, and very intelligent, and though lacking the knowledge that comes with much instruction and practice, yet those in service in the recent Chicago riots showed a subordination to discipline and a willingness to perform the most trying and arduous duties, as well as proper conception of the military points of every situation, that proves, if given the time, opportunity and means, they would equal the best of their more showily uniformed brethren in the East.

(To be continued.)



ATHLETIC EXTRAVAGANCE

IN TRAINING, IN PLAYING, AND IN DESCRIBING.

BY WALTER CAMP.

A WORD more regarding football (and incidentally some of our other sports) may well be sped here before leaving it to OUTING's usual retrospect next fall. The American boy and man goes into his sports, heart and soul; sometimes to a degree bordering upon extravagance. A year ago last winter, at a smoke talk before the St. Botolph Club in Boston, I made the statement that our athletics were becoming exaggerated and that the training was being overdone. I suggested, as a movement toward reform, that the captains of the Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Yale football teams come together and discuss a *disarmament plan* in football, to be later followed by some similar efforts in any other sports requiring it. Two things I then proposed, and afterward discussed with Captain Emmons of Harvard and later with Captain Hinkey of Yale. These two things were the shortening of the period and extent of the football work by giving up anything like concerted summer practice, and the curtailment of football work by giving up all morning practice. Neither of these captains seemed violently opposed to such a measure, and I think, had it not been that Captain Emmons considered that he had a green team to develop an arrangement could have been reached. Captain Hinkey finally promised to agree to it, if I could persuade Captain Emmons. In that I failed. Yale did, however, curtail very much the time devoted to practice and, I am convinced, profited thereby.

These are the words I used at that talk at the club, and I feel that the time has come for printing them.

"In our athletics for the last two years the pace has been so accelerated that in another two years we are in danger of seeing it become the pace that kills—the pace that kills all sport. But there is a remedy and one made to our hand. The time is ripe for it, and I sneak from a knowledge of the men

when I say there are men able and I think willing to apply that remedy. It must be by an agreement of captains because, although I am inclined to believe that the team would not suffer but benefit physically from a change in this respect, there is no captain who dares do this as it should be done, unless his rivals do it too. The responsibility appears too great, and, if his experiment turned out an inferior team, he would feel ashamed before his college and convicted of neglect. The ground that I would take is that whether the men are now overtrained or not, if the same increase of time devoted to the sport is continued the games must become unpopular with faculty and parents. President Eliot was right in many of his strictures; Mr. Godkin has hit tender spots in his wholesale crusade; the press of the country has, among many unfounded charges, made some regarding exaggeration that even the most ardent of us who believe in athletics cannot flatly deny. But President Eliot and the faculty, parents and the public would be glad to be forestalled by action among the athletes themselves. The captains have the expert knowledge and should they so desire can check, far more effectively and far more satisfactorily than can any college faculty, tendencies toward exaggeration."

I know, from the personal statement of gentlemen in the faculties of the most prominent universities, that such a move on the part of the captains in any of the sports where the tendency is toward increasing the time and attention devoted to the training would be hailed with the greatest approval and relief. I know that many of the players themselves would welcome the same move. In fact, like a former Harvard oarsman and football player, they feel that the coaches and captains, in their desire to leave nothing undone, have often done altogether too much.

As an example of what may be accomplished by simple agreement between

two captains I want to mention as an instance the base ball series last year between Princeton and Yale. A great many graduates as well as others had talked and written regarding the abuse of the coaching system in base ball, that system where the coaches stand at first or third and, by an almost uninterrupted yelling, endeavor, as it certainly appears, to rattle the pitcher and players of the side in the field. But this agitation not only seemed to do no good, but the season was beginning under even worse prospects than ever before. Captain Case of Yale and Captain McKenzie of Princeton were approached through Yale and Princeton graduates, and they agreed that in the game at New Haven there should be none of this kind of coaching, and the game was entirely free from it. As to the exaggerated cheering that has now reached almost a similar pass: Before the Princeton-Harvard game in New Haven the question was quite widely discussed, and it was the general opinion that Yale ought to remain strictly neutral. But the men who really determined the quality of that neutrality were the athletic men and particularly the captains, and the game was played before an audience which stood by that determination. As a matter of fact the captains are so well recognized, so thoroughly respected, so popular in our universities to-day, that such reforms as these can be brought about by them with almost a minimum of effort, and their successors will be everlastingly grateful.

Ap[ro]pos of this intensity I wish to quote Dr. McKenzie,* a careful observer and a representative of the college which, first, through matches with Harvard, introduced the Americans to our present Rugby football. And what he says of Harvard is equally true of Yale and other colleges, except that last fall Yale, as mentioned earlier, did curtail summer practice and partially dispensed with secret practice.

"To a spectator ignorant of the schemes of play it looks like a series of confused and confusing scrimmages, but really it is the perfection of military discipline and tactics. A man can plan out a game just as Napoleon planned out his

battles with different colored pins stuck in the maps of the battlefield.

"Football was first introduced into Harvard in 1876 and the play was the true Rugby game. Annual matches were played with Yale and also Canadian teams, among others McGill College. On the new soil, and in its new surroundings, it soon felt the influence of the American disdain for tradition and began to modify. The massed scrimmage was the first to go, and as the men spread out, heeling out to the quarter and wing, play began to develop. Then the heeling out, which became a farce, was abandoned, and the ball was now passed out by the centre. The great number of wings were in the way, so that four men were dropped from the forward line, and the team thus reduced to eleven men.

"In 1883 a compromise was made in a Harvard-McGill match by both teams playing thirteen men.

"The next point of importance in the development of the American game took place in 1886, when organized interference became a recognized part of the game. Since then the half-back, who carries the ball, is protected by the forwards who impede and prevent in every possible way their opponents from tackling him. This, of course, involves offside play, and encourages it. One will at once see what opportunity that will give for concerted play and roughness, and in fact this is one of the main causes of the extraordinary importance now placed upon signals without which an American football team would be like a man-of-war without a captain or helmsman.

"These mass and momentum plays have proved dangerous and unsatisfactory, and last year were legislated out of existence.

"The result has been a much faster game, but the roughness against which the new rules were especially directed has if anything increased, and probably the next move will be toward diminishing or abolishing interference. The new rules to encourage kicking have been a great success, and the game has been much faster and more interesting for the spectators.

"If the winning of an intercollegiate contest is to require such secret prepar-

* Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, of McGill College, Canada.

ations as were used by Harvard this year, is it not carrying sport beyond its legitimate bounds? Here is an account of their training for Saturday's game:

"Cambridge, Nov. 13.—Captain Emmons and all the coaches are maintaining the most profound secrecy concerning the practice of the Harvard eleven, and refuse to give out even the line-up of the men. It was announced last week that there would be certain days when the practice would be open, but this statement has now been withdrawn. The reason given is that the team needs every hour left before the Yale game to perfect the new plays which will be used. During the past week the backs have been out for a couple of hours' work nearly every morning. The entire squad is called out at three in the afternoon, when trainer James G. Lathrop takes charge of the men and puts them through a course of his tackling machine. This consists of a leather dummy man, which swings on a rope about twelve feet long. The dummy is somewhat heavier than the ordinary man, and strikes the tackler considerably harder than a runner. The players generally dread this part of the programme, but the playing all through the fall has shown that the tackling department needs brushing up a great deal. While the general defence has worked well, the tackling of the men individually has not been hard or sure. After the tackling the first eleven practices signal for about half an hour and then line up for a sharp practice game with the "scrubs." In the evening the men work at the signals, and listen to the lectures by the coaches for two hours or more. No clew whatever to the nature of the plays that Deland has devised has been given out, but one of the substitutes was heard to say this week that no team in the country was going to keep Harvard from scoring.'

"Pleasure, recreation, and everything else, is sunk in the feverish struggle for victory. Perhaps it could not be otherwise when they do nothing by halves, and where every sport is pushed to its furthest limit by placing a premium on record breaking.

"The game certainly cannot stand as it is at present, when the better a man plays

the more successful is he in breaking the rules, and, what is more important, the more does he violate the spirit of the game.

"No one could see a battle like that of Saturday without admiring the military discipline of the men, the ingenuity and effectiveness of their tactics; but, while recognizing its admitted merits and admiring it as the most scientific football of modern times, is it the ideal toward which the Canadian game should look as a model?

"I think every lover of the spirit as well as the form of Rugby football will be driven to a negative answer.

"Let the rules for next year be more stringent against offside play and interference, for these are the points where the danger and roughness come in. Keep the same number of men, and thus prevent the high degree of specialism that results from a small team. Enforce the proper heeling out of the ball and a great deal will be done toward truly raising the standard of our game."

As to extravagance in description of games, let me quote "Athlon," a prominent writer for the *Era* (one of the strongest Y. M. C. A. papers in the country):

"Even at this late day it is difficult for any fair-minded man, who understands the game and knows the conditions which confront it as an institution, to sit down and attempt to reply to the vicious, unreasonable attitude of the *Evening Post*, without danger of losing his temper and saying severe things unbecoming a gentleman and a christian. When men like Mr. Godkin, Dr. Buckley, *et al.*, launch out and scare half of the best women in America into heart disease or nervous dyspepsia for fear their boys are in imminent danger of their lives from this "form of sportive murder" (as one journal amiably puts it), we are moved to protest in the name of common sense and fair play.

"It would be an impossibility to get at every erroneous conclusion which has been drawn, or all of the untruthful statements have which appeared, but I want to take up some of the most ridiculous and illogical of the one, and the most glaring of the other, in support of the strong utterances of this letter. With-

out further preliminaries, therefore, let us begin, taking first the accounts of the Yale-Harvard game, played on Saturday, the 24th of November:

"Brewer, of the Harvard team, had his leg broken, Wrightington had his collar-bone broken, and Hallowell his nose broken."—(*New York Times*' account.)

"Now, the facts are that Brewer, in practice among his own mates three days before the game, sprained his ankle quite severely, his first real mishap in six years of football; when he went into the Yale game he could scarcely stand, and nothing but his Spartan pluck enabled him to last the ten minutes which elapsed before he limped out of the game, leaning on a comrade's shoulder. His leg wasn't any more broken than mine. Wrightington did not break his collar-bone, but one end of it was very slightly dislocated; it was promptly snapped back into position, and, although lame for a little time, is now all right. Hallowell's nose may have been broken, but just the same he at once resumed practice with his team, and played a fine game against Penn. five days later.

"Murphy, of the Yale team, is reported to have died this evening of concussion of the brain."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*. Nevertheless, Murphy was out bright and early on Monday morning engaged in all of his ordinary pursuits, not a mark of any kind upon his face or head, and that afternoon he played as usual with the team.

"Butterworth's eye is frightfully lacerated. The flesh hung over the optic, creating a painful as well as dangerous wound."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"He must have been healed by a miracle then, for, on Monday morning, when he was standing at the desk in the Murray Hill Hotel lobby, there was not a mark visible of this terrible 'laceration,' and only a slight discoloration, which, before the Princeton game, had entirely disappeared. In that game, only seven days afterward, he played magnificently.

"Jerrems is the man whose injury seems liable to be permanent. The strain to his side resembles a rupture, and the prospects are that his football days are over."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"How shocking! And yet this poor fellow was found the following week practicing with his team, acquitting himself with honor in the Princeton game, one week later, and throwing himself around with astonishing abandon for a man who had been so seriously ruptured.

"These are fair samples of the accuracy of the ordinary press reports; it is on such statements that busy editors and economists build their illogical and unsupportable conclusions, to a few of which we will now pay our respects.

"It is not well to go into heroics over the matter, because that is in itself a species of extravagance, and tends to convey, still further, false impressions. In fact, all these things that lead to distortion ought to have the attention of our captains and players.

"Publicity is a safeguard against many evils, and this has proven true in other things than college athletics. Publicity ought, therefore, to be preserved, but extravagant writing condemned. It is not the fault of the newspaper that extravagance prevails, when the collegian himself sets the example by extravagant language. Things which lead to a too great intensity of feeling previous to the matches should be looked at with a suspicious eye. Secret practice may be necessary, but, as was demonstrated at New Haven last fall, a very little of it will suffice.

"A great deal has been said about the spirit of the games, and it is upon the spirit of the players that we must rely for the proper conduct and salvation of our sports. Winners ought not to exult unduly, nor should the vanquished be too much depressed by their defeat. We take our sports too much to heart. I am a thorough believer in the value of victory and the work which men are willing to do in order to secure it. I do not suppose it would ever be possible for collegians in this country to 'lose with pleasure,' but, after the game is all over, both the victor and the vanquished think too much of it, magnifying the event to such a degree as to make it lose its proper relation to everyday matters."

"Play not for gain, but sport.
Who plays for more than he can lose with pleasure,
Stakes his heart."



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon

CAUGHT ALAS, NOT CATCHING.

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CHESTNUTS WITH A HISTORY.

By Margaret Blagrove Rudd.



WAY up among the Apennines, in the village of C—, stands a poor deformed little house with a decided bulge to its main wall, and innumerable minor curves, convex and concave; a pitiable hunchy and squat affair. Centuries

have rolled over its moss-grown roof, whose single slope droops dejectedly and spreads its rolling surface far beyond the three irregular walls, as though it fain would hide their deformity. As to the dilapidated walls, they would have fallen years ago had they not been of old-fashioned three-foot thickness, and though a layer or two of stone should drop away there is still enough left to insure a reasonable screening from "tramontana" and cold.

Outside of the small green door of this dwelling, one evening in early November, three persons were standing, two combating bravely with large green umbrellas, while the third opened the door. The wind blew in gusts, driving the rain sideways against them, and swaying the umbrellas, but at last they were shut and the three entered the house and banged to and bolted the door. It was not the custom to use the bolt, even at night; but, as they entered, the wind followed in such fury that Olinto, the head of the household, took that precaution.

"Dio mio! What weather!" he exclaimed, setting his dripping umbrella in a corner of the room, regardless of the pool which began to form about it.

Olinto was dripping wet, and so were the others, for they had walked a good three miles in the driving storm. Benedetta, the wife, set her umbrella in another corner, and in short order there was a confluence of rivulets, and quite

a mighty stream sped away unheeded down the curves of the stone-paved floor. She then set down the sack of chestnuts from her head, where it had been balanced for over an hour, in spite of storm and rough roads, removed her outer garments, and shook them till the floor was well sprinkled, and finally hung them on pegs around the walls.

"Art wet, Mario?" said Olinto, laughing. "One umbrella for two is not of much account, eh?"

"Nor is one umbrella for one, in such a storm!" exclaimed Benedetta with spirit, but not ill-humoredly. "Mario!" she continued, "thy young blood will soon grow warm! Do thou light the fire, while we old folks get into dry shoes!"

When the two had gotten themselves into comfortable shape, Olinto brought a broom and gave the river, and the pools which had trickled from beneath windows and door, a general spread, so that the floor presented the appearance of having been washed, and Benedetta commenced preparations for their evening meal.

By this time chestnut logs were crackling and snapping a welcome to the chimney-corner, and Olinto and the boy needed no second invitation to take possession of the benches which stood in opposite corners within the broad open fire-place.

As Mario removed his shoes and socks and held up his feet toward the genial blaze, a smile of contentment settled on his babyish face. Olinto smiled, too, as he sat, with his elbows on his knees, chin resting in hands, and watched his good wife make ready the supper.

"Polenta, eh?" he inquired, as she hung a pot of water over the fire.

"No, Olinto, not this night! Dost expect two dishes? For what, in heaven's name, did I carry that load of chestnuts?"

"Ahi, to be sure! For ballotti! What better?"

And boiled chestnuts it was, without stint, and, as they ate with apparently no limit to their capacity, all three faces beamed contentment in the glow of the firelight. Huddled thus about the chimney-corner, with plenty to eat, they could bid defiance to storm. Let the wind do its worst, let it shake and rattle loose hinges and lock—the bolt was firm!

"Ha, the storm increases!" remarked Olinto.

"All the better for the *raccolta*" (harvesting of the chestnuts), said his wife. "But, Santa Virgine, how it howls!" she added. "One might, indeed, almost imagine it spoke."

"Che diamine! wilt break the bolt?" cried Olinto.

"Surely some one is without!" exclaimed Mario, starting up. "Di certo, I heard a voice!"

A foolish fancy, boy! It is naught but the wind!"

Nevertheless, Benedetta stepped nearer the door and listened, then hurriedly loosening the bolt, she cried, "Misericordia! The signora maestra (school-mistress) in all this storm!"

"The storm were of little account would you permit one to

enter. Wherefore close the door against me? I have knocked and pounded, and have shouted myself hoarse."

"Ah, poverina! Who would have thought to see you on such a night? But come close to the fire and dry yourself." And the housewife bustled about till the visitor was placed as nearly within the fire as she would permit, while all were so profuse with apologies that the cloud which had gathered upon her fair face was quickly dispersed. She was, indeed, very fair as contrasted with her swarthy companions. "A letter!" she said, when she had regained her breath, "A letter from Florence!"

"For us?" "From Silvina?" ex-



MARIO.

claimed the old couple together, eagerly.

"To be sure! What else would bring me out in the storm? But I cannot read in this unsteady light. Mario, fetch a candle, wilt thou, my boy?"

The boy, slow and awkward, stumbled about in the inner room some time ere appearing with a light—the tiniest of antique brass lamps, fed with olive oil—then, as he held it near the signora, she read the following:

"CARA MAMA MIA:

"I hope thou art well, and also the dear babbo, and that the raccolta goes well. It is not possible to write often, because I have no time of my own. I belong now since two months (oh, so long!) to my padrona—is it not true, mama mia? But, though I must work all the time, nevertheless I am just now very happy, because I have received my wages for the two months, two ten-franc bills, for which Gigi (he is the baker) gave me a beautiful twenty-franc gold-piece, and I tied it tight into the corner of my best kerchief and hid it away under my holiday clothes. Oh, truly, it will go far toward my dote (dowry)—is it not so? Gladly would I spend it for what thou and babbo and I need now, but I promised you both, did I not, to save *all* while in service, for the one important purpose. I need much a waist, mine are all worn, and I have no time to keep things in repair with the baby almost always in my arms—even when I eat; and if he sleeps soundly enough to be laid down, why then I must iron or wash dishes. I thought I came as

nursery-maid, but it seems I am almost everything.

"Florence is a fine city, and C—— may not be much in comparison, but it is all the world to me. (Here Olinto rubbed his hand across his blinking eyes, and tried hard to keep back the tears, but come they would, and finally were allowed to roll unheeded down his furrowed cheeks.) I would like so much some chestnuts from our own dear selva (wood or grove). The padrona bought some the other day, but, Dio mio! the *three* I had were not sweet like ours, and think of *three* chestnuts when I have been wont to eat them by the dozen! Many salutations to thee and to caro babbo, also to Elena, to Faustina, to Mario, to Maria lunga (long or tall Mary), to Giulia, to Sofia, and to Poldino.

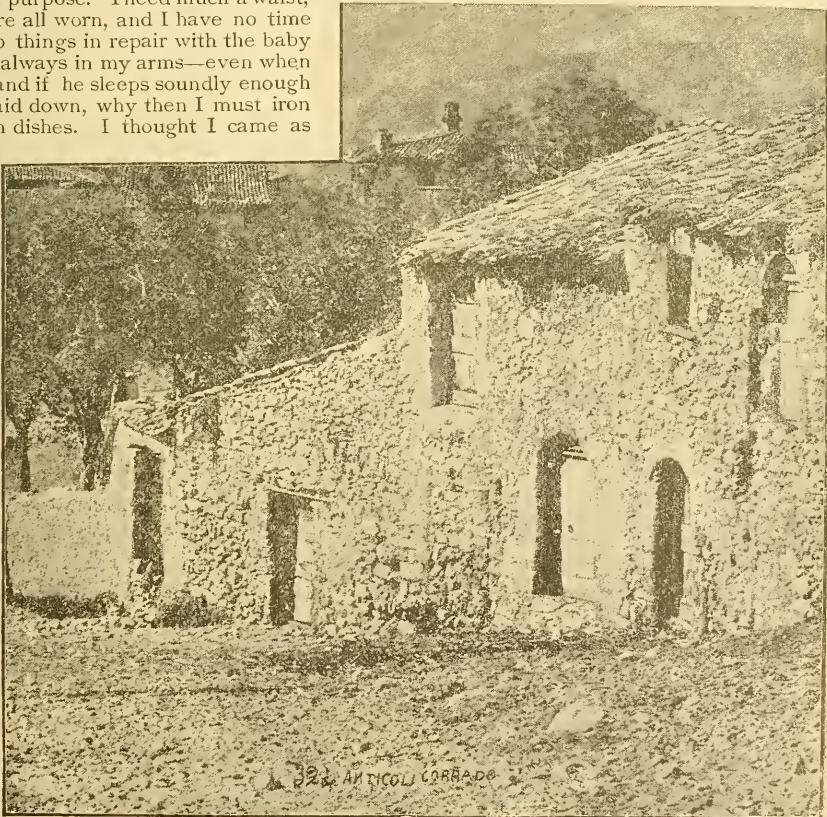
"Thy very affectionate

"SILVINA."

"P. S.—Salute also the dear signora maestra for me."

"And she mentions Poldo, her dear Leopoldo, last, and me in a postscript!" laughed the school-mistress as she re-folded the letter.

Olinto did not trust himself to speak, but drew out a large red handkerchief and carefully wiped his eyes.



"CENTURIES HAVE ROLLED OVER ITS MOSS-GROWN ROOF." (p. 87.)

Benedetta, however, broke forth vehemently, "Ha, the poverina! Not even time to eat in peace! Nursemaid, and doing all the work! And for ten francs a month, when many get fifteen! Ah, Silvina mia! I would not have had thee go into service, even if the wedding must wait the longer!"

Olinto, having calmed himself, turned to the school-mistress and asked:

"What would it cost to send Silvina some chestnuts—eh, signora?"

"Only a half-franc for a three-kilo package," she replied.

The old man looked crestfallen and began to fumble in his pockets and draw forth soldi. Search as he would, however, only a few coppers came to light. "How many hast thou, Benedetta?" he inquired, as he gazed despairingly at his poor showing. The wife shook her head. "Not many have I. To be sure, we might rake together enough to send the nuts, but—how about the waist? How buy stuff? And the poor dear all in rags!"

The old man sighed for answer, then murmured tenderly: "My poor little angel!"

"Listen!" said the school-mistress. "I have been thinking." And, indeed, she had appeared in deep thought. "Listen! Long have I intended to write to Silvia, asking her to buy me some winter things. Now I think of it, it will be necessary to send certain samples for her to match. So do thou, Olinto, make up a packet of chestnuts and I will send all together. And—yes, to be sure—my old brown tricot waist, if I put it in repair, might serve her a good turn. I will have it in order by to-morrow evening; so see that thou bring the nuts."

Then, scarce giving them time to thank her, the fair angel of mercy vanished.

As her house was a prop and stay to their abode, so she herself was their mainstay in ways manifold. To her the old couple turned for advice in any emergency, more especially since bereft of their only child during the two months past, and the maestra came briskly to the rescue when such an enigmatical affair as a letter came.

Silvia was able to write, being of a more privileged generation than her

parents, and she addressed her missives to the school-mistress, knowing that no one at her home could decipher them.

Next morning, before day, Olinto, Benedetta and Mario had taken their breakfast of 'muddy coffee and black bread, and, with the first glimmer of light, were on their way to the selva. It was wet and chilly and dreary enough, though the rain had ceased. They walked briskly, and by the time the light was sufficient they were ready to begin gathering. Each had donned a canvas apron, doubled up so as to form a huge pocket, and each carried a small wooden rake and a large wooden mallet. Armed with these they could defy dead leaves and closed burrs to keep the treasure hidden.

"Per bacco! That wind last night was scarce worth a cent!" Such was Olinto's verdict after he had worked a full half-hour.

"True! It played the devil with the leaves, more is the pity! but the burrs have held on!" responded the wife, as she tossed rifts of dank foliage about.

"Poor pickings! And what work to find them!" This remark came from further up the steep.

Husband and wife were apt to keep within hailing distance, but Mario's way was to crawl over the rough hill-side, picking up what came easily to hand, seldom troubling himself to pound open a burr or rake aside leaves.

"Where is that blessed boy? The snail! He eats more than he brings in! His stomach must be of rubber!"

Both laughed heartily at this pleasantry of Olinto's.

They could afford to make merry over Mario's failings (this season at least), for the trees were loaded with nuts, and the flour which would later be turned out at the mill would more than supply their table with chestnut purée and necci (flat cakes baked between stones) during the winter.

"Dost remember, Benedetta, when we ate the last necci?"

"To be sure! The flour gave out in March, and a sorry time we had till the garden came to the rescue."

"Yes, yes; a bad year it was truly! No wonder Silvina decided to earn her own outfit and dote. She was like to wait a long time else." And Olinto drew

a deep sigh. Then he called to his wife, who had started up hill, "This way, Benedetta, I want thy help! The wind played such tricks, flinging leaves and letting the burrs cling that I shall have to climb the tree. I thought to find the ground strewn with nuts."

"But up at the top of the hill, Olinto, where the trees are more exposed, we will find plenty."

"Not fit for Silvina! The best nuts grow in shelter at the base of the hill. Dost not remember her favorite tree, Benedetta, the largest and lowest down? Come, and do thou gather as I shake them loose. We will soon have what will make her happy—more than three, eh?" and the wood resounded with their merriment.

It took Olinto some time to climb near enough the burry tree-top to shake the clingers loose. When, finally, they began to fall he called out cheerily, "Pick out the best! Nice plump outside ones—no squeezed, flattened middle nuts for Silvina! Ahi, now I have hit it there comes a splendid big burr—a tremendous fine fellow, look Benedetta!" Aye truly, and so tremendous that it came through the branches with a crash which startled a cry from the expectant wife.

Before it reached the ground she had rushed toward it as though to catch it on the wing—fortunately for her, she was too late.

"Santissima Vergine, Madre di Dio! My poor Olinto!" was all she could say, as, leaning over the prostrate heap, she burst into a loud wailing.

Presently Olinto opened his eyes and began to groan, and Benedetta, raising hers to heaven, cried "God be praised—he is not dead!"

Mario, far up the hill, hearing sounds of distress started down the steep in a marvelously quick manner, for him, and arriving on the scene was dispatched to the village for aid.

An hour later strong peasants lifted the suffering Olinto on to an improvised litter (the door of the metallo) and bore him as gently as the rough way would permit down to his home, where the doctor awaited his arrival.

That evening, as Olinto lay in his bed in the inner room, with the door ajar, his wife busy preparing supper, and the boy in the chimney-corner dozing

calmly, the school-mistress came in. No bolt impeded her way, and she had fluttered in and out all that day on her various errands of mercy. She had assisted the doctor set broken bones, she had made a strong broth for the patient, she had done up a package which should bring cheer to the heart of a homesick maiden, and now, as she entered, she waved aloft something white which caused Benedetta to exclaim, "But Silvina wrote only yesterday!"

"It is not Silvina's handwriting!" said the school-mistress, as she broke the seal. An expression of deep concern settled on her face as she read:

"FLORENCE, NOV. —

"To Olinto and Benedetta T.—

"Send Silvia back at once. It was all a mistake. Let things go on as though nothing had happened.

"TERESA M.—"

For a moment all were dumb with amazement.

The silence was broken by a hearty masculine voice, which called cheerfully as the door was opened, "Olà, friends! I hear you get letters every evening—and the little false one has not written me in a fortnight!" But the tone was changed at sight of the solemn faces, and he added hastily:

"What has happened? Where is Olinto?"

"Hast heard naught, Poldo? How Olinto fell?" asked the maestra, while Benedetta broke in excitedly. "Yes, gathering nuts for Silvina! And, now they are sent, we hear *she* is not there to receive them! Merciful God, what can it all mean?"

"Silvina not *there*! Where is she, then—not here, surely?" And the young man looked keenly about him, half expecting the girl was in hiding, even pushing open the door into the next room, where the sight of the sufferer took his thoughts from his sweet-heart for the moment.

By the time he had interviewed Olinto, and read the enigmatical letter, his fresh young face, too, had become clouded.

"Diavolo!" he cried angrily, "they have accused Silvina of some vile deed, of which she could never be capable—and, it is plain enough, she has run away—she will be home"—his face

brightened momentarily, but the cloud settled again as he studied the date, "but—where, in heaven's name, can she have been all this time? Why, she has had time to *walk* from Florence—and, surely, she would take the train as far as Pistoia!"

"Yes, truly!" said Benedetta, "even though she had to break her twenty-franc gold-piece."

After pondering a moment, Leopoldo sprang to his feet with "Mille diavoli! I would start this minute in search of her were I my own master. But I promised my padrone to be on hand early—there is that cursed old pig of his to kill at day-break—ah, but I will dispatch the beast in a hurry!—and be off for Florence—even if I have to run away! You will see me again before the sun is here. Addio—and coraggio!"

With the first gray of dawn, and with strict injunctions should he meet Silvia not to mention the accident, Mario was dispatched to the selva. "Shouldst gather for *three* this day," said his aunt; "however, if all is well after the doctor has been here, I may keep thee company a while. If I come not, Mario, keep the fire brisk, and at noon boil some chestnuts."

The sun was still behind the mountain, though it was near nine o'clock, when Leopoldo looked in at the cottage. "Silvina not come?" he said, "well, then, I am off! You may look for me to-morrow by dark—that is, if I do not meet her as I go down the mountain. But, mind you, if I go to Florence I have a score to settle!" and there was a dangerous gleam in his black eyes.

Poldo, the eagle-eyed, gazed intently before him as his long limbs carried him rapidly toward the valley. When he reached the railroad, he had scarce the patience to wait for the late afternoon train, and he was in a very perturbed state of mind ere, after many delays, he stood at the entrance to the apartment of Silvia's padrona in Florence.

Admitted to the presence of the Signora M—, he controlled his desire to begin violently, and, drawing himself up, demanded with dignity an account of the trouble with Silvia.

"Oh, so you come from that foolish girl! Perhaps she has returned—is outside, eh? Let her come in—all shall be as though nothing had occurred!"

"She is not with me! I know naught of her—save that she has done no wrong. Be so kind, signora, as to inform me of the affair!"

"What! Did she not go home? Why, a package has just come—I supposed it something she had forgotten in the hurry of obeying my call. Strange! where can she be?" and the lady looked grave.

"But, for the love of heaven, tell me! What did you do? Why did she leave? I insist that you tell me, signora!"

Poldo's tone was firm but respectful; it were not politic to anger the lady as yet.

"Oh, it was a mere trifle. A gold-piece missed—found hidden away carefully among Silvia's things—and naturally supposed the missing one. She started off like a shot—foolish girl! Had she waited—why, the money was found, just after, in my street-dress pocket. Why, indeed, should I imagine she had gold, when I had just paid her wages in paper?"

Poldo was furious ere she finished—she spoke slowly with affected languor—so furious that, when she ceased, he dared not trust himself to speak.

"Do not distress yourself, young man! You are her lover, I presume. Silvia will surely turn up—and, as she suits me fairly well, you may tell her to return—all will be forgiven."

"Eternal God! But all will not be forgiven—and Silvia shall never return!" As he paused the signora waved her hand gently, saying: "Do not get excited over a trifle, I beg!"

"A *trifle*!" he exclaimed with warmth, then checking himself, said: "Be so kind as to give me Silvia's things—I will carry them to her home!"

"Certainly! It will, indeed, be as well that I seek a maid with more sense." And the unperturbed signora called the cook and bade her do up Silvia's few belongings. It took but a few moments to accomplish the feat, an apron serving as wrapper, and that, and the post package, were shouldered by Leopoldo.



Painted for OUTING by H. W. Van Deusen.

“HENCEFORTH THOU ART QUIT OF SERVICE.” (p. 95.)

"Oh, by the way, young man, the girl's gold-piece—here it is!"

"And *that* you took from her? And she had no money? Diamine, no wonder she had not reached home when I left!" Without so much as an "Addio" he turned on his heel and vanished.

* * * * *

Mario, toward ten that morning, was munching chestnuts diligently at the very top of the selva—his favorite part in spite of the climb, for there the nuts fell more freely—when he was hailed by some one far below, and presently he recognized Silvia.

"Come down here at once, thou lazy boy! I am too tired to climb further," she called good-naturedly; "or else go quickly and find babbo and mama, and tell them I have come!" Mario obeyed the first command, though but leisurely, taking time on the way to consider what he should say—and to sample fine specimens as well. "Is babbo up at the metalo? And where shall I find mama mia? Is she around the bend, eh, Mario?" No answer received, Silvia exclaimed in disgust, "Deh! what a dumb snail!" When, finally, the boy drew near all he could say was, "They had somewhat to do down yonder!"

"At home? What could keep them from the raccolta?" And receiving no reply, Silvia started down the hill. She stopped a moment beneath her favorite tree and, looking it over, said, "The raccolta goes slowly. The nuts do not fall—more than enough to keep busy thy jaws, so one can get no word from thee—is it not true, Mario?" and laughing gayly she added, "Look how the burrs cling to my tree here."

"Corpo di bacco! but some fell yesterday—one mighty big fellow, too!" But Silvia was leaping down the terraced hill-side and paid no heed to his words.

When she entered the house it appeared deserted, Benedetta having gone to the village square for water. "Silvina mia! Thank God thou hast come!" Then for the first she spied her father in bed. "Babbo, what is it? Oh, babbo mio, art ill?"

Olinto tried to speak jocosely. "Only a little trouble, Silvina." She knelt beside him, caressing him, and he went on playfully, "Only a few ribs broken—and an arm—and a collar-bone, my

angel—that is all. I tried to make my form as humpy as that of our poor old house—but the doctor thinks I will straighten out in time." He tried to raise himself to return Silvia's embrace, but fell back with a groan.

When she had calmed down she related her adventures, how, when unjustly accused, she had fled with no thought but to get home to her babbo, her mama, and her dear C——, which included Poldo, of course; how she had walked all the way, and by parting with apron and kerchief had procured bread and two night's cheap lodging.

It was neither late nor dark the following afternoon, although the sun had long been lost behind the imposing "Piastra," when Silvia, springing up from her seat beside babbo's bed, and, tying a kerchief over her head, said: "Wilt spare me an hour—eh, babbo? I go now to meet Poldo."

"Ma che! A wild goose chase, Silvina. How knowest thou when he will come? Mayest have to walk to Pistoria."

"No, no, babbo! I know—Poldo had to lodge in Florence last night and take the train this morning—the slow train—and so he is now not much further up the mountain than San M——."

Without waiting for further remonstrance she left the old man alone. She had calculated accurately, for scarce half an hour later at a turn in the road she came face to face with her lover. "Silvina!" "Poldino!" And, greetings over, the maiden relieved her swain of part of his burden.

"My chestnuts!" she exclaimed, as she balanced the package deftly on her head; then, hand-in-hand, they ascended the hill, chattering like magpies.

"But how, in the name of all the saints, didst cut me by yesterday, Silvina?" asked Poldo, after the main facts had been learned. "Why I turned off by the Madonna bridge and went to seek babbo and mama up at the selva."

"And Olinto—how is he?"

"More comfortable, thank God! But ah, so much suffering, and all because of these chestnuts! Poor babbino!"

"And so! Didst lodge me, Silvina—and send me clear down to Florence to bring *them* back to thee, eh? Per bacco! it is thy last chance to play such tricks. Thou wilt not be let free again."

And he made her captive with his arm, a performance which tended little toward steadying her package of nuts. "And look here! the first and last earnings." So saying he handed her the gold-piece, adding, "Henceforth thou art quit of service—save what thy lord and master may choose to exact!"

"No, no, Poldo! this will buy no outfit."

"The evil one take the outfit—and I will take thee, and just as thou art," and he looked her over with admiring eyes. This maiden with the firm step and free swing of body, the clear, bright eyes and cheeks all aglow, she was indeed fair to behold.

"My hut on the height is less malformed than that of thy babbo—if only we can

make up our minds to settle thus high above the chestnut line—and truly my half of the farm produce will give us better fare than thy everlasting 'neci.'"

Poldo had a will of his own, as well as a taking way with him, which was hard to resist. Silvia pleaded this, that and the other, and urged that a year's wages would fit her out amply—if she could make up her mind to forego a dowry. But pleading was all in vain, and when they entered the kitchen Leopoldo startled the old couple with the announcement that the banns would be

published forthwith and the wedding take place in three weeks.

They being more amenable to reason than their daughter had been, the conquering hero gave forth command boldly: "Undo thy bundle, *Silvina mia*, bring the padella and I will roast thee 'chestnuts with a history,' gathered by most worthy Olinto at risk of his life to

do honor to this auspicious reunion."

"No, no; tegliate are more of a treat, Poldo!" And this time the bride-elect had her way. The padella was restored to its corner, and presently he, Silvia and Benedetta were shelling chestnuts.

Three weeks proved quite sufficient for Silvia to make a new dress and what few other



OLINTO.

things the gold-piece could furnish, and Poldo declared it all-too-long for completing his intended improvements.

The crowning event was when, in addition to Benedetta's gift of homespun linen, Olinto, not yet able to rise from his bed, presented his daughter with a dowry of eighty francs.

"Put it in the bank, against a rainy day, *Silvina mia cara*," he said earnestly, as he kissed her blooming cheeks. "I collected pay in advance for what chestnut flour we will not need ourselves this winter. God bless thee, *Silvina mia*, and thy good Poldo too!"



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

"IN SPITE OF HIS WONDERFUL LEAPS THE SPEED OF CASTOR AND POLLUX BEGAN
TO TELL ON HIM." (p. 98.)

A KANGAROO HUNT.

By R. Menckton-Dene.



IN the summer, not many years ago, we took a "mob" of cattle from a place called Geraldton to a station on the Murchison river, in Western Australia. Cattle are often driven there immense distances, months being sometimes spent upon the journey. They are usually in large herds called "mobs," in charge of a "drover" who is assisted by a staff of stock-riders. The cattle move at the rate of about six miles a day, browsing as they go, and are camped at night, with relays of watches, till daybreak.

On the occasion of which I speak, I traveled with two old and tried friends. Henry Harte the man in charge of the "mob," was a gigantic, sinewy Queenslander, generous of heart if uncouth in manners, whose rugged life had been spent in the solitudes of the bush. The other, Francis Lyndon, was a handsome athletic young Englishman who had drifted to Australia in search of fortune. I had been associated with these men in different parts of Australia in several adventurous projects. We had a joint ownership in eight hundred head of the "mob" we were taking to the Murch-

ison, and expected to net a very handsome profit.

Nothing beyond an occasional stampede occurred to break the tranquillity of the journey, and in due time we arrived safely at our destination, and turned the cattle over to the squatter. He took a fancy to us and pressed us with open-hearted colonial hospitality, to make his house our home for three months, an invitation we gladly accepted, as the neighborhood afforded the prospect of plenty of sport.

The station extended over an area of five hundred square miles, and the house beautifully situated near the brow of a slight acclivity, was a fine specimen of the station homesteads of the wealthier colonists. Long French windows opened out, from delightfully cool and tastefully furnished rooms, on to a broad verandah with latticed pillars embowered in a trellis work of richly flowering creepers, whose luxuriant foliage provided a cool and grateful shade from the fierce heat of the mid-day sun. From this leafy retreat one obtained a view of great extent, and of singular interest and beauty. A parklike expanse, dotted here and there with clumps of myall and sandalwood, sloped gently down to a dark-green belt of timber a mile or so away, which marked the sinuous course of the Murchison, and far beyond rose the blue peak of Mount Gould and the bald summits of the Kimberley Ranges.

The squatter took care that the time did not hang heavily on our hands. We spent our days in gunning expeditions to the thick scrub in search of the succulent *wongawonga* and the wary bustard, in excursions to the reedy bottoms of the Murchison after snipe and duck, and in exhilarating gallops across the open country in pursuit of kangaroo, or wallaby.

And when the time came to take our leave from this hospitable roof, the squatter got up for our final amusement a kangaroo drive, in which all the station hands took part. At an early hour in the morning the hands assembled at the head station—bronzed, bearded fellows in broad-brimmed hats, red shirts,

and moleskin trousers—superb horsemen these hardy bushmen—cracking jokes and stock-whips simultaneously. Lyndon and I were mounted on two of the squatter's horses and Harte bestrode his sixteen hand "Waler" with that ease and grace which only those whose lives are spent in the saddle acquire.

A couple of huge kangaroo-dogs—Castor and Pollux—careered madly to and fro, snapping at each other in canine playfulness, at times giving utterance to deep-toned barks sonorous as the baying of a bloodhound,

At last the squatter appeared, followed by his daughter, who, like all Australian ladies bred in the bush, was a fearless and accomplished horsewoman. We rode away for the blue line of the ranges in the distance. On through stretches of grassy plain, and patches of open forest where gigantic white gums towered to the sky; past clumps of fragrant myall, and belts of dense scrub, until we reached a patch of open country near the river where the squatter told us we might expect to find our quarry. For some time we saw no sign of kangaroo and were beginning to think ourselves out of luck, when, on topping a low ridge we surprised a herd of five, quietly browsing. There were four does and an immense "old man" who looked a perfect giant as he stood erect upon his haunches. He was some fifty yards nearer to us than his consorts, and as the dogs caught sight of him first, they made in his direction at once, heading him off from the dense scrub on our right in which the does speedily found shelter.

Then followed a helter-skelter ride through thicket and open timber, across strips of treacherous shifting sand, and patches of thick high grass which concealed the inequalities of the ground, thereby causing not a few minor mishaps. Up dry pebbly watercourses and down stony slopes we clattered at headlong speed, the "old man" keeping well ahead with tremendous bounds, and the dogs racing close together in his wake. We skirted along the base of a low ridge and entered a belt of open timber, crashing through the tangled undergrowth, ducking to avoid such branches as were perilously low,

and taking the trunks of huge fallen trees in our stride. Then came a piece of open country on the farther side of which stretched a line of dense scrub. If the "old man" could only make this he was safe.

But the open country was entirely free from grass and in spite of his wonderful leaps the speed of Castor and Pollux began to tell. Just when the pace was hottest my horse stumbled in a wombat's burrow and came heavily to the ground, pitching me clean over his head. From this point I was a spectator of, rather than a participator in the sport, though I followed behind at a slow gallop.

I could not help contrasting the odd appearance of the red-shirted bushmen scattered over the plain, shouting, coo-ee-ing, and cracking their long stock-whips, with the familiar hunting scenes to which I have been accustomed in England, and I felt bound to admit that, apart from the novelty of the sport, the zest imparted by the hazard of a head-long gallop through such rough country, made kangaroo hunting even more exciting and enjoyable than fox hunting.

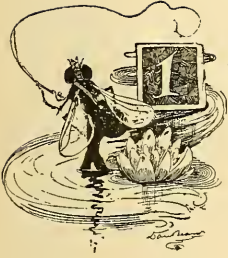
The old man struggled gamely on, but the scrub was too far away. A couple of hundred yards from its friendly shelter he turned and placed his back to a huge conical anthill. The dog Castor, who was in the lead, jumped for his throat, but was hurled yelping to the ground, his belly gashed open with one blow of the old man's formidable claws. But Pollux was at hand to avenge his brother, and ere the gallant old man could repeat the blow he was pulled to earth, and Harte, arriving at that moment, jumped from his horse and administered the *coup de grace* with a blow between the eyes.

"Six feet two from snout to rump" said Harte as I rode up, "and the biggest old man I ever stuck up."

"Twenty-five minutes from start to finish," said the squatter to me. "I reckon that is as good as your Leicestershire time, isn't it? And across such country! You can say what you please about your fox-hunting and your big fences, but for real excitement and genuine hard riding, I don't believe there's anything to beat sticking up an "old man."

AFTER TROUT IN IRELAND.

By P. C.



T was not my ideal fishing morning by reason of more than one drawback, but I had left the West Highlands and having sacrificed myself thus far to the expectation of good speckled trout fishing in the south of Ireland, I was not to be deterred from seeking my pleasure because the first morning was not what I could have wished. The expectation had been nourished during the rail journey down from the old city of Cork, by the sight of a very fine river contiguous to the railway for a considerable distance.

Bantry is an old town enriched by prodigal nature, and nature here deserves admiration. It is by rail three hours ride from Cork and by tally-ho coach one hour from Glengariffe. Numerous lakes in the vicinity teemed with speckled trout, but dry weather had prevailed for eight weeks, and the absence of any wind on the first morning after my arrival, gave me little hope for a good day's sport.

I had as my companion the veteran angler of the parish, a man well advanced in years with quick merry eye and genial face. It did not take long for me to discover that he held my tackle in a sort of good-natured contempt, and this did not please me at first. As we walked out of the quiet sleepy hollow in which the town is built he carefully went through my fly book selecting the colors which he thought would take on such a day. "But we will not know" he said, "till we get to the lakeside the exact style to use. I listened with keen interest to his discourse on monthly flies, and particularly when he said the angler's non-success is often due to the fact that sufficient care is not exercised in the imitation of the natural fly. He told me he always tied his own flies, and frequently did it on the river bank on finding that the fish did not rise to the

colors in his book. "Do not call yourself an angler till you are able to do this," he remarked laughingly as we emerged from the belt of wood lying between Reendonégan Lake and the country road.

The water was as calm as a sheet of glass; not a breath of wind disturbed its surface; the brilliant sun made it shine like a mirror; in short it was a fine day for many things, but not for trout. "*Imitation* of the natural fly will not do on such water as this," said my companion; "we must have the *natural* fly." Usually the angler for speckled trout chooses the side of the lake from which the wind is wafting the natural flies on to the water. The fish congregate on that side, but the imitation of tinsel, of feather and hook, will be in but little demand if there is not some wind to ruffle the water and so cover the cloven hoof, so to speak, of the bait.

The fish were jumping at the natural flies quite close to the shore, keeping up almost a continual splashing. It would have been waste of time to put on a casting line. I had recourse to the natural fly suggested by my companion, simply because I had no suggestion myself to make. I felt like watching his success and the masterly haste which a bold water hen was making in the direction of a bank of tall reeds on the opposite shore. He chose two casting lines of extreme fineness and delicacy of coloring and invited me to have one. There was but one small hook at the end, and upon this he put a grasshopper, attaching it at the base of the wings so that the insect looked in no way crushed or injured. A clump of hazels grew nearby on a small eminence everhanging the water. The foliage threw a dark shadow on the deep pool beneath so that the shadow of the angler or of the rod could not be thrown upon the water. This was the place at which we tried the experiment of fishing with the natural fly. It will, I am sure, be new to many readers, and I may for that

reason be pardoned when I enter into the matter minutely. My companion directed me to cast the fly on the over-shadowed water, not in the style one whips a river, but with as much lightness as I could obtain, so that the grasshopper only and no portion of the line would fall on the water. Following his example I did this, and the spring of the rod jumped the insect around so that even the angler could imagine that the fly had fallen into the water and was struggling to get out.

Soon I was fast in a large trout which gave excellent play. Before I had landed it, my friend also had a successful rise. We took six trout out of that pool, each weighing about three pounds. We fished on our way home a large river which flowed through the meadows about a quarter mile distant from this lake and had fair success; but before going on let me say that on the lakes in the vicinity I have had some of the most enjoyable sport that I have ever experienced. The fish have a beautiful color on being taken from the water, the sides being marked with golden-red spots. Before and after cooking the color of the fish is red like the salmon, and this red color is not always of a uniform shade. They are much more delicious than any river trout I have ever caught, and the picturesque scenery along the rivers in this part of the south of Ireland will recompense the angler for the disappointment in the contents of his basket.

On the first day we fished at a fall where the water tumbling for "a thousand years" over an elevation of some forty or fifty feet has worn the overhanging rock into many fantastic shapes and projections. The river had receded during the dry season, and from the gravelly bed I was able to climb to the top of the rocks by jumping over some of the channels through which the lessened body of water flowed to fall in several cascades to the deep pool below. The rocks were slippery and it was risky climbing. I took my rod and for the novelty of the idea fished from this picturesque height. I had a natural fly and succeeded in hooking a trout which I played for a couple of minutes at the end of a line sixty feet in length. When the fish was thoroughly tired out

I easily landed it on the gravelly bank below the fall, and while I held the rod the friend who accompanied me descended and unhooked the catch. I mention this to show that the natural fly is the most successful bait that the angler can use when the artificial fly will not take.

There is nothing in it unsportsmanlike, in fact there is in my opinion more art in it than in angling with flies purchased in the city, and which rural trout may object to. It may not be new to some readers, and those to whom it will be new may perchance compare it to fishing with a worm and a string as in the pre-Walton period. There is no similarity whatever. If a fish wants to rise to a natural fly it will do so the moment the fly touches the water. The main difficulty will be found in properly attaching the fly to the hook. I will try it on Canadian rivers, and I look forward to good enjoyment from its success. The sportsmen on the Metapedia may smile at the modest assumption of the fellow who seeks out a mountain lake in Ireland where he may indulge his taste for the gentlest of all outdoor exercises. But fascination takes many forms, and the bracing walk to lake or river in the early morning under an Irish sky will be remembered by me till I seek its delicacy again. An incident which will remain fresh for years I experienced a few days since returning from the river bank, which I had followed for half a dozen miles or more. The evening was sultry, and the level rays of a red sunset striking on my face made me think of the miles I had to walk, and of the dinner to which I would bring a keen appetite. I was thirsty and not a little fatigued. I happened on a farm house from which two young girls were bearing earthen pans of cream to a dairy house adjoining. I think I would have asked for their hospitality, but it was extended even before I could put my intention into words. They laid down their pans and waited till I approached near enough, when one of the girls invited me to have a "basin of sweet milk." I don't remember to have ever drunk of any cup with greater pleasure. One need feel no surprise at such hospitality as this in Ireland. It is a custom of the country.



A MAY-DAY'S CANOEING.

By Florence E. Wilkes.

ON the first of May a disreputable looking party of six boarded the morning train at Brantford for the north. A casual observer might have supposed them to be a party of emigrants; but anyone who watched the care with which they superintended the loading of three taut little basswood canoes in the baggage-car, or the equal care they bestowed upon sundry overladen hampers, would have guessed rightly that they were canoeists off for a cruise. Besides this, the three feminines carried paddles, not that there was the slightest necessity for so doing; they could just as well, and a great deal better, have been packed in the canoes, but, as one of the bearers remarked: "They will explain our appearance."

There is not a prettier, merrier river in North America than the winding frolicsome Grand, which is one long series of swirling rapids from its source to its mouth. Rising in the north of the Ontario peninsula, it rushes headlong down a descent of some six hundred feet ere it finally mingles its waters with Lake Erie. Between the towns of Galt

and Brantford gallop some thirty-five miles of rapids, that follow each other in breathless haste, shouting their stories of unwary canoeists and wrecked canoes. Thanks to their madcap haste, the run can be made between these two points in a few hours.

By eleven o'clock the train had puffed into Galt, and fifteen minutes later the *Nora* ("Snorah" the boys irreverently called her), the *Little Tycoon* and the *Pé De Que* were slipping rapidly past the outskirts of the quaint old town, that presently gave place to substantial farm-houses, amid their undulating fields of tender, varying green and newly turned rich, brown earth; past orchards, pink and white with peach and cherry blossoms, succeeded by forest primeval, where rugged oaks waved their yet gaunt and naked branches among the bursting leaves of beeches and elms, the red maple buds and perfumed blossoms of the wild plum.

A few miles of placid and shallow water, scarcely deep enough to float our light crafts, through one or two minor rapids that dash their spray in our faces, and presently we descry on the left bank

the stone mill that proclaims the presence of Glenmorris village and dam. Even now, a quarter of a mile away, the thunder of the falling water breaks on our ears. The *Nora*, which was leading, paddled into shore, and the commodore, leaping out, ran along the bank, searching for the best channel in the broken dam, alike the most hazardous and most gloriously exciting "run" on the river. "Follow me," he shouts, springing into his canoe. A wild rush of irresistible waters sweeps her onward. With a sudden plunge she disappears, only to reappear cutting through the great waves that toss her about like a cork and break in clouds of spray over her bow. With a wild mingling of terror and delight, that finds vent in a quavering cheer, I see beneath our bow the surging, shining hill of water; below, black curling waves tossing their white caps defiantly at us. In obedience to previous orders from the stern, I cease paddling, and, laying my paddle athwart the gunwales, lean steadily on it. Down, down we rush, burying our bow in the foam. A dash of cold water in my face, another, that drenches me from head to

heel, the staunch little Peterborough quivers, topples, rights herself, and "Now paddle, paddle like blazes!" shouts the stern. This is beyond me, but I paddle the best I can, and swinging suddenly to the left, we skim past the jagged boulder that waits its prey at the foot of the fall and bring up beside the *Nora* in the comparatively still water beyond. "Well done, *Pc De Que*," and "Well done, *Nora*," and "Well done, *Little Tycoon*," we all shout, as the latter brings up beside us in fine style. Somewhat draggled in appearance, but happy and triumphant, we head for the nearest bank.

The trickling of a spring reminds us that we are not only thirsty, but hungry as well; so drift-wood is collected, and ere long a huge bonfire is roaring and crackling to leeward of an upturned stump. A tin pail of water swings over it from a tipsy-looking rod; baskets are unpacked, a table-cloth (rare luxury on a canoe cruise) spread beneath a group of blossoming hawthorn trees, a motley collection of odd cups and plates is produced, and the ale is put to cool in a hollow the boys scoop out beneath the spring. Man is a thirsty animal, but for that reason he does not despise eating, neither do we. The baskets are repacked (there is little left to pack but dishes), and once more the canoes are launched and, with a lingering look at the dying camp-fire, we push off into mid-stream again.

Before us is a chain of eleven rapids, covering some seven miles in length, with scarcely breathing space between. Already we hear their mad music. Louder and louder their wild laughter sounds. One after the other the canoes are caught in their boisterous play, buffeted like corks and drenched with spray, are hurled onward down the winding glistening river that slants before, dodging here a boulder and there a treacherous shoal, till at last, spray soaked, excited and happy, we once more float into quiet water only a couple of miles above the town of Paris, where an unrunable dam obliges us to portage. Here we hoist sail and skim silently through the pretty town.

For myself, I disapprove of canoe sailing; in fact, I do more, but, being only a woman, my limited vocabulary



"DOWN, DOWN WE RUSH."

gives me no scope to express my sentiments. It is all glorious for the stern, and sweetly reposeful for the bow, should they two be "strangers yet." Then the canoe is run ashore, the polite and agile young man springs out, hoists sail, arranges a luxuriant pile of cushions whereon the fair one may recline, while she watches the graceful youth skillfully manage sail and paddle; but woe unto the unfortunate who is upon terms of

sail don't both drop overboard, the musty, mildewed thing is at length hoisted and she huddles herself in the bottom of the canoe for a well-earned rest, which is broken every minute by a yell of "Duck your head," which she does, unless she wishes to be decapitated.

With wind and current both in our favor we sight Brantford and our last portage in sixty-five minutes, and Paris is twelve miles in the rear. The early



A WELCOME REST.

intimacy with the man bent on sailing. Then she grasps the heavy mast and, kneeling upright, lunges at the inadequate-looking hole prepared for its reception, under a running fire of such remarks as "Don't lurch, do you want an upset?" "Are you ever going to step that mast?" and the omnipresent small boy jeers from overhead bridges, and from the bank.

In spite of which remarks and her own fears of a ducking, the mast at length is stepped and, lifting the sail (a lateen) by the poles and leaning far back, she dabs wildly at the top of the mast. More encouragement from the surrounding audience and deeper sarcasm from the rear, but, if she and the

twilight is fast gathering as we hastily portage and reshuffle for the last three miles of our voyage. The river here makes a wide detour before our boat-house is reached. It is full of unsuspected shoals and boulders and requires careful steering. Several times we scrape, as in the uncertain light we miss the channel, and finally, with an ominous "Scrunch," we ground fast in the midst of a rapid.

"Hold her off that boulder to the left," shouts the stern, backing water with might and main. I brace my paddle against the boulder towards which the current is rushing us. With all my strength I push; in vain; with a crash we are broadside on the rock, and splash

I go over the side, my right arm up to the shoulder in water. The remainder of me is in the canoe, but so is the river, and, as there is no help for it, we step solemnly out and wade to shore at the imminent risk of finding the fugitive channel, which may or may not be deep. The *Nora* and *Little Tycoon* come nobly to our assistance and help fish out the floating cushions and kit, upset the waterlogged canoe, and offer unlimited "fire-water."

"It isn't the k-k-k-cold," I stutter, gulping down undiluted whiskey, my dripping garments clinging to me. "It's the d-d-d-disgrace of an upset." A full chorus disclaim at this thought. But

pleasure has fled. No amount of spiritual consolation, either within or without, can blot out the ignominy of that upset. Night is fast gathering as we mournfully follow in the wake of the procession. With joy we hail the gleam of the city lights and the uncertain lantern at the club-house door. In a remarkably short space of time the *Pe De Que* is upside down on her rack, a pool of water on the floor beneath testifying to her sorrow at the day's mishap, and two canoeists are skurrying up the back streets, the swish swash of their water soaked garments alone breaking the silence that has fallen upon them.



HIAWATHA.

AS I read the golden pages
Of the poet's mystic story,
Read the love of Hiawatha,
Read of gentle Minnehaha,
All the turmoil of the city,
All the wrangling sound of voices
Die away to distant murmurs,
Like the babbling of the trout-brook,
Or the sighing of the hemlock
In the dim-lit virgin forest.

And a picture comes before me,
Lighted by the woodland sunshine,
Softened by the woodland shadow,
All the air is sweetly laden
With the odors of the spruces,
All the azure of the heavens
Hidden by the stately cedars.

Such a place loved Hiawatha,
Loved to lie beneath the branches,
Listen to the sighing forest,
Thinking, dreaming Minnehaha !

Through the vistas of the tree-trunks
Looked the stag in silent wonder,
Gazed the black bear from his covert
At the stately Hiawatha
Standing by the rushing brooklet,
Thinking, dreaming Minnehaha.

Then I close those noble pages,
Put my book and dreaming from me;
But through all my daily labor,
All pervading, ever present,
Is the odor of the spruces,
Is the perfume of the pine-tree.

CHARLES ARCHIBALD GOODWIN.

A FISHING TRAMP IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Benjamin Rush.



Most of the people of the Northern States the mountain region of North Carolina is as a sealed book. Until recently facilities for travel have been crude and limited, and the public roads are but little better than cattle trails. Hence few tourists have penetrated the picturesque wilds of a region which embraces some of the loftiest mountains east of the Rockies.

The scenery of this delightful wilderness is always varied and always pleasing. In early summer the forest extends far as eye can see, forming huge billows of richest green. Laurels and snowy azaleas show masses of lovely bloom, and the mountain air is laden with a delicious fragrance which startles the senses of a weary Northern man. But the landscape is not all forests and flowers. Gaunt rocks and towering cliffs guard smiling valleys and shadow rushing, foaming torrents. Civilization has set her seal upon many of the most accessible and fertile spots, so that one may tramp from fire to farm, from camp to caravansary, and find the comforts of home or of modern hotel fringing the forest primeval. In time the laughter and song of summer tourists will echo from misty peak and shadowy wood and mingle with the cadence of every fall; but that day is not yet. Nature has intrenched herself in a favorite stronghold, which is not to be easily stormed by the butterfly hosts of fashion.

Up in the gaps between the mountains are many cool, sparkling streams, nearly all of which contain almost countless numbers of speckled trout. Especially is this true of a network of brooks in the eastern part of Jackson County, which I visited with a friend for our first trial of these waters.

The journey was uninteresting until we reached the summit of "Old Bald," 5,786 feet above the sea. There we

enjoyed one of the most glorious views of the entire region. We could see the peaks of the Blue Ridge forty miles away to the east and northeast of us, and the intervening country was one vast expanse of lofty peaks, narrow valleys and deep gaps. Most of the mountains in that vast expanse are wooded to their summits, and the fresh green of the trees, the dark lines of laurels, rhododendrons and hemlocks along the gaps, and the lofty peaks of the Richland balsams to the north of us, made up one of the most beautiful sights I had ever beheld. No signs of a human habitation in any direction—it looked as though the foot of the white man had never trod those wilds.

We followed old Bald Ridge along a well-beaten trail upon its summit for nearly three miles. The ridge is covered with a carpet of the greenest grass, white honeysuckles and red clover, which make the richest pasturage in the world for cattle and horses. That ridge resembles a well-kept park more than anything else. Beautiful, wide-spreading oaks and beeches are scattered about, looking as though they had been planted by some careful landscape gardener, and we half expected to see some fine country house peeping from one of the stately groves. But we were in the wilderness, where bears, wolves and wildcats dwell.

Near the east end of the ridge we laid down upon the grass, ate our lunch and watched the ever changing shadows as they swept over the mountains below. After an hour so spent, we set out to find our way down to Caney Fork, the stream we were going to fish. We knew it was in one of the gaps below us, but were not quite sure which one, and as we did not know whether we could find a cabin to spend the night in, we were anxious to catch some trout for our supper and to prepare a place for sleeping. We discovered a little trail which seemed to lead down the mountain, but after following it a short distance it disappeared, and, being unable to find any other, we struck out for ourselves,

knowing that any stream we might find would, in the end, lead us to the Tuckasugu River, of which the Caney is a branch. After descending about two thousand feet we came to a long, dark line of rhododendrons, and heard the roar of a waterfall—pleasant pledge of trout for supper.

The rhododendron thicket was almost impenetrable, but after one or two attempts, we reached the water. The bushes overhung the stream, and the only way was to wade in and fish from the rocks. The stream was but a few yards wide, very rocky, and after a few minutes we found that there were but very few fish in it. We waded down stream for an hour or more, but we could not find any path leading out of the thicket, and it is not very safe to attempt finding one's way out without a trail to follow. At last we came to the edge of a steep fall, about eighty feet in height; the water plunged down upon big boulders, and we could see no way out of our difficulty except to go with the water. The probable result of such a tumble did not appeal to us, so I pulled off coat and shoes and climbed a small hemlock to take an observation. I thought I could see a slight trail along the opposite side of the brook. It proved to be a hog path, and by it we commenced the descent. It was rather close work, but we at last reached a large flat rock, about half way down the fall.

Will was ahead, and when he stepped upon the rock he called out for me to come on. I was coming on as fast as I could, and told him to go ahead and I would follow. Well, he did go ahead. He stepped off the rock upon another one which looked safe enough, but as he planted both feet upon it, it slipped and he took a header for the bottom of the ledge, fully forty feet below. It was very laughable to see him going down that fall, but I was pretty badly frightened at first, and did not have time to think of laughing at him. I followed him as rapidly as I could, without going as he did, and when I reached the bottom he was just crawling out of a big pool. He was very wet and considerably shaken up, had a few bruises on his legs, and was using some rather expressive words.

After he had rested we commenced casting our flies again. I used a plain cinnamon-colored hackle with red body for my lower fly, and a gray-winged blue-bodied coachman for an upper one. Will was not very skillful with the fly, and used a plain hook with "stick bait." He went on ahead and I followed, about one hundred yards behind him. The trout took both stick bait and flies pretty well, but we caught none above seven or eight inches in length. The work was not very satisfactory, but we wanted fish for our supper and were not very particular about size, provided we could get enough of them. We fished for about an hour, and upon counting up our catch found that we had upward of thirty.

It was then about six o'clock; we were in a deep, dark wood with no signs of a cabin near us, and we did not care to sleep in such a place without some kind of a shelter. We went hunting for a cave or a big rock to cover us for the night, but after an hour's search we could find none. Just as Will had picked out a smooth, clean place by the side of a fallen chestnut tree, where we could build our fire and cook our fish and bacon, I caught sight of a rail-fence. I mounted it and saw a broad path, with sled or wheel tracks in it. It was a very welcome sight. I called Will, telling him to let the fire go and come on. I knew there must be a cabin not far away, and after about ten minutes walk down the path, just as rain commenced falling, we reached a gate, on the other side of which was a large, comfortable log cabin. A man who was sitting on the porch bade us to enter, and we obeyed him with pleasure. We were very tired, a little wet and very hungry.

Will is a native mountaineer, so I left it to him to arrange for our food and lodging. The good woman of the house took our trout, and after we had rested about half an hour supper was announced. That supper table was a splendid one to behold; it was a homely table and there was not much in the way of linen, finedishes or silverware upon it; in fact, I do not think there were cups and saucers enough to go round. I had one and I believe Will did; several of the people used tin cups, and I think I

saw one glass tumbler. The knives and forks were a mixed lot, but there were "heaps" of corn-bread, big dishes filled with the whitest and mealiest potatoes, and our trout, a big tin pan full of them, with others, caught by some of our host's boys that afternoon.

When we opened our eyes next morning the sun was casting its rays over the mountains, and the fragrance of coffee was wafted to our nostrils. Two of the boys had been out to the big brook, a fork of the Caney, and had caught enough trout for our breakfast while we were sleeping. They assured us that we should catch "right smart" of fish if rain held off through the day.

We started out at eight o'clock, one of the boys with me, bound down stream, one with Will to fish up the same stream, and two others to fish two other creeks near by. The average width of the stream that we fished was about twenty yards. It is one of the most perfect trout streams I have ever seen—full of dark, deep pools, and long, deep ripples, where trout delight to lie. The stream, for two miles after it passes the clearing where we spent the night traverses an open wood, very easy to get through. There are very few thickets, but many high falls, as the stream falls five hundred feet in its course through the woods. Unlike most streams in the mountains, it can be fished mainly from its banks.

We followed it down for nearly two miles, taking about forty fish. The water was rather dirty, and my companion seemed to think that our sport was not up to the average.

At noon I pulled out a chunk of corn-bread and a cold fried trout and took lunch while fishing. While I was eating the last of the trout I came to a long, deep pool with a dead maple lying in the middle of it. The branches of the tree formed a dangerous network, in which was just the place for a big trout to hide. I crawled up and leaned upon a big rock that overhung the pool, and cast from near its foot. There was a rise and a splash,

and in a moment I had hooked a beauty—a good half-pounder. I landed him and in a moment he was in my basket. The next cast I hooked two and soon landed them. I worked that pool for about twenty minutes, and the result was seventeen trout. One was ten inches in length and two others weighed not less than half a pound each, while the rest ranged from five to eight inches in length. From that pool down into the long clearing (about half a mile) fish took the fly greedily, and by two o'clock my basket was full.

Rain then commenced falling; there was heavy thunder and vivid flashes of lightning at short intervals, and the trout ceased feeding. We sought shelter in an old cabin near by and waited an hour till the rain stopped; then we took the trail for home. The other fellows had come in before us. The result of their efforts was about one hundred and fifty, but their fish were smaller than ours.

Will and I were well pleased with the day's sport. We had all the trout we wanted; and, as the next day would be Saturday, we decided to start early in the morning and make the hardest part of our ten-mile journey while the day was cool.

We had more trout for supper and breakfast; and then, bidding our kind host, his good wife, seven sons and three daughters good-bye, we took our traps and started for home. The sun was shining brightly and gave promise of a hot day later on. We had a big mountain to climb and descend (Deep Gap Bald, about 6,500 feet in height), and when we reached its summit at eleven o'clock we were about as warm as mortals can be and live. After resting and cooling off we plunged down into Deep Gap, and after a tiresome tramp of four hours we reached the top of Westner Bald, near the end of our journey.

I had carried twelve pounds of dressed trout upon my shoulder all day. Will had about the same load, and we were both tired out, yet more than satisfied with the results of our outing.



OLD UNCLE VANDERVEER.

By Edgar Pawcett.



Nan old-fashioned house not far from that part of Second Avenue which divides the two quiet old parks known vaguely and perhaps incorrectly as Stuyvesant Square, a young man and a man well past fifty sat talking together.

The room had massive mahogany doors, and a big marble chimney-place stained somewhat yellow, and a tarnished chandelier pendant from the centre of its sallow-tinted ceiling, and in one corner a great hair-cloth sofa whose glazed surface shone like black ice. But here and there gleamed modern and cheerful touches. Three or four pretty Oriental rugs were scattered about the rather shabby ingrain carpet, and from the table near which the older man was seated (a table half-filled, by the way, with current reviews and magazines, not to speak of a few paper novels and books of a more solid seeming) rose a really modish reading-lamp, with a shade of dark crimson silk, fringed along its circular edge.

The older man sat in an easy-chair, slowly polishing with his handkerchief a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. His legs were crossed, and they were thin and spare, like all the rest of his tall, angular frame. But although his face was serious and rather deeply lined, it was by no means forbidding or ungenial. You would simply have said of him, seated there in his quiet garb, with his well-poised head, gray locks, and sparse, feathery, whitish side-whiskers, that he was a person who had renounced all the gay pleasures of life while still retaining not a few of its more placid enjoyments.

The younger man (whose name was Lawrence Vanderveer Watts, and who was the nephew of his present host, Mr. Lawrence Vanderveer) wore a dreary look that ill became the bloomy tints of his youthful face. He had let his fine,

athletic frame droop loungingly in his chair, as though he thought the times out of joint and felt like physically following their example.

"So you won't help me, Uncle?" he muttered, sadly though not sullenly. "You won't give me a pull, so to speak?"

"One would suppose I'd never done any kind of pulling for you till now, Larry," came the answer, blent with a mildly sarcastic smile.

"No, indeed!" And Larry Watts jumped up from his chair. "You've been one of the best friends that ever breathed! Such uncles as you don't grow on bushes; the woods are *not* full of them, I can tell you!"

"Thanks," replied Mr. Vanderveer, in his placid way. "It's no doubt an immense modern kind of compliment to tell me that I don't grow on bushes and that the woods are not full of me."

"Oh, Uncle. It was only—"

"Slang, I suppose, Larry. Very picturesque, too, no doubt, very *fin de siècle*, as they say nowadays."

Larry, still looking sombre, and with hands in both pockets, murmured somewhat vaguely:

"How well you pronounce French, Uncle."

Mr. Vanderveer scowled a little, but his eyes had a tell-tale amiable twinkle as he replaced upon them his clean-polished glasses.

"I spoke French, you young scamp, at the Court of Napoleon III. before you were born. I spoke it, too, once or twice, with that lovely blonde creature, the Empress, I'd have you to understand, and she paid me the courtesy of not giggling at my accent, either."

This was said in a jocosé, reminiscent, yet composed way.

"Oh, by Jove!" blurted out Lawrence, in forlornly genial tones, "as if everybody didn't know you'd been no end of a howling swell in your day."

"In my day! H—m; that means my day is over. Well, I imagine it is. All I'm fit for now is to go to the Century Club every other night, plod three or four miles each afternoon to keep my digestion in order, and spoil my eyes

over the enormous lot of trash that's being printed as entertaining reading."

There was a pause. Then Lawrence, looking very earnestly at his uncle, said:

"Not a bit of it. You've lots of friends; you're the kindest and best of gentlemen in all this town, and more people know it—more among the deserv- ing poor, I mean—than your warm- est admirers have ever thought to count. And your goodness to me, Uncle—I'd be the meanest chap going if I didn't recognize and treasure that. You got me into one of the best banking houses in the country three months after I'd left college—"

"And where, by the way, you've done remarkably well."

"Where I fell into horrid debt three years ago, if you please, through my silly dissipations."

"Oh, you've reformed since then, Larry."

"Reformed—yes. But who made me reform? You, with your help and your generosity? Who's giving me the four thousand a year that, added to my salary from Erskine Brothers, lets me live like a gentleman? And now—"

Here Larry, with both hands thrust into the pockets of his evening trousers, and with his curly head drooped, began to pace, at a kind of desperate, plunging gait, the floor of the spacious, ill-lit, dim-cornered room.

"And now?" repeated Mr. Vander- veer, calmly rising. He opened one of the books on his table and slowly turned its pages. "And now?" he again re- peated, as though he were reading something aloud from the printed lines below him.

Larry wheeled about and faced his kinsman. He spoke with a kind of plaintive fierceness.

"Here's Beatrice Carrington, as sweet a girl as ever was, whom I wish to marry and settle down with and be awfully happy with, and you refuse us the little box of a house that I want somewhere in a side street, and the few extra thousands a year needed to set things going. It's too bad," pursued Larry, "too bad!" And then, with a hint of the most stoic martyrdom, he added: "But I don't complain. What right have I to do anything more than grin and bear it? The bearing isn't

easy, but the grinning comes ever so much harder. I suppose it all amounts to this—we must wait. We must wait, I mean, till I've scraped enough dollars together for the beginning of what they call an establishment."

Here followed a long silence. It was so long that poor Larry wondered whether his uncle, still standing and gazing down at the open book, meant to give him any response whatever. But at last Mr. Vanderveer slowly raised his head and spoke:

"Lawrence," he said, "you tell me that Miss Carrington is a very nice girl, and I don't doubt you're quite right. I never knew any young woman bearing her name whom such a definition would not suit. Her mother was a Carrington, you know. She was a very nice girl. She married her second cousin, Leroy Carrington, for money. He lost all, by the way, through his failure in '72, and afterward left her a widow with a relatively trifling fortune. Her two sisters (very 'nice girls,' also), both jilted men they were in love with to marry men who were rich. Peace rest them! We used to call them in my young, dandy days, 'Slippery Sarah' and 'Judicious Jane.' But they were not the only worldlings of their race. Schuyler Car- rington, their cousin, literally sold him- self to an elderly lady who had three hundred thousand dollars (a large fort- une in New York thirty years ago), and led her such a doleful life that she divorced him four or five years later. *His* sister, Emily Carrington—But I need not go on. The entire family have long been celebrated for their bloodless marriages."

"And you think my Beatrice *could* have any such motive!" broke hotly from Larry. "Oh, *Uncle!* Why, where on earth could such a motive *come* from? The thought that you might die and leave me a pile of money? But you're good for twenty years yet, even if you don't will every dime you've got to charities—and God knows it would be far better if you did!"

Larry's flushed face looked very hand- some, now, as he spoke on, straight from an honest heart, which all the guile he had yet rubbed against had never really stained or harmed.

"That my Beatrice should count on

dead men's shoes! Oh, Uncle, if you knew her! Well, I won't say another word." He walked to one of the doors and caught its knob. "Good evening. Let the whole affair be forgotten—please do. I'm awfully fond of you, as you know. You've been father, mother, brother, sister, *everything* to me! I'll turn up in a day or two, and we'll be just as great chums as ever, I hope. Good evening."

"Good evening," said Mr. Vanderveer, still scanning the lamp-lit pages of the open book.

A door clanged with a distant but distinct sound. Larry was gone. Mr. Vanderveer reseated himself. He began to ruminate.

"What a brute I feel like!" he said to himself. "Larry talks of my generosity. Here I am, with three millions of dollars, and what do I give *him* out of the huge yearly income that flows from them? Never mind my secret charities; what do I give him? The merest *bagatelle*, and he knows it! And yet, though he's the only near relation I have in the world, he's never grumbled, he's never demanded, he's never been anything except the dear, sweet-tempered boy that he is. Heaven knows, I'd let him have forty thousand a year to-morrow if I cared for him less than I do; if I hadn't seen the devilish evil that money can work with a lad of his youth, inexperience and random sort of temperament. And now he comes to me, wanting to marry that girl. That girl of all girls! Not that she may not be sweet, and pretty and graceful; not that she isn't the sort of match that I'd like for him as far as name and place go! But then, she's a Carrington, and never have I known a Carrington yet, man or woman, that wasn't mercenary to the core!"

Two hours later, while Larry was playing billiards at the Knickerbocker Club, and getting badly beaten for the third time by an adversary whom he knew he could "wipe the floor with," as he himself would have expressed it, if only his nerves were not all jarred and tingling, a servant handed him a short note from his Uncle Vanderveer.

In less than a quarter of an hour Larry had himself rattled in a cab down to the old Vanderveer mansion. His

face was beaming as he seized his uncle's hand.

"You've relented, then!" he exclaimed. "I—I somehow felt you would!"

"I've done nothing of the sort," said Mr. Vanderveer dryly. "Re-read my note if you think otherwise."

"But you said in it," stammered Larry, aghast, "that—"

"I would reconsider matters, provided you would agree to a certain plan, a certain proposition."

"Of course," replied Larry, looking dubiously crestfallen. "And the plan, the proposition, as I took it, was to leave off something that I liked and that was expensive, such as billiards, or even smoking, or—"

"Not a bit of it, my boy. Listen and I'll tell you just what I meant. If the idea displeases you, well and good; we need say no more about it."

After that Mr. Vanderveer talked on for some time in his easy, collected way. Larry listened with growing intentness. At length he exclaimed, with great ardor:

"Be it as you please, Uncle! I know she'll stand the test! And I promise perfect secrecy; I promise it on my word of honor!" Then he looked steadily at his uncle for a moment, and burst into a high, breezy laugh.

"Oh, what larks! It's—it's like a comedy at a theatre. So you'll pay your devotions! *Really*, you will? and Larry leaned back in his chair, convulsed with mirth.

Mr. Vanderveer coughed a little uneasily. "Perhaps I'm not quite such an old fossil as you think, Larry," he said. "Perhaps I shan't cut quite so queer a figure as you fancy."

"A fossil! You!" cried Larry. "Why, not a bit of it. You'll be *grand seigneur* to your finger-tips, dear Uncle; you're that everywhere."

"Thanks."

"But what makes me laugh, don't you know, is your attitude of a suitor toward—"

"Yes, I perceive; you find it ridiculous. So it is, no doubt. But I promise you the masquerade shall not last long. Your suspense will soon be over. The season has begun, and I'll flash

across its sky as a very transient kind of meteor, I assure you. I haven't been out in society for ages, as you know ; but I'll try not to make myself a scarecrow there."

"You couldn't be one anywhere," affirmed Larry, in a very sobered voice, "no matter how hard you *might* try !"

An evening or two later Mr. Vanderveer said to his old friend Peter Van Styne, at the Century Club :

"You're bringing out your youngest daughter this year, are you not ?"

"Yes," said Van Styne. "It's a horrible bore. Her mother goes with her to most of these infernal balls. But I sometimes have to turn up at them, more's the pity." And Van Styne ruffled his gray-dappled beard pensively.

"Are you going to the next Patriarchs' Ball ?" asked Mr. Vanderveer.

"Yes, I suppose so. They'll drag me there, most probably."

"Are you a Patriarch yourself, by the way ?"

"I ? no ; no. I hate all that flummery nowadays. I leave it to my eldest son-in-law, Charlton Chandler. He's right in the swim."

"Oh, yes ; I see. Do you think he would spare me a card for the next Patriarchs' ? I'd like to go."

"You, Lawrence ?" cried his friend in amazement. "You don't mean to say—"

"Beg pardon ;" murmured Mr. Vanderveer, with a faint, polite smile. "If it will be the slightest inconvenience to either yourself or Chandler, I shall greatly regret the liberty I've taken."

"Inconvenience !" cordially scoffed Van Styne. "My dear fellow, it will be a delight and an honor to both of us ! Of course Charly has an extra card for *you*. So you really think you'll dip into the fashionable frivolities once again ? What a welcome you'll get ! You'll find lots of feminine friends glad to greet you."

"Yes," nodded Mr. Vanderveer, looking fixedly at the cigar which he held between thumb and forefinger ; "lots of feminine friends, Van Styne, as you say. Most of those, I fear, will have wrinkles enough to tax all my arts of diplomacy in endeavoring to behave as if I didn't see them."

"Why the devil, then," thought Van

Styne, "do you bother yourself with going out again ?" And he told himself what fun it would be to talk with his wife, when he got home from the club that evening, about this new "society fad" of Lawrence Vanderveer's.

But, aloud, he was profuse in his expressions of approval. "By Jove, Lawrence, there'd be plenty of pretty faces without the ghost of a wrinkle that would beam on you if you'd only let them ! When a man like yourself chooses to marry a little late in life he's only to lift his finger. I recollect when you carried everthing before you here in this very town ; and if you're on the shelf now it's only because you took the fancy to lay *yourself* there. I'll wager there isn't a girl among the best sets here who wouldn't snap at you to-morrow if you showed your intentions were serious."

"Yes, Van Styne ? How about your own youngest daughter ?"

The late speaker gave a start at this cool question. "Pauline ?" he almost stammered. "Oh, I—I wasn't thinking of *her*, don't you know ?" By Jove, that's just like your ancient way of taking a man up, Vanderveer, when he happened to tread ever so slightly on your toes ! Pauline, now, is a girl of—er—peculiar views. She doesn't like—"

Elderly suitors, with weatherbeaten craniums and precarious whiskers. I understand perfectly. But don't be alarmed ; I'm not going to ask her to marry me."

"Confound you !" retorted Van Styne, with tart jocoseness, "if you're sensitive about your age that isn't my fault."

"I'm not sensitive about my age," said Mr. Vanderveer. "But I should think any young girl to whom I was fool enough to offer myself ought to be sensitive about it—very."

That same evening, a few hours later, Beatrice Carrington returned home with her mother from a fashionable dance. Larry Watts had been there, and although he had not been her partner in the cotillon he had sat next her, and they had danced together as often as they could mutually manage. She felt happy at having seen him and talked with him, and this happiness made her

pure-cut, dimpled face even fairer than was its wont.

She and her mother had paused in the sitting-room of their small basement house before going up to bed. The night outside was chilly, and in the carriage it had been sharply cold. Here in the little red-walled room there was a crackling soft-coal fire. Beatrice put one dainty white-shod foot on the fender and stared down into the variant yellow blaze. Her pearly cloak dropped from about her shoulders just as a tidy little maid in a cap and big white apron slipped up behind her and caught it. The maid had already taken Mrs. Carrington's wraps and was holding them in a fluffy bulge over one arm. When she had gone away with her burden, Mrs. Carrington said :

"I noticed that you scarcely spoke to Buckland Messerole, my dear, although you danced the cotillon with him. Didn't you think him agreeable?"

"Rather, Mamma. Only—"

"Lawrence Watts was on your other side; I know." Here Mrs. Carrington gave her slim-necked blond head a melancholy droop. She was a woman who had been just as graceful and rose-tinted in her day as her daughter, Beatrice. But now her figure had lost some of its best lines, and her face, once firmly oval, had sagged and faded. "It does seem to me," she went on, rather querulously, "that this semi-engagement between you and Lawrence Watts (for I'm certain that's just what it is) has very little but air-castles behind it."

"Air-castles, Mamma?"

"How can anyone tell if his uncle, Lawrence Vanderveer, will do a thing for him?" pursued Mrs. Carrington in plaintive undertone. "And if he doesn't, Bea, this marriage will be miserable for you both."

"It could not be miserable for us, mother, if we starved!" And she set her young, soft face in lines of ungentle decision.

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Carrington, with a slight staccato cough; "if you put it *that* way I've nothing to answer. But frankly, Bea, I *did* want you to make a brilliant match. So few of our family have ever *really* done it. And it means so much after the first bloom of sentiment wears off. Ah, you smile

your obstinate little smile, but the first bloom of sentiment, my dear, isn't half so durable as you think. And as for myself, you *know* how devotedly fond of you I am. But then our gowns this year and last year have cost *so* much! And living in New York is so expensive now. Bringing you out, with carriage-hire and all that, not to speak of gowns at *all*, has made dreadful inroads. And you remember about the mortgage on this house, pretty and comfortable as it strikes everyone. I sometimes shudder, Bea, when I think of bills that are sure to come in and torment us during the next three months. They say Buckland Messerole has a million in his own right. Of course I *detest* mercenary marriages; all our family *have* detested them. I should so hate to have you think me cold-blooded, my dear, about your future happiness! It would break my heart to *dream* that you thought me so. But only three days ago you told me that Lawrence Watts was very uncertain about his uncle's attitude toward him. Has he—now, please be quite frank with me, dear—has he had the least reason, of late, to—to alter this belief?"

"None that I know of," murmured Beatrice, while she still stared at the sportive, ebullient fire.

"I *thought* not," returned Mrs. Carrington, with a great start, half rising from the easy-chair into which she had thrown herself, and then sinking back among its cushioned receptivities. "Now, Bea," she went on, "please listen to something I heard this evening. It's about Buckland Messerole, and it came to me with an immense directness. It came in fact, from his own sister, Mrs. Lexington Laight. She told me, in the greatest confidence, that her brother *dots* on you."

"Really?"

"And, more than this, that he feels repelled by you. Are you listening, Bea? Somehow you look as if you were *not*."

"Yes, mamma; I'm listening, of course."

"You *know*, my dear, that I don't like the Messerole *family*. They are much too new for us Carringtons, in spite of their money. And I did so want you to marry right in your own Knickerbocker *monde*, my dear. Still,

as I was saying, Mrs. Lexington Laight also told me—But you're *not* listening, Bea; I somehow *feel* that you're not!"

A few days later the second Patriarchs' Ball at Delmonico's dawned upon an envious world of alleged plebeians in all its fine unattainable splendor. For the lucky aristocrats who could number themselves among its chosen guests the same rather trite attractions were spread

public, and contrasted so meagrely with its spacious Fourteenth Street predecessor.

At about half-past eleven o'clock one of the so-called "dowagers," seated on the *estrade* reserved for such wilted matrons, put up a long-handled eyeglass to her eyes and said, with soft astonishment :

"Why, bless me if that isn't Lawrence



"AND YOU THINK MY BEATRICE COULD HAVE SUCH A MOTIVE." (*p.* 109.)

forth. The yellow-shaded chandeliers beamed down upon dilapidated complexions with caressing flattery, and stole a still lovelier bloom from cheeks where the lily and rose waged sweet and equal war. The musicians sat upstairs in their embowered balcony and discoursed strains that were full of intoxication to the young, and were to the old full of memory, pathos, perhaps *ennui* as well. The ball-room was just as uncomfortably small as it has been since about the year '75, when it was first opened to a disappointed

Vanderveer ! How well he looks ! I haven't seen him for an age."

"Neither have any of us—except our husbands," laughed Mrs. Van Styne, who was seated at her elbow. "You're quite right in saying that he looks well, but ah, when one remembers !"

"Hush, my dear," stuck in her friend, with a tap of her fan on one of the lady's plump, bejeweled arms. "*He* might remember, too. Let us be mindful of that."

The little flutter that Mr. Vanderveer's appearance created was one that

did not die an easy death. His past fame as a fashionable beau caused some of the young, reigning beaux to seek an introduction to him. It went all about the ball-room that he had re-emerged from his long seclusion. His manners and carriage were severely yet very favorably criticised. "Was there ever so perfect a gentleman of the old school!" whispered somebody to somebody else. "I don't think he's of the old school a bit," came the answer. "He simply holds himself with perfect distinction and looks what many other men present are—a gentleman on the sunny side of his fifties."

But after he had been presented by his nephew to Beatrice Carrington and had stood talking with her for quite a good while, gossip began its furtive babblings.

"He's come to be present at the announcement of the engagement," flew from lip to lip.

But the engagement was not announced that evening. He left a little before supper-time, and just prior to his disappearance Mrs. Carrington, flushed with inward delight, managed to meet him, face to face.

"My *dear* Mr. Vanderveer!" she said, putting out her gloved hand for him to take, and showing a surprise cleverly mimetic, "I'm so *very* charmed to meet you again! Do you really know," she went on, in her best "society voice," "I'd not an idea who you were when I saw you, a few minutes ago, talking with my Beatrice? I was at the other end of the ball-room, don't you see, having a chat with dear old Stuyvesant Van Corlear. I could only see your back, and I took for granted that you were one of my darling's young admirers."

"Is my back so pleasantly deceptive?" said Mr. Vanderveer, with a kind of suave, high-bred grimness that women had always liked. "If so, I only wish I could wear it in front, and continue a youthful illusion for which you set me such a happy example."

Mrs. Carrington threw back her head in airy laughter. "How *like* you! Everybody is agog at your reappearance. And I do *so* hope you liked my Beatrice."

"She is charming. I don't wonder

that my reverse view deceived you; for while I spoke with her I was always thinking of yourself at her age."

Later, when Mrs. Carrington was being driven home in the dark, chill coach with her daughter, she somewhat excitedly said:

"Did dear old Mr. Vanderveer drop any hints, Bea? Tell me just what he talked about?"

"Talked about, mamma? I almost forget. Oh, yes; he was principally saying, if I'm not mistaken, that it had rained, with more or less persistence, ever since last Tuesday."

"Nonsense, Beatrice, you're—you're *chaffing* me! Didn't he—now *didn't* he, say anything about Larry?"

"Not a word."

"Larry presented you; I *saw* him."

"Quite true, mamma."

Only the soft, crashing roll of the carriage-wheels broke the silence that followed for several seconds.

"Bea."

"Well, mamma."

"It's all right. He's going to give you and Larry his full consent. He would'n't have *gone* to the Patriarchs' to-night if he hadn't meant it. And that implies so much, my dear. Everything will shortly be settled. By the way, has *Larry* said anything?"

"He has scarcely spoken to me this evening."

"Good Heavens, Bea! How heart-brokenly you say that! Naturally, he retired in favor of his uncle. Mr. Vanderveer now has the floor, as it were. *He* is going to arrange matters. He told me that he would drop in soon, some afternoon, for a cozy chat. Of course you know what *that* means."

And Mrs. Carrington, with a great contented sigh, leaned back on the cushions of her hard-to-be-paid-for carriage and surrendered herself to entrancing visions of future prosperity: an attractive house on the Avenue; a butler and at least one footman; an equipage of quiet elegance; and commodious quarters for herself in the home of her coming son-in-law.

Mr. Vanderveer kept his word. He dropped in on a certain afternoon when Mrs. Carrington chanced to be out and Beatrice chanced to be at home. He spent over an hour with the latter in



"I DO SO HOPE YOU LIKED MY BEATRICE." (p. 114.)

the pretty little red room down stairs. Mrs. Carrington did not get home in time to see him. Beatrice was going to a small dance that evening, and at about eight o'clock a beautiful nosegay of lilies-of-the-valley and pink roses came to her, bearing Mr. Vanderveer's card.

"How perfectly sweet of him!" said Mrs. Carrington. "And you're *sure*, Beatrice, that he did not even mention Larry?"

"No, mamma. He did not make the faintest reference to Larry."

"It's really so odd, my dear, isn't it? And you tell me that he spoke of other things entirely."

"Other things—yes."

"His pleasure at meeting you," continued Mrs. Carrington, with a subtle and reflective note in her voice. "And his own age—you say he mentioned that somewhat deplorably?"

"Oh, not *over*-deplorably, mamma. He referred to it, but he didn't bring it forward in too obtrusive a way." Beatrice, who was now dressed for her dance, took from a side-table the odorous flower-bunch and inhaled its deli-

cious fragrance. "It seems to me that he is one who can never do or say anything that is not charmingly well-timed."

"Really?" breathed her mother, "You—er—liked him, then, ever so much, did you not, Bea?"

"Liked him?" repeated Beatrice, looking very sweet in her pale, thin gown and her string of pearls about the throat. "I think he's the dearest and kindest old gentleman I've ever met!"

Mrs. Carrington lifted a forefinger. Certain ideas were just beginning to creep into her wise, mundane head. "Old gentleman, my love? Why, he's hardly fifty." This was a falsehood, but she got it off with a very veracious air.

"Fifty," said Beatrice. "H-m; yes, mamma; I should suppose he was about that." To the young girl "fifty" or thereabouts represented a Methuselah-like age.

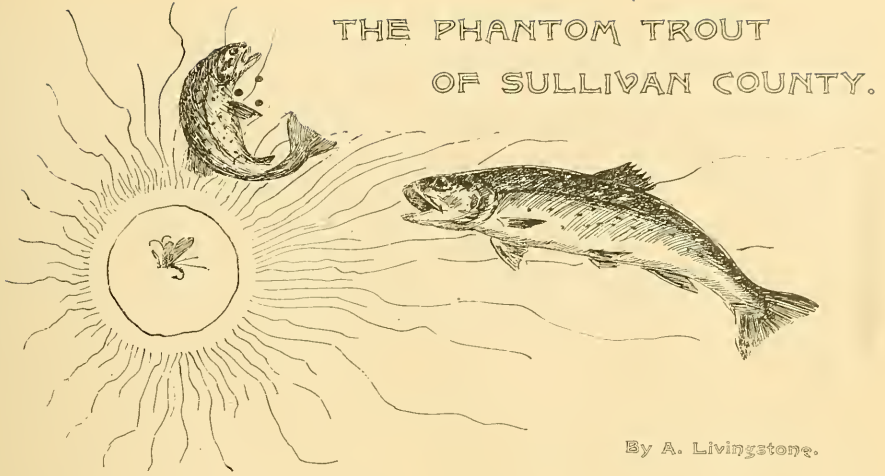
"But you liked him very much, didn't you?" pursued Mrs. Carrington.

"Oh, very, *very* much," replied Beatrice, not in the vaguest degree understanding her mother's drift.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PHANTOM TROUT OF SULLIVAN COUNTY.



By A. Livingstone.

“THE First of April has for untold ages been the Day of Fools! Why, no one in particular seems to know. There are Patron Saints for everyone from the prelate to the thief, but who is the Saint of All-Fools?” Thus spoke Tom Marks, one of a merry trio of trout fishers who had journeyed up into Sullivan County, New York State, to fish on the First of April, only to find that the waters of their chosen district could not lawfully be fished until the 15th of the month, and that they must journey many a weary mile across country before they reached a district where the open season began on All-Fool’s Day. The change of location was not accomplished until late in the evening and, although hopes were bright for the next day’s sport, there was considerable grumbling at lost time.

The party had gathered around the fire enjoying that peace which a pipe brings after a good supper, when Tom’s question was asked. In the corner of the fireplace was the oldest member of the party tying flies. He looked up: “Well, you boys knew all about it, and I left it to you until we were on the cars, but as soon as you said ‘Sunnyside,’ I said to myself ‘Hoodoo,’ and, mind you, I had my reasons.”

“What were they?” chorused the other two.

“A story now is as good as at any other time, and as we are properly April Fools this time (Heaven forbid that the

boys ever hear of it!), I’ll tell you a story of twenty years ago, when I was fishing in this very county. I hired a man to show me the good spots, and he was worth his hire, for there was less open water than there is now, and I did not care for bait fishing. The next morning saw us off for the stream, and very good sport we had.

“My guide proved to be a quaint, garrulous fellow, who had lived up in those tangles for about sixty years, and remembered plenty of strange happenings and changes. I drew many a yarn out of him at lunch and at nights. One day I was casting down by a curious old piece of ruined brickwork that looked as if it might have been built by ‘Chris. Colum.’ and had been there ever since. Pat, the man, had gone into the woods to try and locate a patch of water he had lost track of, and I was to keep up stream until he overtook me. When he came along and found me seated on that brick wall he nearly dropped, and begged me to come away, adding, that he had no idea I would get up so far or he would have been back sooner. Then he cussed at a great rate.

“We turned off to lunch, and this was the yarn he told me. The wall was part of a very old brick house, built during the British occupancy by an English gentleman. Pat’s father, then not long over from Erin, had acted as river warden, keeper, fisherman, etc., to the Englishman, who was always fishing, never wearying of it as long as the

fish were in season. What made both of them mad was that they always had to go some distance from the house to catch fish, for never a one was there in the pool opposite the lower garden wall. They put down two net dams, and put fish in between the two dams; but it was no use, not a fish could they catch. One day the Englishman got mad, and swore by the equivalent to the Great Horn Spoon that he would get a fish out of there if he fished until his arms fell off, and to that end he gave himself strength by loading up fairly well with whiskey.

"It was up the stream and down the stream, the owner and his man, first one and then the other, and as one bottle was emptied the servant fetched another, and no doubt took a sly nip on the way, and the Englishman's eye (he was wall-eyed) seemed to glow with fire and obstinacy the more he drank, but otherwise he was as sober as a judge. Night fell, and still they were fighting the blank stream. The gentleman had fires built on the bank and made a night of it, notwithstanding that his good lady came down and begged him to come home, as a decent fisherman should; and there he fished until the dawn, while Pat's father's legs were like to drop off him with fatigue, or, more likely, to give under him with the whiskey.

"Still the Briton fished, until at last with a terrible oath he stood on the wall, just where I had been standing, and swore again that he would drain the blankety blank stream but what he would get a fish, and just then he had a magnificent strike and a run which made the reel buzz again. He was just commencing to play the big fish, for big it was, two or three pounds at least, when (so Pat's father swore on the Good Book) out of the water rose a beautiful lady with a pronounced Hibernian accent, and said 'I charg' ye on yer p'rill to go 'long outer dis! The fishes in dis water is mine, an' ye've no roight en loife ter 'em, an', yer wall-eyed blayguard av de wurruld, git out av me soight, or it's not tellin' ye I'll be,' and then she dived into the water. The Englishman turned a little pale, but he kept on playing the fish, took another drink with one hand, and cursed

Pat's father that he did not bring the net quick enough, and just then his feet slipped on the wall, and in he went, down, down, down, into that deep hole. They dragged the water with rakes and hooks, but they never found the body. The lady shut up the house, went away, and all the property went to rack, ruin, and tangled scrub."

"Well, that's a great ghost story!" said Harry Myers, "what has it to do with the 'hoodoo'?"

"I'm not through yet, boys. Pat swore that there was in that hole a freak of nature, ergo, a wall-eyed trout; that he was never to be caught, although he might be hooked; that he was the Britisher under the water fairy's antiquated hoodoo, and that anyone who persisted in hooking him, went blind or died before the year was out."

"That settled it! I did not finish my lunch before I was up on the wall trying for that one-hundred year old trout with the boss eye, and nothing Pat could say would shake me. For two hours I worked as never man did. I whipped every inch of the pool that I could reach from the wall, but without effect until, the light changing, I could see that one side of the hole terminated at the top in a slight overhanging ledge. I changed my fly for a white one with a golden tail, and deftly dropped it right over the apparent ledge.

"Ye Gods! with a mighty rush and a swirl a giant fish took my fly, and in a breath I could feel him hooked safe enough. How the touch thrilled down the tapering four ounce bamboo, every section of it thrilling like a telegraph-wire! To right, to left, up and down, backward and forward, a good fighter and a bold one. No subterfuge about him! Up to the top he came, and threw himself out of the water before my eyes, then down again to the depths, under the ledge and out again, but nowhere could he find a purchase on which to fret or fray the line, and still at his mouth the relentless tension of the line was sinking the barb deeper and deeper until the strain and pain together began to tell. I could feel him weaken. By that mystic intuition known only to the true fisherman, I knew that the end was coming, and

that the beauty was mine by the prowess of my line and rod, as in the olden time by the sword and spear.

"Who said 'Hoodoo' to me at that moment? I had forgotten the wall-eyed Britisher, the fairy, Pat, almost myself and my own existence, in the glorious battle of skill and *finesse* against strength and cunning. At last I bore a little harder on the line to bring him round. With a last gasp he turned from the butt, headed in a mad dying dash up the stream, and as I held firm to the line and reel with my thumb, he cleared the water with a mighty bound, and—the line snapped in the air like a whip-lash—I had lost him! It did not seem possible, and I sorrowfully drew my leader up to my fingers—the fly, hook and leader were intact and whole as when new!

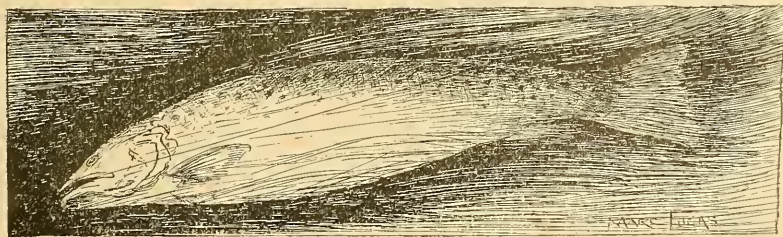
"Boys, I was paralyzed! Then a sound striking my ear, I turned, and there was poor Pat, rocking himself to and fro, crying and sobbing after the manner of his people: 'Ochone, ochone! Aw, the dear master! Another av 'em gone! May the black shadder fall on the wall-eyed divil at the last day! Ow, Ow!' I could not help laughing, in spite of my disgust at losing the fish, and, packing up, we made our way back to the house, Pat refusing to be comforted. Next morning there was quite a levee outside to see the 'man who was going to die or go blind because of the fish,' for the tale was known in all parts, although I do not say that it was entirely believed. I was told of this man and that man who had all suffered something for their temerity, and when I wanted to go fishing Pat refused to take me. 'Ye can't put yer blud on my han's, boss,' was the way he put it.

"So I went by myself, and purposely fished up toward the wall, being determined to have another try for that

piece of hoodoo bric-a-brac. Arriving at the pool I fished and fished, but only caught two small ones, and when about laying off for lunch I saw a gleam of silver in the weeds at the other side of the water, fifty yards or so down the stream. The water was about one hundred feet across, and to this day I do not know what prompted me to go casting for a dead fish, but I took off my fly and put on a fair sized bass spoon hook and at the second cast dropped it over the fish, and gently towed it across to my feet. It was my trout of the day before—dead—as dead as Imperial Caesar. There was something peculiar about this fish. Looking closely I could see that the front of the jaw, the round bone in which the hook generally holds, was clean gone, torn out years ago. The thin membrane remaining had a fringe-like appearance, and one eye was blind and gone, the socket being practically empty. This then explained the wild stories about the fish. He was wall-eyed, and he could not be hooked except in the lower jaw, and even then on very light tackle he would be very liable to break away, for he weighed three pounds and five ounces. But for his night and half a day in the water he would have made a very fine mounted specimen.

"So I lifted the hoodoo, caught the Phantom Trout, and am neither blind nor dead, and have no more idea how that gigantic lie ever got around in the form of an accepted and current legend than you have. But 'Sunnyside' was the name of the old Britisher's place, according to Pat, and that was where our hoodoo came in yesterday and to-day. The story ought to lift it, and we will catch fish to-morrow."

But we didn't. It was bitterly cold, and sport was very poor. Our April Foolship was for keeps!



THE PARIS OF CHINA.

(CANTON.)

By Annetta Josefa Halliday-Antona.



On the observant traveler the Flowery Kingdom, that vast Oriental world where every Western principle seems reversed, offers more wonders than the fabled genii of Aladdin's lamp. Even he who enters its borders the most indifferent leaves with never-dying impressions of its wealth, its miseries, its resources, its poverty and its people. In China the most dormant mind becomes receptive, and is agitated by many a fascinating and perplexing problem.

Of all Chinese towns, Canton, with its great population, its foreign interests and its cosmopolitan culture, appeals at first most strongly to the stranger. Later the capital with its bizarre court, its embassies, its high flavor of royalty may attract him, but if he has landed at Canton among its river population of more than two hundred thousand souls, and seen there for the first time the peculiar features of the Mongol race, it will be Canton and Canton alone, which the word China will suggest when far from its shores.

Canton, whose picturesque diversity gave rise to its old legendary title, the "City of Genii," is the Paris of the Celestial Empire.

The first glimpse of its harbor is very curious and full of contrast; awkward junks with lateen sails, graceful masts of European sailing ships, huge smoke funnels, of modern ocean steamers, Indiamen's boats, manned by gay-costumed Lascars, trading junks from Siam and Singapore, mandarin boats, marriage procession boats, and the green and golden barges of the frail sisterhood, all are moving about, with sinuous turn.

The swarming inhabitants of these floating tenements have their only homes upon the waters of the noble Peking river. The miles of closely crowded boats moving restlessly up and down stream between the green fields, resemble a huge metropolis of vast squares

and avenues, river-rocked cradles where the drama of life is enacted by the thousands who glean but a scanty livelihood.

As soon as a boy born to one of these river denizens can stand upon his little feet, he is strapped to a scull or oar, and begins to go through the motions of propelling the boat, earning his living at least in theory, from the earliest age.

Whenever his hair is sufficiently long to plait into a respectable tail, he begins to manipulate chopsticks, to hate foreigners, to understand the ring of money, and in time to paddle his own small wherry and carry a foreign devil up and down the river. If he wishes to see a little of the world he may ship upon a traveling junk, not to venture, however, outside of Chinese waters, and after accumulating a few dollars, he takes unto himself a wife and establishes his home among the river population.

The Chinese war junks, their "Avenging Dragons," present the appearance of consisting of a series of cabins one above the other, somewhat like the triremes of the ancients. High above the water project the two ends upon which are painted the most ferocious looking dragons, while shields and heavy iron-shod pikes hang over the sides and gay flags bearing gold-painted inscriptions stream from the masts. Apart from a few modern ships of war, the Chinese navy is composed of these junks, and with their grass cables, their huge wooden anchors, their flapping sails of colored matting and their multitudinous crew of Chinese sailors, they present a most grotesque appearance, suggestive of any thing rather than war.

The mandarin boats somewhat resemble our own revenue cutters; there is a long gun in the bow and a fat, placid, betel-chewing mandarin occupies a chair of honor in one end, underneath a slanting matting. Then there are the freight boats bearing bamboo furniture, sandal wood and precious drugs, the passenger barges, curiously carved and gilded, which carry the staid old tea merchants up and down from Canton to Hong Kong, the barbers' skips, each with a huge

pair of shears jingling in the stern, poultry boats piled with bamboo cages and those strongholds of iniquity with silken lanterns and gay decorations, whose Messalinas totter on deck to entice the unwary passers by.

In the middle of the life and bustle of the stream the small green island called "Dutch Folly," studded with odd Chinese buildings and beautiful trees, forms a restful spot for the eyes. Tall towering pagodas, in impressive memory of China's ancient greatness, shoot up from the low rice lands by the riverside; fortifications bristle wherever a slight elevation occurs; hills, cultivated tier after tier, terrace fashion, and meadows, punctuated by villages and villas, close the distance, and when night draws indistinctly on, and the swarming denizens of the boats prepare their evening bowls of rice, the full moon softens and etherializes every object, the lanterns twinkle and glitter along the rapid waters, and all is still.

The most airy and healthy part of the city is occupied by the great factories and bungalows of the foreigners, who have gone out to the Orient to shake dice in the game of life. Streets, lanes and alleys are extremely narrow; there are no broad plate-glass windows for the display of goods, and not unfrequently the river rises and inundates whole thoroughfares. A female is never seen in the streets; the delights of shopping are unknown to the Chinese woman, and the only manner in which one can judge of the contents of a store from the outside is by peering in in a very thievish manner at the door, although lacquered signs with names and professions written in English are now being adopted.

The upper part of the store is generally of wood, the lower part of blue brick, with latticed windows and skylights of glass, while the walls are adorned with painted monsters. There is usually also a small shrine at which incense is daily burned to propitiate some god and secure a more lucrative patronage.

During the peach-blossom season, most Chinese, who connect the flower superstitiously with prosperity and good luck, decorate the front of their stores with a huge branch in full bloom. Many buildings present a solid

mass of carven wood-work with arabesque designs and handsome lanterns hanging from the roofs.

The shops of Canton present most fascinating interiors to the stranger; silver filigree work, ivory trinkets, lacquered ware, silks, satins, embroidered crepes, fine porcelain, sandal wood, shell, and every branch of Oriental art is displayed, and the purchaser is greeted with many profound bows and much show of politeness.

In one narrow lane which is well-named "Curiosity Street," may be found rare articles of bijouterie, and carved bronzes, ivories and ebony. The Chinese are wonderful connoisseurs in antiques, and prize highly any real object of vertu. Portly Chinamen, with plethoric purses, are often seen studying for hours the rare and beautiful specimens of porcelain.

There are shops where camphor-preserved insects in the most brilliant colors, orange, black, bright purple and scarlet, are exposed for sale, and here is displayed the wonderful Mazarin blue moth, known as the "Emperor of the Celestial Empire."

The bird stores abound in the most curious specimens, rich and gorgeous in plumage. The blue magpies, barred with black and white, are extremely beautiful, so too are the black headed rose-colored sparrows, the steel-blue thrushes, the orioles and the blackbirds, while the magnificent silver and golden pheasants and the iris peacock kept as domestic pets, are daily offered for sale.

Much as an Englishman is accompanied by a dog, the inevitable companion of a Chinese mandarin is some high-priced singing bird attached to his sleeve with a silken cord. In all the drawing rooms of the wealthy are hung small cages of beautiful living insects; this strange taste demonstrates profoundly the singular character of the Chinese people. Orange-yellow lantern flies, shining beetles of golden-green or of blue and flame-color, dragon-flies and butterflies of wonderful hue and size are sure to be found among the collection.

As it is the fashion for a Chinaman to purchase his coffin during life and keep it in his house, the coffin shops are numerous and well patronized, but in-

stead of being suggestive of melancholy they present a very gay appearance, the mortuary caskets being mostly painted red and highly gilded in elaborate arabesque designs.

Of all stores, however, those of the lantern venders are the most showy and attractive. The large silken lanterns, gorgeously colored in variegated tints and embroidered in gold and silver, are a source of great pride to their owners.

Chyloong's preserve shop is also a curious place, with its dry sugared ginger and wampu jelly, its oranges, limes and young shoots of bamboo, and its pot-pourris of good things spread upon the shelves.

The Canton shops contain indeed every imaginable object of curiosity or commerce; superb embroideries whose color and design are unequalled, silk and crepe shawls and aprons, exquisite carvings, antique porcelain, wonderful bronzes and jade vases, while the fur stores abound in the season with the most expensive of garments from sable to sheepskin.

A day spent in the Canton streets reveals, too, a continual panorama of artificers at work, even the goldsmiths, beating gold in species of caves, inlaid furniture workers, and meat and cook stores where family cooking is done upon the co-operative plan and dried ducks and rats are displayed. In the dog and cat market live rats are exhibited in cages, as well as fatted cats, and the dead dogs are carefully dressed and hung up for sale like legs of lamb.

The Buddhists have gained almost unlimited power over the people and their temples are real depositories of wealth. The entrance to the temple fantastically named the "The Temple of Five Hundred Gods," is guarded night and day by soldiers. The jolly physiognomy of the principal god recalls Falstaff rather than divinity.

The Chinese misfortune par-excellence is to be childless, and the gods are surrounded by merry-faced babies in all sorts of attitudes; the object of the temple is undoubtedly to show the felicity of parentage. At the Temple of Longevity, the visitor is shown a very beautiful garden planted with shrubs, trees and flowers, and adorned with grottoes, rockwork, rustic bridges and artificial

ponds. There were many neglected-looking images standing or lying in dark corners, and a gigantic laughing idol representing Noah in a happy, semi-imbecile state of old age. But the largest and most important Buddhist place of worship in Canton, or indeed in all China, is the great Honam Joss House, richly endowed and very ancient, situated in a wide green court of eight or ten acres in extent.

The building, like all others of its kind, is ornamented with dragons and demons, and enormous idols, many of the deities being in bronze. Vases and tripods, holding smoking joss-sticks, are placed at intervals in niches, while the broad piazza surrounding the temple, is guarded by lattice-work of a most beautiful and intricate design.

The sacred pigs of Buddha, kept in a stone inclosure, immaculately clean, would rejoice any pork lover, and three or four times a day, the abbot of the monastery, dressed in yellow, enters the pen and carefully brushes the great hogs with peacock feathers, another priest in flowing gray robes beating a consecrated gong the while.

Several old priests were seen, in passing through the court-yard, sitting quietly under the trees, with their knees under their chins, neither speaking nor moving, but seemingly lost in that contemplation of the Infinite, that utter vacancy, which belongs to a certain stage of Buddhism.

About a mile and a quarter from the Factories, where the foreign residents of Canton transact business, is located the great space known as the Beggar's Square, filled with disreputable characters. Many of the old and inveterate mendicants, with nothing but a mat tied around their bodies, pass night and day there in various stages of sickness and starvation. Relatives bring their incurables here to die of disease, hunger and cold. It is a most disgusting, as well as dangerous, place.

Private residences of the Canton gentry are usually built of gray brick, the front of the building presenting many angles, which are supposed to propitiate some god or gods, and the house has no opening upon the street except the door. The gardens are apt to be large, and laid out in a grotesque manner. A man-

darin's home, for example, consists of a series of buildings, offices, theatre, summer-houses, smoking-rooms, servants' quarters, and the dwelling-house proper, the gable ends of all roofs being ornamented with bells and many porcelain figures.

The Hall of the Ancestors, or household shrine, is sure to be the largest apartment, and is brave in artificial flowers, ribbons and scented joss-sticks. Mother-of-pearl coffins, containing dead members of the family, are ranged around the room, while the walls are hung with ancestral tablets, commemorative of the virtues of the deceased.

The library is never used as a study or sitting-room, but solely as a place for the reception of books. It is fitted up with great expense and painstaking. All the shelves have doors of brass lattice-work, and the books, mostly by Chinese sages and philosophers, show gorgeous bindings of silver and gold tinsel, figured satin, silk or brocade or embossed velvet.

The domestic apartments are small, and are separated from each other by portières of fine bamboo and screens of fine silk gauze. High-backed arm-chairs of richly carved ebony, and small stands of lacquer-ware, set for the tea-equipage or card-playing, constitute the usual furniture of a mandarin's home, mingled with granite or mother-of-pearl stools and bric-a-brac shelves of rose-wood. Upon these shelves are arranged antique bronzes, old coins and egg-shell porcelain vases and sceptres of jade stone of a bright emerald green for which enormous prices are paid.

Fine matting of beautiful color and design cover the floors and great grotesquely shaped silken lanterns form the chandeliers, while upon the walls are painted in black and gold, the mottoes and virtuous maxims of Confucius, but side by side with these moral precepts one finds others exceedingly objectionable. Clothes wardrobes are generally elaborate works of art, richly carved, with latticed doors lined with crape or silk. A rattan mat constitutes the bed in summer and a thin cotton mattress for winter, with plenty of coverlets of very finely embroidered silk.

The gardens resemble the pleasure grounds frequently depicted upon a blue dinner-plate of the "willow pat-

tern"; there are bridges with no water underneath, artificial rivers crowned with summer-houses, but no perceptible means of ascent, usually also a small lake for gold and silver fish and aquatic birds, and tiny grottoes overgrown with moss and creepers.

Every species of dwarfed vegetation may be found, the Chinese having an inordinate fancy for all deformities of nature, the flower-beds themselves being of misshapen and distorted pattern.

The aviary is always fine and well-stocked, ornithology being one of a Chinaman's pet passions. Chrysanthemums are the favorite blossom cultivated, reaching a very large size and being of the most delicate colors.

The last item of interest shown to the visitor about the houses of the wealthy are the subterranean apartments for gambling and opium smoking. If the visitor is a friend, and well known, he is invited to participate, if a stranger, he is given a hasty glimpse and hurried on.

The flower gardens, or, more properly speaking, the nursery gardens called the "Faa-tee," situated two and a half miles above the city, are among the "lions," of Canton, and foreigners invariably visit them to purchase seeds. At certain seasons of the year, ten thousand japonicas may be seen in bloom at the same time. A rare and lovely orchid known as the "Nun" is also grown here, and a superabundance of exquisite palms, while the orange groves are freighted with golden richness. Under the shade of the azaleas, red, purple and white, are placed here and there porcelain chairs in which to rest and enjoy the luxuriant richness of the oleanders, roses and camellias.

The mass of blossom is bewilderingly beautiful, the spicy perfume of the citron fills the air with a delicious perfection, the great aromatic magnolia cups hang about one in silent sweetness and one leaves these "Faa-tee" feeling that here, if nowhere else in China, race and religion sink into insignificance, and that it is a people old in the mysteries of horticulture, a nation to whom Nature reveals her choicest secrets, a community intimate with the high-priests of a creed, beautiful, useful, essential—whose keynote is

"Consider the lilies of the field!"

MY WHEEL AND I.

By Jean Porter Rudd.



A WHEEL is a sentient thing responding to the mood of the rider almost like a thoroughbred. It looks innocent enough, and mechanical, with its bars and mud-guards, its shining handle-bar and pedals, its network of delicate wires and its air-filled tires ; but mount it, and you will learn that what has seemed to you but a beautiful piece of mechanism, is rather a thing of heart and brain, of will-power, of caprice, a mere echo of yourself at your best or at your worst. And if you have a weak point, if there lingers within your own mechanism any least trace of cowardice of which even you yourself may be unconscious, be sure the wheel will find it out.

When I first saw my Columbia wheel just released from the crate, I was sure I could mount it and ride away instantly across the continent, to the moon, or anywhere. It seems such an easy thing to do, just as it seems that it would be easy to fly when you are watching a bird on the wing. Cycling is the perfection of motion, more like what flying must be than anything that has ever been tried. Everyone thinks he could get on and ride right off. Perhaps some people can, indeed I have heard of one or two that have, but such people are born self-poised, I suppose. Such a faculty is like being a natural poet or singer or moralist. It reminds one irresistibly of the famous sheriff "who never, never made a mistake, but would like to, just for variety's sake." We all know people like that, whose only fault is in being faultless.

That wonderful evening that my bicycle came I waited for the sun to go down and the twilight to fade and the stars to come out. I'm never bashful with the stars. I rolled my wheel out the front door and across the lawn to a little strip of roadway which is shadowed by ancient elms. If I were to "ride

right off" the stars should have the first benefit ; equally, if I were to fall and fail, the silent stars should be the only witnesses. For stars never laugh at you, that is, not aloud ; they neither gossip, nor comment nor criticise ; above all, they never, never hint that they could do it better themselves. They are all delightfully occupied in minding their own business, which is doubtless the reason they shine.

I'm perfectly positive that I could have mounted that bicycle and ridden right off far and away at the first trial, had not my heart foolishly begun to quake. If I never had had the slightest misgiving there would have been no difficulty, but in those early days I did not understand my wheel ; there had not grown up an intimacy between us. I felt not unlike a rustic swain when he first goes a-courting, awkward and shy and self-conscious, hands a-tremble and heart pit-a-pat.

I put one foot on the pedal, grasped the hand-bar firmly with both hands, bore down upon it with all my weight (not yet knowing any better) leaped to the saddle—and straightway tumbled off on the other side.

It would be ignominious to tell how many times I tumbled off either on one side or the other. The wheel was not to blame, in my most abject moments I never blamed the wheel ; we had simply not adjusted ourselves to each other, that was all. After a time I ignored the pedals, or tried to, seated myself in the saddle as in a rocking chair, cautiously placed one foot on one pedal, and then paddled along with the other foot on the ground. I could almost imagine myself canoeing on the St. Lawrence, and there was equal likelihood of going to the bottom.

Bravo. In this way I found I could "ride right off." To be sure every time the pedal swung round it bumped itself against the paddling foot whichever that foot might be, until before long both began to feel like battle-worn veterans—but what of that ? Who counts bruises in a good cause ? Where would all the

"BAFFLED BUT NOT DEFEATED."

W. S. M. 1894
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world heroes be if each had stopped short or deserted his aim, for a stinging thump now and then?

So this makeshift, one foot, nocturnal method went on, for how long a time I shall never, never tell, and I hope my neighbors have already forgotten. My wheel reposed by day, to recover itself, and was regularly rolled out to perform deeds of highway violence at night. Sometimes I would creep along by the fence hand over hand, with both feet triumphantly on the pedals, but more often I paddled. It began to be discouraging. It seemed to me that I might go on paddling till the crack of doom. I began to upbraid the stars. It provoked me to see them so calm and peaceful and unmoved. I felt like blaming everything and everybody, even the wheel.

But if the stars were indifferent the neighbors were not. "You know," they said, "if we don't watch you openly from the windows we shall peep at you from behind the blinds."

I determined to be magnanimous and give a new sensation to the town. Besides, I grew tired of practicing in the dark, and I tried boldly rolling the wheel out early in the morning and in the afternoon, and at almost any hour that the fierce summer sun would grant me his permission. Ah, then I had encouragement and to spare.

"Oh, you'll ride pretty soon."

"Hard work, isn't it?"

"Why, it looks as though you could just get on and ride right off."

"They say it comes to you all at once."

"How are you getting on? Oh, you'll ride yet. Don't be discouraged."

"My! Ain't you perseverin'!"

One night I was discouraged, utterly and thoroughly, through and through. I was bruised and sore from head to foot, yet paddle as I would I never could get the second foot up to the pedal. I shook the wheel as I rolled it in and said—well, never mind what I said; I only know it was the concentration of all those nights of trying, of all my falls and bruises, of all the pedals and paddles, of all comments and criticisms, of windows and blinds and peeps, of roads and fences and blistered hands, and dust three feet deep in the road

wherever I chanced to fall, and that was everywhere. Next morning I *rode*.

But if you imagine that my woes were at an end—ah, me!

I could sit firm in the saddle; paddling and canoeing were of the past; both feet could rise to the pedals at once, and I had learned not to make a Fairbanks' scale of my hand-bar. What more?

Making acquaintance with the wheel was as nothing compared to making acquaintance with the characteristics of the ground. I knew I lived in a slightly undulating country, but never before had I dreamed that I lived all up-hill. In whichever direction I essayed to ride it was up-hill all the way, and when I turned straight about face to ride back, why, that was all up-hill too, except where it was down, and who could say which was worse? I learned one thing—to start off across my bit of roadway and out of sight of the peepers, with a brave countenance; but once around the corner—well, there was always a hill, and, though I never meant to tell, I did certainly walk most of my wheeling time.

The character of the neighbors' comments changed.

"What makes you keep a horse and go a-foot?"

"What's the matter? Wheel broke?"

"That's a pretty wheel! There's not another like it in Eastern Connecticut. Why don't she ride?"

I would make answer—to myself:

"She does ride. Why doesn't anybody happen to see me when I *am* riding?"

I couldn't ride down hill because it always looked so perilously steep falling away in front of me, and I couldn't ride up-hill because I couldn't make the "wheels go round" on an up-grade, and I couldn't get started on a level because there was nothing to give me an impetus.

Gradually I began to get intimate with the roads and to know all their little ups and downs, like wrinkles or like a family disposition. I got to know just the points at which I would find a gentle decline where I might mount and start. These points were far apart, and, of course, I had to walk the distances between them, but once started

I could sometimes get impetus enough to carry me over quite a long strip of—undulations, for I learned that there is no such thing as a positive level in the universe. If anyone thinks otherwise it is because he has never wheeled.

I used to keep my saddle rather low down so as to be nearer the ground in case of a fall, and this was an advantage, for I really did at last reach the point where I could ride down a hill and tumble off at the bottom of it without any hesitancy whatever.

I do not believe there is a single atom of that wheel that has not cuffed and bruised me, for it must be confessed in all our trials of skill, the wheel invariably got the best of it. It has been a most demonstrative silent partner; it knows all my weak points and takes advantage of them unscrupulously, and yet it attaches itself to me more and more indissolubly.

We are not unlike two who are joined together for better or worse, who are conscious of each other's faults, and do not refrain from trampling upon them on occasion, who give and take all sorts of little amenities (sometimes called by another name), who bruise and cuff and hurt each other, spiritually, if not otherwise, and yet who cannot possibly live without each other. Although it seemed at first that I never should learn to ride at all; and then that I should never learn to ride well or with confidence; I have learned that riding is a mere matter of adjustment and spiritual affinity. If I am courageous, my wheel is daring. If I am confident, the wheel goes straightly, swiftly, without a quiver through all its sensitive frame. If I am tired my wheel grows soon a-weary; if I am worried, it wobbles; if I am despondent, it fails me. If I look down from the top of a steep descent and say to myself: "I'm going to spin down that hill on the fly," down we go, both of us, in breathless delight. But if instead I falter, if I say or only think: "My, what a steep hill! I wonder if I can do it," then we can't do it. First we wobble, then we turn, then down we go, both of us, an ignominious sprawl on the ground. If I think I can mount, I mount. If I think I can take any bit of hard road, I take it. And on

the other hand, the minute I hesitate or doubt, I am lost. Sometimes I jump off just because I find myself going too fast, and a kind of terror born of rapid motion takes possession of me. And yet, in another mood, the motion cannot be too rapid, and to fly over the ground is like flying through the air, a winged soaring creature.

There are many different kinds of falls, and I flatter myself that I am an adept at them all. To fall to the right or to the left, these are nothing, but to take a header over the fore wheel into space, has all the value of quite a new experience.

I had another difficulty to encounter. The roads all about my home are heavy country roads—always heavy—either with dust or mud or sun-dried sand. And not only heavy, but furrowed with parallel ruts like a corduroy road built lengthwise.

Every rider knows how he feels when the wheel tries to run in a rut. Almost any one would "lead his horse and go a-foot" at such times. But I had ridden so constantly into the country that when I first tried a macadamized road it non-plused me. I had become so accustomed to overcoming obstacles that a smooth road was only a perplexity. It was not that the wheel would *not* go, but that it *would*, and so fast and freely and all alone, that there did not seem to be anything left for me but divorce. This was my last and most strenuous difficulty, to learn how to appropriate prosperity and adjust myself to it. I was used to great exertion, much vigor with the pedals, panting and puffing and loss of breath. It was like learning a new art to merely guide the wheel gracefully and at ease, to ride with a light touch. And I have come to think that riding a bicycle is one of the fine arts. You need to touch it so lightly that you do not appear to touch it at all. It is like painting a picture or writing a book, and must never, never smell of the oil. Moreover, a wheel is not merely a conveyance, a vehicle. It is a whole code of philosophy, it is the world, the universe, the much in little.

Experiences with the wheel are like experiences of life. We have struggle and effort and failure, renewed effort and failure again, until by means of all

these, the one who will not give in, attains—to what? To a certain ease and confidence, when immediately he becomes conscious of further heights beyond. It takes a deal of tumbling and tossing to fit us to adversity, and then just as we are fairly adjusted, behold, the smooth paths of prosperity are under our tires.

That is the crucial moment. We ride, and so well that we are puffed with pride, we imagine the laurel on our brows, the days are all one smooth round of pleasure, but before us lies one dead level that we never dreamed of—the commonplace macadamized *ennui*.

Our macadamized roads lead along stately avenues lined with beautiful homes and fine public buildings. People drive up and down in the long procession of moneyed indolence. All is finished, complete; and what can be more disheartening?

Since we have conquered Macadam, there is nothing left for my wheel and I but to roll over well-ordered ways with our gloves on, our nickel highly polished and ourselves—bored.

Indeed, we both found it so dull that we separated. Not formally, we did not go to law about it, but the wheel rolled into its closet and gave me to understand that I might leave it alone, and I answered audibly: "Certainly, if you like. It's nothing to me."

Macadam had come between us. But one day I suddenly had an inspiration, and even now I'm not sure but it was the wheel had it first. I glanced into

the dark closet and the nickel of the hand-bar winked and blinked at me.

"Come," I cried, "Let us try it again. I don't believe it was either your fault or mine. Come for a spin in the deep country and never mind the ruts."

Since that day there has never been the shadow of dissension between my wheel and me. We understand each other at last—our union is perfect. We like nothing better than to be alone together on the country roads with the sky above us, the rocky hills and fertile farmlands on either side.

Just now, while the primeval woods are looking for the coming leaf-time, when the brooks that have been long hidden are gleaming in the light, when the cattle are lowing in the meadows, and glad with the first day of liberty my wheel and I have beautiful times together. We are at home in our world. And when we are off together, miles and miles from town, and the air is crisp and tonic, the sunlight a genial friend, when I am spinning over the rough country road with the blood bounding through my veins, with every pore of the skin alert, and with the heart alive; when the swift motion carries me on like a thing of wings, and the exhilaration fills me with a sense of exultant power, then it seems that the wheel is well worth living for, and makes all life richer.

I come home with brain clear and hand steady and courage cheered for my task. We have learned the poetry of motion, my wheel and I.

WHITMORE'S BROOK.

BY ARTHUR F. RICE.



IN the heart and in the brain of every man, country born, there is stamped the picture of some winding, wayward brook, threading its way through green

meadows, tumbling down over the rocks, gurgling through rushes and flags, cool, sparkling, exhilarating. Its spirit is

the boy's spirit, but its music is that of

a siren, drawing him along with its current, unresisting, and forgetful of all save present freedom and joyousness; and if there be speckled trout lurking in its quiet pools and under its murmuring waterfalls, then neither the school-house nor parental authority can keep him away from it.

Just such a stream, up among the green hills of Vermont, have I in mind; and when I think of it I smell the sun-seethed ferns and summer flowers; see the picturesque farm-houses and lichen-covered stone walls, the rustic bridges.

and the forest arches by and under which it flows; hear the birds singing on its rushy banks and the ring of the sharpening scythes on its borders.

How hope and expectation lent speed to our feet in the early morning walk that took us to the sources of the brook! How sharply we looked for signs of other fishermen, praying that none had gotten there before us! How hard it was to wait until the rod was jointed, the line adjusted and the hook baited! Was there ever anything in the whole range of our experience that caused a deeper thrill of pleasure and excitement than to feel the electric touch of the hungry trout, to land the sparkling prize, to admire his vermilion spots, his brown and gold, and to exult in the sense of well-earned ownership as he flapped in our basket? Perhaps some such recollections as these welled up in the mind of Izaak Walton when he said: "Believe me, scholar, I have caught many a trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and enameled color of him have been such as to have joyed me to look on him."

Every true fisherman is an early riser and knows full well the charms of that mysterious hour when the night changes into day. The deserted and dew-sprinkled streets of the village are perfectly silent as he starts on his walk to the brook, and every sound he makes seems unnaturally loud. Even the winds are hushed. Through the dusky medium of the cool, damp air the trees loom strangely and the most commonplace objects assume spectral shapes. The first evidences of aroused humanity are the smoke arising from the farm-house chimneys or the creaking of gates and rattling of bars as the farmer goes to minister to the wants of his beasts. The cocks are crowing and chiding mankind for lying so long a-bed, the opening hymn of the birds is being sung, the first streaks of light come slanting from the East, and "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops." So at last the fisherman comes to Whitmore's Brook.

It is born amid the swale and reeds of a swampy meadow where the little hylas peep at night and "the red-wing flutes his o-ka-lee" by day. A thread of pure, cold water steals out from this

sedgy reservoir and gurgles through the grass of the fields below, receiving accretions from a hundred limpid springs and thus gradually gaining dignity as it pursues its course. With musical spatter and splash it runs under the grass-grown wagon road and emerges into the sunlight of a broad, sheep-nibbled pasture. Beside this road and the brook stands an old farm-house—one of the typical New England sort—a good example of the many plain and yet wholesome and respectable homes which have sent forth much of the bone and sinew, the virility and moral stamina of this nation. It is a broad, low house, from whose steep roof the weight of winter snow slides easily. It is time-stained and weather-worn and the paint has long since disappeared and been replaced by nature's soft shades of brown and gray. There are the usual farm-house accessories and accompaniments—the ancient well-sweep; the wrecked and broken-down wagon, too old for use, too good to be destroyed and too worthless to be stored under cover; the rows of pails and milk-pans glistening in the sun and kept sweet thereby; the chip-littered door-yard where the winter wood-pile stood; the sagging porch steps and rickety gate; the water-washed path and weed-lined fences; the dingy old barn, with a conspicuous absence of sound hinges on its doors and a prop or two to sustain its failing strength. It is a homely place, but homely in the true and original meaning of that word. It is guarded by the good genius of Restfulness and Peace, and brooded over by great elms—the coat-of-arms of the rural nobility.

There is a diversity of charming scenery along Whitmore's Brook which amply compensates a man for following its tortuous course, even though the trout prove to be shy or suffering from loss of appetite. It dances down into sloping pastures smelling sweet with spearmint and thistle; where the din of the grasshoppers is incessant and a sudden rumble on the dry hillside tells you that the timid sheep have stampeded; where the dry mullein stalks of last year stands up like a flight of arrows shot down out of the sky, and where strange and beautiful weeds, whose uses we know not and whose loveliness we sel-

dom stop to appreciate, grow in rank luxuriance. It cuts a sinuous path through rich meadows of herds-grass and clover, or fields of corn and grain, where the bobolink tinkles his rollicking song and thieving crows hold noisy consultation. It sweeps past deep forests of chestnut, maple and beech, whence the sound of the cow-bell is borne on the breeze. Soon it narrows itself to rush through the rocky confines of the ledges in a dark hemlock wood. Here the sunlight scarcely penetrates, and the cool air is fragrant with the indescribable odor of damp moss and evergreens. Still further down, its track is marked by the dense growth of alders which fringe it and sorely try the temper and patience of the fisherman in his attempts to get his line into the brook and the trout out of it.

Before effecting its union with the waters of the river it takes many a leap over the ledges, and the sound of its falls becomes almost continuous. The last of these is a cascade nearly forty feet high, and here the water is sifted and spread out into an apron of white spray and foam, falling at last into a broad, circular basin worn out of the living rock. Yet a little further it winds its way through a valley set with pines and birches, then ends its poetic and pastoral life and loses its identity in the gloomy current of the Black River. Henceforth its duty shall be to help turn the wheels of mills and factories. Its story is that of many men and women who have left their country homes and wandered away in search of a wider life. Its purity has become lost, its beauty effaced.

One may study human as well as inanimate nature along these farm-lined brooks, and pick up many a bit of homely wisdom from the tillers of the soil. One may learn from them more about the weather than any signal service office can teach, for it is a vital subject with the farmers and they take account of things concerning which the clerk of the weather makes no note. The soft, mournful croak of the cuckoo, the cobwebs in the grass, the breeze which turns up to view the lower sides of the leaves, the morning fogs and the evening mists, are all significant to them. They discover in the afternoon

rainbow or the gaudy clouds at sunrise, a promise or a portent. They are the Augurs who predict the future from the flight and notes of the birds, thus unconsciously keeping alive the mythology of the past.

As a rule, the fisherman will find open-handed hospitality at the farm-houses he visits, and an unwillingness to receive compensation for food or drink. Nevertheless, he will encounter very strongly defined notions as to *meum* and *tuum*, and, if unacquainted with the people, can never feel quite sure, in passing from one farm to another, whether the watchful owner will greet him with the good-natured inquiry, "Well, stranger, what luck to-day?" or yell at him in the imperative mood, "Git out o' that medder!"

He will discover an uncompromising quality in these countrymen, and a tenacity respecting their rights, which frequently result in lasting feuds between neighbors, growing out of disputed fence lines, straying cattle or interference with each others children. He will, it is true, find ignorance in some, but more frequently he will perceive an inborn shrewdness which will surely protect its possessor from being imposed on in a bargain.

The city man will be peculiarly impressed with the confidence which these rural people unconsciously repose in each other so far as personal property is concerned. The woodchopper leaves his axe in the forest, never doubting that he will find it there when he goes back to work. The wall-builder leaves his stone-hammer and crowbar half a mile from home, by the roadside, for a day or two, without a thought as to their safety. Barn doors are left open and house doors unlocked at night; farming implements and chattels of every sort are scattered about in the most exposed positions, but if the owner misses anything he will sooner think he has mislaid it than that any one has stolen it; and this, too, in a country where dollars are scarce and hard to get. There is honesty in the air.

If I wished to study the animal creation in a certain locality I would follow a trout stream from source to outlet. All the paths lead to it. It is the magnet that draws the four-footed folks; the

birds hover over it, the insects flit about it and even man himself is lured to it. Here that wary midnight prowler, the red fox, comes to drink, and here you may see the baby-like tracks of the raccoon, who has come to the brook to practice his singular habit of washing his food before eating it. Here the angler is sometimes startled by the sudden plunge of a muskrat, or may occasionally surprise that other rival fisherman, the sleek mink, plying his trade. The sharp-nosed weasel, with eyes like black beads, peers from a crevice in the stone wall, and on the grassy knoll the lumbering woodchuck sits at the entrance of his burrow or disappears, with a staccato whistle, as you approach. From the grove of hickories comes the bark of the gray squirrel, and from the low hemlocks the "snicker" of his red relative, who hastens away over his narrow-gauge road, the rail fence. The dainty deer-mouse, like a miniature kangaroo, hops away with surprising swiftness, and the velvet-footed rabbit whisks his tuft of cotton out of sight as you pass through the underbrush. All these wild things know a good thing when they see it and take in the brook on their daily rounds.

And then the birds! How they, too, love the running water! The belted kingfisher "sounds his rattle along the fluvial street," and from the maples afar in the meadows comes the long, rhythmic call of the yellow-hammer—a distinctly summer sound, and somehow indicative of the full life and high tide of June. As you pass the threshold of the forest, up springs the grouse on sounding wing, stirring your sportsman's blood and immediately raising in your mind a question as to the relative merits of fishing and shooting. What a noble bird it is, this pride of our northern forests, strong, beautiful, sagacious, untamable! Who does not love this wild relative of our domestic fowls, this Bohemian member of the hen family, that disdains to mix with her plebeian cousins? You shall not serve up her eggs in an omelette nor broil her chicks for your table; and if you would taste her tender flesh you may not have it by going out and pulling her off the roost. The field plover, startled from her nest, hovers overhead on trembling

pinions, and the "sky-swung hawk," a mere speck in the upper air, sends down a harsh and threatening cry, which drives the farmers' chickens to cover under the currant bushes and forces a terrified squeak from many a tiny field-mouse and striped squirrel. Perched on a thistle-top beside the brook, the goldfinch plucks his dainty meal or dips away in undulating flight, accentuating his movements with his song. But where would we stop if we attempted to speak of all the feathered companions of the trout fisherman? Go, hear them and see them for yourself.

The sun has passed the zenith and it is time for lunch. Shall we sit on yonder mossy shelf of rock beside that little waterfall and see what the loving hands at home have prepared for our inward satisfaction? Ah! yes, now we remember, for the first time this day, that there are people at home! We had forgotten them and business and every other pleasure or sorrow or anxiety. And herein, my friends, lies the chiefest virtue of trout fishing. Not least among the pleasant reminiscences of our excursions in quest of trout is the recollection of the lunches we enjoyed. The flesh-pots of Egypt are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the contents of those paper parcels stowed away in our fish-baskets; nor did the ambrosial food of the gods on Mount Olympus ever taste sweeter than those sandwiches and doughnuts and that apple pie of blessed memory!

Branching out from Whitmore's Brook is a small tributary which, tradition stated, was alive with trout, but no one ever fished it, for good and sufficient reasons. Two farmers owned the land through which it ran, and as they jealously guarded this little stream, forbade all fishing on their premises, and possessed both the temper and the physical ability to enforce their regulations, the only time the fish were in any danger was when both farmers were away to attend town meeting or a funeral. The brook was not favorably located for surreptitious angling, as it ran through an open hollow, on either side of which stood a farm-house. With me these two houses stood for Scylla and Charybdis.

On one occasion, when a boy, I had fished down the main brook to this

point, with no very tangible evidences of success, while my companion had been having excellent luck. He was one of those men to whom all the fish in a stream seem anxious to give up their lives, even going out of their way to accommodate him. Now, I confess to the same weakness as that possessed by the father of anglers: "I envy nobody but him, and him only, who catches more fish than I do." After my comrade had fished around the turn and out of sight, under the impulse of a sudden inspiration I unjointed my rod and walked boldly up to the house of one of the men who owned the yearned-for brook. Both he and his brother farmer were rigid members of the Congregational Church, and the daughter of the minister of that church was ill. To me this seemed to be a combination of circumstances strong enough to hang a fishline on. I stated the case, showed my well-nigh empty basket and expressed my great desire to catch some trout for the sick maiden. After some hesitation the permission to fish was granted, and the results exceeded my most sanguine hopes. It was ever after a matter of considerable chagrin to the expert fisherman ahead of me that I could go behind him and catch more and larger fish than he. Please do me the justice to believe that the minister's daughter got all the trout she wanted, and that they were cheerfully donated.

But even the trout fisherman has his tribulations, and the bitterest of them all is that which he comes upon in the shape of a sign that reads, "No fishing allowed here." I have always believed that there should be an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, making it a crime (punishable by death or imprisonment for life) for any man to set up before the eyes of his fellow men those execrable words, "No fishing allowed here!" I furthermore believe that those words are in direct violation of the spirit and the letter of the aforesaid Constitution; for they interfere with the liberty of ourselves and our posterity, and seriously hamper us in the pursuit of happiness, which is one of the inalienable rights of man. I have known men to fail in business and still smile serenely; I have seen men

suffer great physical pain and grin and bear it; I have beheld the smile of resignation on the face of a man who had experienced great grief; but I never yet saw even the suspicion of a smile on the face of a fisherman who ran up against a sign on which the diabolical words were printed, "No fishing allowed here." The bloody laws of Draco were too mild for the adequate punishment of a man who causes such a sign to be exposed to view; and the death sentence imposed by the mild-mannered men of the olden time, whereby the criminal was condemned to be hung, drawn and quartered and buried at the cross roads with a stake driven through his body, would be too serene an end for the fiend who writes "No fishing allowed here!"

The fact that most of these signs are found, on close examination, to have several bullet holes in them, as well as numerous charges of bird shot, shows the universal and very proper detestation in which they are held, and should be a warning to their owners to take them down or expect a similar fate. The only time I ever could find anything humorous in connection with this serious subject was when I once encountered a sign on which the word "allowed" was spelled "aloud." I kept quiet and fished right along on the strength of the technicality.

Always excepting him who prohibits fishing on his premises, the most selfish and narrow-minded of men is he who, knowing where there is good fishing, refuses to divulge its location. Rather than rest under the suspicion of trying to keep to myself the whereabouts of this delightful stream, I beg the reader to carefully note these directions and I do not see how he can well go astray; from the mountain top, follow the wood-road a mile down into the valley until you come to a hemlock stump with a woodchuck's hole under it; twenty rods due east of this you will find a big flat rock with a chipmunk on it (at least I always did); ten rods to the south there is a brush fence crossing the brook. On either side of this fence you may catch more than I have hinted at—if you have the wit to use the right sort of bait.

FITTING OUT FOR A CRUISE.*



IN equipping a boat for a cruise, in summer, it is always well to remember that gales of wind are not unusual even in July. I once knew it to blow with spiteful ferocity in the last week of that month, and to disperse the Atlantic Yacht Club squadron and drive

them to seek shelter in various harbors of Long Island Sound, between Black Rock and New Haven. Out of the whole fleet only two yachts reached their destination, New London. One was the sloop *Athlon*, Vice-Commodore E. B. Havens, on board of which I was a guest, and the forty-footer, *Chispa*. It was quite an exciting and hard thresh to windward in the teeth of an easterly gale, but we got there. Had not the two yachts mentioned been properly prepared for such an exigency they also would have been forced to bear up and run for some land-locked haven in which to linger until the wind had blown itself out. Although these summer gales generally exhaust themselves in twenty-four hours, they are often quite savage while they last, and the sensible yachtsman will always be prepared to meet them. His standing and running rigging will be in first-class condition; whatever storm canvas he carries will be ready for bending at a moment's notice; his sea anchor or drogue will also be at hand, for letting go should the necessity arise.

Of course I need not impress upon the amateur boat sailer that a compass should be taken along on a cruise. But I have mingled a good deal with the owners of small craft, and have met many who either did not carry one at all or, if it was aboard, as likely as not stowed it away in the same locker with a hatchet, marlinespike and other tools not likely to improve it. A compass

should always form part of a boat's outfit. A fog often makes its appearance when a party of pleasure seekers are enjoying a sail on sound or bay, and when it shuts down on you thick as a hedge, I will defy you not to lose your bearings, and consequently your way. In times such as these a compass will prove a source of great comfort, and instead of being compelled to anchor and await clear weather, you can steer for your destination under shortened sail.

In such cases never fail to blow the foghorn, which should be of regulation size and not a penny squeaking trumpet such as a six-year old schoolboy affects.

The ordinary boat's compass will answer admirably if only short sails are contemplated, but on a long cruise, where a heavy sea is not unlikely to be encountered, a fluid compass should be carried. The motion of a small craft in rough water causes the common compass card to jump about so much as to be perfectly useless to steer by, while a fluid compass remains steady and reliable under all circumstances and conditions. There are several fluid compasses in the market at a reasonable price, which can be depended upon in an emergency. The fluid on which the needle floats is generally alcohol, to guard against freezing, and is simply a development of a primitive compass used by the daring seamen of the twelfth century. The old-fashioned instrument consisted of an iron needle, one end of which was stuck into a piece of cork. The other end was well rubbed with a loadstone, and when the cork was floated in an earthenware bowl of water, the end so treated pointed to the magnetic north. In spite of the meagre knowledge of those early navigators concerning variation and deviation, they generally managed to make a sufficiently good land-fall. It may not be generally known that a sewing needle rubbed on a magnet and carefully dropped into a vessel of water will float and point to the north.

The rule of the road at sea requires vessels in a fog to go at a moderate speed and to blow the foghorn at intervals of not less than two minutes; when on the starboard tack one blast, when

*A chapter from Capt. Kenealy's forthcoming book, "Boat Sailing in Fair Weather and Foul."

on the port tack two blasts in succession, and when with the wind abaft the beam three blasts in succession. It also has certain imperative rules for a vessel at anchor in a fog.

The law provides that a vessel not under way in a fog shall at intervals of not more than two minutes ring a bell. It will be seen therefore that a bell is quite as necessary as a foghorn. If a boat at anchor or under way in thick weather, with neither bell nor foghorn in use as provided by the law, should be run into and damaged or sunk by any other vessel, her owner would have no redress. On the contrary, if he escaped with his life he could be forced to pay for any damage, however trifling, the vessel colliding with him sustained in the act. If he was drowned his estate would be liable.

A bell should form part of the careful boatowner's outfit. But if you have neglected providing one, don't despair. Get out a frying pan or a tin kettle and kick up as much racket as you can by beating one or both with a hammer or a marlinespike. A fishhorn has many times answered the purpose of a foghorn, but I would not recommend it as a steady substitute. All I wish to convey is that a frying pan and a fishhorn are better than nothing.

The variety of anchor to be carried depends very much upon choice. There are several kinds for sale quite suitable for small cruisers, all of which have good points to recommend them.

The law is imperative as regards the carrying of lights by night when at anchor or under way. If your craft is very small, there is a light in the market fitted with green and red slides to be shown when required, which may suit your purpose. But, if your craft has any pretensions to size, provide yourself with a pair of brass side lights and also a good brass anchor light. Avoid those flimsy articles with which the market is flooded. The best are cheapest in the end. See that all the lamps you have aboard take the same sized wick. Buy the brand of oil known as mineral sperm, which is used by all first-class steamship lines. Its quality has borne the test of years and has never been found wanting. For lamp cleaning take a plentiful supply of cotton waste and

old newspapers, the last named for polishing the glass. A hand lead and line must not be forgotten, while an aneroid barometer, a thermometer and a marine clock will be both useful and ornamental. Do not forget a canvas bucket and a deck scrubber.

A few tools will be found necessary. A hatchet, hammer, chisel, file, jack-knife, gimlet, screw driver, small cross-cut saw, and an assortment of screws and nails will be about all that is essential in this direction. A few yards of duck, palm and needles and sewing twine, a ball of marline, one of spun yarn and a marlinespike may be stowed away snugly, and their possession in case of need is often a great boon.

The adventurous voyager must use his own discretion as to his wardrobe. The marine "dude" is in evidence in our midst, and who am I that I should condemn a man for trying to look his prettiest, both ashore and afloat? Don't forget to buy a good suit of oilers, and don't fail to slip them on when it rains. When you come to get to my age, and feel the rheumatism in your old bones, you will wish you had followed my advice.

Tastes differ so widely that it is hard to advise a man as to his *cuisine* when afloat. What would suit an old sea dog "right down to the ground" might not be palatable to the nautical epicure with a taste for humming-birds' livers on toast or other such dainty kickshaws. Personally, I can enjoy a good square meal of sardines and hardtack, wash it down with a cup of coffee and wind up with a pipe of plug tobacco, and conclude that I have feasted like a prince. This is probably due to my forecastle training. Others are more fastidious. Luckily this is the age of canned viands, and almost every delicacy under the sun is put up in convenient form, requiring only a can-opener to extract the hidden sweetness.

The culinary difficulty that confronts the sailer of a small craft is the cooking stove. Like the servant girl problem it is still unsolved. Many great geniuses have wasted the midnight oil and have nearly exhausted the gray matter of their brains in trying to invent a stove that shall be suitable for a little cockleshell of a boat with a *pouchant* for

dancing over the waves in lively style. Some have tried cast iron stoves with a smokestack and coal for fuel, and have cursed their folly ever after. Gasoline stoves, so long as they don't explode and set fire to the boat, are convenient and cleanly. Various kinds of alcohol lamps, hung on gimbals to accommodate themselves to the perpetual motion of a vessel, are in use and are thoroughly adapted for making a pot of coffee, tea or chocolate, and for heating a can of soup or preserved meat. A hungry boatman should not ask for more luxurious fare. There are preparations of coffee, and milk and cocoa, and milk in cans, which can be got ready in a hurry and with the least possible trouble. They are also nice, and I do not hesitate to stamp them with the seal of my approval. By looking over the catalogue of the canned goods of any first-class grocer, you will find a quantity of varieties to select from, all of excellent quality and moderate in price. In order to provide against waste it would be advisable if cruising alone to buy the smallest packages in which the viands are put up. Hardtack should be kept in airtight tin boxes to guard against damp. Matches can be stowed in a glass fruit jar, and in this snug receptacle defy salt spray and sea air which threaten the integrity of brimstone and phosphorus. The man who indulges in tobacco (and what lover of the sea does not?) will find it well to pack a supply of fusees in another glass jar, so that he can keep his match-safe replenished and be able to light his pipe or cigar no matter how the breeze may blow. I have found tobacco a mighty source of comfort under adverse mental and physical conditions, and its soothing influence has made many a trick at the tiller seem less weary.

Cooking in a small craft tossed like a cork on the waves is a confounded nuisance, but a hot meal tastes well after you have been stuck at the tiller for four or five hours in squally weather. I remember an incident that occurred on board my cutter, the *Heather Bell*, when ingenuity provided a hot breakfast which otherwise we should not have enjoyed. We were caught in a southerly gale in the English Channel, and under trysail and spitfire jib we were doing our best to claw off a lee shore. I had

been at the tiller nearly all night and when day broke I was thoroughly exhausted. The little cutter—she was only fifteen tons—was pitching and 'scending at such a lively rate that lighting a fire in the stove was out of the question. My chum, however, managed to make some coffee with the aid of a spirit lamp, and also to cook a couple of plump Yarmouth bloaters. This last-named feat was difficult, but my chum was a man of genius. An inspiration came to him. He split the bloaters down the backs, put them in an extra deep frying-pan, such as should always be used at sea, deluged them with Scotch whiskey, old and smoky, and set fire to it. I can see him now, hanging on to the cabin ladder with one hand and balancing the frying pan in the other, so that the blazing whiskey should not overflow and set fire to the cabin. Those bloaters were fine. They went right to the spot. It was rather an expensive mode of cooking, for the whiskey in question was choice, but we both agreed that the fishes were worthy of it. I suppose they would have tasted just as well if they had been cooked in alcohol, but that idea did not occur to my friend. A beefsteak prepared in the same way was delicious. We had it for dinner and soon after there came a shift of wind which enabled us to run for Newhaven and sleep comfortably.

You should take with you a box of seidlitz powders, a bottle of vaseline, court plaster, a box of your pet pills, a bottle of extract of witch hazel, a bottle of extract of ginger, a bottle of *Sun* cholera mixture, and a bottle of Horsford's acid phosphate. These should be stowed away in a medicine-chest, which, if you have any mechanical skill at all, you can make yourself. If you are no hand at a saw or a chisel, a small medicine-chest, filled with all the requisites and adapted for use in a boat, can be obtained from any good drug-store at a reasonable figure.

A locker for the storage of ice is indispensable for one's comfort when sailing in these latitudes in summer. The locker should be lined with zinc, and should be fitted with a brass tap to draw off the waste water. Wrap your ice up in paper first, and then in a piece of coarse flannel, and you will be surprised

at the length of time it will keep. A porous earthenware bottle should form part of your equipment. It can be suspended in a draught, and will supply you with a moderately cool drink when your ice is all used.

Remember that sea air generates damp very quickly in a cabin. Bedding should be aired and sunned if possible every day, and the cabin should be well ventilated. Cleanliness and comfort go together in a boat and scrubbing-brush and swab should not be allowed to get dry-rot by disuse. Cultivate order and tidiness so far as the domestic economy of your yacht is concerned. Have a place for everything and everything in its place, or your little cabin will present a slovenly appearance instead of looking pretty and snug.

If the interior of your cabin is painted white, use enamel paint, which dries hard and smooth, and can be easily cleaned by washing with warm (not hot) water, soap and sponge.

Cocoa-nut matting is better than carpet or oil-cloth as a covering for a small craft's cabin floor. It is difficult to dry carpet when it gets thoroughly drenched with salt water. Oil-cloth is comfortless and cold to bare feet, but cocoa-nut matting is open to neither of these objections. It is easily washed and dries quickly.

The cushions of the cabin may be stuffed with cork shavings or horse-hair and covered with india-rubber sheeting. These may again be covered with corduroy or blue flannel, as the india-rubber sheeting is cold. Mattresses made of deer's hair are in the market, and are quite comfortable. Being buoyant, they can be used as life-savers in an emergency.

Cups, saucers, plates and dishes of enameled iron or agate ware are unbreakable and much superior to those of tin, which rust and are hard to keep clean. Crockery and glassware are eas-

ily destroyed in a cruising craft in spite of the ingenious racks and lockers invented to preserve them.

Don't omit to include fishing tackle among your stores. There is lots of sport in catching blue-fish or mackerel when under way, and many a weary hour when your craft is becalmed may be beguiled with hook and line. Besides, a fish fresh from the water forms an agreeable and appetizing change from the monotony of canned goods. There is no necessity to purchase expensive tackle for sea-fishing. All that is wanted is strong and serviceable gear. For blue-fishing provide yourself with a well-laid cotton line, which is not liable to kink. The line should be seven-sixteenths of an inch in circumference for the big fish one catches in spring and fall, and the hooks should be strong. It is well to carry with you several varieties of squid. For smaller blue-fish a lighter, cotton-braided line is good. When I go blue-fishing I take rubber finger-stalls along to prevent my fingers being chafed by the line. My readers should do the same. Horse-mackerel and Spanish mackerel are often taken with a blue-fish line.

For navigating purposes all that is really necessary for a coasting voyage is a chart of the waters you propose to sail in, a pair of dividers and parallel rulers, and a book of sailing directions. A patent log may be added if so desired, and will add to the accuracy of your dead reckoning.

Thus equipped the navigator may boldly venture forth, either by himself or with a congenial companion. If he does not enjoy every moment of his cruise, and gain health and strength from the tonic sea breezes, he can safely conclude that Nature never intended him for a sailor. In that case he should dispose of his craft at once and seek such consolation as agricultural pursuits afford.





OXFORD IN THE "EIGHTS" WEEK.

By Evelyn Burnblum.

Pleasant the city stands and fair—

Like a rich gem, in circling gold enshrined,
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroidered mantle wore.



WHO can paint in words the subtle beauty, the tender tones of color, the glory and the glow of an English spring? He must be a poet indeed. If to that is added the glow of youthful, manly life and the grace of English maidenhood, it demands a past master in art. But when to these initial difficul-

ties is superadded the witchery of Oxford at its best, its busiest, and in the fullness of its scholastic and athletic life, more is demanded of the scribe than it is given to mortal to fulfill. Oxford in the spring is only to be seen; it baffles adequate portrayal. Come then, I would say to all sympathetic souls, come to Oxford in the "Eights" week—when it is at its busiest and its merriest; when its streets and quads, its sylvan walks and historic waters are alive from morn till dewy eve, when even the cloister and alcove yield

to the touch of the season and unbend to do courtesy to our sisters and our cousins and our aunts. What a picture is then on that line of beauty—the finest thoroughfare in Europe—the Oxford "High."

Here is the studious man, hurrying to his lecture, with his arms full of books; his academicals, loose and untidy, flying in the wind. Further on is another, whose trim cap and gown, in spotless condition, betray the freshman; while two friends, faultlessly attired in the height of fashion, are sauntering gracefully arm-in-arm, with walking sticks as thick as a good-sized shipmast and at their heels a couple of small terriers. Yonder, grayhaired professors, the sleeves of their long flowing gowns giving them the appearance of huge black beetles, are issuing sedately from the sombre portals of their colleges; and younger tutors, in all the glory of their new position and dignity, are eagerly discussing reforms and social topics, as they pass; while, in the distance a glimpse is caught of the velvet sleeves of the proctor, sweeping majestically along, burdened with the

weight of the morals of young England.

Across the way, out of his window a merry student is blowing a horn, accompanied by his next door neighbor on the banjo, while half a dozen are shouting greetings and making appointments to each from their several rooms.

The cloisters and gardens, the college halls and picture galleries, the museums and libraries are echoing with the sweet laughter of women, who have "come up"—as the Oxford phrase is—for the "Eights" week, and to see the "lions," attended by cousins, brothers and lovers, who have "cut" lectures for the sake of these more congenial duties.

Then at one o'clock comes the rush of students, returning from lectures in full academics, to entertain at luncheon friends and relatives in those quaint low wainscoted rooms, often mere garrets with dormer windows, which are at once the envy and admiration of all who perforce live in modern domiciles, glowingly but fraudulently described as "replete with every convenience." Save the mark!

It is not till long after the last lingerer has left the table, made toothsome by the skill of *chefs* whose peers are scarce to be found, and elegant with the silver which the excessive zeal of the seventeenth century did not melt down to vainly aid King Charles, that one need wend riverward. Thendown St. Aldate's Street, through the Old Tom Gate, and under the tower in which are the "Bonnie Christ Church Bells," along the cloisters of the Cathedral, and the Broad Walk, in every color on the palette crowds of gayly dressed women move on, accompanied by men, fearfully and wonderfully clothed in garments of the many colors of their respective colleges, and gather for the fray on Isis' banks, or rather on Isis' barges. Not they of that name of the conventional canal type, but boats so called of stately build, and of an elegance worthy to receive these dainty May-time visitors. The barges of each of the colleges are easily recognized by their different colored flags and arms. Fitted up with every luxury as club rooms in the other fifty-one weeks of the year, they serve as stands from which to view the boats on this eventful week of the "Eights." Besides a barge for each college, there

is the University house-boat, the veritable floating grand stand of the races, on which all matters relating to nautical sports are decided. It is decorated with a long string of college flags, placed in order, according to the position the boats have on the river, and on it during the festive season a band is also stationed. Inside are portraits of distinguished oarsmen of the "'Varsity Eight," heroes of the past of almost mythological veneration, and the handsome chair (backed by the seven famous oars) made from part of the victorious boat, with which Oxford defeated Cambridge with a crew of seven.

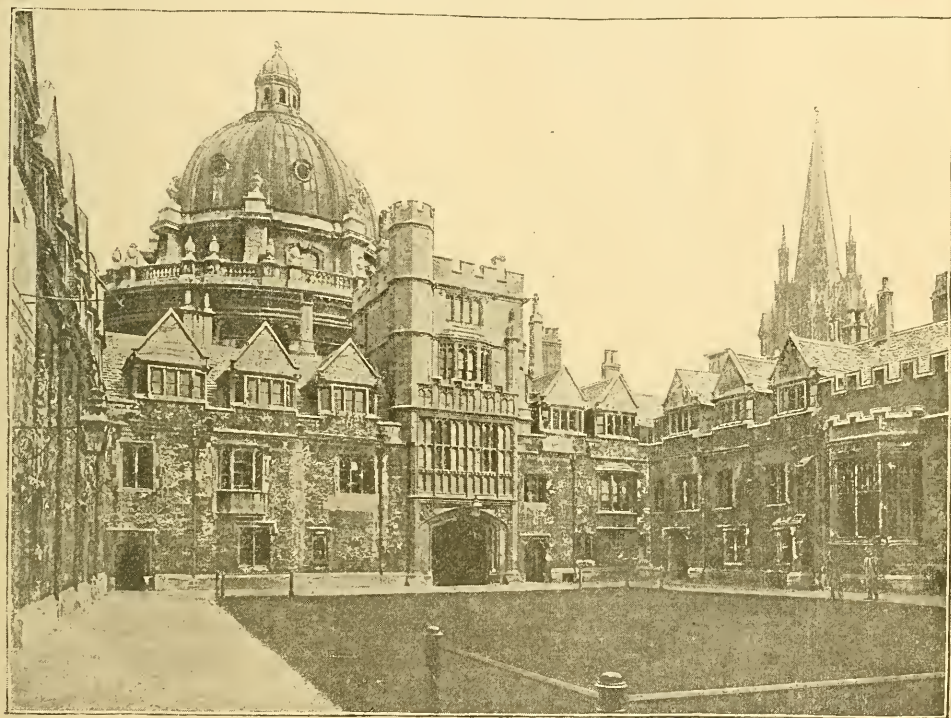
The Isis is already dotted with craft of all description: Here a tiny canoe with one man, there a dinghy, the bright gown of the girl in it forming a pretty contrast to the white flannels and "blazer" of the rower. Punts without number, in which the occupants are lazily reclining at full length, under the shadow of the overhanging trees, amidst the yellow and white water-lilies which grow here in abundance, or by the banks blue with suggestive forget-me-nots. Maybe it was near this spot that Lewis Carroll, leaving his quiet old rooms in Christ Church, where he still lives, told the children he loved to gather about him the story of "Alice in Wonderland," or wandered with them to see the old yew tree, in the quaint little churchyard at Iffley.

And here I must make a prosaic diversion, to explain that the "Eights" are a series of boat races rowed evening after evening over the same course, by the same boats' crews, each crew representing a different college or college club, some colleges having more boats on than others. The only difference in the make-up of the races from night to night is that of the position in which the boats start. This is determined on the first night by the position they left off in last year, and on each succeeding night by whether or no they have succeeded in maintaining that position. The problem of how to race some thirty boats in competition at the same time on a river not wide enough for even two to row abreast, has been solved by what, to the outsider, is so profound a mystery that it has never yet been comprehended by mortal man from any

verbal description, but it has, natheless been accomplished. I shall save my reader's patience if I say come and see, for that is the only explication, and I shall satisfy his curiosity and my duty as a chronicler if I say it has been done by the adoption of "the bump" as a method of notation and rotation.

The races are rowed in two divisions. The boats at the start are stationed in a

race; then comes the second and most important race, and every one is eager expectation, especially if it is the last day of the races determining the final position of the year. It is a pretty sight to see the muscular young rowers, in their college colors, and the blue, red or pink tipped oars flashing in the sunlight, as they lightly skim the surface of the water, as they pass out of sight on



"THE QUAD," BRASENOSE.

long line, one after the other, about twenty yards apart. As soon as the starting gun fires, each boat tries to overtake the one before it, and if successful in touching it, it has made a "bump." Both boats then go to the bank-side and are out of the race for that night. Next day the boat which made the bump takes the place of the "bumped" boat, and the boat that is bumped goes down one place, the boat that made the bump having gone up one place for that, then tries to overtake the one next above it; if it is bumped in its turn, it has the next night to retreat backward.

At six o'clock comes the first division

their way to Iffley, the starting point; and the barges are always crowded with ladies, dons and friends anxiously listening for the firing of the gun which will announce that the start has been made, and on the lookout for the first glimpse of the boats. There is no long suspense after the boom of that gun, for with bells, rattles, trumpets, kettles and every kind of instrument capable of making a noise, from afar one can hear the students cheering and encouraging their respective college boats, as they run on the tow-path by their side.

Like the distant roar of thunder comes the sound of "Well ro-o-o-owed, New." "Jesus, Jesus," is shrieked vociferously,

as an encouragement it is presumed, for Jesus College is the tail of the race. Trinity has bumped Hertford, and Exeter, Keble. Then the excitement gets greater, for B. N. C. (Brasenose College) is nearing Magdalen, the head of the river, and New follows her closely, and Balliol comes within an oar's length. Rattles are sprung again, trumpets blown, men cheer, and shouts of exultation are given as bumps are made. But the suspense is at last over and "Well rowed, Magdalen!" is shrieked by the excited men of that college, as the winning crew drop their oars, exhausted by their last effort.

For the next half hour the excitement rises higher and higher; boats are swamped in fun, men ducked and enjoy it; the river is a perfect medley of boats, arms, legs, heads, and oars, till the last triumphant cheer is shouted to victorious crews, and the barges and river are deserted.

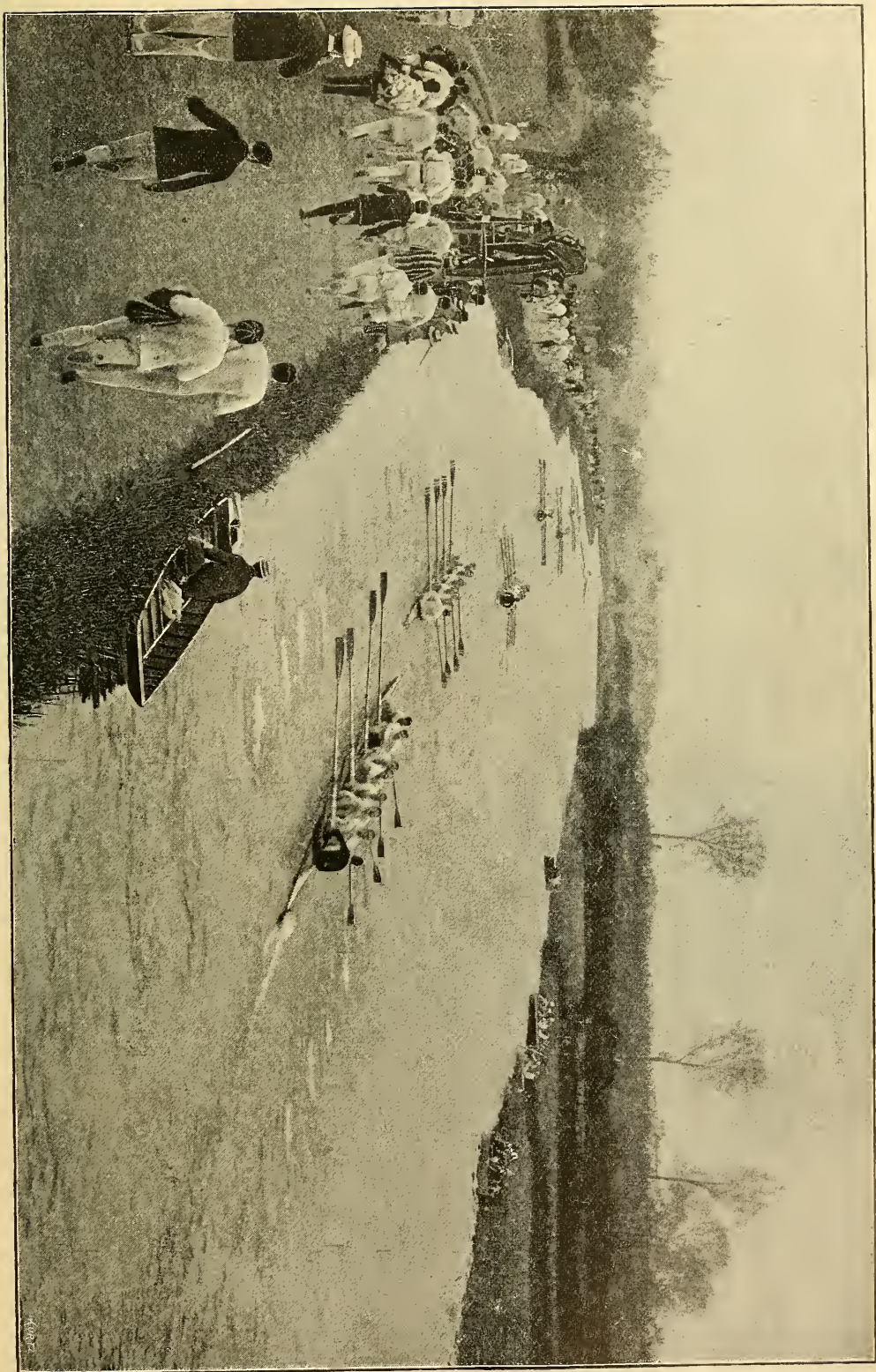
But the festivities are not yet over. The men whose boats have made a bump, will, on the last night, after the last race, celebrate the occasion by a "bump" supper in their rooms, and those who have once partaken of a college "wine" are not likely to very easily forget it.

The men go almost crazy with excitement at these times. Chinese lanterns are hung out, fireworks let off and bonfires lighted in the quadrangles, into which old wine boxes are thrown. As the men get more uproarious chairs and tables are sometimes sacrificed, and an unpopular man coming home from a quiet party, need not be surprised if he finds some practical joke has been played with his furniture, books, clothes or doors.

As the supper proceeds and more wine is drunk, the clamor gets more uproarious; college songs are sung with noisy choruses, popular dons are cheered, unpopular ones hissed, those much abused officials the Proctors coming in for a good share. And so the fun goes on till the small hours of the morning, the quiet reading man on the same staircase, in spite of having "sporting his oak" (*i.e.*, shut the great outer door of his room), being driven nearly frantic, while the nearest don can bear it no longer, and sends a scout or college

servant to say "he thinks it is time Mr. Montague broke up his party." But alas for those who have to cross the quadrangles to reach their rooms, and cannot walk straight! A Nemesis often awaits them in the shape of a proctor or tutor. Once it is said, a student was found late at night, after a "wine" in one of the quadrangles, busy planting himself in a hole, and scratching the earth over his feet. "What *are* you doing Mr. S.," said a passing don. "I'm a tulip, sir," was the answer given in a very thick voice! Woe to that man at the end of term! It is an awful ordeal when he appears before the master or principal. The three usual punishments of the University are: "Gating," *i.e.*, being forbidden to be out of the college precincts after an early hour of the day, which if inflicted in the summer term, is far from agreeable to the luckless individual who has to stay in all the long pleasant summer afternoons and evenings, while his friends are enjoying themselves on the river or elsewhere. Then there is "sconcing" or fining, from five shillings upward, while for anything very bad a man is "sent down" *i.e.*, sent out of Oxford, for periods extending from one term to a whole year, or even in extreme cases for good. An undergraduate is also "gated" by the porter of his college if he returns after the regulation hours; that is, the time at which he returns home is marked down, and a fine, smaller or greater, according to the lateness of the hour imposed. If a man is gated too often, it is noticed by the dons, and inquiries made as to where, and with whom, he has passed his time. This sconcing plays a great part in University life, though they often scone each other in fun at "Hall" as dinner is called at Oxford, for talking "shop," or making outrageous puns.

There is a story told of a student at Balliol College, who cut his throat very dangerously, and was fined five pounds. "Tell him," said the master, "that next time he cuts his throat I'll scone him ten." Poor Samuel Johnson, when a "needy scholar" as Macaulay calls him, at Pembroke College, did not approve of his tutor's lectures, and preferred to miss them, and slide in Christ



Church meadows, in his worn old shoes. Being fined two pence for cutting a lecture, he said: "Sir, you have sconced me two pence for a lecture not worth a penny."

Boating is the most absorbing and the most keenly pursued of the many sports of which Oxford is the home. From October to September, in all weathers, the river is crowded with craft of all description, to which after lunch the boating man in flannels is seen making his way. It is the one topic of conversation of which the undergraduates never seem to tire. They borrow even the metaphors of daily life from the boats, and will ask a man to "bucket" over his dinner, or to "get forward" with his reading. As soon as a freshman comes up, he attaches himself to his college club; if, as is often the case, he is already an accomplished oarsman, his course is simple. If he is not up to the standard he is taken in hand and coached in fair weather and in foul. But what does he care? Will not the glory of being picked out to row in the "Eights" make up for it all? And later on perhaps he will take his place amongst the famous crew in the 'Varsity race, and

thus obtain the coveted "blue" which is more prized than a "first class" in the "schools."

It is not often that college crews enter into any other contests than the Eights and other term races at Oxford, excepting those at Henley-on-Thames Regatta, where mostly one or two Eights compete. Occasionally, however, other challenges are accepted or given and perhaps some readers will still remember the excitement at the sharply contested race which took place on the Thames between Harvard and Oxford, August 27th, 1869. On the American side the crew consisted of, Mr. A. Burnham Cox (Chicago), Mr. J. S. Fay (Boston), Mr. F. O. Lyman (Hawaian Islands), Mr. W. H. Symonds (Concord), and Mr. A. P. Loring, stroke (Boston). Harvard took the lead and held it for some distance, then Oxford caught her up, and for a time they were nearly level, till the English crew passed Harvard and finally won, the race having lasted 22 minutes and 50 seconds. The start was made at 5:14 P. M., the result being known in America five hours by the clock before the race took place, so previous are our American cousins.



THE FINISH OF THE FIRST TWO BOATS.



LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

THABYEDAUNG TO RANGOON.

THE heat in the valley of the Irrawaddy continued to increase as I got farther south. It was greater than I had yet experienced, and I envied the very elephants who, prone on their huge sides in the water, were being holystoned, like a ship's deck, by their attendants, to their evident intense gratification. I could only compromise by availing myself, during the noon hours, of the friendly shade of some nearby railroad station or bungalow where the natives would gather round the wheel and after reading the Burmese inscription examine it quite critically. Then they would look at me with wonder at being able to ride a vehicle that could not stand of itself.

After a two hours' rest I would move on again, and as I passed the Hindus along the line who had charge of the road crossings, they would salaam and bow, taking me probably for an official of the railway riding a new kind of "trolley." As I trundled along the tracks on the stone and gravel ballasting, many small snakes wriggled off, but many more

were dead, their heads cut off in trying to cross as the train thundered by.

As far as Pyawbwa, a large Burmese district town, the path was excellent, and there, half mile from the town, were hundreds of Burmese dressed in gay colored silks along the track to see my wonderful cart. Travelers from the north by rail had evidently informed them of my coming. While I was passing their open-eyed inspection Lieut. Col. T. M. Jenkins, Deputy Commissioner of Yamethen, on horseback, met me, and turning back, we ran together along over a short good road to his bungalow. The Burmese were amazed and speechless, but hurried after in great numbers to see how the wonderful vehicle was constructed and ridden.

There had recently been a fire in Pyawbwa which destroyed about four hundred and fifty houses. But the Burmans are not put out much when their shanties burn down. The few clothes, bedding and cooking utensils are quickly drawn out of the place, and they make little or no effort to extinguish the fire. Some of them have been

known to seat themselves outside, smoking a Burmese sheroot (a cigar made of wood, pith and a little tobacco), quite enjoying the sight. Another bamboo hut, at little or no cost, is very soon put up.

The next day the rain came down again in torrents and prevented me getting farther than Uyannglun, where, however, I was fortunate in finding a European railway inspector, Mr. Hugh Fox, who invited me to remain at his bungalow. Need I say I thankfully accepted his hospitality.

From Uyannglun the railway ran through a wild forest, but my start had been so long delayed and the path was so wet that I had to walk, and I was still six miles from Kyidaunggan when darkness came on and found me belated and houseless, until I found the hut of the Hindu road gatekeeper, with whom I put up for the night, sleeping outside on my blanket spread on a bench.

In the morning I made Pyinmana, a beautiful little Burmese town, but the

hard rains which had fallen during the night again compelled me to walk. In the afternoon I was able to ride the path with no further discomfort than an occasional roll heels over head down the embankment in the long grass. I seldom injured myself, but the bicycle required some amount of energy on my part to get it up again.

At Thawutti I was near losing a much-wanted meal from the Hindus there, for they were caste natives. I had forgotten to bring my knife, fork and spoon along from Mandalay, but we compromised matters by their placing some food on paper before me, and I ate alone as best I might; it is a ready road to the mouth.

At Nyokla, the boundary line of Lower Burma, which has been under British control much longer than Upper Burma, a road graded by the English Government started to Toungoo, but it was altogether unridable, whilst the railway path was partly dry, and so I had to begin again a series of falls over the



THE OLD MONASTERY AT RANGOON.



PRIESTS BEGGING THEIR DAILY FOOD.

embankment. Once I was near ending my pilgrimage, however, for in falling I struck the stump of a tree with my head with such force that it made my senses reel, while the knapsack slid up around my neck, and I came nigh to choking. It required quite an effort to extricate myself. I was in a hurry, too, for a black cloud coming from the south warned me to hustle along as fast as possible to reach Thagaya. I was headed off by the storm two miles from my goal and received a regular soaking before I reached the station, putting up

that night and all next day with the Chinese station-master, pretty well shaken up and bruised. Johnny was a good cook, and a very polite and attentive host.

Though it still rained on the second day of my stay, and I was by no means fit, I half walked and half wheeled in the disagreeable weather to Yedashe, a small Burmese town of about 1,500 people, where I knew I should find some military police and a Deputy Commissioner, probably a surgeon, and of course a welcome. I was not disap-

pointed either. The railway inspector took me in, dried my clothes, and fed me to his heart's content. He advised me to take the Government road to Toungoo, and so, vastly refreshed, I started off in the afternoon, but the road was but little metaled for the first nine miles through the forest. Then it improved, but the everlasting rain kept steadily on. I donned my gossamer, and was plodding along with head down when suddenly I found the road was paved for fifteen feet of its width mostly with red brick nicely rolled. This was indeed a godsend and I spurted up the short hills and wheeled along in the gratefully shaded road, which, in addition to being level and good, was lined with large palm trees, and as I neared the town of Toungoo, pagodas and Phungyee Tchoungs were on every side.

The report soon spread of my arrival with a strange wheel. Two large crowds of Burmans, each having an interpreter, came to see me, but among them were no Chinese, though the Chinese are well liked in Burma, not for their habits, I may say, but for their good and steady work and industry.

I found the Government bungalow after a rather long search, and then had a stroll around the old English brick fort built many years ago. One or two regiments of sepoys were stationed there, and military police throughout the town. The Burmese have better houses and are in a more flourishing condition in Lower Burma than their brethren in Yamenthen and Mandalay.

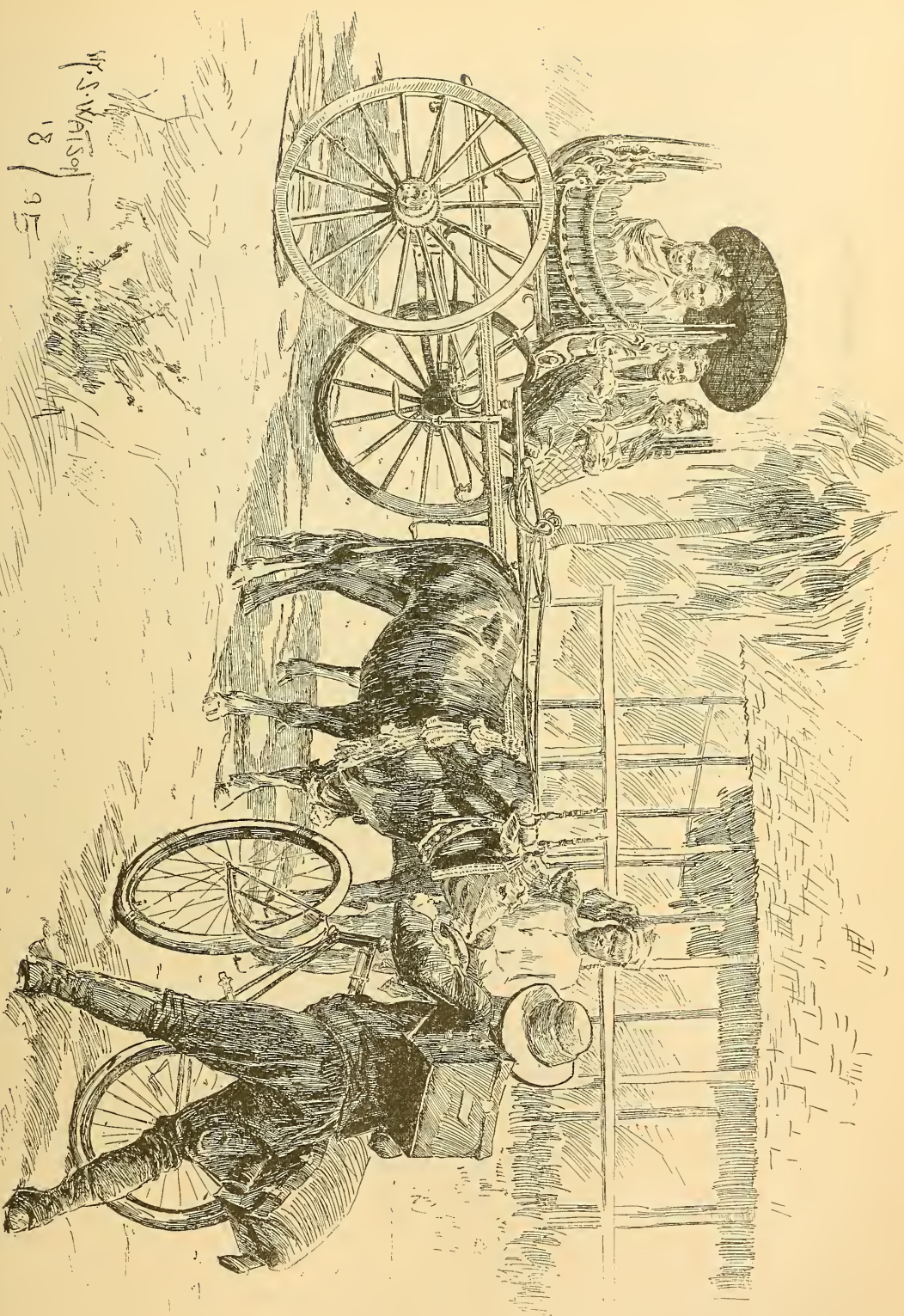
A Roman Catholic Missionary Church was but a short distance away from the bungalow, and during my supper, the sweet strains of the church organ and the voices of the Burmese children, singing the requiem, floated on the evening breeze. The Jesuits are beyond a doubt among the hardest of missionary workers in the far East. When they left France over three hundred years ago on their religious errand, they went to all the countries of Asia. Their work was fruitless at first, but gradually they gained converts until to-day they have the largest number of Asiatic Christians of any of the Missionary Societies in Asia.

For the first time since leaving Mandalay the weather was clear when I left

Toungoo. No one I met seemed to know the road south to Oktwin. To make sure I followed the railway path, again riding some in the three miles, when the stone highway crossed and followed alongside the railway line. Herds of cattle and buffaloes were grazing along the road. My wheel scared them as much as it amazed the natives, and they scampered off with a great thundering of feet on my approach. One herd ran nearly a mile before they were stopped by some Hindus.

After passing Oktwin the macadam disappeared and a mud road took its place; the mud gave way to a few paths in the grass. The road was well graded but completely covered with grass, except the narrow footpaths. This road could be metaled at a small cost as all the bridges are already built. I made twenty-five miles that morning, quite a record, before I stopped at the Nyaungchidaik bungalow. Here I heard the first Burma tuctoo, a very dangerous large lizard, which hides away in the rafters of the buildings, and is hard to catch. This reptile is one of the most annoying creatures. It suddenly utters loud quick sounds, resembling a hoarse, chuckling laugh, following this with its "tuctoo" cry, repeating it once for every year of its age. They are harmless if let alone, but it is said if they fall on a person's body, they imbed their hook-shaped claws into the flesh, and it is impossible to remove them, except by cutting them out; and their bite is said to be very poisonous.

The station-master at Nyaungchidaik (may he be forgiven), advised me to ride the Government road to Byu next day, but it was soon evident that he had never ridden a wheel over it. The first three miles were stoned and I pedaled merrily through the deep and quiet forest with great expectations. Then the road suddenly became a mass of deep mud and went from bad to worse. Not only was riding impossible, but I could barely walk, my shoes sticking in the mud and coming out with a sucking noise. Fortune favored me at my worst point, however, by enabling me to use the footprints of two elephants that had gone ahead. Some of the imprints were quite dry, while into others the water had trickled until they resembled



little baths. Six miles of this slow work played me out, and to add to the discomfort the jungle was so dense that barely a ray of sun penetrated the trees. All along I knew the railway was within two hundred yards of the road on my left, yet to my chagrin and dismay I could neither penetrate the thick jungle nor ford the ditch near the track. I was in fact cut off completely, until late in the day, when I came to a spot where I could lift the wheel over the wire fence which extends the entire distance along both sides of the track from Mandalay to Rangoon. I almost raced along the excellent path I found there to a long, high, narrow bridge over a river; this I carefully walked, then I wheeled to the village of Byu, thinking ruefully how nicely I would have progressed had I not taken the advice of that station-master at Nyaungchidaik, who ought to have known, but did not.

When I started again I took the rail track. I thought I would sure be right this time, but again I made a mistake, for every rail's length of the first eleven miles was cut by a little drain ditch across the path. My cycling readers will sympathize with my state of body and mind as I jolted along over the drains for some two hours. It shook the very bones of my head and I almost grew sick at the stomach before at dusk I finally reached the station. A kind native of India procured me a cane seated easy chair for a bed, and some curry and rice, the universal dish of India, for supper, and I fell into a sleep at once, so sound that even my aches were unnoticed.

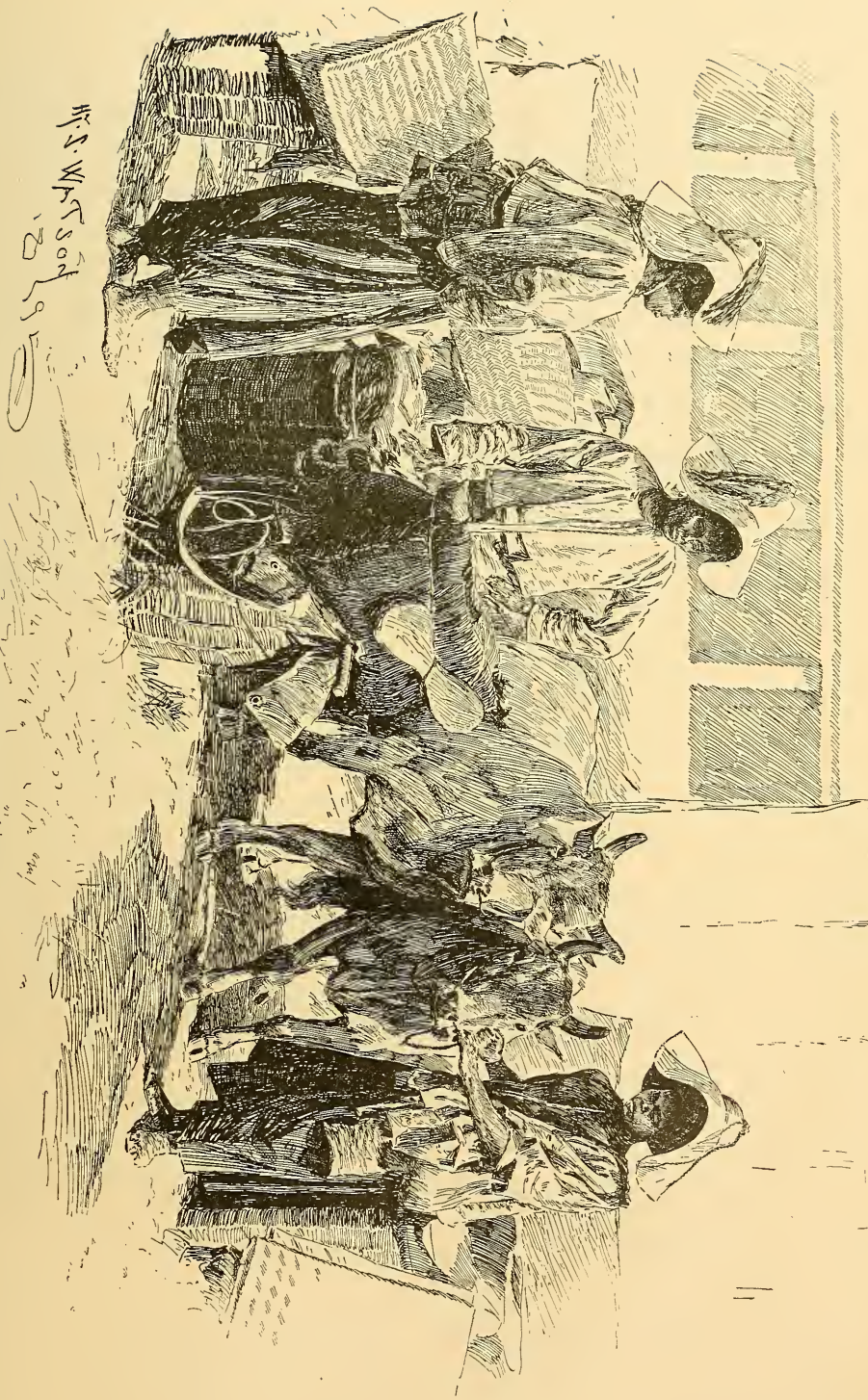
The drain ditches fortunately disappeared next day on the path to Penwgon, and I wheeled most of the distance on the ballast packed quite hard between the tracks. On the tracks themselves where I sometimes had to go when passing over bridges the cross-ties or "sleepers" eighteen to twenty inches apart, were very dangerous. Once the wheel fell, but I was quick enough to keep it from going over in the stream.

At Peinzalok the railway inspector, Mr. J. T. Martin, prevailed on me to stop until noon next day before starting for Nyaunglebin, where I found a large crowd of Burmese and native Indians

waiting my arrival. I gave them a complimentary turn or two on the earthen platform and started off for Pyuntaza, when another deluge of rain met me one mile south, and I had to walk into the town of Pyuntaza and its welcome refreshment station and small railroad shops for repairing engines.

Here I was told that at last twelve miles further south I would find the Government road stoned and excellent riding to Pegu and Rangoon, and next morning I donned my still wet clothes, and after a hearty breakfast wheeled through the town, followed by a large crowd to the iron railroad bridge, where two Europeans waited to see me off. The Burmans followed to the bridge to see me cross it, they did not have sense enough to think I should trundle across it. I was able to bicycle most of the twelve miles through Deiku to Paungdawthi, through a sparsely inhabited district. The Shan Mountains on the east and the small Yoma range on the west were now gradually fading away, and the country was quite flat, though considerably covered with timber. Sure enough, I had at last found a man who could tell the truth, for the old road was stoned with brick from here on, so I wheeled swiftly along through the quiet forest. When I emerged out on a beautiful wide plain, the Shan Mountains looked like a mere cloud on the Eastern horizon. The Yoma range had disappeared entirely. The Government road soon opened out twenty feet wide, metaled all over.

As I wheeled through inundated Burmese villages, the road being raised several feet above the water line, the natives streamed forward and with astonishment gazed at the spinning wheel. The women were equally interested; holding their naked babies, with one arm against their hips, one of the baby's legs in front and one dangling behind her, they hurried forward to see. The little Burmese boys immediately took a fancy to the wheel, and with giggling laughs ran racing along after me. Some were entirely naked, others merely had a dirty rag wrapped about their loins. As a friendly race, the Burmese are similar to the Japanese, though they are not so refined or so clean as the Japs.



SOME OF THE "SHAM" TOLLERS.

Everywhere in the flooded district the Burmese, large and small, were fishing with hook and seine. Some were even fishing very handily from the verandas of their bamboo houses built on poles. Darkness came on as I reached Payagyi ten miles from Pegu, and I was fortunate to escape another heavy storm.

In the morning I was off to Pegu. The stone road I found had been but little affected by the heavy rains. I had not wheeled out of Payagyi more than one mile before the great golden Pegu pagoda could be seen distinctly glittering in the sunlight nine miles away. The road improved as I got nearer Pegu, in some places being nicely shaded with trees. It ends by winding up a knoll on which stands the high pagoda, a massive piece of work surrounded by many Phungyees Thouns. Pilgrims come from all parts of Burma to worship at this great pagoda. It is renowned among the Burmans who believe that all the wishes of its worshipers will be fulfilled.

Pegu is a very pretty town, nicely situated, but I did not remain after dinner; I immediately pushed on to Intagaw, fourteen miles farther south. This stretch was slightly rolling but excellent wheeling. Mile-posts were placed along the road with the distances marked, both ways, in English, quite a refreshing sight.

I was now within forty-two miles of Rangoon, and although it still rained I determined to push on, as some members of the Burma Cycling Club of Rangoon had notified me of their intention to meet me. Hundreds of cows and oxen and buffalo in herds were being driven along the road. The cows and oxen were easily scared off, but the buffalo were quite fierce looking, and only by bearing slowly down on them would they stampede.

On the way to Toukyan natives of India were repairing the road. About twenty of them dragging a heavy iron roller over the road. Their wives dangling with silver, having but little to do in their lazy lives, hovered near the workmen. Even the children who run about naked wear silver rings in their ears, around their necks, wrists, waists and ankles; but then this is the way the Hindu banks his savings.

When within a quarter of a mile of Toukyan I was surprised to meet two Europeans from Rangoon. They had come out from the city to hunt and enjoy a short outing in the forest looking for quail and snipe. They insisted I partake of some dinner before riding on.

The rain had stopped before I started, and just as I had passed the sixteenth milepost, humming a gay air, six wheelmen from the Burma Cycling Club suddenly swung around a bend in the road in full view. A hail of delight and we were soon shaking hands and chatting pleasantly. They were the first cycling club men I had met since leaving San Francisco.

We briskly wheeled along together, but the sky, which was already dangerously black to the south, literally came down before we had gone two miles, and it rained all the afternoon. The wheelmen were new riders except Mr. R. Adams, the captain, who is an old-time Scotch rider, yet like old wheelmen they pedaled along in the rain, though drenched to the skin. Up and down hills, over bridges, past the beautiful artificial Kokine lakes, forming the water supply for Rangoon, past the Cantonment on the right and the great towering golden pagoda on the left, through the beautiful military gardens on to Soolay road, and through the main street, with the Soolay pagoda forming a small square in the centre—we reached the British India Hotel at 5 o'clock.

My cyclometer registered forty-two miles for the day, mostly ridden in rain. It was the longest run I had made since December 29th, 1892, when I covered forty-nine miles from Chinkiang to Nanking, China.

I was happy indeed when I reached Rangoon, having covered six hundred and eighty miles on land successfully through a swampy, rainy and one of the unhealthiest countries in the world, in its very worst season.

The members of the cycling club tendered a dinner in my honor and entertained me pleasantly during my two days' stay, conducting me to and over all the places of interest. The great golden Shway Dagon pagoda of Rangoon was one of these. It is the largest and grandest pagoda in Burma, over six hundred years old, and yet in a perfect

state of preservation. Situated on an artificial high mound, it is visible fifty to seventy miles away on a clear day. It is built of large blocks of stone; the base is of enormous magnitude; then it tapers upward gracefully in artistic lines, all gilded over with gold-leaf. The top or last block is a massive piece of solid gold, while the basket at the very top contains the largest ruby known in the world, and many other precious stones, to say nothing of its priceless treasure, a supposed tooth and two hairs of Buddha, the founder of Buddhism. Within the large walls enclosing the pagoda are many small gilded pagodas, shrines of Gautama or Buddha, elephants and figures of stone kneeling at the base; glittering colored looking-glass work and carvings abound on the shrines and images. The great entrance is filled with vendors selling Burmese articles and incense sticks, but amongst all this magnificence, like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, on the

staircase outside leading to the entrance, are generally about a dozen lepers. These poor wretches in all manner of weather sleep and live in this one place, begging alms from the pilgrims.

Pilgrimages are made to this famous pagoda from all parts of Burma and the Shan States. When yet a distance from the pagoda, the pilgrim falls on his knees in the road or street and worships at the first sight of it. At the base of the pagoda they worship with devotion and faithfulness in the open air, in full view of everybody.

The buildings and streets in Rangoon are substantially and well built. Its population of about 130,000 people are mostly natives of India. One would imagine himself more in a city of India than Burma.

The steamship *Canara* of the B. India S. N. Co. sailed for Calcutta on September 12th, and on it I took passage for Calcutta, my port of entry to India.

NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

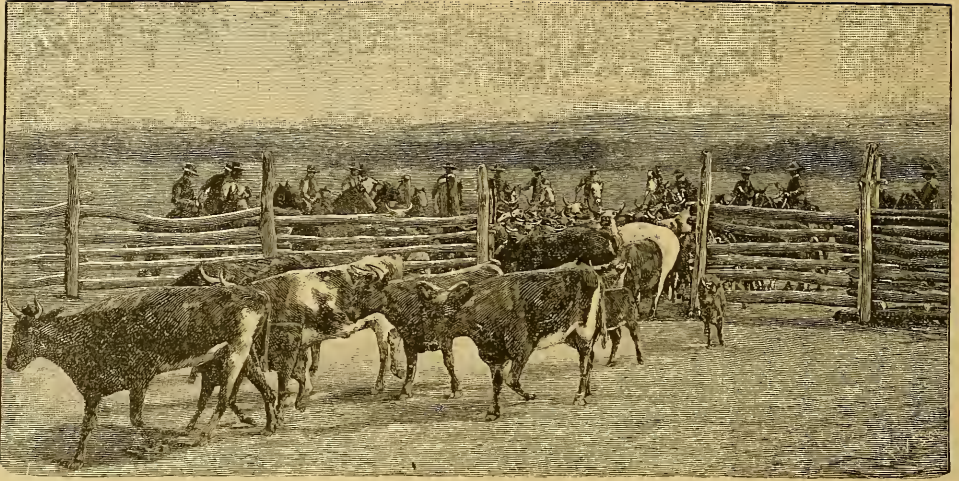
Night on the river! Oh a gracious time,
Wherein to search the hidden heart of things!
Rock-fortressed by volcanic might sublime,
The river floweth free and sweetly brings
Winged thoughts and hopes, and deep imaginings.

Night on the river! and the mighty hills
Stand grandly docile, guarding the soft scene,
Sovran yet silent. What a rapture thrills
The solemn quiet! Night, with saddened mien
And quiet steps, treads where the day has been.

The voices of the gloaming near and far
Proclaim the rising of the argent moon;
In brilliant glory shines the evening star,
The weird owl hoots, and loud the beetles croon;
High shrills with gladsome mirth the crickets' tune.

The stream is softly singing its own hymn,
Rippling and plashing o'er enameled stones:
Soft plumed moths flit through the twilight dim,
And sound with fluttering pinions, undertones;
Whilst swaying spearmint perfumed breathing loans.

Anon a sudden splash most musical
Breaks the sweet cadence of the murmuring stream,
The spray drops flash like diamonds as they fall,
And by the risen moon, is seen the gleam
Of armored trout in symmetry supreme.



THE BIG RODEO.

UP AMONG THE CATTLE RANGES OF THE SIERRAS.

By Mary Calkins Johnson.



THEM'S drove cattle!" All the camp sprang to attention, but, save to the keen ears of the woman, no sound broke above the scurry of the creek. She, as much a creature of the hills as the ground squirrels that burrowed in their sides, listened long, and as intently as a warned deer.

"Yes, them's drove cattle" she said again, at last. "I must hurry 'n' git the gates of the corrals open. You 'uns better all come over an' see what's goin' on. I guess valley folks (this with a fine scorn) ain't much used to seein' things so lively.

"Here Baldy, whoa you"—and throwing over the horse's bare back the scrap of home-made carpet that did service in place of a saddle, Lizy mounted from a convenient rock, and rode off over the rough trail, calling back to us to "come on over, you folks, an' see the fun."

And "over" we came promptly enough, a jolly camping party of us, spoiling for amusement, and believing the picturesqueness of the mountaineers to be our special and legitimate diversion.

High up among the cattle ranges of the Sierra Nevadas we had pitched our

tents, and forgetting we had come to hunt and fish, had devoted ourselves to putting on thick coats of tan in the pure light atmosphere that made it joy unspeakable only to draw the breath of life.

Twenty minutes after Lizy's precipitate departure the long "low-lows" of the drove cattle began to salute our valley ears. Soon the sounds seemed to come from all directions, and the voices of the cattle men, almost as mellow, echoed from the hillsides miles away.

"When my Ben calls 'co-calf, co-calf' you c'n hear him all the way from Jeffries's Mills to Pleasant Valley," Lizy had told us with a smile half proud, half shy.

"How far 's that? It's more 'n fifty miles by the new trail, but the chicken hawks c'n fly it while you're lookin'."

Over at the corrals dozens of men and horses and hundreds of cattle, all tired, thirsty and excited, jostled, jammed and evaded each other.

Lizy, fresh and full of power, sat still on her horse and directed proceedings in a clear strong voice.

"Turn them beef-critters to the right.

"Let them milk keows alone thar 'n' they 'll soon tell who owns them on-branded calves.

"Do you hyar Jim Brown a 'talkin'

about 'my brand'?" Lizzy asked of us in a contemptuous aside. "He never owned nothin' in all his life, an' never will. He thinks jest because he got married that all she's got 's his'n. See I've got to give him a lesson, seein' 's his wife 's sick abed.

"Hyar Jake, you needn't drive none of Marg'ret's keows among the beef-cattle. She ain't able to be here to-

Once a year, when the cattle are at the sleekest, and before the sun has burned up the feed and lowered the water courses, friends and foes, so that they be neighbors in the mountain ranges, must join in "the big rodeo."

The cattle are driven from hills and valleys, and buyers are on hand at the corrals to drive off the "beef-critters." The "keows" and calves and bulls and



"COME ON OVER."

day, so I'm jest a-lookin' after her in-trusts, same 's if they wus my own." And poor Jim Brown raised the voice of command no more for that day.

"yearlin's" then go free again, to climb for green feed where horses cannot follow.

Not for another year will these creat-

ures be seen again of men; but when the call of "co-calf, co-calf" echoes through the hills once more they will hear it and will rush to answer it.

To them the cry means only *salt*. Perhaps the lows that answer it are signals too, for in the end every living creature that can drag itself comes in to "the big rodeo," and the doomed ones eat the sacramental salt with those that are granted yet another year's grace of wandering and struggle.

"Turn them mavericks off with the beef-critters. We c'n share the money they bring an' then Judd 'n' ole man Thresher won't be thretnin' each other no more long o' them. Onbranded beasts has made a power of trouble an' hard feelin's—yes an' shootin's too, ever since Noah's time. I'm goin' to put a stop to such doin's—leastways in these here hills.

"That thar heifer with Jake's brand on an' a swallow fork in her left ear b'longs to Si Hastings' little girl. Jake guv it to her, time her maw died. She's got twin calves now, an' heifer calves too. Looks like she knowed how to comfort a orphan.

"Hyar you! don't let no heifers of mine git in among the beef-critters. I ain't a sellin' no heifers at twelve dollars an' a half a head—not this season."

Raised among the cattle, Lizy knew the value of a heifer, and had no idea but the great unknown world beyond the hills recognized, as well as she, the inferiority of the male creatures.

"I c'n do every thing Ben can," she declared, "an' lots that he ain't up to. I c'n saw down trees with any man in the hills, an I c'n drive a six horse team up an' down Scott's Trail. Show me the man that c'n do it! But I do jest nachully deespair of learnin' to play tunes on that thar organ. Seth Wilkins come up an' guv me a lesson on it jest las' spring too. He told me to play it jist that-a-way—jist that-a-way." The big bony fingers went up and down in such fantastic fashion that we should have laughed if the hands had not been so warped and twisted by hard work.

But in the big corrals of Ben Davis' cattle ranch the sorting and selling and trading and swearing went merrily on. Good nature reigned supreme, and if a

difference of opinion regarding the character of a brand arose, Lizy's decisions were prompt, and no man seemed to think of appealing from them. Mexican and Indian vaqueros, tired men from the Arkansas river bottoms, and sharp buyers from the valley towns, listened to her commands, and never a man of them would say a word that might bring an added flush to the fine color the mountain zephyrs left in Lizy's cheek.

For days these fellows had ridden and scrambled and climbed over steep mountain trails, and hill sides that were trackless. They had slipped from their saddles wherever darkness overtook them, built huge campfires and slept under the stars with never a blanket to warm their aching limbs. They had dined, supped and breakfasted on camp coffee, bacon and flapjacks, and thought it food for the gods, if they thought of gods at all.

Over at our camp we dreamed of the fruits of the lowlands, and longed to vary our bill of fare. So we hailed a passing horseman as a possible messenger to town for provisions. "Pervisions" quoth he, all sympathy at once; "pervisions? Thar's a plenty over to my place, and you 'uns shan't lack while we've got. Which ar y'out of, flour er bacon?"

Seeing our embarrassment he went on "Y' don't mean to say y're out o' both? Well, I swun!" and he heaved a great sigh for the shiftlessness of valley folks, who live from hand to mouth, and spend their lives worrying about "pervisions." "There's 'nough stuff over to our house to last fur two years more or less, an' I wouldn't live no other way. Did y' ever stop to think what 'ud become of y' if a cloudburst was to wash out a piece of the trail, an' fill in the gap with boulders? Do y' think y' c'd ford ole Tule river in the spring time, with a sack of flour on y'r head? No, sir, we don't haul no gardin' sass up these here mountings when the roads are slick with mud."

"But you folks don't stay up here in winter," we expostulated, mildly.

"No; but spos'n some of the boys was to come this way huntin' cattle, 'n' git caught in a big snow storm, an' should n't find no pervisions in the

house. That 'ud be a pretty how-do-you-do, wouldn't it now?

"Don't we lock our doors when we go' way? No! what 'ud we lock 'em fer? Bears an' rattlers can't open no doors, an' we dont want *folks* to stay outside, do we? There's wood an' blankets and shelter *an'* pervisions over to my place fer whoever comes that way, 'n' I guess thar's goin' to be 's long 's my name 's Hank Lee."

The big rodeo is no fiesta. The vaqueros flourished about a bit, with shy glances at the ladies. They dropped a whiplash here and there to show the grace with which they could recover it without checking the horses on whose backs they felt more at home than on mother earth. But even the picturesque Mexicanos were too travel-worn to do themselves proud; and as soon as the beef cattle were rounded up they were started for the lower grazing lands where they were to rest for the night.

Great fires of cones and fat pine were lit about the corrals later, for the branding and ear-marking had yet to be attended to.

A "yearlin'," wild as a deer, and quite as pretty, would feel the lasso strike his neck and before he had time to start another rope had caught his heels and he was stretched upon his side, ready for the branding iron. The skilled vaqueros wound the ropes about their saddle horns, and the horses knew they must stretch them just so taut and hold them just so firm, that the captured calves might be quite helpless while the irons and the huge shears did their work. Most of the suffering beasts did not try to move, and made no sound. Yet when they were released the look in their soft eyes told you that they knew themselves for creatures of men, and were no more the free roamers of the mountains they had been.

When it was over, and the dumb creatures which had come for salt, and had

received, some bondage and some only death, were all gone their several ways, Ben and Lizy walked half-way back to camp with us, that they might drink of the waters of "the sody spring."

Lizy's mood was pensive, and she said to me as we walked along "I'm jest nachully gitten' tired of this here. I want to go to Arizony. "I was born an' raised in these hills, but my paw an' maw lives in Arizony now, an' I kinda want to be near 'em. If 'twant fer the travelin' I'd go too; but y 'see we know what travelin' is, fer me an' Ben went there onct. We druv down to the valley an' then we had to go all the rest of the way on the inside of a car. What do y' think of that? Two nights an' a day ridin' inside of a car. It was stiflin' an' I thought we'd surely die in thar, like rats in a hole.

"We never meant to try it again, but it's a gittin' so thick-settled round here it seem's 's thar ain't no quiet no whar.

"Yes I know its nine miles to neighbors, but thar 's folks goin' an' comin' through the hills all summer long. "Ther ain't a day hardly but you c'n hear a gun goin' off in the mountains somewhars, an' folks is takin' up claims till the cattle 's liable to run into fences most any day o' the year. "Some valley folks wants to buy our ranch, but I'd kinda hate to risk money tied up in anything 'cept cattle roamin' out on these here hills, an' I don't jest know what to do."

Waking in my tent long afterward I looked into the gleaming eyes of a wildcat crouching in the doorway. A half grown skunk paced noiselessly across the moonlit space beyond, and further away a coyote tried to impress the silence with the idea that he was present in large numbers, and was feeling exceedingly fierce. I enjoyed it all, sleepily resentful of the fast approaching days when the call of "co-calf, co-calf" shall ring no more through the everlasting hills.



ON SUMMER SEAS.

BY THE LATE LADY ARNOLD.



“WHO will be my shipmates on a voyage to ‘La Belle France’?” said my husband, as our party trooped in to breakfast on one of the finest mornings we had seen during an exceptionally wintry summer. “I have interviewed the captain and he says there is just the breeze we want to take us to Cherbourg, and a likelihood of a quiet sea outside.”

I volunteered at once, being quite good enough a sailor to enjoy these little trips in the *Hadassah*; but the others, the majority of whom regarded the sea with more respect than affection, excused themselves in various ways, all confessing at last that they had too much consideration for their personal comfort to trust to the English Channel in such fickle weather. My second son, however, who is perhaps a little better than the rest, and had never seen France, consented to go with us. So

our little ship's company went off to make the various preparations for our invasion of the neighboring republic.

We did not expect to be away more than four days, and so our personal luggage was soon packed and conveyed on board the *Hadassah*. But there was the much more serious business of provisioning the ship, for how, as Sir Edwin suggested, should we like to be becalmed in the Channel for several days, as might easily happen, and find ourselves with little to eat and less to drink?

“Not at all,” we answered, and accordingly helped to make out a long list of necessities to be procured and put on board during the day, for the captain told us that we could not start till four on account of the tide. We went out to while away the hours till lunch-time in our pretty water garden.

It certainly was a fine day for once. An azure sky was flecked here and there with tiny clouds overhead; and below in the harbor the calm blue water sparkled like so many diamonds in such sunshine as we had not seen since the summer before.

But as we sat, now talking of our voyage and its destination, now watching the beautiful white gulls that circled with plaintive cry over the still harbor, now and then swooping down to seize some luckless fish, a little, dark speck on the horizon, hardly noticeable at first, grew into a black rain cloud and sped along on the wings of the rising wind. Suddenly the wind dropped, the air was hot and heavy, and the sky assumed that copper hue which, beautiful as it is, foretells the coming storm.

On the yacht they were busily doing up the sails and covering up the cabins, and none too soon, for the big drops began to fall, and then a flash of lightning, quickly followed by a peal of thunder, lighted up the lurid sky and burst a passage for the welcome wind which rushed in to clear the heavy atmosphere. I remember a storm in Scotland once. It was at night and the thunder rolled up the glen in peals, while the dancing lightning lit up the hills and waterfalls in a terribly splendid manner. One feels so small and

insignificant watching the awful war of the elements. But this was only a passing shower, and was soon flying away over the hills with every now and then a muttered farewell, so that the scene once more resumed its fair and peaceful aspect.

It was almost starting time. We stood on the water-steps saying good-bye and making ever so many promises, while the handsome *Hadassah*, her white wings spread and her flag fluttering at the peak, seemed to tug impatiently at her moorings. The cutter was alongside, and two of the crew, smartly attired in neat jerseys and caps, pulled us to the yacht in a trice. The boat was hoisted to the davits, the chain rattled on the deck and we were off.

The *Hadassah* glided swiftly down the harbor to the pretty church and castle which guard its entrance, and bowing to the slight swell, stole gently out to sea. Little by little we lost sight of familiar objects and new points of the coast opened before us. So we dropped away from Dartmouth, watching the pretty antics of a pair of divers who allowed us to come quite close and then disappeared to emerge again some hundred yards ahead.

It was nearly six o'clock, and we were worming our way through a picturesque fleet of trawlers tacking home with their cargoes of fish. Their brown sails added to the beautiful evening effect. The blue-gray sea stretched away to the horizon, where the tint was a delicate violet, while past the *Hadassah* it bubbled a deep claret color. The sky was even lovelier. Behind, the gray of evening was stealing up, and overhead the delicate blue faded into the palest salmon streaked with red and gold. Against this red sky were the red-brown sails of the trawlers, and to complete the picture the white wings of three racing yachts, for such our captain declared them to be, shone out like pale flowers against the golden sunset. The sun disappeared and down came our flags; we looked back and the English coast had vanished, all but the friendly Start Light that flashed its "bon voyage."

Everything was so peaceful now, and as I turned back in my deck chair, looking at the milk-white sails and listening to the faint notes of "Tom Bowling" which came from the fore-castle, I almost wished that this peaceful state of things

would never end. But it did, and a strong breeze sprang up, as displeasing to me as it was pleasing to the captain. For a troublesome swell came and destroyed all sentimental thoughts. I declined the steward's offer of "a nice dinner." Not so my companions, who had been chatting with the captain on every kind of nautical topic.

We were nearing the line of traffic now and the lights of ships sparkled here and there. I sat suspiciously still and the sailor who had now taken the tiller tried to explain to me the rules of the road at sea. I proved, I am afraid, a bad pupil, and when my husband and son came up from the cabin he gave it up as a bad job. The night is always rather chilly at sea in these latitudes, and so after a short time I went below, all the more readily as the swell was becoming uncomfortably high. I left my companions on deck nestled in their easy-chairs and drinking in the purity of the fresh sea-air. It was very comforting to know that there were those on deck who would keep a good lookout while they steered the *Hadassah* through these crowded waters; for midchannel is not the safest place in the world during the night hours, and the steamers and great ships are none too careful of the smaller craft that cross their path on pleasure bent or bound to or from the fishing grounds.

I prepared to turn in without fear or apprehension. But I had not been in my cabin more than twenty minutes when I heard a great commotion on deck, and hurrying up to see what was the matter I found that there was good cause for it. A large black lumbering trader was bearing straight down upon us; out of the gloom there were the green and red lights, and between and above them the white light, showing that she was a steamer. The *Hadassah* had at the moment only a light air in her sails and was obliged therefore to await, helplessly but watchfully, the course of the approaching vessel. Our own lamps were burning brightly, so that there was no excuse for the positively brutal way in which the steamship continued to rush on toward us. Those of the crew who had not been on deck had hastened out and were gathered forward, anxiously watching the stranger.

"Show a light!" cried out our captain, and immediately one of the men waved

the binnacle lamp in the air. But the great vessel paid no heed. Nor did she change her course when the bell was rung and the men shouted lustily to her, and so, at last, when there was no time to spare, the captain put the helm up and with barely enough air to give us steerage way we drew clear, and the great steamship rushed by, close aboard.

Those were not blessings that the captain hurled on the midnight air after the pilot of that vessel.

"It's unmanful of 'em, sir," I heard steward say to my son; "many's the poor trawler they runs down like that."

This man was quite a character and constantly amused us by his odd sayings and solemn, mournful manner; but he was a good creature and did his best, though his cooking was not always a success.

Such an incident as that which I have just described was enough to make one nervous; but on the captain's promising not to leave the deck till morning, we all went below and slept well for the rest of the night.

We were on deck shortly after six, to find ourselves bounding through a "French roll" of most unpleasant dimensions. The sailor at the tiller told us that there had been a strong breeze all night which had freshened at day-break, about the time they sighted the first land—the island of Alderney. Cherbourg and the French coast were well in sight now, and as we were running before the wind at a great pace, we looked forward to getting into port in a little over an hour.

Every part of the French coast here reminds one of some incident in history. Under this cape our army which proved victorious at Crecy landed, and there in 1692 the English and Dutch fleets, under Admirals Russell and Rooke, sunk and burned the armament prepared by Louis XIV. to restore James II. to the throne of England. Beaten on the open sea, says one account, the French Admiral, Tourville, a most gallant seaman, retired to Cherbourg where his ship, *Le Joleil Royal*, was blown up. Taking to another vessel he led the remnant of his fleet into the bay of La Hogue and there prepared to offer a stout final defense. History tells how he turned his vessels into fortresses, running them aground on the shallows with their broadsides to the enemy;

how the French army, with a body of Irish and English refugees, was drawn up on a height above, while the artillery was embarked on floating batteries to assist in repelling any attack on the ships. James II., attended by Marshals Berwick and Bellefonde, who commanded his forces, was a spectator of the action which ensued. The brilliant part of the battle was the attack and capture of the armament by the boats of the English squadron under Sir George Rooke. In the teeth of a tremendous fire of musketry and artillery from shore and ships, the English sailors pulled up to and boarded all the stranded vessels and pointed their guns against the French on shore. All the twelve ships of war were burned, together with a number of transports which had been collected to convey the army to England.

North of La Hogue is Harfleur, girded with dangerous rocks, on which perished the ship *Blanche-Nef*, which conveyed Prince William, the only son of Henry I., to Normandy.

We were now within a quarter of a mile of the breakwater of Cherbourg Harbor, and passed one or two quaint Dutch-looking fishing vessels coming out. On the rocks near the mouth of the harbor we noticed the remains of some ill-fated ship, wrecked in the recent gales. The *Hadassah* soon rounded the buoy placed off the end of the breakwater, shot up the harbor as far as it was safe for her to go, and brought up at last between a large ketch-rigged yacht and a merchant brig from Poole. We were hardly anchored when a little sailing boat, admirably managed in the strong wind that was blowing, came alongside with a French official on board. This gentleman handed my husband a paper on which to write all particulars of ourselves and our yacht, and then, with the usual accompaniment of French fuss and ejaculations, pushed off to wait for the next newcomer.

After this interview we went below to dress and have some breakfast, and then stepped into the cutter and were pulled to the town. The harbor was very empty considering its size, but we passed five large men-of-war and a dozen or more ill-looking torpedo boats, puffing and panting hither and thither.

Cherbourg is certainly not a very

lively or attractive place, but it is picturesque in parts, and the quaint dresses of the peasants were interesting, especially to my son who had never seen anything like them. We visited the market, where the people were busy buying and selling, the women wearing the tall white Normandy caps. Leaving the market we wandered through the chief streets to the *Place*, overlooking the harbor.

Here is a magnificent statue of the great Napoleon mounted on his horse and wearing a cocked hat and *redingote grise*. He points with one hand to the great breakwater, and well might he be proud of that work had he completed it; but much of the labor he lavished on the "Digue" was destroyed by the great storm in 1808, which swept away all the buildings erected, and drowned one hundred and ninety-four out of two hundred and sixty-three soldiers and workmen employed. Again and again the difficult task was renewed, but it was not until after fifty years and an expenditure of three millions sterling that it was at last completed. On the base of the statue is this inscription: "I had determined to renew at Cherbourg the wonders of Egypt." Near the dockyard at a spot called *Chantier-reine* is a chapel named "Notre Dame du Vœu," which commemorates the escape of the Empress Maude when caught in a fierce storm near Cherbourg, on her flight from the usurper Stephen. While in anticipation of death and still at her prayers, "Chante, Reine!" exclaimed a sailor, "land is in sight," and hence, it is said, the spot where the Queen landed and near to which she built the chapel was called "Chantier-reine"—a name which it still retains. The present Chapel of the Vow is, however, modern and stands on a different spot. Retracing our steps from the *Place* we went into a café for some lunch, after which we repaired to our hotel and whiled away the afternoon by watching the people from our windows. At half past six came the table-d'hôte, which proved less interesting than is usual with French hotel dinners, for there was no general conversation.

After dinner we again went out and soon found ourselves on the *Place* again. It now was quite crowded with French mothers, who were knitting and at the same time keeping a careful watch

over their babies playing round them. We saw a delightful piece of French family life. A pretty young mother had brought her children to play and enjoy the evening air, and the little ones amused themselves with a very charming game. They would first agree to perform some significant attitude or character, and then whoever did it best got the prize. For instance, a bright little girl of about seven, who seemed to take the lead, would jump on to the seat and say "*à la plus sainte*," and then each would try to look most sanctified of all, but the little leader was generally the best, in this instance falling on her knees and clasping her little hands, while she looked to heaven with an air of innocence and piety. Altogether, she was a perfect little actress and dangerously coquettish for so tender an age. At last they went romping and singing home with their careful, good-tempered mother, and we rose too and walked slowly back to our hotel, passing on our way a shop in which we saw some of our men, apparently enjoying themselves in no small degree. The youngest and brightest of our crew told us afterward that they had had great fun in buying some ribbons and perfumes for their sweethearts at Dartmouth. We all slept well, and after a light breakfast (we did not care to wait for the table-d'hôte) met our men at the steps and were rowed back to the *Hadassah*. The sails were soon set and we waved goodbye to Cherbourg. We tacked quickly out of the harbor, meeting a man-of-war, for which we had to make way, and then began our homeward voyage across the ninety miles of Channel. It was moonlight and very calm and there was no wind, so that when night fell we were hardly out of sight of the French coast; but we made good progress in the night and awoke at eight the next morning to find ourselves three-quarters of a mile from Dartmouth Harbor. A little tug came puffing out and offered to tow us in, but we refused, and in a short time passed the familiar castle at the mouth of the harbor. Another five minutes saw us safely moored in front of our garden again. After a visit from the Custom House officer we went ashore, proud of having sailed to Cherbourg and back and seen everything there in two days and two nights, and fonder than ever of the pretty *Hadassah*.



THE ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD.

By Lieut. Wm. R. Hamilton.

II.

THE State code of Illinois limits the pay of both officers and men to eight days per year. Camps are therefore usually regimental, but about every fourth year a brigade encampment is held, and, when possible, a divisional encampment of two brigades. The objects of regimental camps are purely instructional, but the brigade and division encampment is for the purpose of bringing together and

making acquainted the different bodies of the Guard and to draw up and test plans for concentration, mobilization and transportation of the troops.

By means of these tests it has been demonstrated, in actual service, that the First and Third Brigades can be concentrated in Chicago in twelve hours from receipt of order to move, and the Second at East St. Louis in same time, while the entire Guard may be concentrated in Chicago in sixteen hours. All this of course implies service in the State. For service outside the State, as in obedience to a call from the President, it would require about a week to concentrate, properly armed and equipped, seventy-five per cent. of the Guard. In October, 1892, the entire

Guard was concentrated in Chicago, and a great deal of confusion and friction and many complaints were the result. But the opportunity was not lost, for plans were drawn up and faults corrected, so that, in August, 1893, when a general concentration was again held in the same place, so well and expeditiously was it done that few complaints were heard, and no friction, confusion or delay perceptible.

Illinois is generous to her Guard, as compared with other Western States, though far behind what she ought to be. The total yearly appropriation amounts to about \$150,000, exclusive of that for the Naval Militia, but, out of this amount, armory rents are paid, and, as hardly an organization owns its armory, this item is a very heavy one. From the Federal Government the State draws about \$21,000 yearly in arms, ammunition and equipments.

By the State code, one drill at night per week is required, but, as a matter of fact, often before an encampment or concentration of troops for parade purpose, two, three or four drills a week take place. Drills have to be held at night, as most of the members, being laboring men, have no other time, and, because they are at night and in towns where no open ground can be had, they are held in the armories, and therefore are all of a close order and simple nature. The past two years this has been to a certain extent overcome, many of the companies, renting target ranges out of the towns, take advantage of days they attend target prac-



tice to drill in open order movements.

Like the Guard of all the States, Illinois Militia is deficient in knowledge and execution of field exercises and open order drills. The Guard duty is good taken throughout the Guard generally. It is not so theoretically efficient as that of New York, for instance, but the practice, during the recent strikes

any other State, without exception, has had occasion in recent years to prove. The personnel of staffs of commanding officers, and line officers throughout, is equal to that of any State, although in antiquity it is by no means equal to some of them.

The birth of the First Regiment dates back only to August, 1874, when a call



MAJOR E. B. TOLMAN.
LT. C. L. HILLS.

LT. COL. LAUMAN.
LT. E. C. BUTLER.

MAJOR I. B. SANBORN.
LT. AND Q. M., H. E. SMITH.

in Chicago, Lemont and elsewhere, proved that it is very efficient for actual service. Most of this duty was performed under circumstances that required the highest order of military qualities and the admirable manner in which it was performed shows the discipline and material of the Guard better than any words can.

Taken throughout, the average of intelligence is high. In all essentials of discipline, and proper spirit of subordination, willingness for any kind of duty, alacrity in responding to the most trying calls, it is beyond what the Guard of

was printed in the newspapers of Chicago, inviting all young men interested in a military organization to meet at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The meeting was enthusiastically attended, and as a result the First Infantry was born. Two weeks later three companies were reported as fully organized, with Captains Graeme Stewart, Edwin B. Knox and Mason B. Carpenter. Lofts on State Street were rented as an armory and drill hall, and work was commenced at once to put the battalion on a military footing. In October same year, two more companies were admitted and this

entitled the organization to a Lieutenant-Colonel. Major Frank T. Sherman was elected to this office and G. S. Hubbard, Major. In December Company G came sixth in the regiment while in January and March F and H made the seventh and eighth. Subscriptions were taken up to buy uniforms, and in March, 1875, the regiment first paraded the streets of Chicago in uniform, eight companies strong. On that occasion it acted as escort to the Grand Army of the Republic. The result was the organization of two more companies, and the election of Captain George R. Davis (the General Manager of the World's Fair) as Colonel *vice* Alex. C. McClurg, resigned. In 1877, General McClurg was again re-elected Colonel while Colonel Davis was serving as a member of Congress.

In 1877 occurred the famous railroad riots, which gave the regiment its first taste of active service in riot work. It was called out, marched to the riotous district, several times attacked by mobs which it dispersed without firing a shot, using the bayonet alone, and two days after was sent to Braidwood, Ill., to quell a riot among the miners of that region, which it did successfully.

In the following spring, the Illinois legislature organized the present Militia force, and this organization became known as the First Infantry, I. N. G. From that time to this, its history has been a brilliant one and the city of Chicago as well as the State of Illinois owes to it, more than it can well compute. A glance at its commanding officers, its field and staff as well as line, tells us that the city's best people were in charge of its interests. These names include Colonels McClurg, Davis, Scherer, Fitzsimons, Swain, Williams, Goldsmith, Knox, Koch, Lauman and its present Colonel, Henry L. Turner.

The active service of the guard, in addition to that already mentioned, includes the quelling of the Stock-yard riots in 1886, the riots at Pana in 1893-94 and the ever-memorable campaign of 1894, which will be described partially later on.

The First Regiment I. N. G. has one of the most complete and striking looking armories in the United States. Their first armory was built by the

Union Mutual Insurance Company and rented to the regiment for ten years. The regiment went into its new home in 1878 and left it in 1891 for its present armory, which deserves more than a passing glance. We copy the following from Colonel Turner's souvenir album of the regiment: "In discussing the general plan and arrangement of the armory, it was decided that all the conditions involved in a home for the regiment, and a fortress for its protection should be frankly accepted, both as to convenience and competence of plan and also architectural expression. The result is a building which should be held against a mob unless it rises to the dignity of a revolutionary force and be possessed of heavy ordnance. In plan, 164 by 174 feet. To the height of 35 feet the exterior walls are heavy masses of brown stone, unbroken by any aperture, except by the forty-foot wide doorway on the Boulevard, through which the command can march out in full company front. This opening is barred by a heavy oak and steel door, swung like a portcullis and lying back of the embrasures in the thickness of the walls. It is protected by firing-slots in the heavy reveals on either side. The lowest window-sill is thirty-five feet from the ground, and six feet from the floor within. The windows themselves are barred by heavy iron grills. Beneath each window is a narrow port for firing, which is splayed on the outer and inner jam to give greater range, and when not in use it is closed by heavy steel plates. The whole exterior mass is crowned by heavily corbeled cornices forming both breastworks and firing ports, through which latter the face of the walls below is commanded. Each corner of the building is marked by a heavy round turret, from which an enfilading fire can be maintained along the outer face of the walls. In the basement are twelve rifle ranges, with brick walls on sides and brick arches overhead. Also the kitchen arrangements to provide for the entire regiment, with store, ice, and other rooms; the heating apparatus and general toilet rooms. On the first floor is the great drill room. In the second story are the quarters of the field and staff, with bath and toilet closets, hospital.



MAJOR EDDY.

third floor are quarters of non-commissioned staff, veteran's room, gymnasium and bath rooms."

This armory was built by subscriptions of friends of the regiment and contributions of the members. The land it stands on was donated by Marshall Field — the Chicago multi-millionaire. The armory was partially destroyed by fire last fall but is now reconstructed and the regiment on the 1st of October again took possession of its renovated quarters.

While great praise is due to all the commanders of the First Regiment, it is but justice to make some further mention of its present commander — Colonel Henry L. Turner. A personal acquaintance with him, as well as a knowledge of his life and his connection with the regiment, gives the author the right to write what the modesty of the Colonel would not permit himself to do. Colonel Turner dates his military experience from 1861, when he entered the service as First Lieutenant and Adjutant. He served at both attacks on Fort Fisher, at second battle of Fair Oaks, Fort Stevens, Richmond, Wilmington and surrender of General Jos. Johnston. He has been connected with the First Regiment I. N. G. almost since its beginning. He is not only a wielder of the sword but equally as

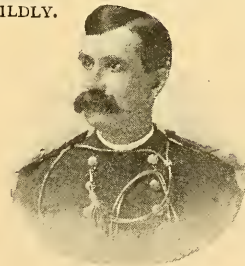
Also the company quarters, each 20 by 40 ft., and an officer's room, and a stairway leading to a squad drill room on third floor. A banquet hall, serving rooms and library are also on this floor. On



MAJOR SMITH.



LT.-COL. WILDLY.



MAJOR SILL.

effective in the use of the pen; it is hard to say in which he is mightier. That the regiment owes more to this modest, unassuming yet thorough gentleman and soldier, far more than it dreams of, is known to the author, and that under his command it will reach a far higher plane than it rests on now, is equally certain. It is his ambition to bring the regiment up to a total of 1,000 men, and owing to his popularity there is little doubt but it will be done.

The Second Regiment was organized in 1875, its first commander being Colonel James Quirk. It had at the start ten companies but soon fell off, until two years later, owing to the action of the legislature in reducing the State force, it was consolidated with the sixth battalion, whose commander, Colonel W. H. Thompson, was elected Colonel of the new organization. Colonel Thompson resigned in 1884 and

Colonel, now General H. A. Wheeler was elected Colonel. From that date the rise of the Second was assured. From the *Army Magazine* we quote: "He revived its drooping spirits, new recruits were brought in, and the personnel of the command was improved; but the work of bringing order out of chaos was tremendous and only the old-time members of the Second can appreciate the value and extent of the work that was accomplished by him." Colonel Wheeler estab-

lished the regiment in its present quarters, the armory on corner of Washington Boulevard and Curtis street. In 1886 the four troops of Chicago Cavalry were in such a miserable state that they were



MAJOR JACKSON.

disbanded and attached to the Second Infantry, making a twelve company or three battalion organization of it and giving it another armory, the one belonging to the cavalry. In 1886 Colonel Wheeler took 244 men in camp, the next year over 600 and in 1889 over 800. He resigned in 1889 and was succeeded by Colonel Florence Ziegfeld, who shortly after resigned and was succeeded by Colonel L. S. Judd, who is well known to officers all over the United States as one of the organizers of the National Guard Association. He resigned in January, 1894 and was succeeded by its present Colonel, Geo. M. Moulton, its former major. The Second was in the Lemont riots, also in the Stock-yard riots, following the Haymarket riot in 1886, and again in the riots of the past summer. In all the regiment acquitted itself like a body of trained veterans.

The Third Infantry regiment consists of a number of companies located in towns in central and western parts of the State. Its head-quarters are at Joliet. Its efficiency may be said to date from the railroad strikes of 1877, when five companies were ordered to active service at Braidwood, Ill. In 1882 by consolidation with other companies the Third became a three battalion regiment. In 1885 it was ordered out on riot duty at the stone quarries between Joliet and Lemont. Colonel Bennitt, its present commander, and its Colonel then, took four companies. The struggle that ensued the next few days is historic in the annals of the Illinois Guard, but the regiment covered itself and the good name of the State with glory. In 1890, Colonel T. G. Lawler was elected Colonel but resigning in 1892, Colonel Bennitt by command of the Governor was placed in command of the regiment and has continued as

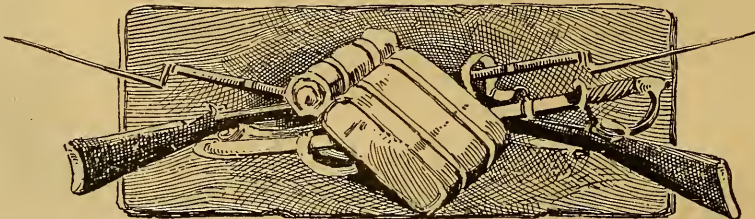
such to the present time. In 1889 the regiment was ordered out to preserve the peace on the line of the canal of the Chicago Sanitary District, and again in May, 1894, to La Salle to keep order and peace. On every occasion the regiment gained new laurels and hosts of friends.

The Fourth Infantry regiment commanded by Colonel R. M. Smith, is located in the southeast part of the State, commonly known as "Egypt." It is a three-battalion organization and dates from 1882. It saw service during the coal strikes of 1886, and in April of that year at the riots in East St. Louis.

The Fifth Regiment is composed of companies more widely scattered than any other in the State. It dates its origin from 1877, when its first Colonel was General James Barkley. He was succeeded in 1891 by Colonel James Culver its present commander. This command was called out in the recent riots in Chicago and has moreover seen service in other parts of the State.

The Sixth Regiment was organized as a ten company regiment in 1892. Its colonel was then Wm. D. Clendenin. It was made a three-battalion organization later and the present colonel, D. J. Foster, succeeded to the command. In 1886 the entire regiment was ordered out in the railroad riot at East St. Louis, and again at Spring Valley in 1889. In the past summer at both Pana and Chicago, parts of the regiment has been in service, and like the rest of the Guard has acquitted itself in a most thorough soldierly way.

The Seventh Infantry has its head-quarters in Chicago, and with the First and Second Regiments, one battery and one troop constitutes the first brigade, commanded by General H. A. Wheeler. It is a two-battalion regiment; Colonel Colby is its commander.





Kindly loaned to OUTING by the owner of the painting, THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

ALIX.

Painted by Henry Stull.

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THE LITTLE TAILOR OF THE RITTEN.

By Jean Porter Rudd.



THE pearly half-light of early dawn tipped the needle-points of the great, grim Dolomites. It was the moment before day-break, when the mountains slumber, and fathomless shadows cradle in their chasms and clefts: when the sky is dun, the meadows night-stilled, and a sharp crisp of chill is in the air.

Down a steep winding path from a far hamlet on the hills came the sturdy figure of an Alpine peasant. She walked with the long, swinging stride of the mountaineer, planting her broad nailed shoes firmly on the loose, sharp stones which rolled away from under her feet at every step. Now and then she glanced regretfully back over her shoulder at the edge of her holiday Kirtel cutting itself against the stones, but she could not spare a hand to hold it up. She wore a blanket shawl, close pinned at the throat. Covered by it and wrapped in it she carried what seemed to be a nondescript bundle of wraps lying heavily across her arms. She had walked for hours,

and her step began to lag a little. Perhaps because she was nearing home, and the courage with which she had started was oozing rapidly. Her lips set themselves in a tight line, there came an unwonted gleam into her dull eyes, and once she stopped short, shifted the bundle wearily in her arms and spoke aloud:

"Margret and the brother, now what will they say?"

Then she shrugged her shoulders and trudged steadily on. The path wound in and out irregularly among rough fireboles and broken boulders, but Barbl knew all the short cuts down perilous-showing fissures and through the thick undergrowth of the forest. She emerged at last into an open road. Though the hammer-head of the Schlern was still wrapped in mist, the farm-houses on the higher slopes, where day breaks earliest, were waking to signs of life.

Barbl quickened her pace, and another "little quarter of an hour" brought her to the village. She passed the church with a swift bend of the knee and a murmured *ave*, crossed the square, and almost ran down a side road that precipitated itself violently against a cluster of small houses at its base.

She stopped on the first broad stone door-step and fumbled in her pocket for a key. She listened a moment: all was still. Her face lightened as she piously ejaculated, "*Die Heilige Mutter* walked beside me."



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

SEPPEL.

"HE WAS DRINKING TOO FREELY." (p. 178.)



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"IN THE ALCOVE BESIDE HIM." (p. 176)

A smaller key unlocked a door to the left, and once inside the little shop, her own domain, Barbl's whole aspect changed; the look of dread vanished. She lighted a candle-end that stood ready on the counter and dipping her fingers into a vase of holy water she touched her forehead and breast. She made the same sign over the bundle in her arms, and then sank heavily into her arm-chair, saying in a tone of relief, "It'll all be right, now that I've made the sign of the cross over him. Even Margret canna go against that."

Laying the bundle across her lap she untied the strings of her holiday hat, knotted a cotton kerchief under her chin, let her head droop forward, and fell asleep. She was wakened by the sound of heavy footsteps moving about overhead, and startled to find that the morning sun was streaming in at the windows. From the shop an inner room led to the kitchen, and when Margret, climbing painfully down the steep ladder from the loft, set her list slipper on the floor, she discovered her sister standing in the dusky corner by the great bare hearth.

"Grüss Gott!" she cried, startled.

"Grüss Gott!" returned Barbl.

"Well," asked Margret. "And what hast thee to say?"

"Our sister is dead and I have brought the child home," answered Barbl simply.

"Humph," growled Margret.

"I waited," went on Barbl, "until she was laid away and the house cleared of her things. She hadn't much left, Margret."

"Ach, that tells itself. Did thee bring the things in thy bundle?" she asked with a sharp glance.

"Nein, they went for the Krämer's debt."

Margret gulped down something in her throat.

"And he?" she demanded.

"He has never been home since she was ill, nor before that for many months. The neighbors say they do not know how she has lived and cared for the child. Let us not speak of him."

"Ja, ja, a *Lump* he ever was, and she, a fool. She would take up with him. She heeded no one. I could ha told her; I did tell her: but she was headstrong and—in love, bah!"

"Sister, sister, she is dead," cried Barbl.

"What is this?" asked Margret, laying her hand on the bundle.

For answer Barbl began to remove the wrappings and revealed a sleeping child, a beautiful boy of three. His cheeks were flushed, and his fair curls pressed in rings against his forehead.

"Humph," exclaimed Margret.

Barbl explained eagerly:

"I've brought him home. There was naught else to do. The mother dead and the father gone no one knows whither."

"Was there not the parish?" asked Margret, stubbornly. "The parish is bound to provide for its orphans."

Barbl straightened herself under her sister's keen gaze.

"Ja, there was the parish, and he might have been sent out as such children are, first to nurse and afterward to work, but—well, Margret, the little fellow clung to me and I couldn't leave him."

"It was always a soft heart, Barbl, that of thine."

"I thought, Margret, we'd find enough for a little one among us. I'll keep him by me in the shop, and what feeds us two will spare a bite for the child, Margret."

Margret's face lowered.

"The mother had her portion. I've no mind to share with her child. She threw herself away though I warned her. She went against my will, always. And now here is the child."

"I'll take all the care, Margret. I don't mind."

"A child is an endless care," grumbled Margret. "I know, for I brought ye 'all up. Besides, he'll turn out bad: he has the look of his father now."

The baby was awake. He clutched his soft curls with both dimpled fists and his startled eyes went from one face to the other. Suddenly he turned from Margret with a loud frightened cry, and Barbl caught him to her breast, cuddling him and whispering the baby-comfort to him that nature itself teaches to some women.

Margret broke into a laugh.

"I see. Thee'll be making a fool of thyself, Barbl, and for naught. I tell thee, for naught."

She went to the stove and began to

make a noisy clatter with her pots and pans, but she turned suddenly to say:

"Ach, hast bethought thee of the little tailor?"

For an instant Barbl grew rigid from head to foot. The little tailor of the Ritten. Why had she not thought of him before?

Ah, had she not thought, and persistently put the thought aside.

"He is naught to me," she answered as she climbed the ladder to the loft. She laughed as she talked to herself, stepping about with the child in her arms. She knew the battle was won. Margret was hard and harsh, but she had not said the child must be returned to the parish.

"Now it is only the brother," thought Barbl. "And he is soft-hearted, too. Ach, poor Margret has had a handful of it with us all."

She bathed the baby's face and hands, brushed his soft rings of yellow hair and slipped on a clean pinafore. Then she changed her holiday Kirtel for a working dress, tied on a wide apron and went down to the shop. It was early, but the little bell was already tinkling.

Margret was busy with one household task and another, but she was not too busy to note how, with the boy in her arms or clinging to her skirts, Barbl was hampered. Once she muttered grimly: "Barbl will rue the day."

But in Barbl's ears was sounding the dying mother's prayer: "Be good to my baby, Barbl. He will have no one to care for him save thee."

All day Barbl tended shop. This was her special work, for Margret liked better the more active care of the house and the tilling of the bit of farm land which went stretching off down the hill. All day the boy played at Barbl's feet and pulled at her Kirtel and made her

wait upon him, wanting this and wanting that, and crying lustily if denied. And Barbl, for fear he should be a plague to Margret, denied him nothing. His lawless, unresting fingers made havoc with Barbl's stock, and altogether he needed to be thought for in so many ways that were new to her, that when evening came she was more tired than she had ever been in her life.

As the sisters sat at supper with the child—not between them but at Barbl's further side—a ponderous step rang on the door-stone and a thick jovial voice called out:

"Grüss Gott! How goes it, then? Grüss Gott!"

"Ach, it's the brother," exclaimed Margret as she hurried to greet him.

"Come in, brother, come in. Art tired with thy tramp on the hills? Canna the folk let thee off now and then from the christenings and burying. 'Tis a hard life this of thine, brother. The good bishop ought to give thee a snug parish instead."

As she chattered she drew him along by the hand into the inner room.

"A parish?" he cried. "The good

bishop knows that is not for me. I'd rather tramp among my hill-folk, though its weary work often-times. Hei, Barbl, Grüss Gott!"

Margret set a plate for him and hurried to the kitchen for a bowl of hot soup. It was then that Barbl standing before him with the child in her arms, told the story briefly.

The priest listened with his head bowed and he crossed himself as Barbl repeated the mother's dying words. She had not told them to Margret. For a moment there was silence, but when he looked up there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"And what does Margret say?"



"AFTER HE WAS ASLEEP." (P. 174.)

"She says naught save, 'Humph'" answered Barbl, "and to predict ill of the lad."

"Ach, then, thou may'st keep him," laughed the priest.

"Margret's grumble is naught; 'tis only Margaret's silence thou need fear. If she predict him ill—well, now, that is a good luck for the little lad."

The aroma of fresh coffee was on the air.

When the priest went away he kissed the child for his dead sister's sake and said:

"I'll stand by thee, Barbl, never fear. When he's older I'll teach him his letters and give him a bit of schooling. And perhaps I'll come home a bit oftener. A child's laugh about the house is pleasant. Still, a little lad is a toil to bring up."

Barbl was turned of thirty and had never had a lover; but that is nothing.



"SHE LET HER HEAD DROOP FORWARD AND FELL ASLEEP." (p. 170.)

"Look thee, Barbl," and the priest bent forward that his words might fall close to her ear.

"If thou shouldst marry—what then?"

Barbl winced and went hastily back to her seat. Just then Margret came in from the kitchen with the coffee-pot in one hand and a plate of fritters in the other, and Barbl kept herself busy with the child and did not lift her face for a long time.

It is seldom that a girl marries young in Tyrol. There is always so much to think of. She must have her stock of house-gear laid away, heaps of linen spun and bleached and woollen stuff for Kirtels—enough to last a lifetime.

Barbl did not think of marriage. There was Margret, the eldest, who had brought them all up; she had never married. And there was little Seppel's mother, who had done so ill for herself.

"Na, na; Barbl would never marry."

If it had ever crossed her mind she surely could not think of it now. Whatever she could earn and save must be for the boy, to start him in life, else there would be scant chance for him, a penniless lad, and with worse than no father.

"Na, na; she would not marry if she could." And she was not wholly sure that any one would try to persuade her.

It was something over a year now since the little tailor of the Ritten had been coming to the shop and sitting there in the broad, low window-seat for an hour or two of an evening, in a way that the village wives agreed could mean but one thing. He was a young fellow, though people always forgot it. He had the look of age—not of wrinkles or gray hair, but as of having lived before and having been born old. He was slight and undersized; he stooped in the shoulders and was beginning to be bald, and he wore green goggles when the sun was bright. He looked as though he were thinking unutterable things; and no doubt he was, for he seldom spoke. It was not his way. He came regularly to the shop on Wednesday nights and Sundays, and he always bought two slender, humpy cheroots, selecting them himself from the case. Barbl would hold the match to them, as she did for all her customers, and he would retreat to the cushioned bench under the window to smoke them both with a slow, stolid sort of satisfaction. Then, with a mere "*Gute nacht*," he would go away. Margret and Barbl grew so used to seeing him that they often forgot he was there.

To be sure, several times Margret had asked impatiently:

"Why, then, does he come? Has he not spoken yet?"

"Mayhap he hath naught to say," Barbl answered with spirit.

And indeed it seemed so, for he was always silent.

It was on a Thursday that Barbl brought the child home, and long before Sunday the villagers had gossiped it over into an old story. "She has spoiled her chance with the little tailor," they all agreed. They craned their necks to see if he would go to the shop on Sunday, and during the two hours

that he sat as usual, smoking in the window, it seemed that all Ritten was in need of small wares, and Barbl drove a thriving trade. The little tailor broke through his rule that night. When the two cigars were finished he stepped over to the case and selected two more, and long before these were smoked the neighbors had grown weary of waiting for a sensation that failed to occur, and had taken themselves off.

It was late and the house was still. Barbl had carried the child to bed, and Margret was about her evening work at the barn. The little tailor moved from the window-seat to the street door, and setting it ajar, stood there with his hat in his hand. When he heard Barbl coming down the ladder he called out to her softly.

"Ach, Tailor," she cried, "Art still here?"

He put out his hand to her, but it was dark and she did not see it. Perhaps she would not have known what to do with it if she had.

"Tell me about the child, Barbl," he said, and she told him the simple story.

"Thou wilt keep the little lad?" he asked. "There is no one else?"

"There is no one else," she answered, "Unless—unless—"

A silence fell between them. She was thinking hotly:

"I would give up the child for him."

But he did not break the silence. Something held his tongue, he could not himself have told what; it was an unready tongue, that was all. Woman-like, she misinterpreted, and quicker of thought than he, was too quick in her self-scorn. Out of her chagrin and a sort of heart-break, she spoke defiantly:

"I have taken the child, ja. No one cares for him, and he is a helpless babe. I shall bring him up." Her voice broke and she waited for him to speak; she knew so well what he ought to say, if — Stung at his continued silence she burst out:

"I shall bring him up, I shall live for him. I shall give him all that is mine, and all that the shop can earn. I—I—"

"Take care thou do not make a milk-sop of him," said the little tailor, fiercely. It was not what he had meant, but it angered him that she cared only for the child. And a habit of silence that

is golden sometimes breaks into unmarketable silver.

He glanced up at the sky, said something about its being late, and pulled his hat down over his eyes. She closed the door behind him, gripping the latch with both hands as though she feared something would break, then she turned and crept up the ladder and into her bed by the baby's side.

Barbl doubted if he would come again, but Wednesday night found him in the window-seat, and there was nothing in look or word to show that those few minutes at the house door had made a difference in both their lives.

Thus year after year went by, and if Barbl had ever dreamed foolish dreams she kept her own counsel.

All her heart seemed centred in the boy, who was growing up a handsome fellow, strong and straight and daring. Willful too and capricious, and with his own imperious way of expecting "Mutter Barbl" to do just as he liked.

"Thou'lt have trouble with the lad," croaked Margret again and again, but Barbl always replied:

"Ach, he is but a little one. One must not expect too much of a child."

The priest early washed his hands of him. Laughingly it is true, but none the less resolutely.

"What is thine for a lad, Barbl?" he said one day. "He will have none of me and ach, I will have none of him."

The priest had begun by loving him. He was fond of the boy, because of the great child-love that was in his heart. He came home oftener as he had said he would, and always with his cassock pockets filled with toys and sweets. He laughed delightedly when the little hands went diving in, and came up with more than they could hold. But he must have seen something in the boy to which Barbl was blind, for he was still a mere baby when one day the priest set him down off his knee and said sharply:

"Nein, I will not buy thy kisses, not once again."

And the few spare pennies after that went for snuff, not goodies.

"Strange that no one of them has any love for the boy," thought Barbl, resentfully.

From the priest and the primer he

was turned over to the village school, where he idled and sulked. Barbl still made excuses for him.

"Why should he love his book. 'Tis not every boy that must study for a priest."

Neither would he work. He shirked his tasks, letting Barbl do them for him, as he knew she would. He broke away from her and would have his way, and he spent his days in fishing and hunting and in roaming the high hills.

Barbl went in scant garments because she was laying by. She worked early and late in the shop and grew strangely eager over the sales, counting the coins with care every night.

"He'll spend it fast enough," laughed Margret scornfully. "Thou hast only to wait a bit."

The Sunday after Seppel was ten, the little tailor stopped at the door of the shop, and said:

"The lad is old enough to go out with a gun. Let him come with me."

Seppel gave a whoop of delight, for quiet as he was and not over robust, the little tailor was acknowledged the best shot on the Ritten.

Barbl, too, was pleased. She filled a powder horn for the lad and bound a posy in his hat for good luck.

When they returned at dusk the child was wild with excitement, and even the tailor's tongue was loosed as he told how Seppel had grazed the outer edge of the target on this, his first afternoon.

"He'll be one of the Kaiser's own men, mayhap," he ended, with a hand on the boy's shoulder.

Margret, too, was gracious. She beat up fruit omelettes for supper and insisted that the little tailor should stay; and she helped Seppel to a double portion of her own accord.

That night, as he climbed the ladder on his way to bed, Seppel turned with his foot on the topmost rung to say:

"Thee must not kiss me good-night any more, Mutter Barbl. I'm a man now, not a baby."

The little tailor laughed and Margret chuckled, but Barbl's heart ached; and an hour later she crept up-stairs to tuck him in after he was asleep and to kiss him when he did not know. She came down feeling as though something had been taken out of her life.

Margret was dozing in her chair by the fire and the little tailor was standing by the house-door, just as he had stood that other night so many years ago. Barbl did not see him. Her eyes had grown dim in the dusk of the loft chamber, or perhaps they were moist with tears. She began to draw the ashes over the fire.

With sudden courage he took a step back into the room. "Look thee, Barbl, I've got something to say, and I've been ready to say it any time these eight years back."

"Hei!" cried Barbl, stopping short with a shovel of coals in her hand.

"Barbl, I've been coming a good while now. Art ready to say the word?"

"What word, Tailor? I'm not like to ken, unless thou speak."

"I'd be glad to wed thee, Barbl. I've been coming a-many years."

"And why hast thou ne'er spoke before, Tailor? I thought maybe it might be once, but I've given it up this many a day."

He looked surprised as he said:

"I thought thee'd ne'er give it up so long as I never stopped coming."

"How old art thou, Tailor?" asked Barbl, putting her shovel down and rolling her arms in her wide apron.

"Two-and-thirty," he said hesitatingly; "and I look older."

"Ja, ja; and I'm to be forty next namesday. 'Twon't do, Tailor."

"That's naught. Eight years are naught."

"Na-a; but they're eight years on the wrong side, Tailor."

"That's naught," he maintained stolidly.

Barbl glanced at Margret and edged forward into the passage. The evening air blew gently in through the door.

"I've ne'er counted on marrying," she said. "I'm not young, and—and—there's the boy."

"Ja, the boy. But for him I'd a-spoke sooner. I've minded to speak many a Sunday night or a Wednesday, but always thy words have been ringing in my ears: 'Na, na, I'll never wed. 'Twould be wrong to the boy.'"

"Why," cried Barbl, astonished. "These are words that I never spoke."

"I ken, I ken; not really, but I feared

thou wouldst speak them in the moment I should tell thee—"

"Ach, Tailor," cried Barbl, "thou hast never told me. Thou dost not tell me now. I wait and wait for the words, but even now thou dost not speak."

The little tailor screwed himself into determination. "I'm ne'er a hand to talk. I've loved thee always, Barbl, if these are the words thou wilt. I've loved thee and I've thought thou must know it; but the boy was between us." Then for an instant all reserve dropped from him. "Dost love me, Barbl? For I love thee well and I would have thee for my wife."

"I do love thee, lad. I have loved thee all these years. I've been glad to see thee sitting there in the window. And I've always saved the best of the cigars for thee. I would sell them to no other."

"Thou wilt be my wife, then, Barbl? And soon?"

She said hesitatingly: "If I may, and yet do no wrong to the lad."

He laid an arm across her shoulders and brought his face close to hers.

"Barbl, say thou wilt."

"Ach, then, I will."

He pressed his lips to hers and seemed content, but in his heart there remained a soreness. As he stumbled homeward over the sharp stones of the mountain path he kept saying to himself: "The boy will always be first in her heart."

After all his long wooing it made some talk on the Ritten when Barbl and the little tailor were really married. People had grown so used to expecting it that they were surprised when it came.

They were married in the village church one morning at daybreak, and their wedding trip was a week's walk over the mountains to visit distant kith and kin.

But Saturday evening found them again at home, and Monday morning the little tailor set up his bench in the inner room behind the shop, where there was an alcove window that might have been made on purpose for him.

Here he sat cross-legged from morning till night, cutting and basting and stitching, while Margret clattered her pans and kettles in the kitchen hard by, and Frau Barbl tended shop.

They were never demonstrative lov-

ers, but Barbl would often pause in the making up of accounts to listen for the snip-snip of his shears, and he liked to remember that she was there behind her counter, just within call. Sometimes, of a still afternoon, when the tinkle of the shop-bell was long silent, Frau Barbl would slip into the inner room with her knitting and perch in the alcove beside him. At such times Margret would take up her garden tools and pass them by with a sniff.

Barbl was happier than she had ever been in her life: so was the little tailor, no doubt, but it never occurred to him to say so. And perhaps she did not miss it, for mountain folk are by nature reticent.

Besides, she was beginning to have genuine trouble with the boy. Child though he was, he resented her marriage bitterly. "Thou had'st no right," he cried, again and again, the evening she came home. "Thou had'st no right, Mutter Barbl."

And as time went on, because his nature was one that must dominate, whether for good or ill, Barbl began to ask herself if indeed she had done right. She grew to have a strangely morbid feeling about it. The boy was always in her mind. She had vowed to devote her life to him, and now she had put another love in his stead. She tried to make it up to him by being more indulgent than ever.

"My Mann knows that I care for him," she reasoned with herself. "He will not misunderstand." While aloud she would often say: "I mind I'd scarce a right to marry. 'Twas not over fair to the lad."

With her hard good sense, Margret exclaimed: "The lad works thee as he will, thou foolish Barbl. Bind him out to a farmer, and let him earn his bread."

At which Seppel looked up startled, and he followed Barbl into the shop to beg that she would not send him from home.

During the succeeding years he kept the household in a continual ferment. "Not that he ever does anything very wrong," pleaded Frau Barbl. "He is gay and thoughtless, and whatever he touches seems to get a twist of ill-luck." It was always the same. At school, at church, in the village games, there was

always a riot and a mishap wherever Seppel appeared. He grew to be eighteen, a strong, hearty, idle fellow, who would not consent to learn a trade, and was more than willing to live off Mutter Barbl's shop, which he boasted openly was to be his own one day.

"I wish he might be under-game-keeper at the castle," said Frau Barbl. "He has such a love for the woods. Canst thou not make interest with the Herr Jäger, Tailor?"

Seppel laughed. "I'll ne'er go out to service," he said. "Not I."

And in the same breath Margret cried scornfully:

"Hei, the Herr Jäger is na such a fool."

"In another year thou'lt be called to serve in the military, Seppel," ventured the little tailor, who rarely put in a word. "Perhaps that'll steady thee."

Seppel threw up his head, shouldered Barbl's metre measure for a musket and swaggered up and down the narrow shop. "Ach ja, and when the year is over I'll tend shop, and be merchant, and grow rich. I'll be my own master then."

"'Twill be Mutter Barbl's shop even then, lad, not thine," said Margret.

Barbl's eyes were following the gay figure marching to and fro.

"Aye," he laughed. "And I'll take good care of Mutter Barbl. She kens that well."

Barbl looked pleased, and said: "Ach, the lad has a good heart, after all."

But as he tossed down the measure and went out, he muttered half to himself, and only the little tailor heard—

"Mutter Barbl, ja, but no other one of ye all."

"There's a new man at the castle," said the little tailor. "He came yesterday to be measured for a jäger suit. A keen eye he has, and I thought he'd never be done looking at the things in the shop. He asked a many questions too. I didna like him quite, and he's na a Rittner man."

"What right has a stranger to come up Ritten," cried Margret, "worming the good places away from our own lads? Let him stay where he belongs. Why does he come?"

There were others who felt as she did, for the castle service was coveted. His

coming made quite a stir in the village and he found a cold shoulder thrust toward him at every turn. He did not seem to mind, being a taciturn fellow who went about his business and paid heed to no one. After a time the interest in him died away, but he was never liked.

It was about this time that a heavy shadow fell over the household. The life that had gone on so peacefully, marred only by that covert antagonism between the little tailor and the lad Seppel, began to take on elements of mystery.

"I canna bring my accounts out even," complained Barbl one night, after sitting hours at her desk. "There's a matter of five florins missing."

"Perhaps thee've lost it," suggested Margret, rather stupidly.

"Or forgotten to write down something that was bought," added the tailor.

Frau Barbl sniffed. "When I keep my accounts to a penny," she said, "I'm na a fool."

Seppel laughed excitedly. He was swallowing his soup with gurgling gulps. After supper he fell asleep in his chair, and when Barbl woke him to go to bed, he complained of being very tired.

"I've been in the forest all day," he said.

"What is to do in the forest?" asked Barbl. "I canna think what is to do all day long."

Barbl sat at her books all that night, and the little tailor could not sleep for thinking of the lost florins.

Two weeks later money was missing again. Frau Barbl's brow knitted itself into tense furrows. She took a broom and swept the shop and she thrust a light into every dim corner and crevice. Seppel came to help her, for which she was grateful, it not being his way; but search as they would the money could not be found.

"I could think it was stolen, save that no one knows where I carry the key," Barbl said.

"It couldn't be stolen, Mutter Barbl," said the boy boldly. "Who is there to steal? Except, perhaps—"

The little tailor was bending low over his work. His shoulders stooped and there was a drawn look on his face.

"I've ne'er trusted thy little tailor, Mutter Barbl," whispered the boy.

Barbl laid her hand over his lips. Her dull eyes flashed like fire.

"Ne'er speak the like again, or I turn thee into the wide world to shift for thyself," she said sternly.

If money was ever missing from the till again, Barbl did not speak of it; only the little tailor, who had studied her face for years, noted when the lines of her forehead deepened, and her voice was sharp and strained.

Once she came to him for money, saying, with averted face, "that her sales had not been good, and she could not meet her payments." He knew how it galled her, and he gave her what she needed without a word.

Still, he could not sleep at night for thinking of the lost florins. He fell into a habit of creeping out quietly and not returning until the chill of early dawn. He went in and out so softly that he was persuaded Barbl did not hear, and if she had wakened and questioned him he had his answer ready. "He could na sleep. He fancied he breathed a bit easier in the open air."

But she always knew when he went out and when he came in, though she feigned to sleep and made her breathing heavy. Thus there fell between them a black shadow of distrust.

It went on for months. Over his work by day the little tailor's head drooped and nodded in sleep. He would wake with a start and cast furtive glances at Barbl or at Margret, but neither of them seemed to notice. His work suffered, his hand was not steady in the cutting, and his custom began to fall off. This set the village tongues a-wagging. It was whispered rather loudly that the little tailor went abroad o' nights; that money was missing from the till, and that though Frau Barbl's key was hidden each night in a different place, nevertheless each night the money disappeared. They hinted at all sorts of things and at last said openly:

"If a man goes out a-nights he goes for no good." At this Barbl faced them.

"And if he canna content himself with an old Weib like me, what is that to ye all? Though I'll ne'er believe it. I'll have a trust in him, though he never speak."

One day the news spread through the village that the Lord Baron was coming

home with his bride, and there was to be a grand party from the court; many lovely ladies and brave gentlemen, and perhaps even an Archduke of the royal blood.

At the castle all was bustle and confusion. The great wings that had been closed for years were thrown open, the housekeeper was almost distracted, and the Herr Jäger went all about the Ritten, hiring cooks and chambermaids and people for all sorts of service.

"There are to be grand doings," he said one day in the shop, where a throng of Barbl's customers were waiting, open-eared. "The Lord Baron wants to show off his Rittner folk. He says 'ye must all make him proud.' There's to be a shooting-match, and school prizes for the children and a procession. Then, that ye may all eat the fill for once, there's to be a feast in the public square. Deer from the castle quarry, strings of sausage given away, caldrons of *nudeln* free to all; and the red wine is to run like water. See, I have it all here in a letter that the Lord Baron wrote me with his own hand."

"Hei! there's not been such a day seen on all Ritten for many a long year," said one and another old *Bauer*, shaking their heads in gustatory anticipation. Every one became absorbed in preparation. Even the withered old *Frauen* bought bright new kerchiefs, while the young girls mustered all their finery, and the sharp-shooters appointed days for extra practice.

When the day of the *festa* came, Frau Barbl's shop was thronged with customers, for the Rittner folk flocked to the village from all the mountain side. As she reached her wares from the shelves and responded to the facetious remarks and broad jokes of the country people, there was an absent look in her eyes and that anxious bend of the forehead that only the little tailor understood.

"I'll na say a word till the *festa* is over," she kept saying to herself. "Nor even then, for I dare not, I dare not—"

Seppel was in and out with his ready laugh and loud swagger. He brought in one after another of his wild companions, treating them to cigars and tobacco from the case without leave.

Barbl watched him with a strange light in her eyes. Once he came in

with the under gamekeeper, the "stranger who was no Rittner man." The villagers disliked him; they called him overbearing and high in his ways, but he was always singularly polite to Barbl. Nevertheless, she drew Seppel aside to say:

"Seppel, laddie, why dost friend with that sort? He's not for thee. No one kens him on the mountain."

Seppel laughed. "He's a good fellow, Mutter Barbl. What ails thee to frown at a stranger? The world is wider than Ritten."

"Hei!" cried Barbl. "Who tells thee of the world? The stranger himself, mayhap."

The man had been picking out a handful of cigars. Now he tossed down the money for them and the coins rang and rolled on the glass of the case.

"Thee sees, he's all right, Mutter Barbl," cried Seppel, laughing in the stranger's face.

Barbl drove a brisk trade all the forenoon and her till filled rapidly with kreutzers and florins. As the day wore on and Seppel was in and out, she saw that he was drinking too freely of the red wine that was running like water in the public square.

"Mind the lad a bit," she urged the little tailor as they started for the shooting-match together. Something made him break through the silence of years to ask:

"Truly, he is the very apple of thine eye, Weib, is he not?" His tone was strangely wistful and the quaver of it wrought upon Barbl's ear. She remembered it afterward, but at the moment she laughed as she answered:

"Ja, ja; most certainly. He's all the child we've ever had, Tailor."

The shooting-match took place on the brow of a hill overhanging the village. The target was a colossal pasteboard portrait of the *Teufel*, and said to be an admirable likeness by those who knew. The men aimed at it from under the shelter of a rude shed.

The little tailor carried away prize after prize, and Seppel, the lad, was not far behind him. Still he was behind, and it angered him.

"Thee've no pluck, Seppel," sneered his companions. And because they saw it teased him they added: "To be beat

by a tailor, and thine own foster dad at that." Seppel made some surly reply.

The little tailor came off with honors, and he brought all his prizes home at evening to lay in Barbl's lap, like a boy. His silent tongue was loosed. He told of the marksmen, how one and another had shot well. How the Lord Baron himself had come to them under the shed and had been graciously pleased to say: "That there had not been such shooting on Ritten since the French were driven out." And one who was with him, the Archduke himself, he verily believed, had said laughingly: "If even your tailors are so valiant, Lord Baron, an enemy would need give good heed to the Rittner riflemen."

Barbl laughed, well pleased. She tossed the prizes about in her hands and was proud over them; but even as she did so, she asked: "And the lad, Tailor? Won he no prize? And no favor from the Lord Baron?"

The little tailor's face darkened. It was always the boy who was first with her. How had he allowed himself to forget. Before he could answer, Margret broke in:

"Not a prize nor a favor, thou foolish Barbl. Hast not seen how the boy's been drinking, and his hand is na steady."

Barbl winced. "Poor lad, poor lad," she cried. "It will shame him sore. Sure it is scarce his fault if he fail. Wine free as water would tempt any young lad."

The little tailor would have gathered the prizes together and thrown them into a drawer, but Frau Barbl stayed his hand.

When the last gleam of Alpine glow faded from the *Schlern*, and all the village was brilliant with paper lanterns, Barbl locked the door of the shop and went with Margret and the little tailor to the square, where the joints of venison were to be carved by the Herr Jäger in full view of all the people.

Potatoes and nudeln were steaming in huge iron caldrons, small tables were set with black bread and cheese, and every one carried his own plate and knife and might take what he would.

Frau Barbl's anxious glance went here and there among the crowd, but Seppel was nowhere to be seen.

Later on when it grew dark and fire-

works were thrown off in the square, the rockets whizzing high overhead and the mechanical pieces showing wondrous cities such as these simple folk had never dreamed of, still Frau Barbl's thought was only of the boy.

It was over at last and the Platz lay grim and dark after the fire-glare and the brilliance of colored lights.

The little tailor produced his pocket lantern and by its feeble glimmer the three betook themselves home.

Once within their own door Frau Barbl gave way. "Where can the lad be?" she cried.

"After some mischief as usual," answered Margret crossly.

Barbl's patience was spent. "And what then?" she flashed. "Thou that hast always foretold ill of him. Is it any wonder if he go to the bad?"

"Humph," said Margret. "It's na my blame. I ha naught to say."

Barbl waited until she had climbed the ladder and her steps could be heard treading the rafters above, then plucking at the little tailor's sleeve, she said: "Where is the lad, think?"

"I know not, Weib. He has made a wild day of it, and there's a wilder night planning. I overheard something of it. They'll be poaching in the woods."

"What?" cried Barbl. "After to-day and the grand doings?"

But the next instant: "Not my boy, he would na be among them, Tailor. He is not bad, only thoughtless. Kenst for sure he is with them?"

"Na, na, Barbl, I ken nothing. I only fear it, mayhap."

She locked her hands one in the other till the veins stood out like cords, and wailed out, "Ach, mein Mann, mein lieber Mann, go after the lad." "The boy I have reared and—and spoilt, perhaps, as ye all say. I canna leave him this night. Ach, mein Mann, if thee've one beam of love left for thine old Weib, go after the lad." The little tailor had already thrown off his holiday suit and was getting himself into everyday garb. He stood for a moment slowly loading his gun, and ramming the bullet home. Then he slung it over his back, looked to see that his powder-horn was full, and opened his mouth as though he had something to say; but again his unready tongue failed him.

Barbl came and plucked at his sleeve.

"Tailor, I fear—ach, I ken not what I fear. He friends with the stranger, and—and—the old leather money-pouch is gone, with half a year's savings."

The next words burst from her in a flood: "And, Tailor, the 'stranger, who is not a Rittner man,' is the lad's own father. I kenned him to-day in the shop. *Ach, mein Gott*, the babe that I reared!"

"I ken, I ken," said the little tailor. "We've been watching them on the hill o' nights, these months back, I and the priest. We would ha saved him for thee, Barbl."

A light broke through the dense shadow of mistrust.

"I went nigh to wrong thee, Tailor," said Barbl, humbly.

"Ja, Weib, I ken."

She smoothed the rough fustian of his coat in a way that was like a caress, and he kissed her. He had not pressed her lips before for months; not since he had felt that she doubted him. As he started off up the road in the deep gloom of a starless night, he turned to look back at her once more, and she waved her hand to him with the wan flicker of a smile. She stood still in the door all night, while he trudged on over many a mile of rough mountain road to the spot high in the hills where the poachers made their lair. He was worn and spent long ere he caught the dull glow of their camp-fire and the half-suppressed vehemence of their angry voices. He threw himself on the ground, face downward, under a growth of scrubby fir: near enough to recognize Seppel's wine-flushed face and imperious tones. The men were quarreling among themselves over the possession of a fine buck which lay stark and stiff at the outer circle of the fire-glow.

Suddenly there was the sound of approaching footsteps treading cautiously over the fallen pine needles. The men sprang to their feet and began hurriedly to stamp out the fire under their heavy nailed boots. Before they could bound into the covert of the forest, the Herr Jäger, with two of his men, was among them, and the flash of a torch passed rapidly over each sullen face.

"Gut, I'll ken ye again," said the Jäger.

Even as he spoke there was a wild

yell, a volley of oaths, and a voice that the little tailor knew, cried savagely: "Have at them, lads! We're not to be caught like sheep."

There was a dash forward, but in the instant the torch in the hand of the "stranger, who was not a Rittner man," went out.

"Run, lads, run," shouted Seppel.

The Herr Jäger brought his fowling-piece to his shoulder.

He aimed low with intent to wound merely, but Seppel in running caught his foot in the antlers of the deer. He stumbled, half-falling; and the muzzle was pointing at the level of his breast.

"Barbl's little lad. My Barbl!"

The agonized cry rang on the air. Someone rushed between and pushed Seppel backward with both hands. There was a quick sharp flash, a rifle shot, and a scramble of flying feet.

"Make haste there with the torch," shouted the Herr Jäger.

The poachers had escaped into the forest; the "stranger who was not a Rittner man," had fled with them, and the little tailor was lying on the ground with a jagged hole through his fustian jacket and the look of death in his face.

"Treachery!" groaned the Herr Jäger as he jammed his handkerchief into the wound. "I never fired at the little tailor, I'll be sworn."

They fashioned some sort of rude litter out of fallen branches and other forest growth that was lying about, and upon it they bore him over the mountain, through the deep night shadows. Half-way down a priest joined them. With bared head, tightened lips that muttered a prayer, he lent his shoulder to the still burden.

Barbl was standing in the house-door just where he had left her. All night she had been saying to herself: "When he comes home I'll tell him how he is dearer to me than all the world: ja, than even the lad. Ach, to think he has ne'er kenned it, *mein lieber Mann!*"

As they bore the rude litter across the threshold and through the passage to the inner room she followed them with wide unseeing eyes: and as they set it down in the alcove window she sank to her knees beside him and with a long low cry buried her face.

The boy was forgotten.



TROTTING AND PACING CHAMPIONS OF 1894.

By Dexter.

EVERYBODY loves a horse, but this is specially true of the Anglo-Saxon; and no matter on what part of the earth he may have his home, next to it the stable and its occupants are the subject of his first thoughts.

That the horse is king in America was emphatically shown at the last horse show at Madison Square Garden, when during the week over 100,000 enthusiasts thronged that ample inclosure, and their enthusiasm was maintained from its opening on Monday morning till the last class was shown on Saturday night.

It is perfectly true that society, that most potent force in modern American life, gave it its fullest patronage. Budding beauties and beautiful dames, the gilded youth and all that means the select "400" were strongly in evidence; but it is also true that the leading horsemen from all parts of the continent were present, besides a select, intelligent and very critical delegation from the other side of the Atlantic.

America had reason to be proud of the exposition. The best representatives of all the leading breeds were present; but the most striking exhibit of the show, and the one which will last longest in the memory of those who were there, will be the magnificent representation of those truly and distinctively American breeds, the champion trotters and pacers. This exhibit was reserved for the last day of the show, and was fruitful of thought to the hundreds of breeders who have invested their millions in these two breeds.

The great centre of attraction was undoubtedly the beautiful bay mare ALIX, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, the champion trotting queen. She represents in herself at this time the absolute perfection of her race.

Fifty years ago it was the dream of the pioneer breeders of the United States that they could produce a trotter who would go a mile in 2:30. When "Lady Suffolk" accomplished that result there were many who were prepared to rest and be thankful; but the American spirit of progress was too vigorous to rest at any such speed limit.

In 1859 "Flora Temple" astonished and delighted the American public by trotting in 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, and again there were many who declared that the speed limit had been reached. In 1867 "Dexter" went from wire to wire at Buffalo in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, and then a universal shout arose that the trotter had at last reached perfection. But in 1874 "Goldsmith Maid" placed the time record at 2:14. Later on "Rarus" reduced it to 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, "Maud S.," in 1880, placed it at 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, and this great queen reigned until 1891, when "Sunol" cut the record a half second.

With the advent of the pneumatic tired wheel, speed on the track was made easier, the friction was reduced and the corners could be more easily turned. In 1892 "Nancy Hanks" trotted in 2:04 and the record stood till this season, when ALIX appeared and reduced it to 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$. If that was her only claim to excellence the quarter of a second might fairly be considered as not much of an advance; but in addition to this she has



Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith.

JOHN R. GENTRY.

trotted the three fastest heats in a race and has trotted a series of miles such as have been performed by no other trotter in the previous annals of the turf.

On August 17, 1893, she won her champion race at Terre Haute, Ind., trotting the three heats in 2:06, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$.

ALIX has had a somewhat romantic career. She was not bred at an aristocratic stock farm, nor was she educated in any kindergarten. She was bred on the small farm of a little breeder in Iowa. Neither California, Kentucky, Tennessee nor New York State, the fashionable centres of trotting horse breeding can lay any claim to her. She was foaled in 1886, and little did Daniel Hayes, her breeder and owner, imagine that he had in his paddock a future queen of the trotting turf. But she was royally bred, for she was by "Patronage," a son of "Pancoast," out of "Atlanta," by "Attorney," who was a son of "Harold," sire of "Maud S.," 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, who for eight years was the queen of the trotting track. She traces in her complete lines eight times to that grand old horse, imported "Messenger." In 1889 Daniel Hayes retired from the breeding business and ALIX, with the rest of his stock, was sold at auction at Chicago, and she was bought by Morris J. Jones, of Red Oak, Ia., for the sum of \$800.

When two years old ALIX took, in 1890, a record over the kite track at Independence, Ia., in 2:30. She was one of the crack three-year-olds of her year, and finished the season with a record of 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$. In 1891 she was out for high honors and she finished the season with the four-year-old filly championship, taking a record of 2:10. As a five-year-old her career was one long series of brilliant successes, the climax of which was her victory in the \$15,000 Columbia Stake at the great World's Fair meeting at Chicago, when, after a battle of nine heats, she defeated the fastest free-for-all trotters of the day. In that race she took a record of 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$, which at that time was the fastest race record.

In 1894 she commenced the season at Saginaw, Mich., trotting a second heat in 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$. At Cleveland, on July 26, she trotted in 2:08. At Terre Haute,

as before mentioned, she trotted in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. At Indianapolis she reduced her record to 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$. At Terre Haute, on September 12, she tied "Nancy Hanks'" record of 2:04, and at Galesburg, Ill., on September 19, she broke all previous records and became the queen of the trotting turf with a record of 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$.

ALIX stands fifteen hands high and weighs 950 pounds. She has an exceedingly bloodlike look, and her head, neck and shoulders are perfect. She is wide between the forehead, with a beautiful, beaming, intelligent eye. Her great peculiarity is that she is not fond of the opposite sex. She is exceedingly fond of the ladies, and a bonnet, with a good-looking face underneath it, has only got to appear at her stall, when she will immediately go to meet the visitor. She will put her head down apparently to kiss the hand of the stranger; but, in reality, it is only her fondness for bonbons and sugar, which her lady visitors, who know her weakness, are always ready to give her. In this respect she is much like her own sex, whether equine or human: she is fond of the sweetness and luxuries of life. She is a model traveler, and as soon as she gets into her car, lays down and has no fear. As a campaigner she is fearless, resolute and game, and is, in every respect, the beau ideal, the dream and the realization of the perfect American trotter.

In the same ring at the same time was another representative of American speed, the champion pacer, ROBERT J. No horse has had a more romantic history, no horse has achieved higher fame. Bred by a small breeder in a little town in Pennsylvania, he was sold at auction for \$250, and the owner and breeder was so disgusted that he made the purchaser, who was a friend of his, a present of the check. Yet ROBERT J. was a well-bred looking bay gelding. He was by "Hartford," son of "Harold," and his dam was "Geraldine," by "Jay Gould," 2:21 $\frac{1}{2}$, once the champion sire of his time. Strange to say that, though trotting-bred in the bluest of blue lines, he would persist in pacing, and his owner very sensibly determined to develop him at that gait. As a three-year-old he took a record of 2:30. He was then brought to Fleetwood Park, New



Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith.

FANTASY



Painted for Outline by Gean Smith.

JOE PATCHEN.

York, in the spring of his four-year-old career, and developed so much speed that he showed, even over that slow track, an ability to pace in 2:15.

ROBERT J.'s first great race was at Fleetwood Park, where Cicero J. Hamlin, the master of Village Farm, N. Y., had entered in the same race his bay stallion "Glendennis," who was an overwhelming favorite. The obscure Philadelphian raced Glendennis to a "standstill" and won a great race of five heats. "Glendennis," whose gameness was not equal to his physical power, was so thoroughly exhausted that he died shortly after the race, and Mr. Hamlin very wisely bought ROBERT J. for \$5,000. He then passed into the hands of one of the shrewdest men on the trotting turf and was assigned to the training of Ed. Geers, incontestably one of the greatest reinsmen of the age. Under his able guidance ROBERT J. had a very successful career as a four-year-old, and closed the season with a record of 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$. As a five-year-old he was one of the greatest campaigners of the turf. Although he did not get the champion record, he met such champions as "Mascot" and "Flying Jib" and defeated them, and he closed the season with a record of 2:05 $\frac{3}{4}$. During the season of 1894 he was the invincible champion of his class. He met all comers and defeated them easily, and he, finally, in a race against the watch, broke the record by pacing a mile in 2:01 $\frac{1}{2}$ —2 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds faster time than any horse had ever achieved before.

ROBERT J. is a neat, compactly built bay gelding, standing fifteen hands high and weighing 850 pounds. He has an exceedingly intelligent head, very broad between the eyes, and his eyes are the perfection of gentleness. John Eassley, his good-natured colored groom, a term which might be interpreted to mean a valet and waiter combined, is completely in love with him, and the horse is as fond of him as he is of the horse. He has his little cot in the stall and for the last three years has slept with him every night. ROBERT J. is an exceedingly hearty feeder. He is also an early riser, and is as fastidious as to the regularity of his toilet and his breakfast as the biggest swell of clubdom. If, in the early morning, the groom does not awake,

ROBERT J. begins to "nose" around the cot in a very gentle manner. If no notice is taken he becomes more marked in his movements, and finally, if the groom persists in sleeping, he gently but firmly seizes the coverlids of the cot with his teeth and pulls them off. Resistance is useless then, and the groom at once rises and attends to the duties of his office.

Ed. Geers, who drives ROBERT J., is also a unique character. He is known as the silent man from Tennessee. He is a man who bears an enviable record for honesty, ability and abstemiousness, and his only vice is an exceedingly mild one, that of chewing gum. Strange to say, although he has a magnificent stable at his disposal, his favorite amusement, when not attending to his horses, is to ride on a bicycle; in fact, he uses this mode of locomotion to keep down his weight; and a favorite joke on him is this, that when he is sweeping along a country road in the neighborhood of Buffalo and finds himself overtaken by one of the crack riders of that city, he softly clucks to himself as if he were addressing one of his favorite steeds and then unconsciously puts on an extra spurt and probably beats the crack who has just passed him. Geers receives a salary of \$5,000 a year from the Village Farm for driving, and he is richly worthy of it.

A possible champion this year is the six-year-old black horse, JOE PATCHEN, who made a record of 2:04 at Terre Haute, Ind., September 14, 1894. He is strictly trotting bred, and is by "Patchen Wilkes," dam "Josephine Young," by "Joe Young." He was bred at Peabody, Kan.

In the same ring there was the two-year-old black colt "Directly," by "Direct," 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, the champion two-year-old pacer who has a record of 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$. To show what marvelous progress there has been made in breeding and in speed, it is only necessary to say that in 1891, when the bay colt "Arion" trotted in Stockton, Cal., in 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$, it sent a thrill of astonishment throughout the trotting world. It is true that "Directly's" record is a pacing one, but all thoughtful breeders are rapidly arriving at the fact that the two gaits are simply interchangeable, the proof

of which is that nearly all our fastest pacers to-day are bred on purely trotting lines. "Directly" is a sturdy black colt, almost the image of his sire, who two years ago was the champion at his gait, and who, as a three-year-old, trotted in 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Probably the horse which created the greatest curiosity was the bay pacing gelding "Flying Jib," who has to his credit a record of 1:58 $\frac{1}{4}$, made with a running mate. He is, therefore, the first horse, either trotting or pacing, who has passed what has been considered for two decades the ideal limit of speed of the light harness horse. "Flying Jib" is a California production and was bred upon the ranch of J. B. Haggin, and for two seasons in the grand battles of the free-for-all was ready to meet all comers. This year his temper became uncertain, and in fact, in racing parlance, he might be called a "rogue." His driver, Andy McDowell, says he is the most sensible horse in the world, for the simple reason that when he does not feel inclined to go he won't, and no persuasion of trainer or driver can make him, but when he does make up his mind to go he is as fleet as the wind. His record certainly marks a distinct epoch in the history of the breed, though it also makes it extremely probable that there are several trotters and pacers who, at the same way of going, could reach the two-minute limit. It must be remembered that the thoroughbred who is hitched with the pacer or trotter is so harnessed that he pulls all the weight, the trotter or pacer simply having to exert his speed to the utmost and with nothing to pull. This way of going, of course, is not legitimate, but it does at least prove how fast an animal can go at a given gait, and in so far as it does this, it is valuable.

In the same ring was "Fantasy," the wonderful four-year-old daughter of "Chimes." This filly is a double champion. In 1893 she became the three-year-old champion of the trotting turf, with a record of 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$. In 1894 she trotted a series of most brilliant miles and finished with a record of 2:06. This is four seconds faster than any filly of her age ever trotted before, and comes within three-fourth seconds of

the performance of that black champion of his race, "Directum," who in 1893 put the champion stallion record and the four-year-old record at 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. "Fantasy" comes by her speed honestly, for her sire, "Chimes," is by "Electioneer," the greatest speed producing sire of his race, while his mother was "Beautiful Bells," whose sons and daughters have proved themselves trotters of the highest class.

"Fantasy's" dam was Homora, by "Almonarch," who was by "Almont" out of a thoroughbred daughter of "Asteroid," so that "Fantasy" possesses not only the best of trotting blood, but has in her veins the kingly tide which has flowed down from the monarchs of the desert.

A champion who was not exhibited but was at the Garden, was the bay stallion "John R. Gentry," who, with a race record of 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, is the champion of his class. "John R. Gentry," like most of the class of the modern record-breaking pacers, is bred in the purest of trotting lines. He is by "Ashland Wilkes," a son of "Red Wilkes," one of the greatest of living sires, while his dam, "Dame Wood," by "Wedgewood," is equally well bred.

"John R. Gentry" stands 15.1 hands high and weighs 900 pounds. He is a beautifully proportioned horse, game and resolute, and was recently sold for \$10,000.

Magnificent as was the showing of trotting and pacing champions at the Madison Square Garden show it must not be supposed that it represented in its entirety the record-breaking champions of 1894.

At San Jose, Cal., September 28, 1894, the brown colt "Adbell," by "Advertiser" out of "Beautiful Bells," by the "Moor," trotted in 2:23 and broke the yearling champion record. He did this honestly, for he had in his veins the blood of a race of champions. His sire, "Advertiser," was by "Electioneer," the greatest sire of speed that ever lived, while his dam, "Beautiful Bells," has supplied no less than three yearling champions to the trotting turf.

The two-year-old black filly "Impetuous," by "Dictator," dam "Ethelwyn," by "Harold," at Nashville, Tenn., October 16, 1894, won a race in 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$.



Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith.

ROBERT J.

This tied the two-year-old race record. "Impetuous" also came honestly by her speed, for her sire, "Dictator," got "Director," who was the sire of "Directum," 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, the present champion trotting stallion, while her dam was by "Harold," the sire of "Maud S.," who for eleven years was the queen of the trotting turf.

The chestnut stallion "Ralph Wilkes," by "Red Wilkes," dam "Mary Mays," by "Mambrino Patchen" captured the five-year-old championship at Nashville, Tenn., October 19, 1894, by trotting in 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$. "Ralph Wilkes" is a remarkably handsome horse and trots without the check rein, about which humanitarians have so often wrangled. As a two-year-old he took a record of 2:18. He was then bought from his Kentucky owner by Col. John H. Thayer, one of Boston's millionaires, and has since been one of the most popular stallions in the New England States. As a three-year-old he did not race, but trotted an exhibition mile in 2:13. He did not appear on the trotting track as a four-year-old, but in 1894 he was entered in several races and was practically invincible, meeting only one defeat, and he capped the climax of a great season by achieving the five-year-old championship.

The gelding record was also smashed by a horse with a most romantic history. July 26, 1894, the bay gelding "Ryland T.," by "Ledger Junior," dam "May," by "Ulverstone," at Cleveland, O., took a race record of 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$. When "Ryland T." was born, no turf journal chronicled the fact. He first saw the light on one of the ranches of Idaho, and until he proved that he possessed speed of a rare order he was looked upon as only a promising candidate for a cowboy's pony.

In company with a band of other horses he eventually reached Texas. His new owner discovered that he could run fast, and he was trained for a time as a quarter horse. His capacity as a trotter was finally discovered, and he was then bought by Robert Stewart, of Kansas City, who began to train him. Whether he occasionally remembers the wild freedom of his native heath and objects to the calm routine of the civilization of the trotting track will never

be known, but certain it is, that as a rule he is a most unreliable horse. When he is supposed to have a sure chance to win, that is the time when he has "bees in his bonnet," and will do anything but trot, but when on his good behavior no horse can go faster and trot a gamer race. He has been described by the unreliable daily reporter as a broncho, he is, as a fact, a very well put up bay horse who shows in his conformation that he has the blood of his dam, who was by a son of the immortal "Lexington."

The team race record was also passed in 1894 by two very beautiful mares, the brown mare "Sally Simmons" and the bay mare "Rose Leaf." At Columbus, O., October 27, 1894, this team reduced the race record to 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$. They are owned by a well known gentleman roadite of New York city.

Among the pacing records which were broken in 1894 beyond those which have been previously mentioned, the most prominent is the four-year-old record, which has been reduced by the bay colt "Online" to 2:04. "Online" is bred in the purest of trotting lines and is by "Shadeland Onward," dam "Angeline," by "Chester Chief." He made this record at Sioux City, Ia., October 12, 1894.

One of the most interesting features in the science of breeding the trotting horse is to note the locality in which they were bred. When California and Kentucky between them held nearly all the trotting and pacing records, the pessimists in the other States of the Union interested in the subject were wont to exclaim: "You cannot breed these horses in the Northern States; our winters are against us; we need the blue grass of Kentucky, or the alfalfa of California. They pointed to the long string of champions which had come from famous Palo Alto, and declared that it was necessary to have the wealth of a Leland Stanford and the climate of California in order to develop champions." The irresistible logic of facts has completely pulverized this theory.

Beautiful ALIX, the present trotting champion and the ideal representative of her race, was bred in the little town of Muscatine, Ia., by a small breeder of limited means. ROBERT J., the greatest

pacer in the world, and who has carried the record down to 2:01½, was bred and reared at the little town of Williamsport, Pa. "John R. Gentry," 2:03¾, the pacing stallion champion, was bred in Kansas. "Fantasy" may be said to be doubly a product of the State of New York, for she was not only born and raised at the Village Farm, East Aurora, but so was her dam "Homora" before her. "Ryland T." was born upon the ranges of Idaho, while "Online" represents the Prairie State of Nebraska.

The small breeder, the intelligent farmer, the city merchant who has a country home and likes to breed a fast trotter or pacer for profit or recreation, may well take this lesson to heart—to produce speed is not so much a question of climate, locality or wealth as it is of good judgment, breeding, individuality and intelligent training.

In order to place before the readers of OUTING the exact progress of the speed record of both pacers and trotters between 1893 and 1894, we give below a table which shows the records which were reduced in 1894 and the record holders in the same classes up to the close of 1893:

CHAMPIONS UP TO CLOSE OF 1893— TROTTING.

FASTEST YEARLINGS—COLT AND FILLY.

Pansy McGregor, chestnut filly, by Robert McGregor, dam Cora, by Coriander; Holton, Kan., November 18, 1893; race, kite 2:23¾

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Silicon, bay filly, by Wilton, dam Silhouette, by Hambrino; Nashville, Tenn., October 17, 1892; race, regulation . . . 2:15¾

FOUR-YEAR-OLDS.

Alix, bay mare, by Patronage, dam Atlanta, by Attorney; Nashville, Tenn., November 8, 1892; time, regulation . . . 2:10

FIVE-YEAR-OLDS.

Kremlin, bay stallion, by Lord Russell, dam Eventide, by Woodford Mambrino; Nashville, Tenn., November 12, 1892; time, regulation 2:07¾

Alix, bay mare, by Patronage, dam Atlanta, by Attorney; Chicago, Ill., September 14, 1893; race, regulation . . . 2:07¾

WORLD'S RECORD.

Nancy Hanks, bay mare, by Happy Medium, dam Nancy Lee, by Dictator; Terre Haute, Ind., September 28, 1892; time, regulation 2:04

GELDING RECORD.

Guy, black gelding, by Kentucky Prince, dam Flora Gardener, by American Star; Detroit, Mich., July 21, 1893; time, regulation 2:09¾

TEAM RECORD—RACE.

Maxey Cobb, bay stallion, by Happy Medium, dam Lady Jenkins, by Black Jack, and Neta Medium, bay Mare, by Happy Medium, dam Sally, by Yankee Tricks; Chicago, Ill., September 25, 1885; regulation 2:18¼

TWO MILES IN HARNESS—RACE.

Blondie, chestnut stallion, by Lemont, dam Molly, by Frank Chapman; Salem, Ore., July 5, 1893; regulation 4:48

FOUR MILES IN HARNESS—RACE.

Trustee, chestnut gelding, by imp. Trustee, dam Fanny Pullen, by Winthrop Messenger; Union Course, L. I., N. Y., June 18, 1849; regulation 11:06

CHAMPIONS UP TO CLOSE OF 1893— PACING.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Online, bay colt, by Shadeland Onward, dam by Chester Chief; Lyons, Neb., October 14, 1892; time, kite 2:11

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

Manager, gray stallion, by Nutwood, dam Carrie, by George Wilkes; Independence, Ia., September 19, 1891; time, kite 2:11½

FOUR-YEAR-OLDS.

William Wood, bay gelding, by Steinway; Stockton, Cal., October 29, 1892; time, kite 2:07

WORLD'S RECORD.

Mascot, bay gelding, by Deceive; Terre Haute, Ind., September 29, 1892; race, regulation 2:04

Flying Jib, bay gelding, by Algona, dam Middletown Mare, by Middletown; Chicago, Ill., September 14, 1893; time, regulation 2:04

STALLION RECORD.

Direct, black stallion, by Director, 2:17, dam Echora, by Echo; Nashville, Tenn., November 8, 1892; regulation 2:05½

PACER, WITH RUNNING MATE—TIME.

Westmont, chestnut gelding, by Almont, dam Annie, by Cottrill Morgan; Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1884; regulation . . . 2:01¾

CHAMPIONS OF 1894—TROTTING.

YEARLINGS.

Adbell, brown colt, by Advertiser, dam Beautiful Bells, by The Moor; San Jose, Cal., September 28; time, regulation . . . 2:23

TWO-YEAR-OLDS IN A RACE.

Impetuous, black filly, by Dictator, dam Ethelwyn, by Harold; Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 16, 1894; race, regulation 2:15¾

FOUR-YEAR-OLD FILLY.

Fantasy, bay filly, by Chimes, dam Homora, by Almonarch; Terra Haute, Ind., September 13, 1894; time, regulation . . . 2:06

FIVE-YEAR-OLDS.

Ralph Wilkes, chestnut stallion, by Red Wilkes, dam Mary Mays, by Mambrino Patchen; Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1894; time, regulation. 2:06¾

WORLD'S RECORD.

Alix, bay mare, by Patronage, dam Atlanta, by Attorney; Galesburg, Ill., September 19, 1894; time, regulation. . . 2:03¾

GELDING RECORD.

Ryland T., bay gelding, by Ledger, Jr., dam May, by Ulverston; Cleveland, O., July 26, 1894; race, regulation 2:07¾

TEAM RECORD—RACE.

Sally Simmons, brown mare, by Simmons, and Roseleaf, black mare, by Goldleaf; Columbus, O., September 27, 1894; regulation 2:15¼

TWO MILES IN HARNESS—RACE.

Nightingale, chestnut mare, by Mambrino King, dam Minnequa Maid, by Wood's Hambletonian; Buffalo, N. Y., August 9, 1894; regulation 4:36½

FOUR MILES IN HARNESS—RACE.

Senator L., bay stallion, by Dexter Prince, dam Fanny Bayswater (thoroughbred), by Bayswater; San Jose, Cal., November 2, 1894; race (walk over), regulation 10:12

CHAMPIONS OF 1894—PACING.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS—COLT AND FILLY.

*Directly, black colt, by Direct, dam Mabel, by Naubic; Galesburg, Ill., September 20, 1894; time, regulation . . 2:07¾

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

Whirligig, brown filly, by Wilko, dam Minnie Barrington, by Nahan; Terre Haute, Ind., August 20, 1894; race, regulation . . 2:10

FOUR-YEAR-OLDS.

Online, bay colt, by Shadeland Onward, dam Angeline, by Chester Chief; Sioux City, Ia., October 12, 1894; time, regulation 2:04

WORLD'S RECORD.

Robert J., bay gelding, by Hartford, dam Geraldine, by Jay Gould; Terre Haute, Ind., September 14, 1894; time, regulation 2:01½

STALLION RECORD.

John R. Gentry, bay stallion, by Ashland Wilkes, dam Dame Wood, by Wedgewood; Terre Haute, Ind., September 14, 1894; race, regulation 2:03¾

PACER, WITH RUNNING MATE—TIME.

Flying Jib, bay gelding, by Algona, dam Middletown Mare, by Middletown; Chillicothe, O., October 4, 1894; kite . . . 1:58¼

When it is remembered that the limit of speed both of the trotter and the pacer by its most enthusiastic advocates

has been placed at two minutes for the mile, it can be easily realized that with a champion who has a trotting record of 2:03¾, and a pacing champion with a record of 2:01½ to harness, and that we already have a champion who with a running mate has actually passed the two-minute limit, having paced a mile in 1:58¼, the race is practically approaching its limit. The ideal is almost approaching realization.

The American breeder has achieved two great results. He has produced both speed and gameness, but in doing it he has forgotten to a large extent, the beauties of proportion. In this respect the breed still lacks perfection. In the future the breeder has got to turn his attention to beauty of conformation, and to the laws of proportion. In this respect the present popularity of the hackney breed will be to him a valuable stimulus.

The London *Times*, the great organ of English opinion, very recently stated that the American trotter was the great roadster of the future. That his gait was frictionless and he could go faster, travel farther and do it better than the hackney. It regretted that England should be beaten on its own ground in this particular, but recognized loyally the superiority of the American trotter and welcomed him to the English shore. While all this is true, it is also true that the American trotter, to become the popular roadster of the world, which he is destined to be eventually, must assimilate, so far as his beauty of form and conformation is concerned, to the hackney.

We believe it is possible and within the genius of the American breeder to add to the trotter the good qualities of the hackney without detracting from his magnificent speed qualities. When that is accomplished the perfect horse for either racing, road driving or ordinary recreation, will have been achieved. As it is to-day, he is the most useful breed of horse in the world.

The breeder of trotting horses can sell his fastest for racing purposes. Those who are not fast enough for the race track make admirable roadsters and the balance who through defective individuality, or lack of speed, are not fit either for a race horse or for gentle-

* February 1, 1895, at Fresno, Cal., "Directly" paced in 2:07¼ and won the three-year old championship.

men's roadsters, make the most useful horses for the ordinary avenues of commerce. What other breed of horses in the world can fill these three various offices? The thoroughbred horse, especially if he is a gelding, when his racing career is over, is almost valueless. Such is not the case with the trotter. At a recent sale in New York City, a gentleman going to Europe sold his trotting stable, consisting of four geldings and two mares. They realized an average of \$1,000 per head. They were known as outclassed animals, that is, they were horses that could not win in their classes on the turf and were therefore only useful for road purposes. It need hardly be said that the outclassed thoroughbred horse would average no such money.

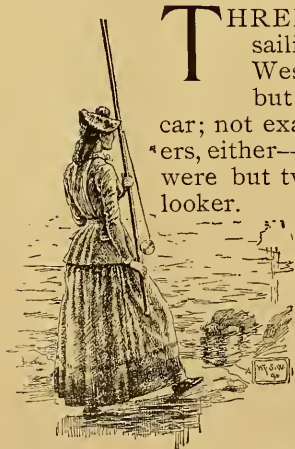
Trotting sport is undoubtedly to-day the national amusement of the American people. During the last year over fifteen hundred associations gave meetings, some of them as many as six in the course of the year. Over five million dollars in purses and stakes were competed for. Over five thousand

horses trotted in 2:30 or better. At many of these meetings from 25,000 to 50,000 persons were present. The Grand Circuit, which commenced at Detroit and finished at Philadelphia, distributed over \$500,000. Buffalo gave a two weeks' meeting, at which \$75,000 was competed for, and had an average attendance larger than either the Coney Island Jockey Club or Morris Park for the time being.

The exportation of the trotter to France, Germany, Italy and Austria shows a constant and healthy growth. Berlin, Paris, Vienna and Milan have their well appointed trotting tracks, their spring, summer and autumn meetings, and their stakes and purses to-day vie well with the leading meetings in America. England itself, always conservative, is awakening to the fact that the trotter is a race horse and the time is not far off when the trotter, even in "The Tight Little Island" devoted to thoroughbred sport, will be a popular and formidable competitor to the sport of kings.

WHEN RUSTICS WENT A-TROUTING.

BY ELEANOR FRENCH.



THREE fishers went sailing out into the West, not in a boat, but upon a hand-car; not exactly three fishers, either—properly, there were but two and one on-looker.

I occupy the rear end of a hand-car propelled by the two fishers. Heels hang carelessly until crossing boards are vio-

lently encountered, then the heels are suddenly elevated and gingerly kept at a less imminent risk of amputation as we swiftly bowl along. The roadbed, flying beneath us, seems perilously near, and the possibility of a slip from this precarious perch causes me to grasp my wraps and to draw them tightly to avoid con-

tact with the grimy revolving wheel. Glancing upward, I duck suddenly, lest the descending handle should bestow an unwelcome thwack; and then, sitting midway between Scylla and Charybdis, I set my teeth with determination, take a firm grip of the end brake and murmur, "Kismet."

All responsibility as to the future thrown off, I find it quite exhilarating, and even enjoyable, to ride in this fashion. Grassy banks, fields of tender green, interspersed with groups of forest trees and underbrush, form a swiftly moving panorama. Soon we come to a long, open bridge, where, far below, a wide, sluggish stream follows the channel to the old "Wisconse."

I am glad that I am not nervous, as I glance down at the water through the bridge timbers. The hand-car is not so very far from the edge, and if it should happen to strike any obstacle—but then I am *not* nervous, and turn resolutely away toward the blue sky dotted with



"WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?" (p. 194.)

fleecy clouds. A short spin across solid ground and then another bridge, spanning a deep gully, and before us lies a scene worthy our artist, and even he could not do it justice. Far to the left are the sparkling waters of Springdale pond, held in place by an ancient dam which forms part of the edge of a sharp descent into the gully which is lined with trees, whose tops are below the bridge. The surplus waters of the pond flash in the sunlight as they leap into the depths below, forming a little gurgling streamlet, which boils noisily over the pebbles, passes beneath us, babbles down through a sandy valley, and from thence winds onward toward the broad, placid bosom of the Wisconsin. To the right of us is the stream first passed over; this, with the little trout stream, the distant Wisconsin, the woods between, the pond and waterfall, reduce us to a state of ecstatic admiration, from which we emerge abruptly as our youngest fisherman remarks with enthusiasm:

"I know there's piles of fish in that pond. Hurry up!"

The hand-car is side-tracked upon a convenient spot, and we follow the road to the pond. The water is deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, and the pond is prettily situated. Upon one side is a rising bank, fringed with underbrush and trees; opposite are the sloping pasture lands, fields and farm buildings of a substantial farm house.

One of our fishermen has a jointed rod and reel, the other sports a modest bamboo pole, and there is quite a strife as to who shall make the first cast. Minnows are preferred to worms or flies as bait, and are enticingly cast into the pond. We wait in breathless silence.

We wait—we continue to wait; so do the fish. No doubt there *are* "piles" of fish in the pond; evidently they mean to stay there.

Our youngest fisherman jerks in his line in disgust, winds it up, and declares his intention of following up the trout stream, above the pond, for a mile or two, where, it is said, the trout are more numerous, but smaller. A small trout is sometimes desirable.

Off he goes, and our lone fisherman, after enjoining strict silence, fishes on—and on. Finally, I timidly whisper that

a board a little farther along, extending from the bank into the stream, where it is upheld by a root, may be a better place from which to cast. This suggestion meets with condescending approval and the change is made. Still the fish do not bite, and my gaze wanders backward toward the ancient road and dam.

What a scene for an artist! The dark blue of the pond, the reddish-tinged clayey bank, the vivid green of the young grass, the fields dying away into pale brown in the distance, the stiff rows of dark green pines, looking like tall grenadiers, outlined against the pale blue of the lower sky, fleecy white clouds floating through the ever-deepening blue, which—"Splash!—splash!—flounder!—splash!"

I start up in dire amazement to behold the lone fisherman making sprawling strides toward the shore in a vain endeavor to keep pace with his head, which seems unaccountably inclined to bury itself in the stream. By heroic exertions the shore is gained, and I gaspingly exclaim:

"Wh—what did you do that for?"

"Humph! Guess you'll get me into a trap like that again. Should 'a' thought you'd known that board would slip off a little bit of a stump like that!" and off come both rubber boots, from which streams of water are poured.

"The idea of wanting me to shoulder all the blame!" I mildly insinuate: "Why didn't you try it first, to see if it would hold?"

Dignified silence is the best parry. Returning home is suggested, or building a fire, to dry the wet garments. These propositions are rejected, and our angler proposes that we, too, follow up the stream.

Our traps are shouldered by the persevering fisherman, who is by this time in his usual state of good nature, and we climb the bank, then follow a grassy road at the top of the hill. The pond dwindles down to a narrow brook, which twists and turns, times without number, through low marshy grounds. If fishermen indicate fish, we may conclude there are plenty, as we encounter half a dozen or more of the former as we tramp along.

The trees hide the stream from view for a short distance, and as it again comes

into sight we see the ground is firmer, and four or five more anglers are visible at the various curves of the stream.

We descend toward the brooklet, creeping up very quietly, as the established idea is that the reason and intelligence contained in one small trout is something amazing.

A point is selected where the current sweeps around a curve on the opposite bank and then swerves toward our side, forming a deep pool under the edge of a grassy hillock. A wriggling minnow is impaled and the line floats gently down the stream. A jerk, but no fish.

"I had a bite!" whispers the fisherman. More line is let out, and again floats far down, the end reaching under the bank.

"Whirr! whirr!" goes the reel. There is great splashing and commotion at the end of the line. We are intensely excited. I wish I could give one good jerk and make sure of him; but the buzz of the reel keeps steadily on; we catch a glimpse of a good-sized trout floundering madly; he is triumphantly landed and lies panting upon the grass.

Good-sized? He is enormous! He is measured—fifteen inches from tip to tip, and wide in proportion. The usual silvery tint of the trout has deepened into yellow gold upon the sides of this old stager, and is flecked with pin-head points of brilliant scarlet. He is a beautiful object, and we feel proud that *we* caught him.

The angler makes another cast; there is an unexpected twitch, a half view of a fish, a moment's confusion and slack, an empty hook and lamentations! Well, it can't be helped.

"You must have struck a nest of 'em," remarks an unsuccessful angler not far off, and forthwith he comes and admires our catch, speaks about our fishing place, and standing a little above, calmly lets his line float down to the same spot. That ends it! The bites cease. No doubt the trout think one chance of impalement at a point enough.

Creeping toward us on the opposite side, comes another fisherman with rubber boots strapped high up his limbs, fisherman's coat, handsome rod and reel. He is finely equipped, and as he reaches the turn below us he whips the water; there is an instan-

taneous rise, he does not stop to reel; there is a flash of silver through the air and a small trout landed. Our self-invited angler informs him of our catch, and he pauses to admire, wades across, and declares that never within his knowledge was so large a trout caught above the pond.

"This casting with flies has more work than play in it," he remarks, wiping his brow. He examines a bookful of flies from which he selects one. He has over two hundred of all kinds and colors. He displays a fine catch of fish, but says: "All of them are not worth your one."

This pleases our fisherman immensely, as he knows the other to be an experienced and markedly successful follower of the sport.

We are left alone. Time wears away—and patience. Fisherman's luck! There are no more trout for us to-day. Our truant does not appear, so rod and line are put into proper trim, and after interviewing the lunch basket we slowly return to our waiting hand-car.

Time glides by, while we enjoy the view at leisure. It is nearly dusk when a bedraggled form appears, but with a most expansive smile illuminating tired features.

Gracious! what a catch!

"That one's up to yours!" he exclaims, pointing out a noble fellow. Where's the tape-line? He is measured—thirteen and one-half inches—while another follows is over eleven. There are a few smaller ones, which might be thought worthy of notice were it not for the abundance of larger ones.

Well contented, we mount our conveyance and start upon our four-mile return trip. It is a very delightful way of riding, although the fishermen declare, in answer to our exclamations of enjoyment, that other modes might be thought preferable when "working a passage."

I "take the good the gods provide," and after we reach the slightly downward incline, enjoy to the utmost the quiet evening sky, where twinkling points begin to glow; the balmy, sweet breath of fields and grass, the spicy odor of the pines and the pleasant, steady motion of the hand-car, and realize, with a faint pang of regret, that our day of outing is nearly over.

FROGGING IN NORTHERN WATERS.

By "JESS."



TO those who have never enjoyed the pleasure of a real frog hunt

let me commend the amusement as extremely novel. I do not mean catching frogs with a hook, which used to be done by tying a piece of red flannel to a hook or trout-fly and dang-

ling it before the frog's nose. This is indeed spiritless when compared to spearing or shooting them. Either Mr. Frog has become too educated to be taken in this way, feeling the disrespect shown his person by tickling his nose with a scarlet rag, or hunters have universally failed to get the desired enjoyment out of a hunt of this kind. The proper method of catching frogs is with spear or gun.

Mr. Frog is best caught in the cool, early morning, when a streak of yellow skirts the fields of brightest green, and when the whole sky is of brightest blue. Then the birds are singing their first songs, awakening the denizens of the forest. Mr. Frog has been enjoying a musical croak the night before, or, in some of the many other ways, known only to frog life, has been dissipating through the night, for certain it is, that never until Luna has disappeared from the heavens can he content himself with rest. At this hour in the morning he is evidently sleepy, for he is very quiet and makes long blinks at the sun.

If you use a spear, you should have one made purposely, as you will very unlikely find one light enough on sale. It should have five tines, quite small, about the size of a No. 10 fish-hook, fastened into a hardwood cross piece and set in a light, long handle; not so long as to be awkward, about six feet is sufficient, though some are made eight feet and others as long as twelve feet. But these seem to me awkward and unwieldy. Much of your success will depend upon the lightness of your spear, for remember, you are in pursuit of a small and active creature.

One of the novelties of the frog hunt is that women enjoy the sport quite as well as men, and are quite as good hunters.

A very pretty picture, and one I often see, is that of Madam S— on her way to a frog hunt. She wears a short skirt, barely reaching to the knee, knee trousers and a blouse waist. She has dainty rubber boots reaching the trousers—for it is quite necessary that a frog hunter should be able to wade—and a straw hat tied down in real old-fashioned way with a string under her chin. She says she needs the shade which the hat gives in order to see better. She carries a spear as light as a fairy's wand, and sometimes a small rifle.

A whole story could be written about her little spear. Its tines are as sharp as needles and quite as bright. Its handle is of bamboo with carved ornaments of California red wood. You know women have a great tendency to make beautiful the articles of their belonging, not excepting those of sport or the chase. So, like pistols for ladies, which by the way have become marvels of artistic skill, these spear handles are an interesting study.

In frog hunting it is generally necessary to have a boat and a companion who can pole it well, yet I have had hours of delightful sport sitting on the bank of one of our small Northern lakes spearing the frogs as they came to the shore. True, the commotion of taking a frog often drives the others into deep water; when such is the case I walk further down and make war upon the next group I find. Then, too, frogs are different from most game, for they have extremely short memories. A half hour after I have made fearful havoc among a family of croakers I have gone back and found excellent sport.

To a lover of the beautiful, the scene that surrounds one in early morning at this season of the year is simply gorgeous. The little waves are no longer impatient or boisterous, but move now as though disliking sudden exertion. The green trees rustle softly and cast queer upturned shadows at your feet.



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

DIANA IN OUR DAY.

A bird flies over your head but gives no sound; during these months he stops his song with the appearance of the sun. All nature is quiet and seems waiting, perhaps, for maturity. The far-away clouds, the heavy air, the lazy breezes, tell you it is the frogs' harvest.

If you decide on taking a boat, and can find a man willing to exert himself so much for your amusement as to pole it for you, select a flat-bottomed craft. It cannot be tipped over, and this is a very important feature.

If you go hunting in any of the lakes and streams about a city, be sure and pick clean water where no garbage or refuse matter has been thrown. Frogs that eat refuse matter are apt to disagree with those who eat them. Ponds where there is a green scum and where water lilies grow furnish the best fields for hunting. Here are found the big green fellows that croak with a voice like a bass drum, and when we are alone in the twilight almost frighten us with their noise. In our well filled lakes, where the water is clear, and in little arms of the lake where the water backs up and is still, brown frogs are found. The inexperienced mistake these frogs for toads and leave them unmolested. But all frogs are not green and these little brown fellows furnish a very tasty morsel.

All toads are speckled underneath in black, brown and white, and need never be mistaken for frogs. Again, toads have very queer eyes. Look at them and you will not wonder that so much mystery surrounds them or that they are closely connected with witches and their mystic concoctions.

It is very hard for one inexperienced in the hunt to see the frogs. He will hear them croak and know they are near him, yet he will look down into the water and see absolutely nothing that resembles a frog. Again, as one approaches them they are silent and seem bent on making themselves invisible. But look close, just as you did when you were small and searched the floor for your grandmother's cambric needle, and you will see one sitting on a lily pad as green as the leaf itself. Another will have a nose and a pair of eyes visible that he may watch you. A pair of legs are seen sticking out from under a

bit of green water moss; look closer and deeper and you will see numberless little fellows close at hand. Steady your boat or have your companion steady it for you, fix your eyes on one fellow, the biggest and greenest one of the lot and throw your spear. If you let it leave the hand naturally, without thought or direction, you will probably hit your mark. It is not training to hit which we need in taking game of this kind, but that more difficult matter of allowing the muscles to act undirected.

To shoot frogs requires even more skill than to spear them. For shooting, most hunters prefer a small, accurate weapon, such as the Stevens pocket rifle, which costs a trifling sum. You will remember that your rifle may be sighted for a longer range than is common in frog hunting. If your gun is sighted in this way and you aim your gun at the middle of a frog's body, you will hit some little distance above the frog. You should take aim an inch below the frog at a distance of ten feet.

The tiny bullets used in this gun may only stun the frog, especially if he be seated under a leaf or a little distance in the water. It will then be necessary to recover your game at once as stunned frogs come to life quickly. A fish-hook on the end of a pole or the spear, may be used in retrieving dead game.

But all rules and suggestions are as nothing compared to what one can learn by going hunting with a country-bred person who knows frogs and their ways. For my part, I do not want to hunt in a boat, but prefer to take only such game as wading will bring me. But others are quite fascinated with deep water hunting. Again, no one can tell you how to skin the hind legs; you will simply have to watch some boy do it for you until you know how. If he understands his business, he will place the skinned legs in a pail of salt water, which you might never have thought of but which adds greatly to their flavor.

Frogs are always in season and when our own lakes and streams do not furnish us, the South sends them to our market. But the Southern frogs are inferior to those found in the North. Even France cannot produce such frogs, and awards us the praise of growing the best frogs in the world.

THE CRUISE OF TWO.

By Charles Gordon Rogers.



WE were twain; numerically, intellectually and gastronomically twain, emphatically and indisputably twain. I had the greater appetite, Brown the larger intellect. In regard to these distinguishing features, I felt that I had the advantage of Brown; and there were periods, at meal time, when I know he felt it, too. I was sorry for Brown, because metaphorically as well as literally, a great intellect is at sea during a cruise.

There was one point, nevertheless, on which we were "twain as one," as Mr. Riley says; and that was our predilection for wielding the paddle as far away from urban associations as we could.

There is a picturesque spot on the Canadian Rideau Lake route known as Jones's Falls, thirty-five miles east of the city of Kingston. This Jones's Falls is a charming and original place from a scenic standpoint, despite its name and the fact that there are no falls. There is, it is true, a sort of tumble there, but you have to hunt for it. So when Brown and I, by preconcerted arrangement, met there one fine autumn forenoon, we were half inclined to cancel our intention of paddling from this delightful point to Kingston by way of Gananoque. There is a waterway between the last-named town and Jones's Falls, which had been done by two Ottawa Canoe Club men a few years before; and on their recommendation and by the aid of a chart—and incidentally, Brown's superior intellect—we had decided to "do" it, too.

At last we dipped our double blades into the sunny waters of the lake, which reflected a summer sky, entering, as it were, the very heaven of a canoeist's delight. I mean an energetic paddling

canoeist, for I have no patience with those sailing fellows.

A mile from our starting point we entered Morton Creek, which, until you reach the wharf and dam, is simply a big arm of the lake. The passage is narrow, and on either hand are high, sentinel-like rocks; but within, the water is magnificently wide and deep. High on our right rose Rock Dunder, a big, brown, beetle-browed, granitic hill, that is worth the climbing, if only for the satisfaction you subsequently feel at getting down again, though the view from the top is superb. We leisurely skirted the base of the big hill.

HELP!!!

If that word was printed in the largest type and bordered on the east by an army of exclamation points, it could only convey a faint idea of the way it sounded to Brown and me. For one moment we sat open-mouthed; then we gripped our paddles and the two boats leaped through the water.

It was a race, pure and simple. Brown and I had paddled all that season in numerous regattas, "tandem," and against each other, and we were in the "pink." But all previous records were broken that day. We were a trifle late in getting off, but we made up for that. The water curled and bubbled at our bows, and surged and undulated by us almost level with our gunwales. Once our boats came together, and you should have seen our savage faces as we shortened blades and pushed each other viciously away.

I don't know how I fell into the trap, but it was a low trick of Brown to play. The water before us seemed terminated by the abrupt shore, and the bend or elbow of the "arm" did not make itself apparent to me until I was almost upon the bank, when I immediately swung my boat about with such vigor that the water came into my lap. Scarcely looking forward, I jabbed my blades in right and left with splendid enthusiasm. The next instant I experienced a mild shock, and discovered that I was in a tiny bay, filled with weeds and water-



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

AN EASY BIT.

lily plants, the latter clinging to my paddle with the tenacity of an octopus.

I looked back. Brown had disappeared, and I now saw my error. I had taken the wrong turn. Brown had not, and was now dashing forward through clear water on his way to the rescue, no doubt with a mocking exultation in his heart over my discomfiture.

I was mad. When I finally got into the channel again, Brown was far ahead, bearing down upon what appeared to be an upturned boat to which someone in white was clinging. Brown's blades were flashing like wings; the spray was flying from their tips, and I could not, though hating him at the moment, but admire the phenomenal speed he was making. No champion of the A. C. A. could have held Brown then.

Farther lay Morton wharf, where a tall man stood waving a pair of long arms frantically, after the fashion of a man trying to stop a horse. To add to the variety and movement of the scene, a dark man in a short green-painted boat, who rowed as if chased by a sea-serpent, was "leading" Brown from another point; and Brown will never, never know how I prayed that the green boat might beat him. But it didn't. Those bare arms of my friend were propellers of steel.

I saw the polished hull of the canoe gleam, as if triumphantly, in the sunshine as Brown dashed at full speed alongside the "wreck," and came to a short turn and stop by a sharp back stroke. The little green boat was a hundred yards away.

I don't know how Brown did what followed, for it was a difficult task; but before the green boat reached the overturned skiff, Brown had drawn the latter's clinging freight into his carpeted craft and was paddling smartly to shore. When I reached land I understood the inspiration of his feat.

She was such a pretty little thing, really lovable, with brown hair and fine eyes, though of course her drenched condition did not heighten her beauty. But she seemed none the worse for her ducking, though she had been hanging on to the bottom of that slippery skiff for a full five minutes.

The tall man was now running along the beach from the wharf, and came up

very much out of breath, with just enough left him to articulate that he couldn't swim, but thought it was as well for him to be along in case anything happened. I put him down for the coroner. Taking Brown's canoe in tow, I paddled to the wharf, a prey to envy. The green boat man had pulled the skiff ashore, where he was bailing it out with an old tomato can and exhibiting a vicious energy that was really beautiful to see. I put that down to envy, too, and my heart went out to him. While this was going on, Brown and the girl were capering over the intervening meadow and hill to Morton Village, leaving the tall man who couldn't swim, and who was trying to keep up with them, very much in the rear, and mad because he had been robbed of an inquest.

I didn't hurry to the village myself. I felt I wasn't even a subsidiary auxiliary; so I made myself nice with the green boat man, who had followed me with the fair's craft in tow, and he gave me a hand in transporting the canoes over the quarter of a mile of carry between the wharf and the mill.

And what a portage that is! The road, bordered by fine trees that meet and tangle their branches above in luxuriant abandon, runs parallel with the stream that gleams and murmurs far below. The turfy path is so elastic that carrying a canoe becomes a positive treat. I was glad for the first time in my life of a double portage, which was necessary owing to the two canoes. We placed the latter with their brass-bound noses dipping into the clear water of the creek below the mill, ready for departure; and then we walked slowly and meditatively up the hill to the village. I think the green boat man and I understood each other by this time regarding Brown, though we said nothing about him. But I learned that the girl was Miss Nellie Moore, that she was from the East, and that she and her mamma were rustivating in Morton.

We found Brown sitting, as if he owned it, upon the verandah of the hotel, placidly smoking the vilest cigar obtainable at a village bar. He looked happy, exasperatingly happy; and I told him so.

He said he felt that way. Miss Nellie's mamma was absent, he added,

and unaware of her daughter's narrow escape. He gave the adjective an almost tragic emphasis, implying that if he had not arrived to the girl's assistance when he did, it would have been all up—or rather, down—with her. I laughed scornfully; but my real bitterness must have tintured my mirth, for Brown merely smiled, and added, in a complacent, proprietary way that was simply maddening, that Miss Moore was up-stairs changing her wet garments, but would be down presently.

I went inside with an intuition of what was coming. I found the green boat man at the bar, and we drank deep and long together. It was the best day's business the hotel keeper had done since election day. While I was thus trying to drown her a second time, Nellie came down, looking radiant and fresh and dry.

She was robed in something pink, of a Greek cut, and looked more captivating than before, considering that her clothes had clung to her then as the fur clings to a wet kitten. Even her sunny hair did not seem to have suffered, for it had a softly shimmering look already. It was wonderful, the way in which she had managed that hair in such a short space of time! Brown and I could never come to a proper appreciation of it. We talked it over and over on our cruise, and discussed it with hair-splitting differences, but never came to a satisfying theory. We sat on the verandah and talked. Nellie said:

"I know I screamed dreadfully. But I couldn't help it. I felt relieved after I had screamed once; because I knew someone must hear me, and I felt I could keep up if that horrid boat didn't wiggle round too much. And then, that old watered silk skirt of mine swelled out like a balloon, and wouldn't let the water through. But I know that if you hadn't come along when you did, Mr. Brown, I should have gone down. I felt I couldn't hold on a moment longer. My arms were dreadfully tired. And you paddled so hard, and such a long way, too! Where did you say you were when you heard me scream? Oh, yes! down at the mouth of the creek. I had no idea I could make myself heard so far."

I stared indignantly at Brown. He

had done it Brown, and no mistake! The mouth of the creek, indeed! A mile and a half away, if an inch. It was bad enough to have her putting him on a pedestal, but when he began to assist in his own apotheosis, I felt it was more than I could stand. My power of speech was completely submerged by the tidal wave of surprise and indignation that surged over me; and when I recovered it, Brown was saying airily:

"Really nothing, I assure you, Miss Nellie. You mustn't think any more about it. It was the simplest thing, and I was merely fortunate beyond the lot of the average mortal in getting to you first. We were all of us, Rogers and the other fellow in the green boat and myself, rivals for the privilege of picking you up. I believe that long-armed man on the wharf, if he had been a swimmer, would have jumped in from where he was, and lost his head, and his life, too, perhaps."

Brown was running on at this rate, when a carriage drove up the dusty street, and stopped before us. A stout lady in black, that was pretty well sprinkled with dust, climbed hastily out.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Nellie.

"My dear, drowned girl!" cried mamma, rushing up the steps, and very short of breath from her exertions. She clasped Nellie in her arms, and went on, as if she had just three seconds to live and were making her will.

"I heard all about it coming up the street! I told you some accident would happen if you persisted in going out on that dreadful water! And where is your rescuer? Is this the noble young man?"

She made a break for me, and for the first time I was glad it was Brown. He sat there waiting for it, waiting for the blow to fall, like a martyr. Nellie exclaimed with a good deal of feeling:

"No, no, mamma dear, it was Mr. Brown! This is Mr. Brown! You remember him, don't you?"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Brown! how can I ever thank you?" Poor B. was in mamma's arms by this time, and submitting with a very commendable show of grace; though I don't think a wooden Indian could have looked woodener under the operation. "You have saved

my daughter's life! Now sit down and tell me all about it!"

I stole away. One doesn't care about hearing the same story for the fourth time inside of fifteen minutes; at least not that kind of story. I felt sorry, too, for Brown, in a way; though the manner in which that girl sat there with her hands clasped, and her big eyes glued on his tanned visage was exasperating.

It was now three o'clock, and I knew we should be on the move. So I mustered up courage to leave the bar, and follow the trio, who were strolling toward the mill.

I pulled out my watch and kept my eyes on it until Brown was forced to notice me.

"We ought to be off," said I. "It's clocking along toward four, you know."

"Oh, you can't think of leaving Morton this evening!" cried the siren and mamma together. This was said quite imperatively, as if the change of programme was quite a settled thing. "Think how lonely we are here!" continued mamma. "And then think of my feelings, Mr. Rogers! Can I let the preserver of my daughter depart in a moment?"

That meant she could have let me. But I didn't mind that, it was so rich, and I knew what it all implied: simply, that while Brown and the siren were left to themselves, I would be stuck *vis-a-vis* with mamma—meal-time and all time.

What could I say? The ladies walked down to the water and admired our canoes, and I turned savagely on Brown.

"Look here!" I muttered. "Why haven't you sufficient backbone to say we *can't*?" Brown saw Nellie smiling at him, and grinned back as much as to

say: Don't be alarmed, I'm settling it. "Girls are very well in their place, but we are on a cruise with limited time; and no respectable canceist will let a woman interfere with his plans. There isn't a case of such a thing on record! Besides, we've got to catch that Kingston boat on Monday morning."

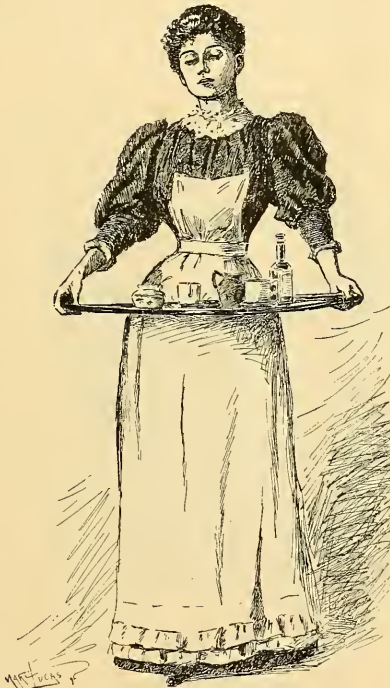
"But, my dear fellow," said Brown, soothingly, "we have loads of time to make Kingston. And supposing we don't start until to-morrow morning, we have lots of margin."

"Lots of margin!" I snapped. "I tell you, Brown, you're a renegade! You've had your nautical head turned by a petticoat! Why, you're worse than Marc Antony! I begin to believe you don't intend to go on at all; and, by Jove! if that's your game, I'll expose you to the club and the whole paddling world!"

Brown protested, and then the ladies came back and we returned to the hostelry, Brown weakly suggesting that we should paddle on after tea, as there would be a "fine moon," he said, by nine o'clock. The end of it all was that we stayed to tea, and on and on, until it got too late to

dream even of leaving by moonlight.

I've heard of courtships of the short order variety; but the way Brown and that girl promenaded the one street that makes Morton a village put all previous records to the blush. While this was happening, I sat upon the verandah with mamma, and talked and talked, until I thought my head would come off through sheer sleepiness. I had to tell her what a fine chap Brown was, and what splendid prospects he had, though I wasn't sure that he had any at all. But I did it



"MARY ANDERSON."

all with an unsparing hand, not knowing whether to hate myself or pity Brown while I did so. But I do know I was never so glad for anything as when finally at eleven o'clock the pair came in, and I was able to stumble off to bed.

Of course, it was out of the question to leave without taking breakfast with the ladies; and after that Nellie wanted a canoe ride, but not with me, of course. So I was stuck with mamma again until lunch time, when the lovesick pair came back, after having kept lunch waiting while I was nearly starving. It looked as if it was to be the same old tune for the afternoon; but at precisely three thirteen the worm turned, and I told Brown he could stay or not, just as he pleased, I was going on. And then he gave in, and at last we got away.

But before we reached Lake Delta I learned that mamma and Nellie were to go home by way of Jones's Falls on the following Monday by the same boat we had booked ourselves to catch at Kingston. Wasn't it prettily arranged? And you never saw a man in such a state of impatience as Brown was in from the moment he ceased waving his handkerchief and a gracious bend in the stream hid Morton and mamma and Nellie from sight. He veered like a weather-cock, and became alarmed lest we should miss that Kingston boat after all.

We made good time through Morton Creek, thanks to Brown's fears; the serpentine stream developing freshness and beauty as we sped on. Great elms grew on either bank, and interlaced their branches above us like slender fingers. Delta Lake at last lay before us in all the radiance of sun-kissed stillness. It is a fine lake, five miles long and per-

haps a mile across, with here and there an island. We worked along the right-hand shore, characterized by bluffs and small poplar; and eventually, by a southeasterly turn, entered Lyndhurst River. This is a broad and picturesque stream, fringed near the lake with tall reeds, and the water is so clear that we could have seen a nickel upon the bottom at a depth of ten feet.

The sun was low now on the right; so we increased our speed, our blades seeming to flash a delicate fire as we passed swiftly over the still water. It was six o'clock when we doubled our final bend

and sighted Lyndhurst Village. A picturesque, old-fashioned stone bridge, with three wide arches, spanned the stream; and to the left and right was the village, with here and there a spire burnished by the sun.

A moment later we had beached our canoes in someone's yard, and then went up to the brick hotel nearby and ordered supper. Learning that we would have two portages here, we shouldered our craft to a grassy slope below the dam, a carry of two hundred yards.

Here we left them, bottom up, under the guardianship of the stars, and returned to the hotel and our steak, where we met Mary Anderson.

Who was she? A tall girl of magnificent physique, entrancing as Venus and commanding as Juno. The way in which Brown's presence affected her was startling. As she came stately in, carrying the tray as Hebe carried the wine, her expression was one of superlative indifference to things in general and ourselves in particular, tintured with a slight dash of scorn that was to the indifference what bitters is to a cocktail. But Brown brought her down a peg, and



"NELLIE."

did it quite unconsciously, too; as the moment she rested her eyes on him her face changed utterly, while the tray shook, and she had to put it down hastily. Brown continued to stare pensively out of the window at the deepening twilight shadows. At last, collecting herself, Miss Anderson marched across to Brown and set his steak before him, looking at him steadily and half smiling. He turned, and I thought the girl would speak; but she seemed prevented by Brown looking her full in her fair face with never a sign of recognition. At that she drew herself up stiffly, pouted, and then marched to the open window, where she sat gazing into the street in a magnificent pose.

She turned now and then and gazed furtively at Brown, with an expression partly wistful. I was bubbling with excitement, and anxious to know what it all meant. I was soon to be apprised.

At the end of our first course the girl got up and snapped my friend's plate from before him, as a mother snatches her child from the contamination of the children of some neighbor with whom she has quarreled. Then she brought us our dessert, saying with matchless disdain:

"There's your pie, Mr. Stephens!"

Stephens! I ducked my head and started a war to the knife with the pie. What was coming now?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY FIRST BICYCLE TOUR.

By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

1. THE ADVENTURES OF A LEARNER.



A BICYCLE had never been counted in my already too long list of wants, until one day it suddenly became possible to own one. Then, in an instant I was on fire to

possess and enjoy a "safety." Delays followed, but these whetted my appetite until I longed with the longing of a lover for the nickel-plated darling of my anticipations.

If I had possessed that "good sense which is only the gift of heaven," this time might have been employed to great advantage by going to a school of bicycling, and taking lessons in the art of riding the ticklish contrivance; but I did not know enough to do that, and of all the hundreds of advisory maxims poured into my ears not one suggested, much less insisted upon, the propriety of that action, which would have been the highest economy of time, money and bruises.

Finally, the machine came, and was straightway despatched to the home of my friend in the country where there

was room to practice; and at the earliest hour possible I followed it.

There it lay on the station platform in all its black and silver beauty. Its cobweb wheels, its straight and slender beams, its fair white pedals unworn by gritty soles, its russet saddle inviting to the mount, its graceful steering-bar, like the argent bow of Diana!

Eagerly, yet very gently, as one aids a wounded friend, we disengaged it from its crating, unswathed the wrappings that protected its glossy surface, and articulated its scattered members into the graceful, perfect whole. I had my bicycle!

A level piece of road stretched in front of Eaton's house, between the orchards on the hillside and the irised meadows to the westward, where marsh-wrens were blithely caroling encouragement. A group of great oaks and "immemorial elms" cast their grateful shade between me and the setting sun, and thither we repaired, to make my first essay toward riding.

It looked easy, and with airy confidence I seized the handles, placed my toe upon the step and lifted my weight over the hinder wheel. Alas for my

pride! Alas for my clean new shirt, my immaculate trousers and my half-sprained ankle! I was prone in the dust, the machine on top of me; and every man and woman whom I had been calling friends were holding their hands to their false hearts and making the country-side resound with laughter.

I brushed off the dust and my crumpled conceit together and tried it again. Being in a more teachable mood I made more progress. After a bit it struck me that what I needed was to keep up momentum long enough to get my balance. A little way up the road there was a gentle slope, and here I did better. This emboldened me, next day, to try the path which sloped down from the barn to the kitchen door and was out of the range of public observation. The machine started off bravely, and I clung to it as a drowning man clutches a plank, wobble it never so wildly. By a hair's breath the coal-box was escaped. The corner of the house swept toward me like the oncoming of a ship, and disaster stared me in the face. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Eaton's white countenance in the porch, and, with a cry, let go of the steering-bar, turned unnumbered somersaults toward the raspberry patch, heard an awful crash and then, scratched and disheveled, crawled out of the briers to find my 'cycle prostrate beneath the pots and pans and crockery once reposing upon the overturned kitchen table.

This was discouraging again, but the art had to be learned, and presently I was able to get into saddle and stay there a reasonable time. Then I called to the family on the porch to witness my proficiency. Starting this time on the gentle slope down to the wide front gate, I sailed successfully between the posts, and with growing speed crossed the road faster and faster. I tried to steer, but didn't seem to know how. I thought there must be some way to stop the thing, but could not remember where the brake was. Faster and faster the 'cycle swept on, reached the grass-plot on the other side, upright, but with the bit in its teeth, and pitched me headlong into the deep ditch on the other side—a ditch without water, but full of weeds, briers and poison-ivy.

But these little incidents were only

the mile-posts that marked my progress. It wasn't long, considering my limited opportunities for practice, before I could mount and retain pretty fair control of myself and my machine. Nevertheless, I got a warning the very first time I ventured out on the highway. I was riding along, making a pretty crooked path, it is true, but staying aboard, when suddenly an old woman with a basket attempted to cross the street and began to dodge back and forth across my bows in a most bewildering fashion. For the sake of both of us I promptly decided to stop; so clapped on the brake and fell off, the only method I knew of accomplishing that purpose. "Bedad, sorr," said she with a grin, "I couldn't tell at all which way you'd be a-goin'."

I admired her astuteness. I didn't know myself. This showed me that I must learn how to steer; and I succeeded so well in this that I could hit every stone in the road, no matter how small, which I then thought a quite wonderful degree of skill, but have since been taught to view in a different light.

Practice brought steady improvement and this engendered self-confidence, until at last I ventured out upon the avenue and rode up and down the smooth macadam. This was a taste of enjoyment. Here was the inception of a career of active pleasure. Unlimited plans of travel opened before my imagination. I was not ambitious to break anybody's record and thereby cause hard feelings, but I would cultivate a respectable power of speed and endurance, and as for touring, well, the whole continent was before me.

Then I put down the brake, slowed up, tipped over till my right foot touched the ground, dragged my left leg over the saddle, turned the machine around, and after a failure or two remounted and started homeward.

How shall I tell of that dreadful ride homeward!

At first I sailed along finely. The road was all my own to take, and I took it all! Then I heard a horse-car come jingling up behind me. It was just six o'clock and the car was loaded with artisans from a suburban factory. They were laughing at something. It must be at me! The thought made me

shiver, and that made the 'cycle shiver, while with each wild eccentricity of my wheel the car came nearer, the bells jingled more scornfully, and the passengers shouted with more merriment.

I was bound I would stay on, no matter where the wheel went, and its course was a marvel of wabbling. Then, horror of horrors! a wagon came rolling rapidly toward me—two wagons, for behind the first one was a carriage. I summoned every ounce of nerve I possessed, and pedaled with feverish energy in an effort to keep that yawing pair of wheels under me and steer clear of the teams. Just as the first one passed me the car came up, and more derision from its hateful passengers

greeted each twist of my struggling steed. Those fiends!

An instant later the second carriage was upon me—a big brown horse drawing two old ladies. I made a wild sheer to pass between it and the horse-car, shot like an arrow, instead, *toward* the buggy, and fell all of a heap almost under the big horse's feet. He shied and jumped. The women screamed and the workmen almost fell off the car with glee,

And yet, after all, no damage was done to anybody; and you may be sure the thing won't occur again!

So I learned to ride my bicycle, and one lovely May morning Eaton and I started from Leonia, New Jersey, upon a real tour, though a short one.

OUTFIT FOR A TRAMPING AND CAMPING TRIP.

BY WM. H. HOBBS.



TO most people the chief benefit of a vacation is the change of scene and in manner of living. For a person of sedentary habits inactivity during the

vacation season is not likely to be beneficial in its results. Vigorous exercise in a bracing atmosphere, exposure to sun and rain, and refreshing sleep with tired body and mind at rest, on a couch of fragrant fir, have no equals, I believe, as recuperating agencies. To be cast upon one's own resources when entering the wilderness begets a spirit of freedom and independence. The ratings of society quickly disappear and a man's real character comes to the fore as under no other circumstances. One feels the truth of Schiller's words referring to the soldier's life in the field—

“Im Felde, da ist der Mann noch was werth,
Da wird das Herz noch gewogen,
Da tritt kein anderer für ihn ein,
Auf sich selber steht er da ganz allein.”

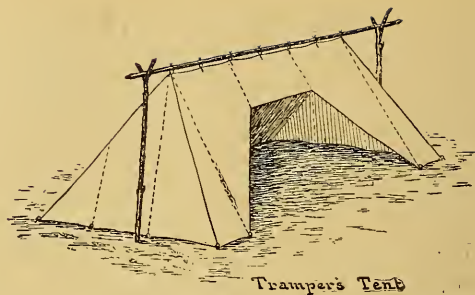
To me the very hardships of a camping trip are its chief fascination. The

kind of trip which I shall recommend is one which will involve muscular exertion as well as hardships incident to a moving camp in the woods. In many sections of our Northern wilderness the system of rivers and lakes is such that they form thoroughfares for the canoe. Such regions should be traversed in the paddling canoe after the manner of the *Coueurs des bois* and the *Voyageurs*, and too much can hardly be said of the advantages of this mode of travel. It is often the case, however, that no district suited to canoeing is easily accessible to the camper. A tramping trip has the advantage of general adaptability to most districts, with a disadvantage which has kept a great many from undertaking it. An ordinary camping outfit is much too heavy to be carried on the back.

It is my purpose to describe in this article an outfit which has been specially designed for such a trip and which involves only a small expense. Its general adaptability to the purpose has been proven by service in the field. I shall describe the various articles comprising the outfit in some detail and will make the list of articles as complete as possible, because I have found that campers are quite likely to include in their outfits articles altogether unsuited to the purpose, and to be in most cases

ignorant of the devices which are in favor with experienced woodsmen. The outfit is planned for a party of four persons and, excluding provisions, the weight of the packs is fourteen pounds each.

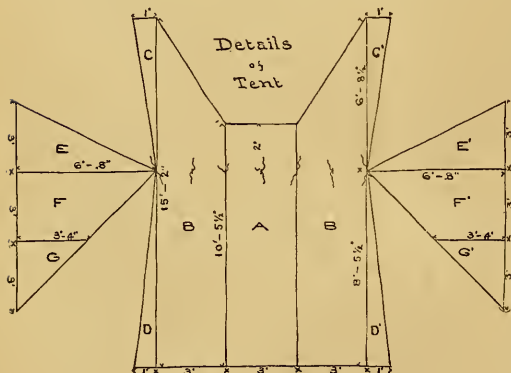
Though it is possible to get along without a tent, much labor will be saved by providing a shelter tent of unbleached cotton cloth. Except in a driving shower such a tent will shed water as well as one of duck, provided it is properly made and used. A fly of boughs can be quickly made to protect the roof from the violence of a heavy storm. In making the tent several facts must be borne in mind. That the roof may carry off the water its slope should never be less than forty-five degrees. The ridgepole should not come in contact with the cloth, as this would cause the tent to leak. The chief cause of the leaking of tents is the fact that the roof is for a considerable area in contact with the ridgepole. Anyone who has been in a tent during a shower knows that a tent leaks first where it is touched on the inside. The ridgepole should therefore be *outside* the tent and the cloth be supported by sewing strips of stout braid along the peak at short intervals and tying them in loops around the ridgepole. The tent should have a sloping back and have nearly the whole front open, as in the shed or herder's tent, in order to admit the fire's heat and reflect it upon the bed. Comfortable nights will depend largely upon the camp fire, since extra blankets cannot be carried on account of their weight. A form of tent especially adapted to the purpose can be easily made at a trifling expense. It is nine feet by eleven on



Trampers Tent

the ground and the peak is six feet above the ground. The material is unbleached cotton cloth and the tent weighs when packed six pounds. The diagram given shows the manner of cutting the cloth for this tent and the dimensions of each breadth. With the exceptions of the strips CC' and DD', all are cut without any waste of cloth, the strips marked by accented and unaccented letters matching perfectly together to make a full breadth of cloth. In all $21\frac{1}{2}$ yards are required, which, at 7 cents per yard, costs \$1.50. The edges of the tent are hemmed and fitted with cord loops for the pegs, which, like the poles, are cut from saplings when the camp is pitched. It is well to remember that the pegs hold best when driven so that they slope like the roof. To pitch this tent is very simple. Having found a suitable level spot which can be properly drained, a ridgepole of sufficient length is supported on two forked sticks, at a distance of an inch or two more than six feet above the ground. The strips of braid are then tied in loops over the pole and the bottom is securely pegged down. A trench is dug just *inside* the eaves to carry away the water which falls on the roof.

In a tent of this kind no attempt is made to keep out mosquitoes, but each member of the party should provide himself with a "globe veil" such as is used by bee-keepers when hiving bees, and also with a pair of horsehide gauntlets which can be fastened snugly around the wrists. The framework of the veil is of thin steel bands so that one can sleep in the veil in perfect comfort. It is quickly adjusted and can be as quickly removed and carried in the pocket. A bag of black tarleton about a foot in diameter and three feet long should be made to replace the somewhat coarse



veil which is sold with the frame. When thrown over the head this veil rests in loose folds on the shoulders and needs only to be tucked into the coat in front to afford complete protection from mosquitoes or the more troublesome black flies.

Each person should provide himself with an extra large single blanket. More campers sleep cold because their blankets are too small than on account of the blanket's light weight ($6\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ feet is a good size). If the trip is made in cold weather a double blanket may be desirable. Some will prefer to sew their blanket into a sleeping-bag; but such bags are inconvenient to get in and out of, and, moreover, on cold nights it is much warmer to sleep double. If a few of the large safety-pins used on horse blankets are at hand, a good sleeping-bag can be made from a blanket or unmade in a moment, so that I prefer not to sew my blanket. The single blanket need not weigh over three pounds.

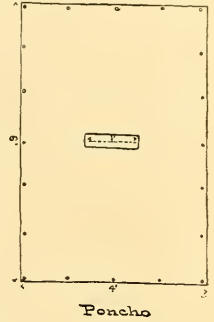
A waterproof blanket and poncho in one should also belong to the personal outfit of each member of the party. Such blankets of rubber are to be obtained at the stores, but they are fast being replaced by a less desirable cape and blanket. What is equally serviceable and better adapted to the trumper's needs can be easily made from thin black enamel cloth. It is only necessary to cut out a rectangular piece six feet long by four wide, and cut a slit a foot long in the middle *across* the piece. This slit, which is made for the head, is covered with a flap, so that the poncho is at the same time a blanket to be placed on the ground at night for securing a dry bed. By making eyelets around the margin it also serves as a shelter tent, either alone or joined with others. A poncho of this sort weighs about a pound, whereas one of rubber weighs three pounds, and its cost may be forty cents, whereas a rubber one costs a dollar and a half.

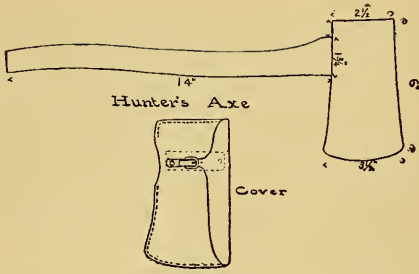
A "shake down" of boughs leaves nothing to be desired for a bed. Fir boughs are the best, but either spruce or hemlock will answer well. The thick ends of branches are broken off in lengths of a foot to eighteen inches. A pile of these is made at the head of the bed, and the rest are arranged like over-

lapping scales resting against the head and extending to the foot of the bed. The stubs are stuck into the ground and give a well-made bed the springiness of a mattress. The best substitute for a pillow consists in a small cotton bag (a small pillow-case) having a flap which buttons snugly to protect the socks, handkerchiefs and changes of underclothing which are carried in the bag. The side of the bag opposite the flap is made double (but is sewed on three sides only) and is filled each evening with twigs of fir three or four inches long. A soft fir pillow, essentially like those which are now so popular, is thus secured, attached to a bolster of clothing. The balsam filling is emptied out in the morning, so as not to add to the weight or bulk of the packs.

The personal clothing, whatever the season, should include two full suits of underclothing and two pairs of heavy woolen socks. Corduroy or Bedford cord trousers are the best. A leather belt is a great convenience for attaching different articles, but it is best to furnish it with a shoulder strap so as to carry the weight of the clothing from the shoulders. Heavy flannel outer shirts are worn—those made by Hutchinson, Pearce & Co. for preference. A waistcoat is not needed and a coat can be dispensed with during the day while on the march, but at night it will be needed. A warm double-breasted coat, a pea jacket or sailor's reefing coat is the best, and no hat is better than the canvas one worn by hunters, which is essentially waterproof. Strong laced shoes, fitting the feet well, and without any projecting seams on the inside, should be provided with thick soles and hobnailed. I prefer shoes not laced very high, but worn with leggings or buskins. Of the latter, those of canvas are the cheaper and cooler, though the slightly heavier and much more expensive leather ones are more serviceable.

Much the best form of axe for our outfit is the one figured in the trade cat-

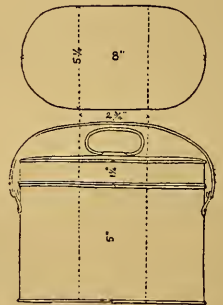
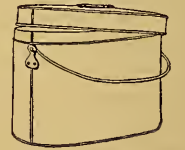
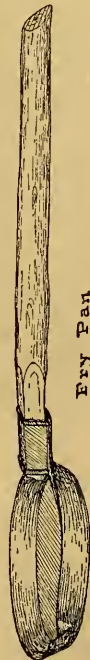




alogues as the Hunter's Axe. It weighs only two pounds and is fitted with a fourteen inch handle. As it is a form but little known I give a cut drawn to scale. It is to be found in cities in the lumber districts and can be ordered from the larger hardware firms generally. One is apt to be surprised when he sees how much can be accomplished with one of these little axes, but as much firewood will have to be prepared a party of four would do well to carry two axes. A leather cover in which these axes can be carried from the belt is shown in the figure. Above all things avoid hatchets of the "G. W." pattern. They are of little use and an unnecessary burden.

The essential cooking utensils of the outfit are very simple and few in number, viz.: a fry pan, a bean kettle, two pail kettles, Wilson skinning knife, and an iron mixing spoon. The smaller kettle fits snugly within the larger one and this in turn fits within the bean kettle. A suitable fry pan is obtained by cutting all but about three inches from the handle of the common type of long handled fry pan. On the top of that portion of the handle which remains is firmly riveted an iron socket of square cross section, into which the squared end of a green stick is thrust as a temporary handle. Fry pans thus furnished have several advantages over the common type. The handle does not have to be transported, is a non-conductor, and the pan is not easily overturned. The handle may be made long enough to use without fire logs; the pan may be balanced on fire logs by removing the handle and inserting it again when the pan is to be removed. A nine-inch pan weighs only about a pound. These pans, as well as the kettles which are here described, have been in use for some time by the geologists of the Lake Superior

Division of the U. S. Geological Survey, where they were first seen by the writer. The bean kettle is especially used for baking beans, but it can also be made to do duty as an ordinary kettle. It is made from Russian sheet iron and has the form shown in the cuts, the horizontal section being roughly elliptical. The cover is made to fit over the body of the pail so that the kettle can be opened without the danger of introducing ashes into it. The cover handle is of wire and when not in use lies flat against the cover. The bail is also of wire working in a swivel riveted to the wall of the kettle, and when dropped the bail lies snugly against the side of the kettle. The kettle figured holds three quarts and weighs a pound and ten ounces. As no solder can be used in its construction a skillful tin-smith is needed to make water-tight joints. The pail kettles which do duty also as coffee and teapots, are of exactly similar shape to the bean kettle, but they are made of heavy tinned iron joined with solder, and their covers fit inside instead of outside the pails. The smaller of the two holds a quart and a half and fits snugly within the larger. This latter holds two and one-half quarts and fits within the bean kettle,



making a nest, the weight of which is three pounds and ten ounces. The entire cooking outfit weighs something less than five pounds. A piece of stout wire can be bent into the form shown in the cut and will be found very useful for suspending kettles over the fire.

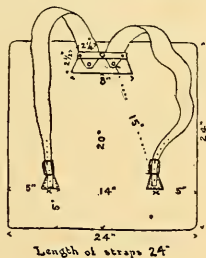


The only "table ware" needed consists of a tin plate, an iron fork, a plated silver or a pewter tea spoon, and a pint tin cup (pressed ware is the best) for each individual. Together they weigh less than three-fourths of a pound. An army canteen, which may be obtained from dealers in sporting goods at a cost of fifty cents, will be found of much service to carry water when on the march as well as about the camp. It is a lens-shaped bottle of Britannia metal covered with felt, and having a capacity of one and one-half quarts. By wetting the felt covering, water can be kept cool for a long time, and if warm drinking water only is obtained, this can be agreeably cooled. The canteen weighs, when dry, about a pound, and is slung from the shoulder.

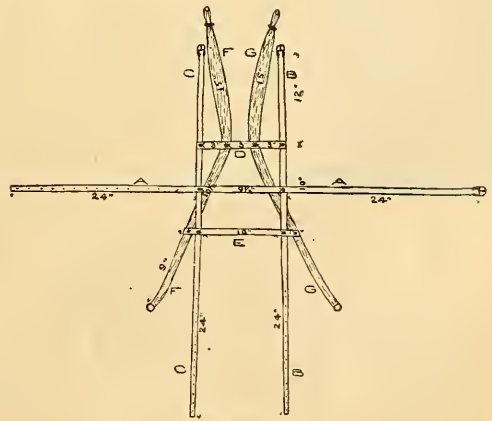
The making and adjustment of the packs is a consideration of the first importance. If not properly made or adjusted they will be a constant annoyance, chafing the skin and laming the muscles of the chest and arms, though a correctly adjusted pack rests on the shoulders without chafing, and the first muscles to become fatigued by it are those of the legs which support the weight. Either a pack sack or a pack strap may be used. For carrying the provisions a pack sack is much the more convenient, for they are in this case easy to find, always easily accessible, and well protected from the weather. The Government pack sack is manufactured under patents by C. Poirier of Duluth, Minnesota, and is sold at \$2 and \$2.50. It is in every way admirably adapted to the purpose, though a little larger than is required for a tramping party, being planned to carry a maximum of 200 lbs. It is made from strong canvas with

straps of oil tanned leather, and weighs 2½ lbs. Its form and important dimensions are given in the cut. A perhaps equally suitable sack, and one considerably smaller, is the "Rucksack," used by climbers in the Tyrolean Alps. I have been informed that these sacks can now be obtained of a Boston dealer.

The more strictly personal outfit of each trumper, and the remaining portion of the general outfit may be as conveniently carried in pack straps. The Government pack strap is too heavy for our purpose. I have therefore designed a simple strap which weighs only a pound, and can easily be made by a saddler at an expense of about fifty cents. The form and dimensions of the component parts of this pack strap are given in the cut. The straps AA, BB, and CC, which are seen from the under side and are simply stout parcel straps, securely inclose the pack. The straps FF and GG are the shoulder straps, and are seen from the upper or right side of the leather. At their opposite ends they are fitted with snaps and eyes, such as are used in harness making, and where the straps pass over the shoulder they are broadened to a maximum width of two inches. The two parts of the device are firmly joined by means of the straps D and E, all the connections being made by copper rivets. The pack is neatly made by rolling the smaller articles within the blanket. To keep the pack dry it is covered by a piece of black enameled cloth which can be used also as a waterproof blanket on rainy nights.



Pack Sack



Pack Strap

Each individual should provide himself with a pair of towels, simple toilet articles and soap. He should have about him at all times a pocket compass and a box of matches in a tightly fitting case of ebonite, or in a closely-stoppered bottle.

By bringing together in a list the different articles composing our tramping outfit, we shall quickly arrive at its aggregate weight and cost. It will be convenient to separate the general from the personal portion of the outfit:

GENERAL.

Article.	Lb. oz.	Cost.
Tent	6 0	\$1.50
Pack sack	2 8	2.50
3 Pack straps	3 0	1.50
3 Pack covers	3 0	1.20
2 Hunter's axes	2 0	1.50
2 Axe covers	0 12	1.00
Cooking outfit	4 11	4.00
Canteen	0 15	.50
Table ware for four persons	3 0	1.00
	25 14	\$14.70

PERSONAL.

Single blanket	3 4	\$2.00
Poncho	1 0	.40
Globe veil		1.00
Extra clothing	3 0	
	7 4	\$3.40
¼ General outfit	6 7½	3.68
	13 11½	\$7.08

The weight of each pack is thus found to be less than fourteen pounds, not including provisions and the cost per individual is about seven dollars. It will be observed that I have made no mention of firearms or fishing tackle, owing to the difficulty in estimating the weight, so that whatever is taken in this line should be added to my figures. In estimating the weight of provisions that it is necessary to carry, it is well to follow the estimates of the Government ration list, which allows a pound of meat and a pound of breadstuffs to each man per diem. Even when the larder is not supplied with either fish or game, the cost of provisions is trifling. With two friends I spent a week during last August tramping in the White Mountains at a daily cost for provisions of thirty-three cents per man, yet we did not fish or hunt, and when near farms indulged in fresh meat, eggs, milk, butter, etc.

Those who enjoy the woods and delight in vigorous exercise, and who have the fortitude to undertake the hardships of a moving camp, will be afforded much pleasure by such a trip as I have planned, and I am sure that they will be more benefited by it than by spending a much longer time at a summer hotel. The districts suited to a tramping trip are legion, and each has its own peculiar charms.

THE TRUMPETS OF POSEIDON.



ON an unnamed beach, where great waves reach
 And kiss and clasp and cling to the shore
 (Waves that roll from the mystic Pole
 Murmur its message, and move no more),
 I would lie alone, on the salt sand prone,
 And look with eager eyes afar
 For a sight of thee as thou would'st be,
 Sea-fern-wreathed in thy dripping car,
 Poseidon!

The deeps still roar; still shrinks the shore;
 Still shines the unheeding Polar Star!
 Still loud and fierce, with a clash of spears,
 Wild waves besiege the harbor bar!
 Still from the Pole the great seas roll,
 As rolled they in the days ago,
 But none may hear as they used, with fear,
 Thy sounding Triton-trumpets blown,
 Poseidon!

When the North-wind drave the sea for a slave,
 And shore the billow's foaming crown;
 When the envious deep, in its hate, would leap
 To drag the unheeding Pole-star down,
 Fierce and fast thou wouldst ride the blast,
 Sea and Land and Stars thine own,
 The while I would hear, aghast with fear,
 Thy sounding Triton-trumpets blown,
 Poseidon!

Ah, me! Ah, me! No more I shall see
 Thee, wave-borne, in thy dripping car!
 No more behold thine hosts unfold
 Their banners at the harbor bar!
 Thy reign is done and thou art gone
 Beyond the fret of forlorn seas.
 Aye, one by one, all Gods have gone,
 And darkest of all days are these.

OLD UNCLE VANDERVEER.

By Edgar Fawcett.

(CONCLUDED.)



DAY or two later Mr. Vanderveer made another afternoon visit. Beatrice received him with smiling welcome. "Surely, *now*," she

thought, "this delightful uncle of Larry's will say something to show his approval of Larry's love for me."

Her expectancy gave her a new, buoyant charm. She had, however, been piqued at Larry for a good while. He had seemed avoidant, reticent, not his accustomed devoted and suitor-like self. Still "old Uncle Vanderveer" (she could not help mentally calling him that) would, perhaps, on this occasion, flood all the present estrangement between herself and her lover in a delicious cheering glow. But Mr. Vanderveer did nothing of the sort. He sat and talked with Beatrice in his nice, felicitous manner. He told her several amusing stories of "old New York." He paid her one or two delicate and gracious compliments. He asked her if she were going to the Assembly that evening, and on learning that she was to go and that she had engaged herself to dance the cotillon with Mr. Buckland Messerole, he murmured, in a tone of gallant and sedate regret, that he envied her prospective partner beyond language, and that he only wished he had not lost the art of dancing, otherwise it would be so pleasant to secure her as his partner for Mrs. Livingston Luttrell's ball. He had thought of being present there on the following Thursday.

"But they tell me you once danced so well," said Beatrice, thoroughly interested. "Are you sure that you have quite lost the accomplishment?"

"When I look at you, my dear young lady," came the smooth response, "I feel that possibly it might return to me. However, *n'en parlons plus*. I'll bend over your chair, for a minute or two, if you'll let me, and tell you how much I

deplore being put among the Terpsichorean incapables."

"If I'll let you!" smiled Beatrice, inwardly thinking of Larry. "Oh, Mr. Vanderveer, you, of all persons, should not don such a mien of humility as that! Everybody is so glad, so honored, to see you everywhere!"

Then she told him, very candidly and winsomely, all the genial things that she had heard about him of late; and indeed she had heard scarcely any except genial things, bitter-tongued though the comments of society are apt to be about all of us when our presence in its midst makes us even moderately salient there.

He listened with placid attention. She had not a dim suspicion of the dulcet echoes which her voice was rousing in a heart fatigued yet never hardened by worldly contacts. Just as he was rising to leave, Mrs. Carrington appeared. As she shook hands with him her very draperies rustled hospitality. She begged him to stay longer, begged him to have more tea (he had already drank two cups in the company of Beatrice), and at last shook a finger at him with bland despair as he slipped gracefully from the room.

That evening Beatrice received from him another bouquet, made entirely of violets—a great purplish knot of balm and fragrance that brought from her a delightful cry as she leaned her face toward its lavish bloom.

"And not a word yet about Larry?" Mrs. Carrington had questioned of her daughter.

"Not a word, mamma."

"It's very strange," said the elder lady, in a dry, loitering voice.

"Yes—isn't it? I thought he *would* speak to-day."

"So did I. Was he pleasant in his conversation, my dear?"

"Pleasant?" cried Beatrice, with radiant enthusiasm. "Why, that is no name for it! He diverted, he fascinated me so! Oh, mamma, *what* a charming man he must have been!"

"Must have been, my dear!" exclaimed her mother, with crisp asperity. "Pray don't forget that he is still decidedly a man of the marriageable sort."

"Marriageable?" said Beatrice, with a sudden lifting of her brows, like one in great surprise. "Oh, yes," she added, ruminatively, and as if the idea were quite novel to her, "I suppose he *is*, in a way, being a bachelor. I hadn't thought of that."

When the nosegay of violets came, Mrs. Carrington was very decisive in her counsels. "Now, Beatrice," she enjoined, "remember to thank him very warmly at the Assembly this evening. And if others—I mean men a trifle younger, you know—should be standing near you when he comes to you for a word and a smile, my dear, be sure that you treat him with the very greatest civility."

"Civility!" replied Beatrice, with an innocent frankness that dealt her listener stings of irritation. "Why, of course I shall beam my very brightest on him, mamma, and thank him ever so much for these rare, exquisite midwinter violets. Why on earth should you imagine that I would not?"

But Mr. Vanderveer did not go to the Assembly Ball that evening. He did not go to the Century Club, either, though it chanced to be a night on which he was expected there for at least a short time, to pay tribute, as one of the leading members, to an Englishman of note whom the club was entertaining.

He sat, instead, in his easy-chair beside his lamp, with an unread book on the table beside him. The great, dreary room, with its shadowy corners and shiny mahogany doors, addressed him in a kind of silent mockery now. He had laughed at himself a good deal of late; but he did not laugh at himself any longer. He simply sat and stared at the prim portraits on the wall, and watched the anthracite coal glow in the old-fashioned grate, and said to himself that this Second Avenue home of his was a very cheerless and ugly affair, and thought of Beatrice Carrington, with her blue eyes and her short upper lip, curved like a child's, and her sunny, mutinous hair, and her voice as full of

cadences as the warble of springtime brooks.

Why had he been fool enough to attempt this unheard-of test? He had mistrusted (perhaps with good reason) all the Carringtons as heartless and ichor-blooded. But this girl was nature itself. He did not know if she loved his nephew; he had not dared to ask her. A sort of shame and dread commingled had come over him in the queerest way. He could not account for it all. He coughed, as he sat there, in the big, silent room, and his cough sounded hollow and dismal to his own ears.

What should he do? How should he act? There was but one way surely. He had made his compact with Larry. That, of necessity, was binding to him, as a man of honor.

And yet—he thought of Beatrice, moving through these old rooms, blithe and *débonnaire*. He saw their plain walls alter at the mandates of her taste. He felt her palm pressed cool against his own, and heard her voice say to him: "Let me help you with these charities that you perform by stealth; I can be of great service, and you've needed for a good while my tact and sympathy, only we did not find one another till now, when it still is not too late."

Not too late? Ah, if only it were not! He had admired many women in his life, and one he had loved and become engaged to, a long while ago, before his large fortune was left him, quite unexpectedly, by a distant relative. But she had thrown him over in the most merciless manner, and after that marriage had seemed to him like something which could no more connect itself with his future than an arctic exploration or a voyage in a balloon.

He sat very quiet for some time. Then he rose and began aimlessly to walk here and there. Then he stared at himself in one of the long, slim gilt-framed mirrors, and concluded that he was fatally old-looking. Then he re-seated himself once more, and tried to read an article in the *Evening Post* on political reform, a question which for some time past had deeply interested him, as did everything that dealt with efforts toward a higher and purer social state. But he could scarcely understand

a word that he read, and soon he threw down the journal in disgust at his own mental turmoil. "I've been a fool," he said to his own thoughts, "and perhaps I've been a good deal worse. And yet I've tried to act solely for Larry's welfare. Now, having gone so far, I suppose I must carry the whole thing through. I told Larry that I believed Beatrice Carrington wanted to marry him only for the money that he might get from me. I told him that, and I made the poor boy consent to a masquerade on my part which would prove or not prove the sordid impulses of his sweetheart. Sordid impulses! As if that dear creature ever dreamed of them! She hasn't a mercenary hair in her lovely head. And now I must carry it all through! Yes, I must carry it all through!"

In the solemn stillness of the big, dim chamber, a voice, which was the voice of conscience, whispered to Lawrence Vanderveer that he need not carry it through—that he had gone quite far enough—that he could tell his nephew to-morrow, to-night, this very instant, how complete was his confidence in Beatrice Carrington, and how firmly sure he felt that she would make any man whom she consented to marry a true and devoted wife.

But now a wave of temptation swept over him. Larry had not the faintest suspicion of this new personal element in his attempted rôle. Why should he not persevere in it, just as if he had not felt a single thrill of sentiment toward this delightful girl?—just as if he were keeping the letter of his contract to find out whether she was proof against the lure of a so-called "good match" or no, and not violating the spirit of that contract by a desire to have Beatrice consent to marry him when he addressed her in plain matrimonial terms?

To some men, similarly placed, this question would have been one not difficult of response. To Lawrence Vanderveer, a man of sensitive honor, it was a question which must be answered now and in one inflexible form. He had already seen enough of Beatrice; she was purity and disinterestedness and womanliness all combined. Her mother might be a darksome enigma of

disingenuous deliberation, but *she* possessed a nature of the warmest and stanchest worth.

The only honest course, he decided, was to write Larry at once. The masquerade must end forthwith. He lit one or two extra gas-jets near an antique writing-desk of graceless make, and began a letter whose first lines ran thus:

"MY DEAR LAWRENCE:

"I have no longer the faintest doubt that Beatrice Carrington is in every way worthy to become your wife. She is a girl of rare and most lovable disposition. She—"

At this point Mr. Vanderveer paused. A ring had sounded at the door-bell out in the wide, still hall. He crumpled the paper in one hand and flung it into a waste-basket just as Larry entered.

"Not in your evening-coat, Uncle?" said his nephew.

"M-m, no, Larry."

"Then you're not going to the Assembly?"

"I thought I wouldn't."

Larry was all jocularly. "It's ever so much fun, uncle!" he cried. "Do you know, they're beginning to babble already?"

"And you enjoy the babble?"

"Oh, immensely! I'm so secure, you know. Why *shouldn't* I be? But never mind *that*—" He tossed a half-lighted cigar into the grate. "People *are* such fools!"

"Terrible fools."

"That Delavan girl, for instance. She had the impudence to say to me at her dance the other evening: 'Isn't your uncle rather bent on cutting you out with your beloved Beatrice?' I tried to look awfully sober and gave a dreary shrug. I'm playing *my* part, you know, with conscientious ardor, sir. Yes, indeed, I can assure you that I am. But Mrs. Carrington is getting to be a dreadful bore. You're right about *her* worldly-mindedness. It's rank—it's positively noisome!"

"Yes?"

"Oh, *yes*. She's almost duped, by this time, though not entirely. She button-holed me three successive times at the Bartletts' last night and asked a lot of adroit questions, all neatly veiled, and all having the same hidden meaning: 'Did I think there was the remotest chance of your ever marrying again?'

The old girl was as transparent as glass to me, and that was the joke of it. *She* thought herself so successfully muddy!" At this point Larry's gay face saddened. "It's devilish hard lines, though, having to keep mum with Beatrice and act offish to her, and all that sort of thing. I do hope, uncle, you mean to cut the whole business rather short—don't you, now?"

"Oh, yes. Within—reasonable limits of brevity, my boy." Scanning the uncouth scrolls on the ingrain carpet, Mr. Vanderveer somewhat chillingly repeated: "Within reasonable limits of brevity."

"Thanks," replied Larry, the old cheerful ring coming back to his tones. "And so you'll not turn up this evening at Sherry's?"

"No; not this evening."

"But you've a card for the other *Délmonico* dance to-morrow night, haven't you? If not I could easily get you one. I know a patroness, Mrs. Abercrombie, very well, and she would be charmed—"

"You're very kind. I've been supplied, however, and may go."

When Larry, after a few laughing remarks on the subject of his uncle's new departure into the dizzy realms of fashion, had at length vanished, Mr. Vanderveer mused for a little while and then decided that he would go to his club. He walked four or five streets away from his home, however, and then returned. Soon afterward he went to bed and slept ill. All through the night a kind of half wakeful dream haunted him. He kept seeing amid the dusk of partial sleep his nephew's mirthful face. "How confident you are!" he kept saying, again and again, to this buoyant vision of Larry, and the vision would reply, with jocund airiness: "Oh, yes, Uncle; I'm very confident. I've every reason for being so. Wait and see."

That "wait and see" rang through his brain as he dressed the next morning. Somehow conscience had dulled with him by this time, and "wait and see" made him feel as if he had been almost insolently challenged. He spent a depressed day, and by dusk rang the bell at Beatrice's residence.

He asked, decorously, for "the ladies,"

and Beatrice received him. She entered through a tapestried doorway, which supposably led from the dining-room. For some reason best known to himself, Mr. Vanderveer gazed at this tapestried doorway and drew certain swift yet pregnant conclusions regarding the density and volume of its adornments.

Beatrice's face was radiant. "I must thank you *so* much, dear Mr. Vanderveer," she said, "for those exquisite violets."

"Did you care for them?" he answered. "I'm very glad."

Beatrice burst into a laugh. "Now, you *know* I cared for them very greatly!" she exclaimed, after they had seated themselves opposite one another and were looking into one another's faces. "How could I *help* being fond of them?"

Mr. Vanderveer played with his watch-chain for an instant, looking down at it. Then he raised his glance and said:

"Nearly all women, like flowers. The really good women love them, I've found." His tranquil eyes wore a momentary flurried look, as if the sweet, frank fervor of his companion's gaze embarrassed, disconcerted him.

"How charming!" cried Beatrice, with all her native levity of girlhood. "It's so easy to understand, Mr. Vanderveer, why you were the great social success whom so many remember you to have been."

Mr. Vanderveer gnawed his lips. "So I'm a past tense with you always, and not a present one?" he at length returned.

"A—a past tense?" faltered Beatrice vaguely. "Oh, I see!" she shot forth, after a faint pause. "You're a present tense—*indeed*, yes! Why not, when I remember your kindness?"

"What kindness? Those few poor flowers? And a present tense? My dear girl," (Mr. Vanderveer leaned nearer, with his face very tenderly and feelingly aglow) "I would so like to have you regard me as a—a future tense!"

"A — a future tense?" murmured Beatrice. And then, in another minute, she understood him, turning pale.

"To be point-blank, as your husband," he gently pursued. "I know, of course, all that you'll think, all that you'll probably dislike and recoil from."

"Dislike and recoil from? Oh, Mr. Vanderveer, no! It could never be that with me!"

"Never be that with you, Beatrice?" He leaned still nearer to her, and stretched out one hand. She gave him her hand in return, but not with the least eagerness or ardor. "My dear if you consented to be my wife —"

"Your wife?"

"You would be treasured with a great fondness. The difference between our ages would be something that I would spend all the rest of my life in trying to make you forget. You would have love—more love than perhaps you can realize just now, and you would have honor and devotion, which are possibly, in their way, better than love . . . or, at least, more durable—"

Mr. Vanderveer suddenly paused. He was playing his part, so to speak; he was following out the terms of his contract; and yet he was putting into every syllable that he uttered a sincerity, a glowing earnestness, which he felt only too keenly had no relation to the literal details of his volunteered duplicity. He was on the verge of speaking again when Beatrice rose.

"No, no, no," she said. "It's more than good of you, but I can't, I can't!" She was very agitated. "I can't, I can't," she continued repeating. "Oh, Mr. Vanderveer, I *must* tell you, my heart is given to some one else!"

Her suitor rose, too, at this point.

"Some one else?" he echoed. "Then there's no hope"—his voice quivered for a second—"no hope at all for a poor old fellow like me!"

Beatrice suddenly did a very sweet and impulsive thing. She caught both of Mr. Vanderveer's hands, and stooped, giving each of them a kiss.

"There!" she cried, her lily-like face aflame, "I—I *honor* you! I *respect* you! I—I think *everything* of you! But I—I can't marry you! I can't! I can't!" And in another moment she had wheeled away, flying from the room.

Mr. Vanderveer stood staring at the floor. He felt immeasurably guilty. He slowly took out his eye-glasses, which he had not thought of wearing, wiped them with loitering energy, and then replaced them in his waistcoat pocket. He was horribly ashamed, and he was horribly troubled. But the fine and strong manhood in him rose dominant. He walked quietly to the door of the little red reception room.

"I'll write Larry this very evening,"

he thought, sturdily. "I'll write and tell him that he shall have her, and that I'll see them the happiest couple in Christendom! Larry will never know that I've made an old fool of myself—why should he? I'll pass it all off in a joke. I'll eat my silly old heart out afterward, but I'll never let the *real* cat jump from the bag—never, never!"

These were his musings as he passed out into the

hall. He believed that everything was settled. He was going back to his former life of bachelorhood and seclusion. He had been wrong, and he would soon tell his nephew that he had been wrong, and then there would result a strong pull of the purse-strings (why not?) and Larry and Beatrice would live happily for the rest of their days.

"Mr. Vanderveer."

He started, hearing a feminine voice call him, just as he was putting on his overcoat, there in the hall.

"Mr. Vanderveer."

It was not *her* voice, surely. In another moment Mrs. Carrington had glided



"MY DEAR, IF YOU CONSENTED." (p. 217.)



"CONCLUDED THAT HE WAS FATALLY OLD-LOOKING." (p. 214.)

up to him from rear regions. She was pale, and her lips were visibly trembling. Before speaking, she pointed toward the staircase near by.

"Bea has gone up there; she can't hear us. I want to speak to you, Lawrence Vanderveer. It was horrid, no doubt, but *I listened*. I heard everything. Don't mind what she said to you. It shall all be as you want; I promise you that it shall. Trust me. You and I both know what girls are. She couldn't do better. It's a splendid offer. You needn't answer me. Come tomorrow afternoon; everything will be arranged by then. *Will you come?* Will you trust me?"

Mr. Vanderveer looked at her. He knew exactly what she was—a selfish, calculating schemer. He knew that her daughter's happiness could never be anything to her beside the achievement of what she would have thought for Beatrice a brilliant match. And he knew, also, that she thought him, in spite of his age, a very brilliant match indeed.

For a little while he was terribly and supremely tempted. After all, it flashed through his mind, could not his homage, his adoration, render that sweet girl happier than she herself now dreamed? He felt as if his very heart-strings were being strained by a cruel hand. Mrs. Carrington could do all that she said she could do—there was not a gleam of doubt on *that* point. And yet—Larry, poor dear Larry! Besides, had he not, given his word that he would merely act a part? Others, placed just as he was placed now, might yield, might soil self-respect, might flinch from the sudden, new demand of sacrifice. "*I will not*," he decided.

And he did not. There was but one way of answering Mrs. Carrington. He took that way.

To the astonishment of his observer, he burst into a laugh, shrugging his shoulders.

"My dear Mrs. Carrington," he said, "I've only been testing the fidelity and disinterestedness of your charming daughter."

With clouding face, the mother of Beatrice receded. "Ah!" she cried. "You—you didn't mean what you said, then?"

"Not a word, not a word. Pray don't overwhelm me with your reproaches. It all came of a little talk I've been having with Larry. I'm such a dreadfully cynical old wretch, you know. Larry was so sure of her perfect affection for him. And Larry has been right, all along. I see that now; I pull in my horns. I ought to be ashamed of myself, of course, for my dastardly distrust. But I'll try and make matters right. I'm going to tell

my nephew that he'll get one of the dearest and sweetest girls in the world, and I'm going to settle on him a handsome income, apart from the house that I shall give him, where I am sure that he and Beatrice will be very happy."

He got out into the wintry dusk as soon as one or two laughs of counterfeit merriment would permit him, and a few more careless phrases, packed with the sort of genial hypocrisy that he inwardly hated.

He felt confident, as he trod the open street, that he had thoroughly deceived Mrs. Carrington. He had no doubt that his nephew would never dream of the real truth. He was going straight home to write to Larry.

This he did. No one ever knew it, but he wrote Larry that letter with drops of his own heart's blood rather than with drops of ink.

He hugged his sorrow to himself. He went to no more Patriarchs' Balls, no more Assemblies. He resumed his old placid life, migrating at night between his club and his drowsy Second Avenue home. He suffered intensely, but he kept his suffering the closest of secrets. By way of recompense, the quiet charities in which he had so long taken pleasure, acquired fresh tangs of lure and zest.

In the following spring Larry and Beatrice were married. It was a large and fashionable wedding. While Mr. Vanderveer made his farewells to the bride, she leaned toward him and whispered in his ear:

"You've been *so* good to us! My heart is brimming with gratitude! And oh, what a funny bit of fooling you forced me to undergo! I ought to have seen through it! Larry and I have talked it over so often since. I—I



"YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD TO US." (p. 219).

blamed you a little, at first, but I don't blame you now. So many girls *are* cold and worldly in their feelings about marriage! But, do you know, dear Uncle Vanderveer (for I may call you so now!) I—I was completely deceived? Yes, really I was! You did it all splendidly! Good-bye, if you *must* go so soon. And Larry and I are *deeply* thankful to you.

Scarcely had Mr. Vanderveer passed from the crowded rooms when a young male friend of Beatrice shook hands with her in jaunty congratulation.

"Is that glorious diamond necklace a wedding-present?" he asked.

Beatrice, while shaking hands with a new guest, omitted to answer the question. Larry, standing at her side, answered it for her.

"Yes. Doesn't it become her, Jack? That's from dear Uncle Vanderveer."



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

"I HAD NO TIME FOR HESITATION." (p. 223.)

BEAR HUNTING IN JAPAN.

By "Rollin."



As we left the port of Yokohama, dropped slowly down the bay of Yedo, passed through the Uraga channel and crawled lazily southward on our way to Hiogo, no more efficiently equipped little schooner than the *Ninrod* or a more jovial and sportsmanlike set of fellows than her crew were to be found in the waters of Japan.

We were bound on a bear-hunting expedition to the hilly regions of Kioto, where Mr. Bruin has for centuries regarded himself as the principal inhabitant, specially reserving for the use of himself and family certain fastnesses among the rocks, whence he descends to levy such tribute among the vegetable gardens as the season and circumstances may afford.

Brown and the Major were old hands with the rifle, and beguiled the time with many wondrous yarns of feats performed and dangers dared in the far West. To these Mackenzie, an Eastern veteran of mighty deeds among tiger-haunted jungles, replied with hair-raising stories of midnight shrieks and missing coolies, while Fitzgerald and I dropped appreciative or deprecatory remark, from time to time, as the exigencies of the competition required.

In this agreeable manner, with an occasional snap-shot at a passing gull, more for the purpose of getting our eye in than with any idea of actual sport, we sighted and rounded the point of volcanic Oshima, and eventually we found ourselves landed upon the wharf at the treaty port of Hiogo.

Our stay here was of but brief dura-

tion, and, having engaged the necessary men to superintend the conveyance of our luggage and act as guides and beaters in the drives, we bade adieu to the courteous consul and set forth.

We had the best carriages that could be procured, but the best, at that time, did not go very far in the matter of ease. They were made of rough-hewn timber, of triangular shape, mounted upon three wheels, each of one solid piece of wood, and drawn by lethargic bullocks. We had vainly endeavored to procure mounts of a more civilized character. We could have obtained ponies at fancy prices, but never a saddle was there to be had; and even our friend the consul assured us that we should find our uncomfortable conveyances to be best in the long run.

Numerous and exciting were the adventures we had on the road before we quite got on terms with our horned steeds. At one time the Major turned to converse with Brown, when his ox promptly stepped over to the low line of rushes marking the limit of macadam, to reach a pool of water; and the Major had to leap hastily from the rear of his machine and operate against the refractory "bos" from the bank. Later on Mackenzie and I were riding side by side, when, from some cause unexplained, our wheels became locked, and the animals set off at a fair pace. The sides of our vehicles tilted up in extraordinary fashion, while for some minutes our joint endeavors to pull up proved unavailing. Finally the conveyance spun around like a top and pitched heels over head into a ditch.

In due course we arrived safely at Kioto, where we were to leave the greater part of our belongings, and proceed some fifty miles further, to an outlying village intended as our headquarters. In a few days more we reached the wild mountainous regions of Omi, where we formed our camp at the dwelling of an isolated goat herd. From here we despatched scouts to

ascertain the latest movements of Bruin & Co., and report generally upon the prospects of sport.

In the meantime we were not idle, for the country around us literally teemed with game. We found antelope, deer and wild boar, and made many good bags of mallard, widgeon, woodcock, plover and snipe; so that when word reached us that traces of bear had been discovered at no great distance in the forest, we felt almost reluctant to leave camp. However, bear shooting was what we had come so far to obtain, and bear shooting we meant to have in spite of all the counter attractions.

We started the following morning, accompanied by some half score natives and as many dogs of the remarkable fox-like species peculiar to the country.

The weather was delightful; bright sunshine smiling cheerily around us as we pushed our way up a steep gully which led to the haunts of bruin in the higher parts of the forest. At first the pathway was easy and well defined, but gradually the ascent steepened and the track became more obscure. After an hour's work a brief halt was called and the supply of saké passed around. Saké, be it understood, is the national drink of the Japanese, brewed from rice, and the best qualities closely resemble pale sherry in appearance, but by no means equal that wine in other respects.

Upon resuming the ascent of the hillside we climbed in single file through the luxuriant forest, and about noon our guides informed us that we had reached the ranges of the bear, and that at any moment we might come across game. We therefore kept rather more on the *qui vive*, and were presently startled by a loud yell which suddenly burst from the unfortunate Major, who occupied the post of honor in the van. Hurriedly making our way to him, we were surprised to find him standing bare-headed in the path, gazing upward and furiously gesticulating at a small but active brown monkey which had seized and made off with the Major's cork helmet. I am afraid our relief at finding the matter no worse somewhat tempered condolences, but the Major was not the man to tamely brook such an insult, and a shot brought the poor

little author of the mischievous outrage to the ground. But the killing of the monkey did not restore the helmet, which remained up a tree for a good half hour, until discovered and restored by one of the natives, whose climbing abilities were only second to those of his cousin, the thief.

Soon after this incident one of our men announced his discovery of a bear track, and we quickly gathered around the spot for an examination. The Japanese bear, it appears, is, on the whole, a sociable kind of animal, and delights in taking his wife and family with him on his various excursions in search of sustenance or diversion. Thus, the track showed that three full-grown animals, and two at least of lesser development, had passed that way, and we looked for a lively day's sport. Nor were we disappointed.

We carefully followed the trail, which led in and out among the loose rocks and camphor-wood bushes. The dogs were sent to the rear until we should have need of their services if bruin declined to leave cover.

In a short time we came upon a small open glade of bright spongy turf, across which a small stream bubbled and sparkled. Directly in front was the opening of what appeared to be a large cavern. The open space before the cave was a veritable bear-garden, in which we saw no less than seven animals—five of them full grown and of the largest size—disporting themselves on the grass or on the margin of the stream. A hasty glance showed that we were in the wrong place for an attack, as the bears had an open retreat behind them in the cavern. We decided that the Major, Mackenzie and Jones should steal round to the far side with half a dozen beaters and the dogs, in order to cut of the retreat, while Fitzgerald and I remained on observation duty and in command of the only other means of escape. The signal for hostilities was to be the branch of a pine-tree thrown over an intervening rock to attract the bears' attention, and announce the arrival of the flanking party at the stipulated point.

While these preliminary movements were in progress, Fitzgerald and I had excellent opportunities to observe the animals. There were three males and

two females full grown, and two cubs evidently from fifteen to eighteen months old. While the youngsters disported themselves like a couple of ungainly kittens, and tossed and tumbled over one another after a stick or a loose stone, the more sedate elders lounged in the shade, occasionally varying this by a few refreshing leaves from the branch of a neighboring tree.

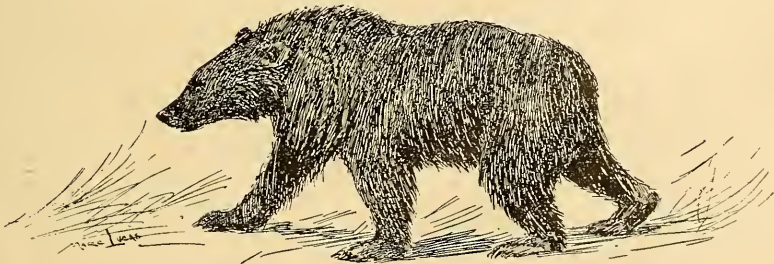
A large branch suddenly falling from overhead among the astonished bears apprised us that our friends were in position. I sprang through the screen of bushes and fired at the largest. To my delight the first shot brought him down, and at the same moment the Major and his party fired a hasty salute. Two large ones and one cub fell to this discharge; but the remaining two adults and the cub made a simultaneous rush at us before we could reload. The situation was critical, and we promptly took to flight. Fitzgerald sped along the path by which we had come, while I attempted a strategic movement which I hoped would enable me to join my comrades. I clambered up a rock, and, hastily reloading, was beginning to think well of my little scheme, when a panting noise and quick breath upon my ear caused me to turn rapidly and find myself face to face with a most active bear. A second brute was a few yards below, and I had only time to discharge my rifle full in the bear's face and fly for dear life across the rock in the direction of the stream. Here, to my horror, I ran slap into a third bear, which was toiling painfully up the only road by which I

could escape. There seemed nothing for it but a hand-to-hand fight with three infuriated animals, for the beast in whose face I had fired, although severely wounded, was still sufficiently alive to account for me at least. I had already grasped my rifle to use as a club, when I noticed that the branches of a tree that grew across the stream swayed within a yard of my ledge of rock. Looking down I could see the water running merrily along some forty feet below. I had no time for hesitation, so, dashing my rifle in the face of the advancing bear, I made a rush and a spring, with arms outstretched before me.

Crash! crash! I went through the branches, and it seemed as if I should never stop falling, when I felt myself strike against a projecting limb, around which I clung desperately. Suddenly it snapped. I experienced again that awful sensation of falling, and then I lost consciousness.

I came to myself in time to receive the solicitous inquiries of my friends. Fitzgerald, finding himself unpursued, had retraced his flying steps just as the two bears clambered up to the rocky ledge where I had so nearly been trapped. He summoned the others, and an organized siege ensued, which resulted in the extermination of the bears, and then in a search for me.

We camped the night on the grassy field so lately occupied by our foes, and I was well enough next day to attempt the return trip to Kiôto, where in due course I arrived, not much the worse for my adventure.



LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

RANGOON, BURMA, TO CALCUTTA, INDIA.



A NATIVE INDIAN BELLE.

MY sea voyage from Rangoon to Calcutta presented no features of exceptional interest, being made on one of the regular service steamers between the two ports, but Calcutta introduced me to striking contrasts with the scenes which had so long surrounded me in the mountain passes of China and the sub-tropical jungles of Burma.

My 9,906 progressive miles awheel and my three sea voyages had carried me from the great metropolis of the West, New York, to the great metropolis of the East. Like New York in commercial activity, and exceeding it in palatial grandeur, Calcutta is the product of circumstances as widely removed from those of America as the poles. One the capital of a free republic, the other the seat of an arbitrary, but necessary, despotism. The one representing in the highest form the capacity of welding strange people into a patriotic whole, mainly through its educational system; the other the home of

antagonistic elements, divided by seemingly impassable barriers of religion, language and creeds. The one with a population of sixty millions, having over thirteen millions of children in its public schools; the other with a population of two hundred and eighty-seven millions, of whom nearly two hundred and fifty millions can neither read nor write. Truly, our English cousins have taken upon themselves a task, the like of which the world has never seen, to keep the peace and secure the prosperity and good government of these violent millions of swarthy fanatics, inhabiting upward of a million and a half square miles, with an average density of population to the mile nine times that of the United States, and among whom the fires of religious antagonism and caste would, but for its power, break out with devastating effect. With all the force at the Government's command, it is unable, at times, to stay the outbreak of fierce Hindu or fiercer Mohammedan spirit.

In only one regard have the two countries a point of similarity, and that is their original settlement by trading companies. New York is the direct result of the old West India Trading Company. The Indian Empire, as a British possession, had its origin in the operations of the East India Trading Company. Indeed, it was not until 1858, after the Indian Mutiny, that the government entirely passed to the crown. However, it is neither my intention nor within my capacity to write Indian history, and so I return to my immediate subject, "Calcutta."

The approach to Calcutta as we steamed up the river was very impressive, and after a sea voyage the foliage of the botanical gardens on the left and the suburb of Garden Reach, dotted with country houses and belted with gardens, was an exceedingly grateful sight to sun-tired eyes. Beyond them came the docks and arsenal, and then again pleasure claims its riparian rights for the Maidan Esplanade, whereon the rank, fashion and beauty of Calcutta

take their evening ride. The river front is the site, too, of the Government House, the Mint, the Customs House, and many another evidence of England's rule. All these and many more look down upon the river, up which this vast empire was entered first by the Dutch and the French, and finally by that master of so much of the water fronts of the world—England.

The population of Calcutta is over six hundred and eighty thousand people, consisting of Hindus and Mohammedans, Buddhists and a few hundred each of Jains, Jews, Zoroastrians and Sikhs and 2,100 Christians. The Hin-

keeping itself separate from the others, as though it were of a different race, not even intermarrying. Each caste is distinguished by blots of different colored paint on their arms, bodies and faces.

Every day the Hindus of Calcutta bathe in the river Hoogly, a branch of the revered Ganges, upon which the city is situated. This water they consider sacred. Steps are built leading down into the water, and in the morning thousands of Hindu men, women and children are to be seen bathing.

The Hindus each do their own cook-



HINDOO CRITICS.

dus are the bulk of the inhabitants, and are divided into four great religious divisions or castes. The Brahmins are the first or highest caste.

The second caste of Hindus are descendants of the royal and military families, divided into many sub-castes. The third are merchants and cultivators, while the fourth caste consists of laborers and artificers, divided in many subdivisions. A fifth and lower caste consists of those who have violated the principles of the other four and have been banished. These castes do not associate with one another, each caste

ing, washing themselves first, and will eat no food prepared by outsiders. On the ships they generally carry enough to last them the length of the voyage. They also allow no one outside of their caste to touch their cooking utensils.

A Brahmin considers himself so high caste that should but a shadow of an outsider pass over his food he will destroy it and promptly bathe to make himself clean. I had considerable experience of this while I was traveling in Burma, along the railway line. There the low caste Hindus would invariably pour water into my hands to drink, or



MY CALCUTTA ESCORT.

place food on paper for me to eat, in order not to lose their caste.

The cow is the sacred animal of the Hindus; consequently they eat no beef—in fact, very little meat at all. Many riots between the Mohammedans, who kill and eat beef, and the Hindus have occurred throughout India and in Rangoon because the Mohammedans kill cows near the Hindu temples. Mohammedans are not so fanatical as Hindus, and are employed in hotels, by private families as servants, driving gharries or carriages, on ships and in offices. They are very clever natives, of the same type as the Hindus; they have intelligent features and are quite good-looking on the average, with their dark-brown skin and beautiful straight, glossy hair.

They are descendants of Persians or have been converted from the Hindu religion. Mohammedans, like the Jews, abstain from pork. The high class Hindu and Mohammedan women are rarely seen, as they lead a life of seclusion. When they go on the street it is always in a carrying-chair or palanka or closed gharries. Some of the Indian women are very beautiful. Their dress consists of a rich or light-colored silk cloth wound artfully around their bodies. Many have rings and marks tattooed around their shoulders and arms and simply weigh themselves down with jewelry and ornaments.

Of Jains there are but few, with a mixed Hindu and Buddhism religion of their own.



MY CALCUTTA ESCORT.

Zoroastrians are Parsees originally from Persia; they are the old so-called fire-worshippers. Sikhs are also caste natives of Northwest India or the Punjab. The greatest peculiarity of the Sikhs is that they never shave their hair. Nearly all have beautiful, fine heads of hair under their tremendous turbans, and the men wear fine beards, the long hair being interwoven. They are a stalwart and well-built race, eat little meat, and for days can subsist on "chapatties," a sort of unleavened pancake made of flour, water and fat. They are courageous, and the most faithful sepoys of the native army.

Calcutta is considered the finest city in India. It has very fine macadamized streets. In the parks and gardens are

many statues and monuments in memory of the long line of remarkable men who have figured in the history of India. The zoölogical gardens contain a rare collection of the beasts and reptiles of India, including lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, monkeys and apes of all species. Snakes of all sizes, from the tiny little green whip-snakes to the deadly cobra, boa-constrictor and python. No doubt the collection of snakes, alligators and lizards is the best that can be found the world over.

The European buildings of the city are palatial and substantially built of brick, all plastered over with an excellent quality of cement, which withstands the action of the heavy rains during the long monsoon. The large

pillars and walls are plastered in imitation of stone work, which makes a magnificent appearance.

Calcutta, from its position at the head of the gulf and from its being the natural outlet of the two great valleys of the Ganges and the Brahmapootra, has an immense trade, exporting, however, more than she imports. It is the largest emporium of trade in all Asia, and has a harbor into which large vessels can make their way from the sea up to the very warehouse doors. One with Western preconception of the surroundings of commercial activity would not, from its outward aspect, suppose it to be the seat of any considerable quantity of manufactures; but it is. The explanation of the problem lies in the fact that the bulk of its native manufactures are carried on in the homes of the natives.

It is a hot city—in certain seasons of the year very hot; but it is by no means unhealthy, at least by comparison with that period of its history which antedates the modern sewage system.

I have still omitted three of Calcutta's titles to honor, none of which must be forgotten, especially the last. It is the

centre of the wonderful system of government which permeates the whole vast empire. It is the seat of a university from which over 3,000 graduates annually matriculate, as I am told; and is, as I know, the home of a bicycle club whose members are, what cyclists all the world over should be and mainly are, open-hearted gentlemen. To meet clubmen and wheelmen after my months of expatriation was indeed thrice-welcome.

Bicycling was introduced years ago in India, when the ordinary high wheel was considered perfection. To-day there are over two hundred wheelmen in Calcutta. Two bicycle clubs have been formed within the last two years—the Calcutta Naval Volunteer Cycling Club, and the Company F Calcutta Rifle Volunteer Cycling Club. There are, of course, no bicycle records held in India, but a very creditable performance was accomplished by W. S. Burke and A. J. Millwood, riding from Allahabad to Calcutta, a distance of five hundred and thirty miles in five and a half days, in October, 1892. The wheelmen were very courteous on my arrival in Calcutta. A dinner and entertainment was given in my honor.



A MEMENTO OF CALCUTTA.

KEEP YOUR WEATHER EYE OPEN.*

THE sailer of a boat, little or big, should keep his weather eye open all the time. When sailing in a river where the banks are of irregular height he should be especially on his guard, because puffs of considerable violence frequently come with little or no warning. A few inches of sheet eased off, and a gentle luff not quite sufficient to spill the sail, will generally prevent the shipping of water over the lee gunwale, and a possible capsize. Thus the main-sheet should never be made fast permanently, and should always be coiled so as to be clear for running. A neglect of either of these precautions has often been attended with fatal results. If by any mischance the main-sheet becomes jammed do not hesitate, but cut it. A sharp knife in such an emergency has often saved life when an upset has seemed inevitable through the boat being nearly on her beam ends. If you are sailing in a jib and mainsail craft, and the squall has a good deal of weight in it, let fly the jib sheet and let the boat come up in the wind, at the same time lowering away the mainsail and taking care to spill it as it comes down. A reef should then be taken in, and the boat be filled away on her course.

While sailing anywhere in the vicinity of New York, and when one of those heavy thunder-squalls that are so frequent in the summer time is seen rising in the northwest, waste no time. If not in too deep water, anchor at once and stow your sails snugly. You can then ride out the fury of the squall in perfect safety; that is, if your ground tackle is sufficiently strong. If your cable parts and you are on a lee shore and there is a harbor to run for, scud for it under bare poles or with a fragment of sail set. If there is no refuge under your lee, set as much sail as your boat can safely carry and thresh her off shore. The chances are that you will be successful, because these squalls while often very dangerous seldom last long, and are generally followed by a flat calm which is more exasperating than a blow.

We will take it for granted, however, that your anchor and chain are of the correct strength and quality, and that you bring up before the squall strikes you. If you have time it would be well to close-reef your mainsail before furling it, and then you would be prepared for any emergency. But let me impress upon all who are in charge of boats with women and children aboard, that it is their duty, when one of those peril-fraught thunder-squalls is seen approaching, to douse every stitch of sail at once and let go the anchor. There is a wide gulf between bravado and bravery, and no truly courageous man would imperil the lives of anyone, especially of helpless women and children. The rash carrying on of canvas has been responsible for more loss of life on the water than any other cause. It is a seaman who shortens sail in time, but a lubber who "cracks on till all's blue."

Great caution is necessary when passing under the lee of a vessel at anchor or under way, especially in a fresh breeze. Your boat is sure to get becalmed and may possibly nearly lose her way, so that as she draws clear of the object the full force of the breeze will strike her when she has scarcely steerage way on. The result may be a complete knockdown or even a capsize. Therefore have your mainsheet clear for running, and do not hesitate to let it fly in a hurry before your little vessel's gunwale is anywhere near the water. By all means endeavor to keep clear of vessels at anchor. Do not try to get in the wash of steamboats, as some foolhardy persons do, "just for fun." On the contrary take special pains to avoid them. When you must encounter their wash, which in the case of large and fast steamers is heavy and dangerous, do your best to let your boat take the brunt of the waves on the bluff of the bow. If they strike her broadside on, swamping is a possibility not far remote.

In sailing a boat in rough water the greatest precaution is necessary. A craft that in smooth water could safely carry all sail, might when the sea is perturbed be forced to stagger along

* A chapter from Capt. Kenealy's forthcoming book, "Boat Sailing in Fair Weather and Foul."

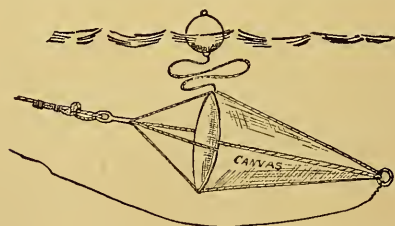
under double reefs, the force of the wind being the same in both instances. Especially is this the case when the wind and sea are both abeam, the former strong and the latter heavy. This is probably the most dangerous point of sailing there is, and requires the most careful touch of the tiller. A boat heeled over to fifteen degrees by the force of the wind, by the joint influence of a sudden puff and a heavy roll to leeward may be inclined to such an angle that a capsizing is inevitable. When there seems to be any danger of this mishap occurring the helmsman must not close his eyes to keep them warm. When he sees a larger wave than usual coming along he should put his helm up a little, so that it may strike the boat abaft the beam and so reduce the danger to a minimum. The judicious application of weather helm in a beam sea has saved many a big ship's deck from being swept, and many a small boat from being capsized.

It is in my judgment rash to sail a small boat under these conditions unless it is imperative, such as when a harbor is being entered, or when the boat's course must necessarily be steered with wind and sea abeam. I should strongly advise the hauling of the boat on a wind until she reaches the point where her sheets may be eased off and she can be headed for her destination with wind and sea on the quarter. A boat with any pretensions at all can be sailed close-hauled in rough water with safety if certain elementary precautions are observed. Everybody on board except the helmsman should sit amidships in the bottom of the boat, so as to keep the weight as low as possible and the craft herself in her natural trim. No unusual weight is wanted in the bow of the vessel, which should lift in a prompt and lively manner to each sea. In an open boat and a nasty sea no more sail should be carried than will keep her under proper command.

A great deal depends upon the nerve and skill of the man at the tiller. Keep her moving all the time. If a big wave threatens to come aboard over the weather bow, luff smartly into it and meet it as nearly end on as possible. Then up with the helm at once and fill on her again, repeating the process as

often as it may be needful. Never let the lee gunwale get under water in a seaway, nor at any other time, but always luff before it is too late, and help her to come up in the wind if necessary by easing away the jib sheet.

If the wind keeps increasing and the sea rising, haul down the headsail and pass a gasket round it, close-reef your mainsail, previously seeing your sea anchor clear for letting go. If you have no sea anchor with you, rig some sort of a raft with oars, boathook and sails, the latter lashed securely to the spars. Make a line fast to this raft and pay out about twenty fathoms and let the boat ride to it as to an anchor. It is surprising what a good effect this contrivance has in breaking the waves and keeping the boat head to sea. Nothing else can now be done until the gale moderates sufficiently for sail to be made and the boat headed for her destination. It may be consolatory to those aboard a craft in such a contingency to buoy themselves up by remembering that some of the heaviest gales known have been safely ridden out in cockleshell boats without any damage to crew, hull or gear.



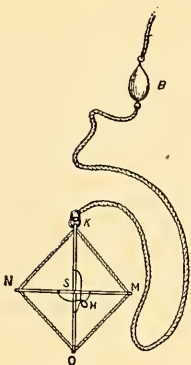
DROGUE, OR SEA ANCHOR.

The sea anchor consists of a hinge-jointed galvanized ring about three feet in diameter. A conical bag made of stout canvas is sewed to the ring and roped, as shown in sketch. A bridle is fitted to the ring, to which the riding hawser is bent. A cork buoy prevents the anchor from diving. When thrown overboard the mouth of the anchor opens and fills. To hoist the anchor on board, the tripping line, shown in diagram, is hauled on. When not in use the ring is folded together by the joints, and the bag is made fast snugly round it.

Another plan for making a floating anchor is shown on next page. K, M, N, O, are the ends of two iron bars formed into a cross and connected by a stout

bolt, nut and pin at their intersection, S. At each end of the bars is an eye through which a strong rope is rove, hauled taut, and well secured. Thus a square is formed, and over the square a piece of strong canvas is laced to the roping. Four ropes are made fast to the iron bars, forming a bridle. To this the riding hawser is made fast. To prevent the anchor from sinking, a buoy, B, is made fast to one corner by a rope, with five or six fathoms of drift. The buoy rope, P, leads on board. H is the hawser to which the boat is riding, A is the anchor, and B the buoy. To get the anchor aboard haul in on the line, P. This will cause the anchor to cant edgewise, and it can then be easily hauled in.

DIAGRAM OF
FLOATING ANCHOR.

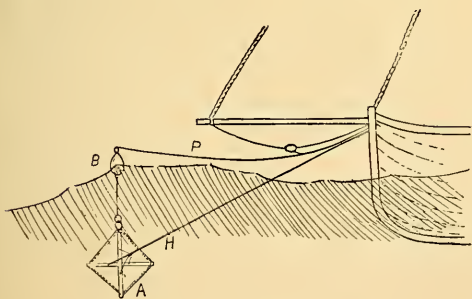


In scudding before a strong wind and a heavy sea in a small craft, a trysail is always preferable to a sail with a boom, which may effect much mischief by trailing in the water or suddenly gybing. The helmsman must be always on the alert to prevent the boat from "broaching to," which means flying up in the wind; or from being "brought by the lee," which means running off so as to bring the wind on the other quarter. A long, narrow boat will always run before the wind better than a short, beamy craft, as she is better adapted for taking the seas, and she also steers easier, not yawing about so much or turning round every few minutes to take a look at her wake. The inexperienced boat sailer should bear in

mind that scudding in a seaway is ticklish work, and is not unlikely to be attended with peril. If you have no trysail, reef the mainsail and lower the peak. Hoist on the weather topping lift so as to keep the boom as high as possible out of the water. By no means run a boat before the wind until it blows too hard and the sea is too high to heave to with safety. If the breeze seems likely to pipe up, make up your mind immediately. Delay is dangerous. Have your sea anchor ready. Watch for a smooth. When it comes put your helm down smartly, trimming in the mainsheet. When she gets the wind on the bow, heave your sea anchor overboard and ride to it either with the mainsail set or lowered, as may be deemed best.

If you happen to be on a lee shore, with the surf breaking high on the beach, and you cannot claw off, do not wait until it is too late and your boat is in the breakers. Let go the anchor, and if it holds try to ride out the storm. If your ground tackle gives way, do your best to set the mainsail and steer boldly for the shore. The faster you go the better chance you have to be carried high and dry. Remember that this will give you a fighting chance for your life; whereas, if your boat gets broadside on in the breakers she will most likely roll over and over and in all probability drown you and your crew.

It may be thought preposterous for me to advocate the use of oil to break the force of curling wave-crests when a small craft is riding to a raft or sea anchor. Most people would naturally suppose that a boat could not carry enough oil aboard her for it to have any beneficial effect in smoothing a turbulent sea. Nor could it if it was poured into the ocean out of its original package, or out of "bags with small holes punctured in their bottoms," as some marine experts advise. The proper way to apply oil is to fill a round bottomed canvas bag, about two feet long and eight inches in diameter, three parts full of oakum or cotton waste. Do not pack too tightly. Pour into this as much fish or animal oil as the oakum or waste will suck up. Sew the mouth up tightly with palm and needle. Secure a lanyard to it. Make a few holes



FLOATING ANCHOR IN USE.

in its sides with a marlinespike and hang it over the lee bow, and you will be surprised at the result. The seas, instead of breaking over the boat and threatening to swamp her, will become comparatively smooth as soon as they approach the limits of the film of the oil as it ooze slowly out of the bag. When running over a harbor bar where the sea is breaking badly, a couple of these bags suspended from either bow will prevent the waves from pooping the little craft and help her materially in her struggle for existence. Mineral oil will do if no other is available, and a gallon of it will go a long way if used in the manner mentioned above. These bags should be carried all ready for use when cruising, so that all you will have to do is to pour the oil in, sew up the mouths and hang them over the bows by the lanyards. A ship's boat with a dozen men aboard once safely weathered an Atlantic gale by riding to a couple of buckets and a cork fender saturated with kerosene. Pouring oil on troubled waters is by no means a case of bluff or the dream of an opium smoker, but a capital "wrinkle" by means of which many a good man has been saved from Davy Jones' yawning locker. I trust that these little bags will form part of the outfit of all going on long cruises. They may serve as pillows or may be made in the shape of cushions, so long as the above general idea is followed.

As a striking instance of the value of oil in a heavy gale I will quote the case of the British ship *Slivemore*, which took fire in June, 1885, while in the Indian Ocean, about eight hundred miles northeastward of the Seychelle Islands. The ship was abandoned and the boats steered for the islands. Capt. Conly, of the *Slivemore*, gave orders that each boat should take aboard two cans of paint oil for use in bad weather, and he also instructed the officer in command of each boat in the use of the oil. Three days after the ship was left the boats encountered a cyclone. Drags made from spars, oars and sails lashed together were rigged, and to these improvised sea anchors the frail craft rode securely. Stockings filled with oakum saturated with the oil were hung over the bows of the boats and formed an oil-slick of considerable expanse. Before the stock-

ings were hung out the boats narrowly escaped being swamped and the men had to bail hard with buckets. The oil prevented the seas from breaking and the boats rode over the enormous waves in safety. Little water was shipped, and those on board the boats were able to lie down and sleep while a tropical cyclone was raging furiously. All the boats reached the islands in safety without the loss of a man, but had it not been for the oil the loss of the *Slivemore* would have remained an untold mystery of the ocean.

A still more wonderful example of the efficacy of oil is told by the captain of the ship *Martha Cobb*, and it relates to the achievement of a sixteen-foot dinghy. In December, 1886, the *Martha Cobb*, petroleum laden, encountered a heavy gale in the North Atlantic. She shipped some tremendous seas which swept away all her large boats, washed away her bulwarks and played havoc generally with her decks. The only boat that was left uninjured was the aforesaid sixteen-foot dinghy, intended solely for smooth water work.

While laboring and plunging in the mountainous sea, the *Martha Cobb* fell in with a sinking vessel flying signals of distress to the effect that the water was fast gaining on her and that all her boats were stove in. The captain of the *Martha Cobb* determined to stand by the vessel in distress, in the hope that the gale would abate. He knew that his little cockleshell of a dinghy could not possibly live in such weather, and that it would be suicidal to lower her and attempt a rescue.

After standing by till near nightfall with no prospect of the storm moderating, the commander of the *Martha Cobb* determined to make an effort to save the crew of the fast foundering craft. The *Martha Cobb's* petroleum was in casks, some of which leaked. The captain had noticed that when the pumps were being worked the sea in the wake of his ship was always much smoother. He got the *Martha Cobb* to windward of the wreck and started the pumps, in the hope that the oil in the well and bilges would create a smooth when it reached the sea, so that the dinghy could be lowered in safety.

He found, however, that the ships

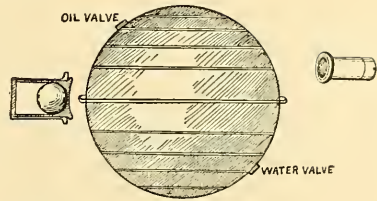
drifted faster than the oil, so that while the sea to windward was comparatively smooth the water to leeward was rough as ever. So he kept his ship away, ran down under the vessel's stern and luffed up under her lee. Then he started the pumps and also allowed a five-gallon can of fish oil to trickle into the water through the scuppers. The effect was almost miraculous. In less than half-an-hour the crested surges and breaking combers were converted into long heavy swells such as you see when a calm has succeeded a heavy gale.

The little dinghy was lowered, and manned by three men was pulled to windward alongside the wreck with little difficulty. All hands were rescued, and the tiny boat, while engaged in the gallant work, shipped no water. All this time the waves were breaking furiously outside the magic limit of the oil-slick.

One more illustration and I am done. Capt. Amlot, of the steamer *Barrowmore*, on January twenty-fourth, 1885, while in 51 degrees north latitude and 21 degrees west longitude, fell in with the sinking ship *Kirkwood*. This ship had for part of her cargo several hundred casks of canned salmon. In order to make a smooth and allow the boat of the *Barrowmore* to come alongside in safety the crew of the *Kirkwood* broached a number of the cases, and opening the cans poured the oil from them into the sea. This had the desired result, and although the sea was very heavy the oil reduced it rapidly, and the boat of the *Barrowmore* had no difficulty in taking off the twenty six men that composed the ship's company of the *Kirkwood*.

Two quarts of oil used per hour will produce effective results. A ship scudding before the wind, with a mountainous sea running and threatening to poop her, has expended this amount and kept dry. Experts have calculated that this quantity of oil has covered the sea with an infinitesimal film measuring thirty feet in width and ten nautical miles in length. As the thickness of this film is only .0000047 of an inch, its efficacy is indeed marvelous.

A simple and excellent device for distributing oil has been invented by Capt. Townsend, of the United States Signal Office. It is cheap and convenient, and is especially adapted for use in boats

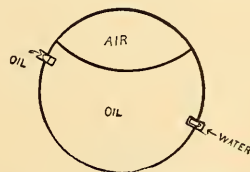


or small yachts. It has been thus described:

"It consists of a hollow metal globe ten inches in diameter, with a capacity of about one and a half gallons of oil. It has an air chamber separated by a partition to keep it afloat in a certain position, and there are two valves. When filled with oil the upper valve is adjusted to allow oil to flow out at any desired rate, while the lower valve admits water. When placed in the sea it floats with the upper valve a little above the surface, and water will enter to displace the oil from the graduated upper valve. The specific gravity of oil will keep it in the upper part of the distributor, and the motion of the globe on the breaking waves or swell will insure the ejection of the oil through the graduated valve in any quantity."

This may be used by towing over the bow when running, or made fast to a sea anchor when hove to.

People inclined to be skeptical are of course at liberty to doubt the efficacy of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas, but the examples I have quoted are simply a few culled from several hundred well authenticated cases.



PLAN OF OIL DISTRIBUTOR.

The lesson learned from the Shipwash lightship some twenty years ago, has not been without profit and benefit to naval architects. Let me spin you the yarn. The Shipwash lightship is moored in one of the most exposed places on the east coast of England, and is thus continually encountering particularly heavy seas. About twenty years ago the old lightship was replaced by a new

and scientific vessel. The new-fangled craft was, however, so remarkably unsteady and rolled so heavily that to the storm-tossed mariner beating up the coast her light appeared to be of crescent shape. Her crew got scared. They were afraid she would turn turtle. A surveyor from the Trinity House was sent aboard, and he made a report which was submitted to her designer, who eventually said the fault complained of could be easily remedied by the addition of extra ballast. Accordingly this was done, and the next gale she rode out her rolling was worse than ever, and produced quite a panic among her crew, who were afraid to go below while the storm lasted. Another report was made to headquarters. Other students of naval architecture were consulted, who not only advised that the extra ballast be taken out, but that four tons of lead be attached to the frame or cage supporting the light. These instructions were carried out, and the result was the steadiest lightship on the east coast.

A vessel will carry herself full of coal and behave herself in heavy weather. But when she comes to be laden with copper ore or lead, a certain amount of ingenuity has to be used in the storage of such heavy cargo to make her seaworthy at all. If it were all stowed in the bottom of the vessel she would roll so heavily in a seaway as to get dismantled, and would probably become a total wreck. It is now that the experienced art of the stevedore comes in. The man who follows the proper authorities would construct a bin or compartment in which to stow this dangerous freight thus:



The result would be highly satisfactory. The vessel's centre of gravity would be the same as though she were laden with coal, and her movements in a seaway would therefore be quite as easy.

Another man might construct his compartment thus:



The vessel in this case would labor quite heavily on the slightest provocation and would not be so steady or so seaworthy as the one first mentioned, with the narrow bin or compartment extending to the upper deck.

The same remarks apply to the ballasting of yachts. Before the days of outside lead, when pleasure craft shifted their racing for a cruising rig preparatory to a deep-water voyage, it was customary to raise the inside lead ballast by placing layers of cork beneath it, thus insuring easy movements in a seaway. Racing yachts nowadays have all their weight outside, and this device for their relief cannot therefore be resorted to. When crossing the Atlantic, say for a race for the *America's Cup*, they are always in danger of getting caught in a gale of wind and an accompanying mountainous sea. In order to prevent excessive rolling, which might endanger the mast and consequently the vessel herself, it is necessary to keep a press of sail set. For this purpose a trysail with plenty of hoist to it is indispensable. It should not be one of those jib-headed impostors that some racing skippers most unaccountably affect, but one with a good long gaff that will successfully prevent the otherwise inevitable and peril-fraught roll to windward.

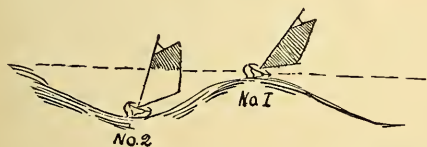
A yacht under these circumstances, it is true, cannot carry a great press of canvas when on the top of one of those big rollers that a gale soon kicks up in the Atlantic. But she wants as much of her sail area as possible exposed to the gale when she is in the hollow of the wave. Otherwise there will not be sufficient pressure to prevent her from rolling to windward.

Rolling to windward—easy enough to write, you may think—but every sailor knows what may follow. Green seas fore and aft, mast sprung, men washed overboard; and if the gale does not

abate, why, Davy Jones' locker for all hands and the cook!

The storm trysail must necessarily be a sheet-footed sail set over the furled mainsail. It is a sail comparatively narrow at the foot, but it should for obvious reasons be made as broad as possible at the head, in proper proportion of course to the breadth of the foot. It need not have quite as much hoist as the mainsail, for the throat halyards at such a time must have a good drift, while to keep the sail inboard the peak should be quite extreme. It follows, therefore, that although the rollers may be high the peak of the trysail is above them, and the yacht is kept jogging along steadily without sudden and violent shocks or strains to spar or rigging.

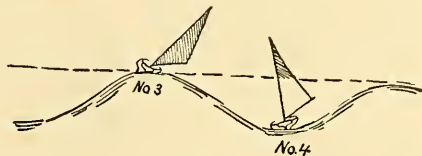
The following rough sketches will, I think, serve to demonstrate the superiority of the gaff-headed trysail over that abortion, the thimble-headed variety, which I do not hesitate to condemn as useless for a modern yacht ballasted with outside lead in a seaway.



No. 1 shows vessel with gaff-headed sail on the crest of a wave. She drops down into the hollow of the wave and becomes No. 2. The shaded part of the sail catches the wind over the crest of the waves, and the area so exposed is sufficient to steady the vessel and give her a safe heel or list.

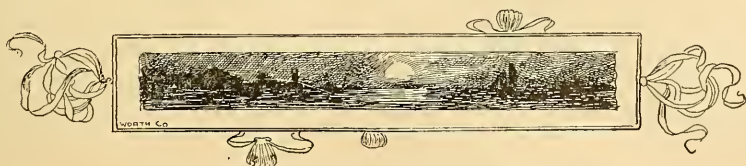
Now I wish to call your attention to No. 3. She has enough sail spread when on the crest of a wave. But observe her when in the hollow. She has scarcely a stitch of sail above the level of the crest. The consequence is that her weight being so low down, and her form having so much stability, she swings with a violent roll to windward and her mast is thereby imperiled.

This is the result of not having the requisite amount of pressure at the head of the sail.



The commanders of square-rigged vessels always bear this in mind. They heave to under a close-reefed maintop-sail, never under a lower course, and the ship when in the trough of the sea has enough sail exposed to keep her steady. The smart schooners that used to ply between St. Michaels and London in the fruit trade, and that were bound to make smart passages or lose money, were always fitted with gaff-headed trysails, and found them most efficacious in beating to windward in strong gales. Their sturdy skippers would have looked with contempt and ridicule upon any person so fatuous as to recommend a jibheaded trysail. And they were skilled sailors of fore-and-aft rigged craft, and were well acquainted with that stretch of the wild Atlantic between the Lizard and the Azores. These vessels used to beat up the English Channel in the teeth of an easterly gale and fight their way homeward inch by inch, and I consider the practical experience of their captains as far more reliable than the theoretical vagaries of men who were never out of soundings in a small craft.

What is true of comparatively large yachts in an Atlantic gale applies equally to the small cruiser. The theory is precisely the same, and in ordering a storm trysail from his sailmaker the aspiring owner of a smart, seaworthy cruiser might well be guided by the few hints given above. A gaff-headed trysail is just what he wants to steady his boat when hove to, to counteract that tendency toward rolling that outside lead always has on the hull of a ship in a seaway.



TROUT AND TROUT LAKE.

By J. P. W.

IT bade fair to prove an ideal day. The sun was just peeping over the eastern hills as we emerged from an early breakfast upon the wide veranda of the Mt. Hood Hotel at the pretty little village of Hood River. The hotel is so named in honor of Mt. Hood, that royal monarch of the Cascade Mountains, rearing his white peaks among the clouds, some twenty miles to the south. The picturesque little town nestles on the south bank of the Columbia, just where Hood River rushes madly down from Eliott glacier.

We were a party of three, Tom, Jack and myself. We had arrived from P— the night before, and had arranged with Will, the proprietor of the livery stable and an enthusiastic fisherman himself, to be ready with a good team to start in the early morning for Trout Lake. The wagon soon rattled up to the door with Will cracking his whip over a spanking span of matched sorrels. In a moment we were all aboard and a brisk trot of half a mile brought us to the landing, where wagon and team were soon transferred to the ferry boat, which a moment later was scudding with swelling sail before a brisk breeze. Twenty minutes of this delightful sail brought us with a bump against the Washington shore. Then began a long, strong pull up the "grade." All preferred to climb the hill on foot, thus lightening the load for the sorrels and at the same time giving a good drill to the muscle and wind that had been languishing in office and shop since our last outing. For this was our first fishing trip of the year, the season having but opened the previous day.

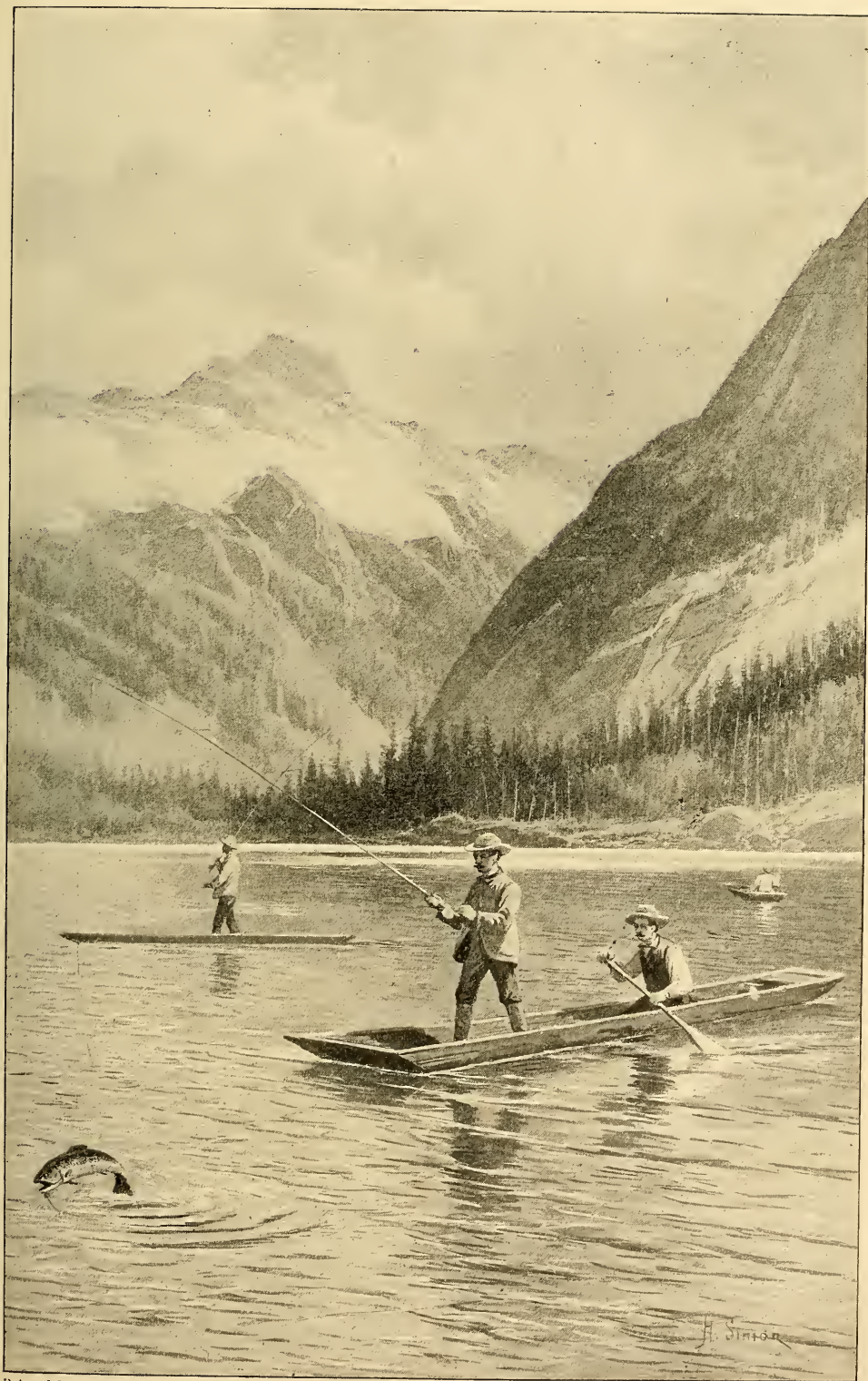
At the top of the hill we sat down to await the wagon. Spread before us was a panoramic view that would have charmed the eye of an artist and made his fortune, could he have transferred it to canvas. A thousand feet below the magnificent Columbia swept in long graceful curves through its mountain path to the sea. Across the river, gradually sloping from its southern shore and bordered on the east and west by rugged timber-covered mountains,

spread the lovely valley of Hood River, looking, in contrast to the mountain wildness about it, like a well-kept lawn, dotted with white farm cottages, each in its setting of flowering orchard and green clover meadow. The valley stretches back for twenty miles until its converging timbered border lines meet, and there in the apex of this triangle stands that white sentinel of the ages. Mt. Hood, towering far into the heavens, with his icy cliffs and rugged peaks glistening in the morning sun. In our immediate vicinity, on the very brow of the cliffs overlooking the Columbia, is the little settlement of White Salmon, with its half dozen prosperous looking farms, neat church and store. To the north are wooded mountains, through whose defiles we are to traverse some thirty miles to the fishing ground.

The wagon rattles up, we climb in, and soon we are spinning over the mountain road, that is just smooth enough to serve as an excellent settler to a hearty breakfast.

We are on our first trip to the fisherman's Eldorado, of which we have heard such fabulous stories, and all are keen with anticipation of the sport before us. Our fly-books contain a varied assortment of hooks, and I am especially proud of an automatic reel, the latest addition to my outfit. This newfangled invention is looked at askance by Tom and Jack, and they are inclined to guy me about my new toy, but I have advised them to wait and see, feeling firmly convinced that they will be green with envy before the sport is over.

The day passes slowly by, and finally, just as the sun is sinking behind the trees, the sorrels are brought to a willing halt beside a clear mountain stream, and we are informed that "Here we are." "But where's the lake?" says Jack, "Oh, the lake's all right," Will replies, "just you pile out and get supper going, some of you, while I take care of this team. It's too late for lake fishing to-night, but if one of you will shy a professor over one of those ripples, I think you will get something for your trouble."



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon

“HE’S A DAISY !” (p. 238).

Jack soon had his bamboo strung up, boots on and was into the water, leaving Tom and myself to prepare supper and do some pardonable grumbling that we were not in the race for first fish. Our good humor was, however, soon restored, for Jack returned with nothing but a fingerling and the information that the fish had evidently retired for the night. So we were fain to be content with a supper of bacon and beans, and shortly followed the example of the fish, in order to be ready for early morning work.

Morning came, and such a morning! In this high altitude and crisp mountain air, every breath seemed to give new life and vigor. We were out with the first peep of day, and after a snatch at breakfast, started on a half mile walk to the lake. The dew-laden clover carpeted the path, flowering syringa bushes brushed our faces and filled the air with delicious perfume. How delightful it all was after the long confinement in the office. And here we are at the lake, a little body of water, looking like a crystal knob on the end of the little creek up which we had been walking. Scarcely a half mile from side to side and bordered by towering cottonwoods, the little Trout Lake lay at the very foot of grand Mt. Adams, whose polished dome looked as if one could almost reach out the hand and touch it, so near it seemed. A gentle breeze was wrinkling the surface of the lake, and giving promise of good fishing. Three flat-bottomed boats tied to the cottonwood trees were lazily rocking with a flip, flip on the rippling water. These were soon appropriated, Jack and Tom each taking one, Will and I the other.

The paddles are rapidly plied in our race for good locations; the boats are anchored with rock and rope, flies are adjusted, and soon the treacherous insects are lightly flecking the water. Whir-r-r-r! twenty, thirty feet of my silk line shot out with such sudden force as to almost startle me into dropping my rod. "Gad, he's a darling!" shouted Will, as a shining fish shot three feet into the air. Then followed a rush to right and left and all was still. Now was the critical moment my automatic was to show what it could do. I gave him a gentle stroke to remind him that we were still there, when, with a rush

and a flash, he was almost into the boat; but the line never slackened. No human hand could have kept that line taut, but my new toy did it, and I could not resist a shout as the trout sped away again with the hook still fast. Another rush or two and another flash in the air and he began to relax. Slowly but surely the automatic drew him toward the boat, until the net surrounded him.

"A daisy!" shouted Tom, as I held him up for inspection; and he was—a two-pounder. A yell from Jack announced another prize, and he held up a twenty-inch fish.

Now the fun grew fast and furious. A whirl here and a rush there, a long struggle and a large fish boated or lost, as the case happened to be. The fish were gamey and the sport great. One particularly frisky trout took Will's fly, made a furious rush or two and then came spinning directly at the boat. Just at the proper distance he shook himself free from the hook, rose from the water and with a force, as if he were shot from a catapult, landed fair in my lap, where I hugged him with affection, to the boisterous delight of Will and Tom.

The fishing was so good that long before our glorious day had drawn to a close each man had killed enough big trout to satisfy any honest angler. While some small ones were taken, at least two-thirds of the captives were so large that a good deal of time was required to play them properly. To my delight I was "high hook." My new automatic reel was given credit for the victory, for never before had I been able to compete with either Tom or Jack. They had each lost many fish during the day, while I had landed every fish that was fairly hooked.

After the fish had been carefully cleaned they were packed in cracker boxes brought for the purpose, each being separated from his neighbor by a layer of grass. This will keep them firmer and better preserve the color than if they are allowed to touch each other. And a box of those mountain trout was indeed a pretty sight. They averaged from ten to twenty inches in length, with white bellies, dark backs, and many of them showed a distinct red line, extending the full length of each side.

How we did feast that evening! The smaller fish had been reserved for the frying-pan, and with new potatoes, fresh milk and butter, obtained from a neighboring rancher, our improvised spread was fit for the most fanciful epicurean. And then, with head on pine bough, feet stretched lazily to the fire, pipe in mouth, we were ready to recount the incidents of the day, and many a fish yarn was spun.

A pipe never tastes so sweet, life never seems such a dream of peaceful content, as when one is lying before a slowly-dying camp-fire—lying without a blush or fear of contradiction.

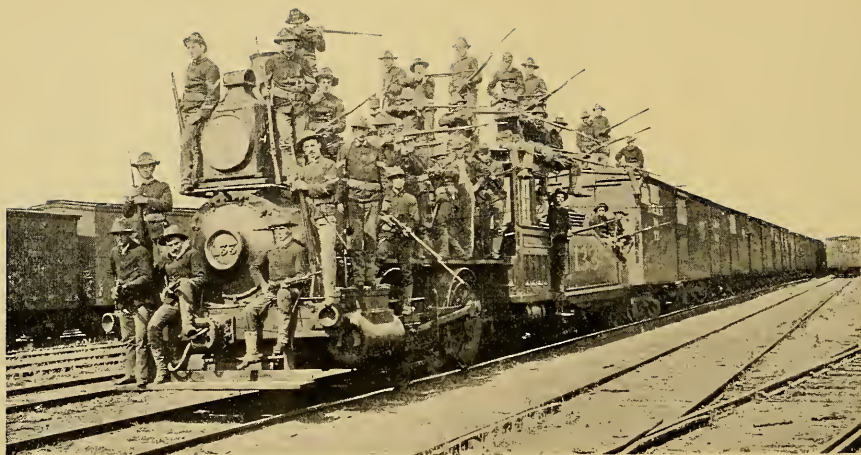
Night slowly spreads her dusky mantle o'er the earth. The stars blink sleepily. The moon, glancing silver rays between the spreading boughs, traces lines of wavering light across our blankets. No sound breaks the stillness save the low murmur of the stream and the sighing of the breeze through the pines. We are lulled upon the breast of nature. Sleep comes as it comes to the infant rocked against its mother's bosom. Then a fairy hand plays upon that phonograph, the mind, with a backward turn brings out again the impressions of the day, and so we dream.

In the morning a unanimous vote decided that we should visit the ice caves, get ice to preserve our fish, and at the same time investigate these remarkable freaks of nature. A five mile drive over a fairly good road, through the pine woods brought us to the caves. After procuring sufficient ice we spent two hours in reconnoitering these recesses in the earth's surface. We had often heard of the ice caves of Mt. Adams, this was our first opportunity of seeing them. They are not, strictly speaking, of Mt. Adams, for the mountain is some fifteen miles away. Whether the proximity of the mountain had anything to do with their formation is questionable. They were doubtless formed, as caves have been in other regions, during the cooling process of the hot crust of the earth. Why they were formed here, rather than somewhere else, I shall not attempt to say. The fact was evident that we were driving or walking over cavities in the earth, where there was no external evidence of their existence. In many places a

hollow resonance, such as one gets from striking an empty hogshead, responded to the stroke of the horses' hoofs upon the road. Many of the caves had their mouths open; some of these we explored. The region about here is perfectly flat. The entrances to the caves, in most instances, look as if the crust of the earth had broken through and fallen into the cavity below. These well-like openings are from ten to thirty feet deep, from the bottom of which cavernous tunnels extend horizontally for several hundred feet. Water had found entrance to many of these, had frozen during the cold months, and as the sun could not reach it, of course the ice never thawed; and there you had a capital cold storage. The drafts of air whistling through these gloomy caverns made one's ears and nose tingle. Outside it was exceeding warm for a June day, and we enjoyed being suddenly transported from the warmth of the Equator to the frigidity of the North Pole.

In one of these caves Jack discovered the perfect skeleton of a bear. The only entrance to this cave was through a round well-like hole, extending perpendicularly some thirty feet into the earth. We had pushed a fallen pine tree into this well and climbed down on the stumps of the broken limbs. Bruin had no doubt inadvertently tumbled into this hole, some time "lang syne," and being unable to extricate himself and having nothing to eat, left his bones to bleach there alone. Marks of claws were visible on the stone-walls, where the poor beast had struggled to get out. The resurrection morn had come at last; Jack took him out and he has the skeleton mounted now in his office, where it, with the help of a wonderful yarn which Jack has concocted, furnishes entertainment to his uninitiated friends. The story gives a tragic account of a hand-to-hand encounter with a grizzly, of which he claims these bones are the trophy and he the hero.

The homeward trip was made in the afternoon. The road from the lake to the river being a down grade, the sorrels kept up a lively gait. It had been a flying but a jolly trip, and when bidding good-bye to Will, agreed that we would meet him again a year hence prepared for another trial of Trout Lake.



THE ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD.

By Lieut. William R. Hamilton, U. S. A.

(CONCLUDED.)



CAPT. J. H. BARNETT.

FOR so large a State, Illinois boasts of a very small number of either cavalry or artillery and indifferently provides for them. No ammunition is issued to the artillery, except Gatling gun ammunition. The personnel of

both batteries, one of which is located in Chicago and the other in Danville, is excellent, and, given the means, would both make a record for themselves and the State. But as artillery they should turn over their gatlings to the infantry, and the State should give them the new 3.2 B. L. field gun. The two cavalry troops A and B are located in Chicago and Bloomington, and are much better off than the artillery. Their equipment and armament is similar to regular cavalry. They are well drilled, and make a fine showing and their thorough efficiency has been tested on several occasions of active service, during this past year. Troop A is commanded by Captain Paul B. Lino and Troop B by Captain W. P. Butler.

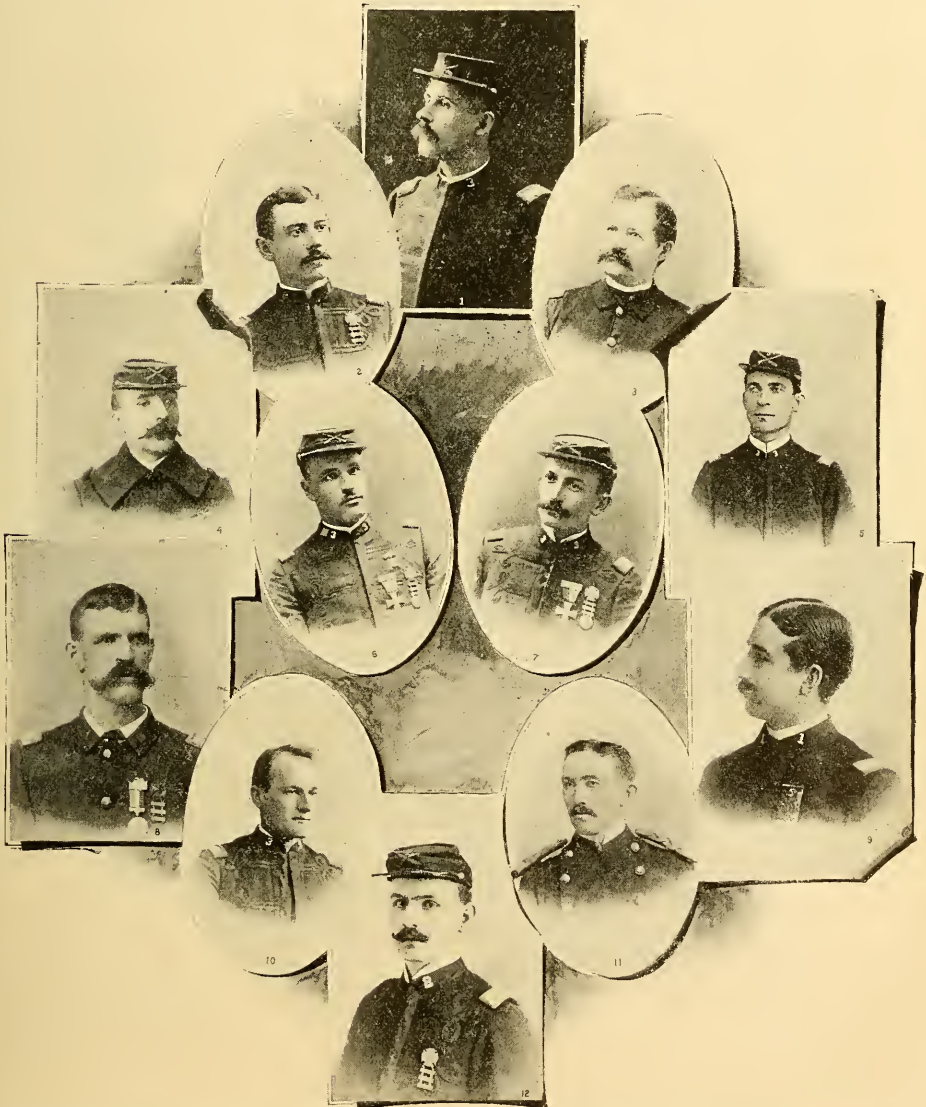
The Second Brigade includes Battery A, Fourth and Fifth Regiments of Infantry, and is commanded by Brigadier General James Barkley, with headquarters at Springfield. The Third Brigade has the Third and Sixth Regiments of Infantry and Troop B. It is commanded by Brigadier General Andrew Welsh, with headquarters at Aurora.

In addition to the foregoing, the Militia includes the Naval Militia of the State. This is composed of over 400 officers and men and is divided into eight divisions, organized into two battalions with headquarters at Chicago and Moline. The Adjutant General of the State is Alfred Orendorf, Brigadier General, and a lawyer by profession.

An article on the Illinois National Guard would not properly be closed without a few words relative to their great services during the strikes the past summer in Chicago. While great credit to all State organizations is due, for the promptness with which they responded to duty, the amount of hard labor and great responsibilities fell to none as to the First Brigade. Called out in May to preserve the peace at Pana, Ill., the members had scarcely returned to their homes, when the

strike of the American Railway Union and the Pullman Boycott broke out. Warned by much previous experience the Chicago regiments, at once prepared again for active service, and

with his command, for active duty to preserve law and order. Within three and a half hours from time of receipt of order, he had over 750 men under arms. As is well known, they were



1. Capt. Enos A. Smith, 3d Inf.
2. Capt. Will P. Butler, Troop B.
3. Capt. Anthony Wilthies, 3d Inf.
4. Capt. George Meehan, 2d Inf.

5. Capt. August W. Siddell, 3d Inf.
6. Capt. William H. Brogunier, 3d Inf.
7. Capt. Richings J. Shand, 3d Inf.
8. Capt. Jacob N. St. Clair, 3d Inf.

9. Capt. Anson L. Bolte, 1st Inf.
10. Capt. William H. Wilson, 3d Inf.
11. Capt. John J. Garrity, 2d Inf.
12. Capt. Willis McFeeley, 2d Inf.

wearied though they were, with the long and trying guard duty at Pana, it was a glorious record made early in July, when Colonel Turner received his order to report to the Mayor of Chicago

sent out July 5th to guard the town of Pullman and its works.

Colonel Turner established his headquarters at Burnside, near Pullman, and as he was required to furnish protection

also to the line of the Illinois Central Railroad and their works at Burnside, the Stock-yards on Michigan Central, and several miles of road, it would seem that his force would be hardly sufficient to do all expected of it. He established his headquarters and at first, as he was by the Mayor's orders under the direction of the Police Inspector of that district, who used the soldiers as policemen, detailing them in squads here and there, the usual conflict between the military and civil authorities seemed to nullify all the good of the former. Colonel Turner with a military decision and judgment worthy of a man of his ability and reputation, soon took a decided stand and informed the Inspector that he must tell him, the colonel, of the places that needed protection, and he, the colonel, would himself issue the order and send what men he thought necessary and best.

He then reorganized his command, placing one battalion, the Second, under Major Tolman and the regimental headquarters at Kensington, where he could control the Michigan Central Stock-yards; the First, under Major Bandborn, with one gatling gun, was placed at Pullman, while the Third, under Major Eddy, took position at Burnside. At the same time a detachment was sent to West Pullman, three miles beyond, while another was sent to South Chicago and West Hammond.

The track had to be kept open, and the rioters having made threats of using dynamite to destroy Pullman, the Illinois Central tracks, stock-yards, &c., the Colonel organized a train of cars. On the flat car ahead of the engine was placed the gatling, and behind it was the squad for its service and a detachment of twenty-five men. Immediately behind the engine came a car for use of officers of the road, and then came the wrecking train. This train soon cleared the road not only of rioters but of wrecks also. By means of this arrangement, mobs that a day before had been wild and rampant, wisely remained away, or if any were present they were in small numbers and kept very quiet. When they wanted to pass over the tracks they went in single file on one side of the street, and when in range of the gatling immediately in its front

they invariably took to their heels. Signal stations were then established along the track at intervals and each thoroughly protected by a guard. Rations and supplies were brought on the cars and issued directly from them. One car was fitted up as a cook car where all rations were cooked. The commissary and quartermaster officers were given direct charge of their proper respective duties.

In this way, the immense territory was well covered and protected. Several times the troops were ordered to fire at rioters or to arrest riotous individuals who applied epithets or abusive language of any nature to the troops. The men were well fed, and though their duty was not only very responsible but dangerous as well, though all this time they were losing money by being out of their proper work, there was no grumbling, no insubordination, but a marked disposition to obey their officers, and restore order and law.

The Second Regiment was engaged almost to as great an extent as the First, as also the Chicago troop of cavalry. The Naval Battalion was placed on duty to guard the crib-work in the lake, and water-works. At other parts of the State the militia called out was used with a military intelligence that proved the great advance made by the Guard in the past few years. At Danville, at Pana, at Spring Valley and at Hammond, the troops fired to hit and every time they were successful in impressing the mob with their power. It is even said that one company, G of the Second Infantry, succeeded in escorting out a train from the Stock-yards district that police, marshals and regulars had failed six times to get out.

If there is one thing in the service of the Illinois National Guard during the summer of 1894 that strikes the critical observer more than another, it is the absolute refutation of the slander that the National Guard at home will not fight against their kindred in support of law and order. The entire guard of Illinois is composed of workmen, and men who by daily associations must be more or less in sympathy with some of the strikers, not in sympathy with them as regards the strike but as regards their daily life and needs. Yet

these same men turned out with an unhesitating promptness that was only exceeded by their alacrity to obey every order given them in the most trying work a soldier, whether he be regular or guardsman, can do—the suppression of riots. And when to this, is added all the

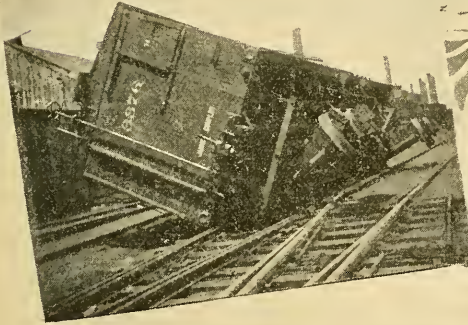
of arms the significant motto, "State Sovereignty is National Union."

Among the different detachments of the First Infantry that showed a commendable efficiency, should be mentioned the signal and cycle corps under command of Chief Signal Sergeant F.

1.



2.



3.



4.

1. Ready to start. 2. Sample of obstruction. 3. Outside the gates. 4. Head of the escort.

COMPANY "D" 1ST INFANTRY OPENING THE BLOCKADE AT THE STOCK-YARDS, JULY 10, 1894.

time, cost and patience on part of both officer and soldier to effect this condition of discipline, surely the time is past when anyone can say that the Illinois National Guardsman is not a most efficient soldier and a most thorough protector of the laws of a State which has on its coat

B. Hart. This detachment is as yet in its infancy, compared with the rest of the service, but is certainly a lively and progressive infant. Little more than three years ago, the idea occurred to Major J. M. Eddy, Jr., that some sort of a signal and messenger service was

desirable, and, after consulting with Colonel C. R. E. Koch, then in command of the regiment, Sergeant Hart was summoned to headquarters and requested to organize and take command of what was to be known as the First Infantry Signal and Cycle Corps.

The qualifications for membership in the corps were :

First.—That each man enlisted should own a first-class safety bicycle, fitted with all the modern improvements. This was necessary as the regiment was not able to buy the wheels, and the State code did not provide for such a service.

Second.—All men had to be able to keep a three-minute gait or better for moderate distances on average roads.

Third.—Members of the corps had to be willing to devote enough time to the signal service to become proficient in the use of flags, torches, flash lights, heliographs and a working knowledge of the telegraph.

It took something over a year to secure the maximum membership of twenty such men. With but one year's drill, they went into the field during the Pullman campaign thoroughly prepared to furnish means of communication between the numerous posts throughout the sixty square miles over which the First Regiment was scattered.

Of the twenty men which constituted the corps, four were expert telegraphers. These were stationed at the regimental and the three battalion headquarters. The other sixteen men were

divided into small detachments of from two to four men each and stationed at the Stock-yards, Fordham, the Nickel Plate shops, Calumet River bridge, Burnside and South Chicago. Wherever possible the messages were conveyed by means of the telegraph; otherwise by flags, torches, flash light, and wheel.

In this way Colonel Turner was kept in almost constant communication with his entire command, and, whenever any serious trouble was threatened at a weak post he was thus enabled to send re-enforcements without delay.

Along the tracks of the Illinois Central the railroad signal towers furnished an elevated station on which to work. These at night furnished a conspicuous target for the riotous mobs, who recognized in the persons of the innocent signalmen their worst enemies.

The wheels also proved useful in reaching small detachments at remote places throughout the railroad yards where the signalmen were not on duty. Here Sergeant Hart's judgment in selecting none but well-trained racing men was amply justified, as no others could have done the hard riding required of them. During the entire Pana and Pullman campaigns they proved themselves not only expert wheelmen but thorough soldiers as well. Despite the hard service demanded of them at all hours of the day and night, there was a less percentage of sickness in this corps than in many other branches of the service.





From a Photograph by West, Southsea.

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No. 4.



THE RED PARASOL.

By Dorothy Blomfield.



I.

ELL, what do you think of it, Di, now you're here?"

There was a tone of exaggerated indifference in the question and an affectation of nonchalance in our respective attitudes that had not the

slightest effect in deceiving the Cynic. He lifted a cigar from his finely cut lips, rose slowly from the broad window seat and remarked, succinctly:

"It'll do."

How he first got the nickname of Cynic I never discovered. His real

name was a sufficiently good one, Thomas Dion Walmsley, and I suppose the other must have grown out of a schoolboy corruption of Dion into Diogenes. Its value was heightened by force of contrast, for in looks he was altogether unlike the philosopher of old.

Dion's face, independently of its fine lines, was a singularly attractive one, owing chiefly to its rare combination of strong intellectuality and almost feminine sweetness. He was devoted to all kinds of art, to books, and to his fellow-creatures; but in reserve and love of solitude he almost rivaled his great namesake. Whether it was for his strength of character or the charm of



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen

“WHO ON EARTH CAN SHE BE?” (p. 251.)

his perfect manners I don't know, but his set adored and followed him with a devotion bordering on slavishness. We were all five New College men in our second or third year, and we had made up a reading party to an out-of-the-way farm house on one of the lakes of Norfolk collectively known as the Broads.

Business had kept Walmesley in town later than the rest of us, and when he arrived we were four days to the good in our knowledge of the place and its ways, and had already that sense of possession which makes one keenly sensitive to criticism, adverse or otherwise. And, indeed, the place might have charmed a more fastidious man than even the Cynic. A real farm house, long, low and two-storied, with no pretensions to modern art or doubtful gentility, looking into a straight, old-fashioned flower garden, bright with roses and fragrant with musk. The first parlor—really a hall, where we ate our meals—opened on to the front door; a broad, black, oak staircase led to large, low-roofed bed-rooms above; another door into the second parlor, wainscoted and painted white. The house was sweet with the scent of flowers and of lavender-pressed linen and dimity. Behind the farm lay the little reed-fringed Broad and the winding river, stretching for miles seaward and inland, broken here and there with lagoons and cross streams, as far as eye could reach.

"Come out into the garden," said Walmesley, "it's a sin to stew indoors on a day like this and after such a dusty journey as I've had."

"There's a seat over there by the hedge," I suggested, eagerly—eagerness was my besetting sin—"and over our pipes we can give Di the latest news of this exciting spot."

"Capital idea, Paddy," cried the rest; "fish up a rug or two, there's a good chap, and bring out the 'baccy. Hi, where are the dogs? Rebbe, old lady! Dirk! Toddy! hi, dogs!"

An excited scrimmage between three small terriers ended in their coiling themselves comfortably on the rug at our feet, Rebbe alone occupying a privileged position in the arms of her master, the Cynic, whom she loved as our scout put it, "with the passion of a Christian." I can see the group now in my

mind's eye, and I don't know that I ever saw a finer-looking set of men, I—Thurston Blake, whom my fond relations in the Green Isle considered quite a beauty—being the plain one of the party. Derringer, sharing the garden seat with Walmesley and Rebbe, was a large-limbed, gentle-natured giant, with a face of almost womanly sweetness, who rejoiced in the name of "the Masher," given him by his friends in a moment of irony inspired by his general carelessness as to dress and effect and his utter absence of self-conceit. At his feet crouched Lord Henry Beamish, "the Beauty," slight and sinewy of build, severe and delicate of feature, with great, fawn-like brown eyes that entirely belied the real firmness of his character, and beyond him, stretched full length on his back, with his head upon his clasped hands and his gray, long-lashed eyes half closed, lay Jack Hosmer, as perfect a type of the fair, clear-skinned Englishman as you could well find.

"We really do deserve our name," I remarked, with vain complacency: "the show set."

"It's a horribly effeminate name," rejoined Walmesley, with disgust, "and just like Paton to have classed us by it."

"Well, come, Di," remonstrated Beamish, "you do err on the side of fastidiousness, and, of course, fellows like Paton resent your distaste of their jokes and amusements. Don't misunderstand me and think I don't go heart and soul with you, but you can't wonder that Paton and his sort don't."

"Well, I never could see why they should not," interposed the Masher, "it isn't as if we were a long-haired, namby-pamby set of fellows. Hosmer is the best athlete up, Paddy and the Beauty are very decent cricketers, and Di and I are in our college boat; in fact, there are few things in the sporting line you aren't good for, Cynic. And we all dance well; what more do they want?"

"Yes, and get abused because we are particular and peculiar about the kind of girls we care to dance with," retorted the Beauty.

"I cannot stand the modern fast, giggling young woman," remarked Walmesley, in a tone of unmitigated disgust.

Hosmer suddenly opened his eyes and gazed thoughtfully at nothing.

"The parson's daughters," he murmured gently to himself.

"What parson's daughters?" asked Di, mystified by Hosmer's tone.

"Why, the parson here, Mr. Downes; he is blessed with five of them of the true country type, thick of wrist and ankle, sturdy of figure and freckled of face," I answered, with customary eagerness. "You see, we went to church as in duty bound last Sunday—by the way, the churches here are really worth looking at, low, thatched roofs, carved rood screens, and that sort of thing—and in the pew in front of us were the six Miss Downes—"

"Five," corrected the Masher.

"Well, it's all the same thing. They blushed when we came in, and three of them giggled, and the other two nudged them with their elbows in the ribs."

"Paddy, you are as bad as Paton," remonstrated Di, rather angrily. "I dare say the girls are vulgar and ill-bred, but it isn't like you to speak disrespectfully of any woman."

"All right, old man," said I, cheerfully, "it won't hurt them. I even think they would be pleased to know we talked them over; that sort of girl would prefer anything to indifference."

"Now, look here, Paddy, do drop the subject and let us have a quiet time. They are not the sort of girls we care to know, evidently, and we've come here to work, not to go in for society." Could the Misses Downes have heard the quiet superiority of Walmesley's tone, they would have liked it even less than my refined strictures.

"My dear Di, that's just what we shall find hard to accomplish. They have attacked our solitude already with a call from the parson and an invitation to tennis from the daughters."

"We shall have to return the call," answered the Cynic, thoughtfully, "but we can easily get out of all attempts at intimacy. We can truly say we aren't going out at all."

"Fancy tennis with the five village maidens," groaned Hosmer, expressively.

"Gentlemen!" called our landlady, from the rose-covered porch, "your tea is getting cold."

II.

We had spent another week at our farm house, a week of absolute solitude and quiet, and we had really and honestly worked hard. Nor had we, since returning Mr. Downes' visit, been troubled with any further overtures of friendliness from him or his daughters. The latter, in fact, passed us by in the lanes or church porch with heads more erect than nature had intended, and that blankness of vision which is supposed to strike awe and pique into the hearts of the obtrusive and scoffing. I am afraid we were only amused, and forgot it as soon as the fair damsels were out of sight. I do not mind confessing—because I have heard the chief offender, Walmesley, do so times without number—that we carried our exclusiveness and fastidiousness to the borders of snobbishness. Or, as the dear old Cynic says, "We behaved like cads, Blake."

We are all older and wiser now, and our love of refinement is less crude and aggressive than it then was. I venture to believe that our standard is not lowered, but our mental eye sweep is clearer and wider and our views of life rounder and mellowed than they were. We don't jump quite so hastily at conclusions drawn from purely superficial data, which in nine cases out of ten prove to be entirely contradictory to the underlying realities. However, I am not going to write an essay on "Manners based upon judgment," but to tell my story.

As I said before, another week had gone by, and, except for the passing yachtsman or wherry party and the occasional glimpses of Mr. and the Misses Downes, we had seen no one above the rank of the farm people. We thought and said that it was this immunity from the distractions of society that made our life at the farm so pleasing; nevertheless, in spite of these protestations, Beamish and Derringer showed signs of boredom. These took the form of yawning loudly over their work and of doing all their reading at the two parlor windows, which looked upon a little lane or "loke" that led to the public highway. It was a very pretty lane, with peeps of green grain fields, studded with blood-red poppies, and be-

yond that a shining curve of the river. Its hedges were sweet with ivory-colored dog-roses and honey-suckle, and its ditches with meadow-sweet and forget-me-not. But it could not be said to offer much advantage to the student of human nature.

Still, the eyes of the Masher and the Beauty might frequently be observed to stray from the pages of Green and Seeley, and seek the flowery charms of the little "loke."

One morning, such a morning as only July in a well watered country can boast, we were all hard at work, Derringer and Beamish as usual at the windows, Hosmer, Walmesley and myself at the great square table in the middle of the hall, when we were startled by an exclamation of admiring astonishment from the lips of both the idlers.

"Great Scott! Who on earth can she be?"

Such is the weakness of human nature that Hosmer and I sprang incontinently from our seats and rushed to the nearest window. Walmesley alone did not seem to have heard the exclamation, and remained with his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on his work. We were just in time to see the retreating form of a young lady, who was walking with slow, languid grace toward the high road. There was something curiously fascinating about her figure, something that combined the lissom ease of a girl with the muscular energy of a man, upright, light, strong and yet willowy, the head—hidden by a large shady hat—set firmly on finely developed

shoulders. She was dressed entirely in white, a perfect sort of gown that vibrated with her movements and fell about her as if it loved her. In her hand she carried a bright red parasol. The whole costume would have suited Lords or Henley; here on the outskirts of the civilized world, where gowns seemed at least a year behind the last dictates of fashion, it was unexpected, not to say startling.

"Whoever she is," remarked Hosmer, trenchantly, "She is a thorough lady."

"Who is a thorough lady?" asked Walmesley absently, looking up from his books.

We launched at once into a vivid description of such of the fair stranger's charms as the red parasol allowed us to see and were not a little annoyed at the Cynic's indifference.

"It is' probably one of the Miss Downses in her new Sunday frock."

"Miss Downses! Di, what a libel! If you had seen this girl you could never have thought such a thing, much less said it," cried the Beauty indignantly.

"Before I am an hour older I will know who that girl is, or my name isn't Thurston Blake," I exclaimed, with fervor, as she disappeared up the lane.

Mrs. Boyton, our landlady, being obviously the nearest source of information, I applied to her with very little success. She couldn't think who it could be unless the new tenants had come to the Hall. She had heard it was to be let but didn't know to whom. Finding her of no avail I laid deeper schemes and fell into casual conversa-



"GENTLEMEN, YOUR TEA IS GETTING COLD." (p. 250).

tion with various farm laborers and villagers, only to find that they knew as little as we did of "the Red Parasol," as we had begun to call her among ourselves.

"Folks gets out of the wherries and yachts to buy their eggs and milk or to take a luke at the country, and parties do run down now and again from Norwich for the day," was suggested by the more intelligent of the natives, and, with this meagre clew to our incognita's reasons for passing our quiet farm, we were fain to be content. The Cynic's attitude, too, was a wet blanket, and our interest might have died a natural death but for the fact that on three successive days we saw the lady in question, once whilst reading at our windows and twice from our boat as we were sailing up the river. She was always alone, always in the same white gown, and her face was always shielded from closer observation by the red parasol.

Even Walmesley at last awoke to the fascination of her mysterious presence and grace, and when, for the fourth time, one exquisite morning, she was descried by me approaching in the distance, we had all except Di taken to reading by the windows. He grew excited and crossed over to the window-seat. His unusual interest was rewarded. As our unknown came into full view of the window she moved the inevitable parasol to her shoulder and looked full at us. Heavens! what a face it was! A perfect, pale oval, with short, waving hair, framing it as the dusky clouds frame the marvel of the moon on a summer night. The features were almost faultless, except perhaps for too much determination about the cut of the chin. The eyes were as quickly lowered as raised, but one glance was enough to show that they were those large, mysterious looking eyes, whose color one never thinks of in wonder at their depth and expression.

Walmesley, who was behind me, drew a long, slow breath. I turned eagerly to him. His face was a little paler than usual and there was a look of admiration in it that satisfied even my enthusiasm.

III.

It was a glorious afternoon a few days later and the whole party except my-

self had gone over to Norwich for shopping purposes. The day was all my own and I meant to enjoy it, so having provided myself with a couple of books and cigars, and a rug for a pillow, I sauntered down to a quiet glade that skirted our Broad and stretched myself full length under a grand old oak tree. The air was deliciously still, so still that one could hear the cool splash of perch and bréam as they leaped in the mirror-like water and the swish of moorhen or water-rat paddling about among the reeds near the bank. The grass all around me was brilliant with sunshine, all the brighter for the dense dark shadow of the oak tree under which I lay. A faint breath of meadow-sweet and honeysuckle hovered about the place and added its share to the delicate drowsiness of the afternoon. I must have fallen asleep over my novel, for I was startled into sudden consciousness by a voice, whether boy's or woman's I could not at first tell, a deep-toned, youthful, lovable voice: "I am so sorry to disturb you, but there is a bull over there and I dare not pass it alone: would you mind going with me as far as the gate?"

"With pleasure!" I exclaimed, and jumping to my feet I turned and encountered—the Red Parasol!

She was smiling, almost laughing at me, with a look of child-like appeal in her eyes that made her more dangerously attractive than ever. I lost my head and as much heart as I had, in that moment.

"I shall be delighted to go with you, though I don't fancy the bull is really dangerous"—it was the meekest specimen I had ever come across! "still your red parasol might possibly excite it. You are not accustomed to the country, perhaps?" I insinuated wilyly.

"I was born in London, my people live there, but I have been at school in the country. I am staying at the vicarage, you know," she continued with a charming air of confidence that completed my subjugation. "Perhaps you know my friends the Downses!"

I believe I blushed: I know I inwardly cursed the Cynic's exclusiveness and my own contemptuous attitude toward the vicarage party. "Mr. Downes has called on us and we

returned the call and they very kindly asked us to tennis, but we came here to read and our chief rather barred society in consequence," I replied, recovering my usual loquacity with an effort.

"Your chief?" asked my fair companion, "who is he?"

"I mean the head fellow of our

devoted to him, you see, he is such an all around good man; if he has a fault I should say it is over-refinement and goodness."

"I detest faultless people," she said a little petulantly; "but here we are at the gate, thank you very much for being so kind to me."



"I AM SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU." (p. 252.)

party, Dion Walmsley; he is an awfully good fellow, and clever. A real good sort," I added falling back upon slang in my enthusiasm.

"I see. But do you do just whatever this Mr. Walmsley likes? He must be rather a tyrant."

"Not a bit of it! we are all very

She gave me a gracious but distant bow that completely neutralized the warmth of her thanks and would have passed me by, but the opportunity was too good to be so lightly lost.

"Won't you let me go a little farther with you?" I pleaded, "there's another bull in the next field, and

I'll be afraid of it for you with that parasol."

"Is it an Irish one?" she asked, with a decided twinkle of fun in her beautiful eyes and a movement as if she expected me to take encouragement from her change of mood.

"Ah! my brogue will out in moments of excitement," I laughed as I shut the gate behind us, "and I am the last person to protect you if you are fearing bulls!"

"I knew you were Irish by your face; you have Irish eyes," she said, looking gravely at them. I blushed with pleasure; everybody who knows anything of Irish eyes will understand why.

"Ah! you should see Hosmer's eyes or Beamish's?" I exclaimed, thereby unconsciously showing that I had swallowed her delicate flattery.

"Oh! do tell me something about your party! I saw you all sailing the other day and was quite interested."

"Well, you see we were a good deal interested in you, too. You won't mind my saying so," I stammered, confused by her quick look which might mean amusement or contempt. "You see you don't look as if you belonged to this part of the world, you are so different from your friends."

"How do you mean?" she asked, as if puzzled. "Do you mean that they aren't interesting?"

"Well, do you honestly think they are?" I asked with a base desire to commit her to an unfavorable opinion of her friends. "They haven't much style you know, and they struck me as being rather silly."

"Will you kindly remember that you are speaking of my friends?" she replied. Her tone of voice was icily well-bred and she moved perceptibly further from me.

"Do, do forgive me," I cried, embarrassed. "I meant nothing in the least disrespectful. They are delightful girls, no doubt; as your friends they can't be otherwise, only you mustn't blame me if I see a difference when you are in question. Don't now please be angry and quarrel with me."

"It is impossible to be angry for long with an Irishman," she replied, turning to me again with the old enchanting

smile on her face; "they beg in such an irresistible way. I will forgive you on one condition—" "Anything!" I interrupted with fervor. "Does your party often come this way?" "No, it is a favorite haunt of mine, but I don't fancy the others have found it out."

"Well, it is a favorite walk of mine and I don't wish to be disturbed here," she continued, "so please don't mention to anyone that you met or spoke to me to-day. I don't mind you," she added with an air of queenly graciousness that at once reduced me to a condition of abject slavery; "in fact, if the bulls are here you might—"

"I might escort you past them safely," I interrupted with my most beseeching and yet respectful manner.

"Just so. Good-bye, and thank you very much for your help to-day."

I longed to ask her who I had had the pleasure of meeting, but something in the dignity of her manner deterred me. I lifted my hat with a glance of respectful admiration and with a little bow on her side we parted.

IV.

In his own quiet way the Cynic was what is commonly called "a very serious-minded man;" no one had ever heard a word of cant from his lips and his reserve showed in no other matter so intensely as in that of his faith. Yet his life was so consistent and instinctive an outcome of a very high ideal that none of us could be as much with him as we were and not be impressed by it. We all knew that he had decided on taking holy orders and that no man ever contemplated such a step in a more reverent spirit, but he never spoke of it except under pressure of necessity, and we saw no alteration from it in a nature that had always been manly and pure beyond even our acknowledged ideal of manliness and purity. His attitude toward women was what might have been expected from such a man, simple and courteous to high and low alike, with a faith in the goodness and charm of the sex which instinctively called out all that there was of good and charming in the woman with whom he happened for the moment to be thrown. All women liked and feared him, except those to whom his fastidi-

ousness and gravity were an unwelcome reproach. He had rightly said that he could not understand fast or flippant women, and it was with genuinely unselfish regret that I contemplated introducing him to the Red Parasol. Her refinement and dignity and yet her almost boyish frankness and fearlessness of bearing would, I felt sure, delight him. That the light of her face and presence had interested him in an unusual degree I was equally sure, and I put it down to his characteristic reserve that after the day he saw her from the window he never alluded to her again. The others openly lamented her supposed departure.

I met my fair incognita twice crossing the same fields, and each time fell deeper than ever under her spell. Never was creature at once so attractive and annoying.

It was impossible to learn anything about her beyond the fact of her friendship and residence with the Downes family, and no entreaties of mine could prevail on her to allow me to make my acquaintance with her known to the others. Had her manner been a thought less perfectly ladylike and frank than it was I should have suspected her of the vulgarity of enjoying a clandestine flirtation; it was to her credit that the more I saw of her the higher grew my opinion and my admiration of her. How high may be judged from the fact that the result of a third interview with her left them still unshaken. I had again begged her to release me from my pledge of secrecy. "I feel as if it cut me away from the others somehow, and especially from Walmesley," I said earnestly; "do let me tell them that I know you and who you are!"

"You are wonderfully faithful to this chief of yours and as you have been very polite and nice to me it shall be as you wish. I can't say all I should like to say to you now; will you come here at nine o'clock this evening and I will tell you all you want to know and you shall say what you will about it to your friends?" I think I showed my astonishment at such a proposal, for she fixed her wonderful grave eyes upon me rather anxiously. "I can hardly expect you to believe that I have very good reasons for asking you to do such an

unusual thing and not to think badly of me for it," she said. "I could never think anything of you but what was beautiful and good," I replied earnestly. She looked at me strangely, I could almost have thought remorsefully.

"I wish now—" she began and then checked herself, "Well, it can't be helped," she added with unusual recklessness of tone; "good-bye till this evening."

V.

It was a strange thing to ask of me, that I should meet her alone and at twilight. The more I thought of it the more perplexed I grew, and the farther off from any satisfactory conclusion. Yet I never doubted my beautiful Red Parasol for a moment. She must have some excellent reasons for her choice of time and meeting, only I failed to see what they could possibly be.

We dined at half-past seven, and I did not get back till nearly eight to find the party half through the meal.

"Hullo, Paddy, what have you been up to? Your beef's cold by now," shouted Beamish.

"I'm not hungry, give me anything that's going. Why, where's Walmesley?" I asked, noticing for the first time that he was not of the party.

"Gone off for the afternoon with a packet of sandwiches and some sherry in case he shouldn't be in to dinner. I think you two should be suppressed altogether," grumbled the Masher, as he helped himself to the last remains of the cream-jug. "You're growing disgustingly unsociable lately with your solitary afternoons, and I don't believe you do a bit more reading than we do, at least you don't. I vote this is the last time you are allowed to go off by yourselves."

I was thankful that the exertion of opening a peculiarly aggressive bottle of soda water accounted for my heightened color, also that my incognita's promise allowed me to answer cheerfully:

"All right, old man, we won't do it again; you shall have the benefit of my delightful society after to-night. I didn't know though that old Di was a fellow-sinner."

"I think he got disgusted with the row the Masher and Hosmer kick up,"

remarked Beamish, with pharisaical complacency.

"I like that!" exclaimed the two accused ones indignantly. "Who shied biscuits at him all yesterday afternoon while he was reading?"

"Well, you'll at least allow that they hit the mark," said Beamish, placidly, as he pushed away his chair. "What are you fellows going to do now?"

"There is a nice light breeze and a prospect of a good, full moon; I vote we sail down the river," suggested Deringer.

"I'm your man," cried Hosmer, catching up his cap and blazer from the sofa where they lay with tackle and papers, coats and books in beautiful confusion. "I've hardly had a mouthful of fresh air the whole blessed day; it isn't half a bad idea. Will you two fellows come?"

"I don't mind if I do," assented Beamish. "What are you going to do, Paddy?"

"I don't think I'll go, thanks; I've a little work to do, and if I go out at all it will only be for a quiet pipe."

I can embroider a story with the best of my countrymen, but prevarication does not come easily to me, and I felt a sense of intense relief when the party at last set sail and left me to the interview which was to end the awkward necessity for such unfamiliar tactics.

I strolled toward the oak tree with very mingled feelings, expectation and a growing, indefinable irritation predominating. I was thoroughly at odds with my present false position, yet a good deal attracted by the fair unknown, curious as to the explanation she promised and not unhopeful of future friendship with her. If she turned out to belong to the social set to which I had instinctively assigned her, my people would be sure to know something of hers, or at least there would be small difficulty in making them acquainted. I was so full of an imaginary scene in which my mother was depicted as warmly embracing the Red Parasol that I reached the place of meeting before I knew it, to find myself forestalled by Walmesley! Here was a pretty situation! Had I been a trifle less taken aback I might have realized a slightly forced note in his quiet "Hullo, old man, going for a stroll?"

"I was going to have a smoke out here," I stammered. I suppose you are on your way back to the farm?" I added, glancing suspiciously at him. He had been leaning against the tree as I came up and something in his attitude gave me the impression that he had been there for some time, and his manner left me in no doubt that my presence was unwelcome. It had a kind of suppressed excitement about it very different from his habitual quietness and self-command. That each wished the other gone was evident. Walmesley was franker than I.

"Look here, old man!" he said, flushing crimson and twisting the book he held nervously round and round in his hands; "I wish you'd go on a bit and leave me to myself; I'll explain why some other time."

All the smouldering irritation in me flamed out into unreasoning anger. A vague distrust came upon me; I gave it no clear shape in my mind, but it was strong enough to settle my determination to see the matter out.

"Thank you," I replied, coldly and sarcastically, "but I have reasons too, for wishing to remain here, and shall be glad if you will be the one to leave."

I could see even in the gathering dusk that Walmesley's face turned pale.

"Look here!" he cried, coming a step nearer to me, "if I could explain this to you I would, but I am not my own master. Leave me, there's a good fellow, and I swear that you shall know why I ask you. I ask it as a favor."

"It is a favor which unfortunately I can't grant," I replied as I quietly flicked the ashes off the end of my cigar.

We seemed to have changed natures; Dion faced me, eager, intensely excited, changing color as quickly as a nervous girl; I, on the contrary, grew cooler and more composed with every moment's growing suspicion and anger.

"I am no more my own master in this affair than you are," I continued meaningly.

Walmesley flashed round upon me passionately.

"You don't mean that she—" he began—

"Has been playing the same game with you both. Exactly," finished a

voice behind us, the voice of the Red Parasol, clear, low of tone and mocking.

We turned quickly, my doubts and indignation justified. Walmesley, as I could see, shaken to the very depths of his sincere, reserved nature.

Great Heavens! Did our eyes deceive us, or was the rising moon playing the fool with our fancy? Before us, his hands in his pockets, stood the slender, well-built figure of a youth of about seventeen or eighteen years old. He wore a rough shooting suit and a light fore-and-aft cap, from under which looked the beautiful, defiant face of the Red Parasol.

For a moment we looked intently at each other, then I broke the silence with a cynical laugh, and Walmesley, striding swiftly over the grass, caught the unknown almost roughly by the arm.

"Who and what are you?" he asked with fierce anxiety.

"John Leigh Dallas, at your service," replied the other calmly.

Dion held him fast for a second, then with an oath—the first and last I ever heard from his lips—flung him off and turned to me.

The sight of his face cast my own share in the deception entirely into the shade; my feelings had been trivial and superficial indeed compared to his. He had fallen in love as only such a man as he can with this supposed girl, and the disillusion was as cruel as it was complete.

VI.

"Perhaps you will kindly explain this extraordinary farce," I said. It was all I could do to keep my hands off the originator of all this mischief.

"Have you forgotten your conversation about the Downes girls?" he asked pointedly.

"Perhaps you did not know that it

was all overheard by little Cecil Downes. He said he forgot till it was all over that he was a cad to listen, but he only thought how it would rile his sisters! He had had a row with one of them and repeated your remarks with interest by way of wiping out old scores. I came the week after to spend my holidays here and the girls were full of the way you had treated them, and their attempts at entertaining you. I am awfully fond of my cousins, they are perfect ladies, though they haven't a London finish about them, and I made up my mind to pay you out for the way you snubbed them. I got hold of Mary—she's the clever one—and between us we concocted this scheme which she

said had a kind of poetical justice in it. She helped me and kept it all dark and dressed me up. The dress belonged to my sister who left it behind her when she was staying here in the spring; the parasol was hers too. It was awfully hard work getting you two alone, but you were the only ones I cared to get hold of, because you had said the nastiest things of the girls. I saw

you by chance under the oak tree the other day and determined not to lose a chance. You"—turning to Walmesley—"I had to lie in wait for in another direction. I think I contrived to keep you apart pretty cleverly till to-night, when I promised to bring you together and let you know how you had both been gulled. And now I have done it I want to say that I am sorry I ever began it. I don't think it was a gentlemanly way of revenging myself on you, and I beg your pardon, both of you."

He held out his hand to me with such frank penitence in his beautiful face that at any other time I should have grasped it warmly and laughed over my discomfiture. But the thought of



"WHO IS A THOROUGH LADY?" (p. 251.)

Walmesley, unsuspecting and deceived at every turn, held me back.

"You have made it impossible for me to tell you what I think of your clever practical joke," I retorted angrily, "by showing us our own want of gentlemanly feeling, but it is a little too much to expect us to meet you on friendly terms."

The lad colored to the roots of his hair; for a moment he struggled with an evident sense of wounded pride and self-disgust and then turned to Walmesley.

"From the very first," he said, speaking with growing shyness and entreaty, "from the very first I was half afraid of you and how you might take this; I had never met anyone like you before, you know, but yet I was determined I wouldn't give it up. I wish now," he went on nervously, "that I had bitten my tongue off before I promised Mary I would do this. I am confoundedly sorry."

The voice was the thrilling, appealing voice of the Red Parasol.

Walmesley made a movement as if to brush away the sound and stood with his back to young Dallas, silent and apparently untouched by the other's emotion. Suddenly he wheeled round and stretched out his hand to him with one of his rare and irresistible smiles. "We were both to blame," he said, kindly. "I ought never to have passed such ungentle judgment on ladies I had never even seen, and you should not have taken it up so hotly and punished it with such a foolish trick. Suppose we agree to forgive each other all round, only," he added with an effort, "don't play such a trick as this again."

Dallas caught the outstretched hand and wrung it, then as if he dared trust himself no longer he rushed away across the field, forgetting that I had still to offer the grasp of peace. Walmesley turned to me.

"Dear old man," he said, putting his arm through mine and moving toward the farm, "I was wrong from the first; we haven't either of us behaved quite fairly to the other fellows. Do you mind my telling them the whole affair?" "Do whatever you think best," I answered warmly, "and forgive my being a brute just now."

Walmesley's only answer was a vigorous tug at my arm that spoke a word of friendship.

POSTSCRIPT.

Five years later I was sitting in a bedroom in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, when a waiter brought me a little note from Walmesley, whom I had not seen since we both left college, asking me to dine with him on the following evening in his curate quarters in the East End of London.

"Beamish told me you were in town for a few days," he wrote; "Hosmer is up, too, and I hear is as popular with his regiment and society at large as he always was with us. They have both promised to come to me and so has the dear old Masher, who is going to desert his beloved law books to be of the party; so don't disappoint me, old man, for I have set my heart on getting 'the show set' together to meet my wife and to talk over old times."

I dashed off a hasty acceptance and meeting Hosmer next day, arranged to go down to Walmesley's rooms with him.

"It will be awfully jolly seeing the dear old boy and all you fellows again," said he as we drove to our destination, but I rather shirk Mrs. Walmesley. What sort of a woman is she?"

"Haven't a notion. I never saw her and don't even know who she was. I can't imagine the Cynic marrying any one but a nice woman, though."

"Well, here we are, and we shall soon see what she is," rejoined Hosmer as the hansom drove up to the door of a better sort of house in a grimy little street. "Heavens! what a place to live in! Just like Di to give up everything and bury himself for conscience sake."

"It's nice enough inside," I remarked *sotto voce*, as a tidy little maid showed us upstairs into the drawing-room, where all further comment on Hosmer's part was checked by Walmesley, very little changed from the Cynic of college days, who greeted us with warm delight. "Eleanor is a bit late, I'm afraid," he said, "a sick woman kept her, but she won't be long." He went to the top of the stairs and called to her, only just her name, but with the tone of a lover, and then came back with a smile on his face that gave me quite a pang of envy, it spoke of such perfect contentment, and announced that she was coming.

There was a soft rustle on the stairs. "Are you in the drawing-room?" asked a voice, full, soft, delicious. But where had I heard it before? I looked at Hosmer and read the same recognition in his face. The other two were evidently at home and showed no surprise, nothing but pleasurable expectation of Mrs. Walmesley's appearance. We all looked toward the door as it opened and saw a tall, slight figure in a long, white gown, high to the throat, with the perfect oval face, the wonderful great eyes and the enchanting smile of the Red Parasol.

"The Red Parasol!"

In my intense surprise and bewilderment I must have said the words aloud, for she came toward me, and extending her pretty hand said, with the friendliest smile:

"No! but the Red Parasol's sister."

"It must have been your gown he wore and your parasol," I answered as I held the proffered hand in a warm grasp. "So it was," she laughed, "and you can't think how interested I was when Jack confessed his wicked trick to us all at home. I never saw my father so angry about anything, though," she continued more gravely, "he thought it so ungentlemanly of Jack and he never rested till he got Dion down to stay with us and apologized to him. Jack is absolutely devoted to Di and really thinks he has thrown himself away on me." She glanced mischievously at her husband, who laughed and shook his head. "Jack has better taste," he said, "than to think such treason against his twin. He always says I must have met Eleanor in my dreams and that his likeness to her was what attracted me in him."

"You are most extraordinarily alike," I said, turning to Mrs. Walmesley. "Dear, dear, how smitten I was with your brother in his borrowed plumes! How is he?"

"In the best of health and spirits, and having a very good time with his regiment in India."

"Does he still devote himself to the Miss Downses?" asked Hosmer, shyly.

"Just as much as ever," she answered merrily; "he and Mary keep up a fierce correspondence."

Mary was 'the clever one,' if I remember rightly, to whom we owed our discomfiture," I remarked with becoming gravity. "But Walmesley owes her a deep debt of gratitude."

I believe Mrs. Walmesley thought I was a charming person before the evening was over, and if Di had had a grain of jealousy in his disposition my conduct ought to have roused it. However on the principle that "honesty is the best policy" I was candid.

"I hope you don't mind, old man," I remarked to him as he helped me into my great coat in the passage, "but I'm deeply in love with your wife."

"My dear Paddy, I'm more than flattered, I'm delighted; it's just what I hoped you would be."

"Are there any more of them?" I asked with eager anxiety.

"Any more of them!" repeated Di, utterly mystified.

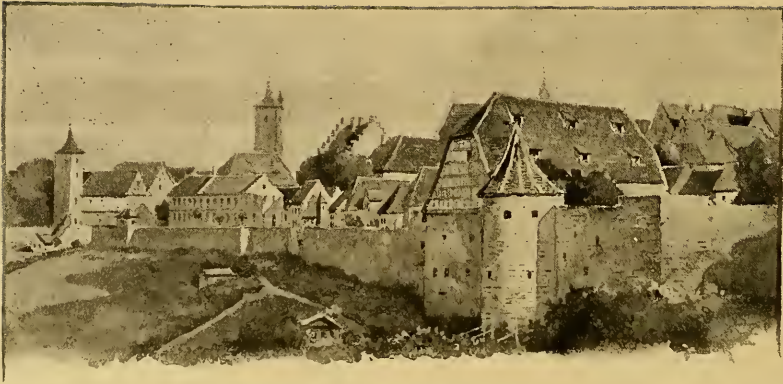
"Yes, any more sisters left?"

"Only five," laughed the Cynic; "why do you ask?"

"Because I'll die a bachelor, or marry one of them."

And I may remark in confidence that I have met another Miss Dallas, and that I don't think I shall die a bachelor!

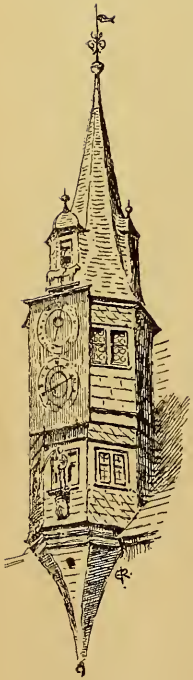




THE WALLS OF ROTHENBURG.

BAVARIAN BYWAYS.

By J. E. Rogers.



CLOCK TURRET OF
THE TOWN HALL,
ROTHENBURG.

THE tourist tide that flows steadily through the Rhine Provinces and South Germany little affects the byways of Franconia. Eastward and southward the course of travel takes its way, and few of those who hasten to Bayreuth, to Nuremberg, to Munich, or elsewhere, find opportunity to visit those quaint little towns which stand aside from the well-known routes and do not loudly challenge the world's attention. Of such is Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, known to artists and antiquarians as a most picturesque and profoundly interesting old town, but rarely mentioned in the notes of travelers.

Rothenburg is but a small town, containing within its ancient walls some eight thousand inhabitants, whose industry is plied in such trades as assist the agriculture of the district. The

town occupies the summit of one of the spurs on the western slopes of the Steiger-Wald, overlooking the valley of the Tauber, the steep descent to which is covered by orchards, vineyards, gardens and grassy slopes. The terminus of the short railway from Steinach is a short distance outside the eastern gate, the *Röden-Thor*, but, so soon as you cross the moat, railways and all the familiar things of modern life are left two centuries distant. Old gray walls, tower-supported at frequent intervals, form an outward defense, and a second line of fortifications incloses the inner and older part of the town. Of these inner gateways the *Röderbogen* and the *Weisser-Thurm* are picturesque examples. Into the last mentioned a fine old house has been built, and the beauty of the carved stone *erker*, or oriel window, at once arrests attention. Within the gates old houses with high-pitched gables, decorated fronts, and quaint dormer windows, cluster thickly; grotesque old fountains spout a plentiful supply of water into deep stone basins, as they have continued to do for centuries; oil-lighted lanterns swing on chains across the cobble-paved streets, and each turn presents a delightful mediæval picture wonderfully preserved.

Through the chances and changes of centuries, in spite of warlike assaults

and popular commotions, and the insidious dangers of less troublous times, the character of the town has been retained, the inhabitants adapting modern requirements to existing structures. The spirit of demolition has been suppressed by general consent, and so the Rothenburg of to-day presents very much the appearance it did in the seventeenth century, and much that then was ancient still remains, reminding of a long and interesting history stretching back to the tenth century, and of a vigorous existence of five hundred years as a free city of the empire.

When a house is "*renoué*"—for houses however well built will require repair in the course of a century or so—the old lines are followed in the restoration of the decorations that add beauty to their broad high fronts. So also with the older church fabrics. The doctrines of the Reformation were accepted by the inhabitants generally in 1543, but reforming zeal does not seem to have directed its energy to the destruction of the artistic work of previous generations, and carved altars, crucifixes, calvary stations, statues of saints and the Madonna remain in St. Jakobs-kirche with a Lutheran ritual as when Mass was celebrated there. The sacristan still shows a crystal on the altar that incloses a drop of the Holy Blood.

Towers of all heights and forms defend the walls and inner line of fortifications—heavy, four-square and solid, or

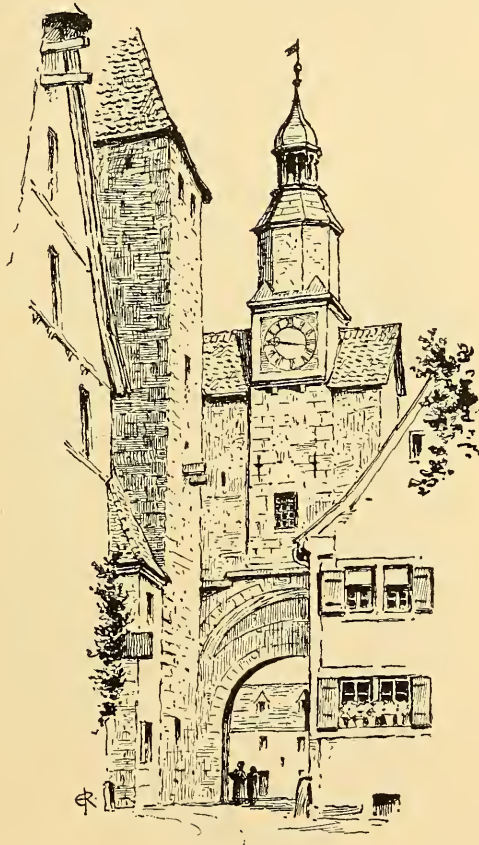
round, alert, and graceful, with high conical red roofs. Over the wide doorways of many of the houses heraldic bearings tell of the grandeur of the families for whom they were built, and marble tablets record the names of historical personages who found shelter in mansions which are as fit for the entertainment of Kaiser William of to-day as they were for Kaiser Maximilian in the fifteenth century. Around

old courtyards still run wooden galleries looking down on cool secluded gardens, and the substantial character of the houses testifies to a long pedigree of civic importance which no longer attaches to the town.

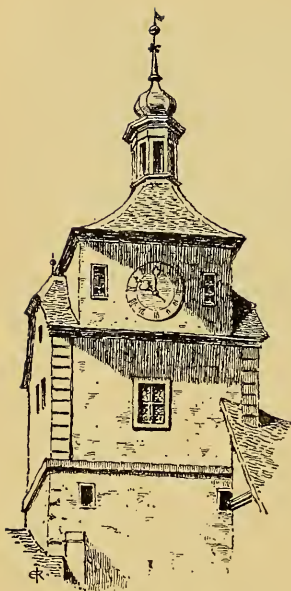
Legends have thickly incrustated the small historical facts in connection with many of the old civic homes. For instance, where the sign of the "*Gasthaus zum Goldenen Greifen*" glitters in high relief, the burgomaster Toppler dwelt at the end of the fourteenth century and carried on those practices afterward held to be treasonable, for which he suffered death in the dungeons of the

Rathhaus. Tradition says that from the underground chambers where Toppler secretly administered his courts of justice his wife had a subterranean passage excavated to the Rathhaus, but the attempt at rescue was too late.

Conspicuous among the many towers is the Rathhaus, a fine renaissance building replacing an older gothic structure of which little remains. In the court-yard is a beautiful time-worn doorway much



THE RÖDERBOGEN, FROM INSIDE.



WEISSTURM, ROTHENBURG.

to be admired for design and vigor of carving, though the upper part has suffered from disintegration.

Westward from the Rathaus was the Herrengasse, a broad, tree-planted thoroughfare of which the townsmen are justly proud. On either side are fine examples of renaissance work applied to domestic architecture and here is the Fountain of St. George,

one of the many fountains ornamenting the town and providing an excellent supply of water. This fountain is a worthy memorial of the good deeds of Hans Viltes, the master builder, in 1446. From the centre of a stone basin decorated with masks and ornaments in high relief, rises a pillar, richly carved and colored, and on the summit, the Saint spears the dragon.

Another fountain in the Herrengasse has a column surmounted by a male figure, with crown and sceptre and fish-tail legs oddly curled under each arm. A similar figure, less crown and sceptre, ornaments a fountain near the old gothic church of St. Wolfgang, and what the symbol means antiquarians may explain.

At the western end of the Herrengasse stands the high Burg-Thor, and outside the gate delightful pleasure gardens occupy the site where once the castle stood. Prominent in the view of the town presented stands the fine Klingen-Thor, and below lies the wooded Tauber

valley where the river murmurs over the weir and turns the mill wheel.

In the public garden stands such a simple memorial as is found in many German towns to perpetuate the memory of those citizens who fell in the Franco-German war; an obelisk inscribed with names and hung with garlands renewed as the anniversary of Sedan Day comes round. In Rothenburg, as elsewhere, this day is observed with such pomp and ceremony as are available. There is firing of guns, ringing of bells, playing of brass bands, a great display of imperial colors and lusty singing of patriotic songs in the Rathaus square. The burgomaster and his colleagues in civic government, clad in solemn black, head a procession in which every functionary with a uniform has a place, the survivors of those Rothenburgers who took part in the war, escorting the town banners furled and draped with crape. With band playing a slow march, and drums muffled, they proceed down the broad Herrengasse out at the Burg gate and group around the monument. Songs are sung, and two townsmen to whom the duty has been delegated, deliver speeches befitting the occasion. Then fresh green laurel wreaths replace the last year's withered boughs, the band strikes up a lively strain, the banners with their bright emblazonings are unfurled and a special service is attended at St. Jakobs-Kirche. A simple ceremony and not without dignity in the manner in which it is conducted.

Rothenburg's great festival falls at Whitsuntide, when is celebrated, in characteristic fashion, a supposed incident in the thirty years war, the big drink of Burgomaster Nusch. A local bard some years since wrought the incident into a grand spectacular drama which took hold of the popular imagination. Nearly half the inhabitants were actors in the play, the principal performers in seventeenth century costume; the walls, the streets, and the Rathaus were stage and



A GATE AT SULZFELD.

scenery, and the great success of the first representation led to an annual repetition. The town is attacked, defended and carried by assault. The imperial forces occupy the fortifications, and the burgomaster and councillors assembled in the Rathhaus await, in dignified submission, the appearance of Count Tilly. He, entering in a rage, requires the lives of four of the civic leaders, and despite all entreaties from the women, the executioner is sent for.

In the awful pause that follows, the heroine of the day suggests that the conqueror might be "open to a modest quencher." Let hospitality be observed though heads should fall. Forthwith, the welcome cup is filled, not as would be presumed with Tauber wine, which, wholesome and refreshing as it is, would scarcely be considered a drink for heroes. The dread Tilly tastes, approves and passes round to his staff, but as the huge vessel holds some six quarts or so, it does not return empty. Then the saturnine soul of Tilly suggests that probably the capacity of the citizens

lies more in drinking than fighting, and he offers to forego the life forfeit if any one of the townsmen will drain the flagon at a draught. This is scouted as an ill-timed jest until old Burgomaster Nusch, who has had some practice that way in his earlier years, as the burgomaster of a free city should, accepts the offer, loosens his belt, squares his shoulders, and slowly drinks, drinks, drinks to the accompanying roll of the drums, until the pot is bottom upward, and the bystanders break into shouts of astonish-

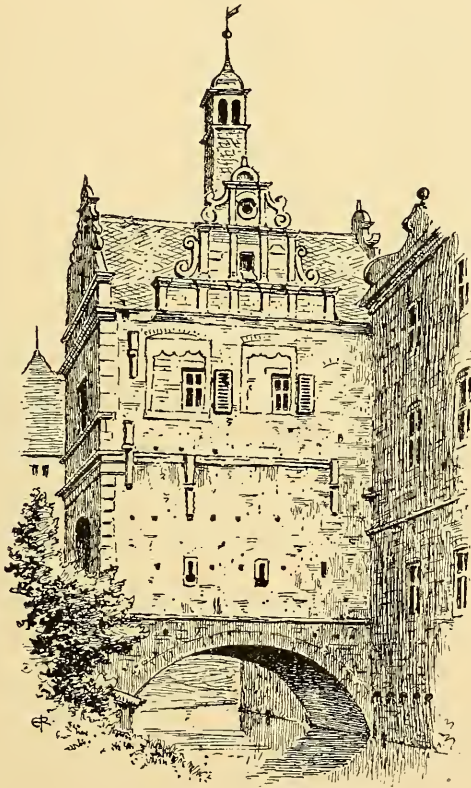
ment and admiration. So the lives of the members of the corporation are spared. They have drunk themselves out of their difficulty as other communities have since, and banquets and processions close the festival. There is no reason to suppose that Tilly ever was at Rothenburg; but no matter, it is a picturesque pageant, and Rothenburg, without doubt, has been the theatre of many a stormy scene during the long wars of the seventeenth century. Quiet

enough is the old town now.

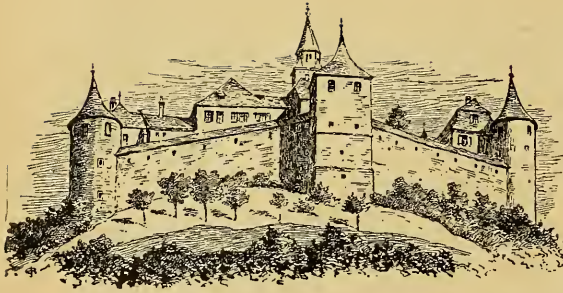
During long summer days there is no lack of interest and material for artistic study, but in the evening, if you want any stimulating excitement, you must seek it in *Kegelbahn*, or in the mysteries of *Slauch*. You must fall in with the simple habits of the place, rise early, be prepared with an appetite for the homely midday *table d'hôte*, well served with its not unpalatable combinations of sweet and sour, and cultivate loquacity over the proper quantity of Bavarian beer. With this beverage the town is well supplied from a

score of breweries within its limited area. The drink is light and wholesome, and there is less drunkenness than may be met with in many an English or American town of half its size.

In many a beer house the national drink flows freely in liberal *seidel*, cool and foaming, but, as a good example of the Bavarian *bier-halle*, Dickhauts deserves mention. The sun blazes on the high pyramidal front and steep gable, and the broad doors, standing open, dis-



TOWN HALL, MARKTBREIT.



SCHLOSS COMBURG, NEAR HALL.

close a cool, delightful retreat beneath a waving foliage. Entering, we find a large room covering nearly the whole of the ground floor, a stone pillar in the centre supporting heavy cross-beams. Light comes in through low, bull's-eye windows, forms and tables stand around, and an old carved oak stair-case gives access to the floors above. Young birch trees, cut to the height of the room, have a pretty decorative effect. On the walls are paintings, mottoes and doggerel rhymes of a convivial character, exhorting an imitation of the old Germans who invariably took another glass.

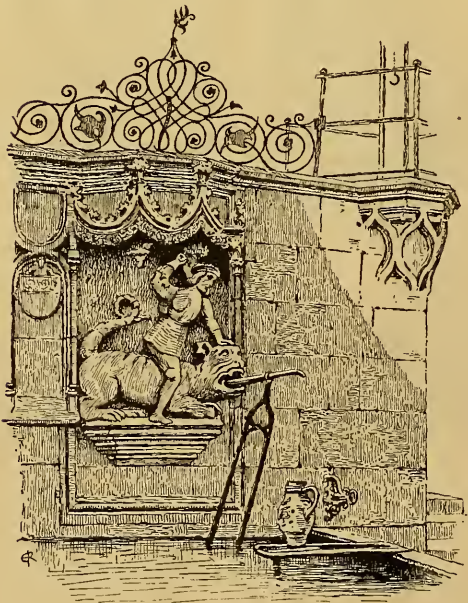
A courteous, kindly people are the inhabitants of Rothenburg, a trifle cere-

monious, perhaps. Your hat will become limp with lifting in a morning's walk. The visitor will find the townsfolk ever ready to respond to conversational overtures and to gratify curiosity that extends to quaint interiors and out-of-the-way nooks. On the other hand, he may set up his easel in the street by the side of one of the fountains, where unmolested pigeons strut and drink, and be as free from interruption as the stork in her nest on Mark's Tower by the Röderbogen. Should his taste be in woodland and riverside subjects, he may indulge it by descending into the valleys and, returning at midday, may chance to hear a chorale from a brass band or the Rathhaus, and may admire the sweet, sad strains as they float to his ear filtered through some hundred fathoms of still, sunny air. From the slope of the Essigkrug he may have a fine view of the town. The red roofs seem to be ripening in the sun like the fruit in the orchards under the walls, and a glorious sight it is when the sun sends his last waves of light across the valley and they break in many-colored surf among the towers and gables of old Rothenburg.

It is but a short journey into Swabian land and the quaint little town of Schwäbisch Hall, on the little river Kocher. Here the taste for the picturesque will be amply gratified. Buildings crowd to the water's edge in most admired disorder; the straggling Gelbingenstrasse, with its clock-tower and irregular line of house fronts, the fine, open Market Platz, the old gothic church of St. Michael, approached by a high and wide semicircle of stone steps, all present features of the greatest artistic and antiquarian interest. At the foot of the church steps is a carved stone fountain, dating from the early years of the sixteenth century.

Three subjects occupy the length of a low, broad stone wall at the back of the basin of water. In the centre the Archangel Michael spears the dragon, and on either side Samson and St. George slay their special monsters, from whose mouths the water flows. On the top of the wall stands the stone pillory, on which the manacles still hang.

A pleasant riverside walk leads to the Schloss Comburg, once a Benedictine abbey, now a home for old soldiers.



SCHWÄBISCH HALL, PART OF A FOUNTAIN OF ST. GEORGE.



ROTHENBURG, THE RÖDERBOGEN.



AT SCHWÄBISCH HALL.

Perched on the summit of a grassy hill, completely walled in, and with dwarf trees growing round the slopes, it has all the quaint formality of a background in a mediæval picture, and yields itself with special fitness to the peaceful contemplations and the reminiscences of the past struggles of its military veterans. Indeed, it needs but a slight effort of the imagination to conceive that it must have been originally in-

tended rather for a fortress to withstand assaults from without, than a monastery to restrain only the peaceful Benedictine who lived within. Certainly, no bastioned home or walled city could afford a better text on which to hang the relation of doughty deeds of yore.

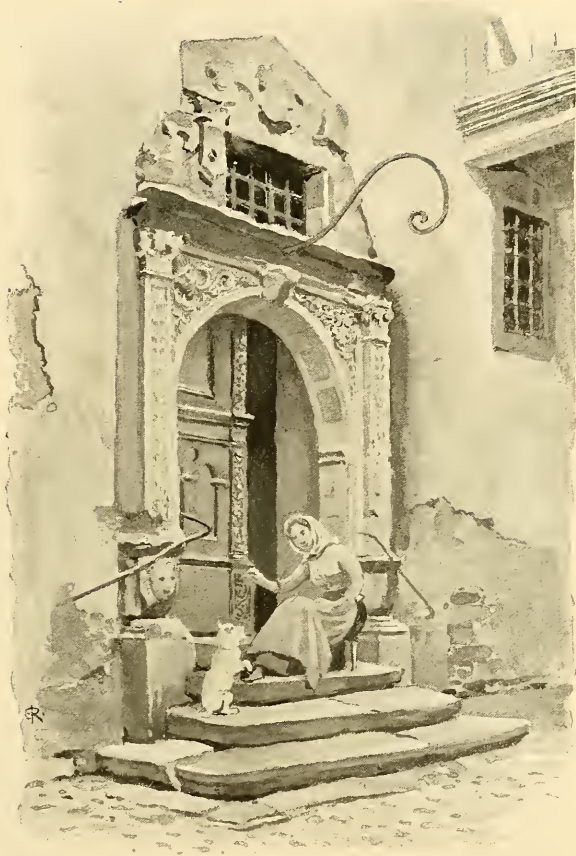
As diligently slow the *bummel-zug* pursues its way by the banks of the Maine after leaving Wurzburg, glimpses of small towns here and there induce a desire for closer acquaintance. Nor will the traveler, should he find opportunity for these riverside rambles, be disappointed. The churches at Ochsenfurt and the remains of the old fortifications are very interesting. The seventeenth century Rathhaus has a quaint little turret and a fantastical clock-work arrangement. In front of the Rathhaus is an immense crucifix and figure of the Virgin, and throughout the town are many evidences that the older form of religion prevails. Here on Sundays and holidays some of the ladies adopt

the old Bavarian costume, with stiff farthingale and crude bright colors.

From Ochsenfurt a short walk through flowery meadows leads to the tiny walled town of Frickerhausen, on the verge of the swiftly-flowing river.

Marktbreit, a busy little town a few miles to the east, has a fine old Rathhaus built over a streamlet. The magisterial room is finely paneled with various colored woods.

Many another name recalls pleasant pictures of homely life in unfrequented districts in Franconia, and vivid is the recollection of these little towns. On the Maine is Sulzfeld, with its crumbling gray walls and half-ruined towers basking in the hot August sunshine. Long files of white geese practice their peculiar step between the water-gate and the river, otherwise the town is well nigh deserted, the inhabitants being away in the fields gathering the harvest, which, as evening falls, is brought home in heavily-laden ox-drawn wains amid much bustle and beer.



ROTHENBURG, DOORWAY IN THE RATHHAUS.

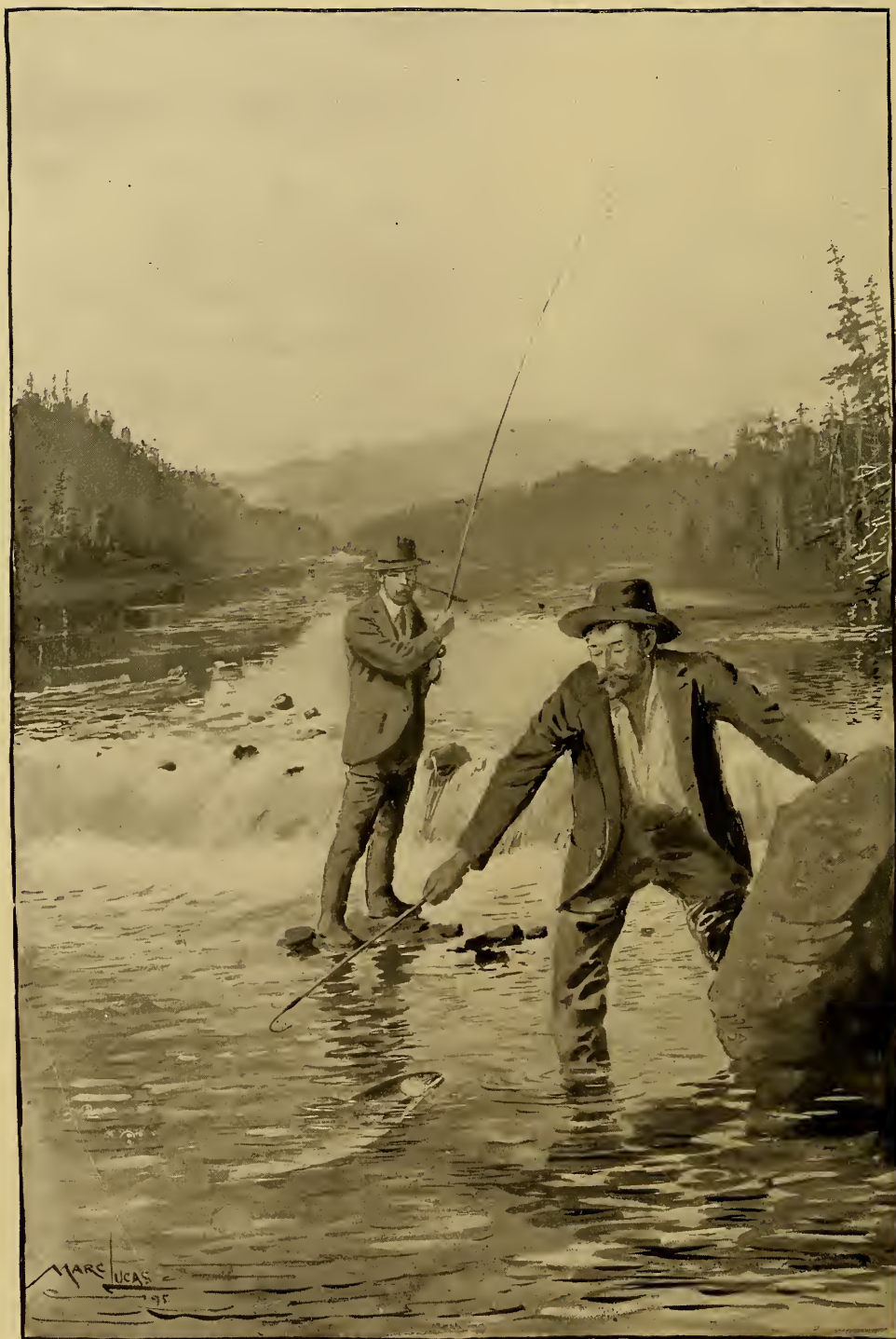
MORNING ON A TROUT STREAM.

LO! in the east the opal light of day
Spreads softly, silently, and almost awfully,
O'er all, its spiritual glory. Pearly gray—
In palest radiance painting the dim sky.
Broadening to daylight does it grow and now
Sweet bird-notes, twittered quaintly, break the
Swelling anon to greetings loud that grow [calm,
To choral music—Nature's matin psalm.

Lightly we wave our wand of magic spell—
The dainty fly falls lightly on the stream,
Strange necromancy this, that can compel
That sudden splash and living jewels' gleam!
Now curves the wand!—the quarry fiercely fights
For freedom! As he leaps the morning sun
Illumines his bright sides with silvern lights:
But soon his proud heart breaks—his race is run.

Now the lush meads with diamond dew-drops flash;
And hark the gurgling brook! that all night long,
With voice untiring, and melodious plash,
Has sung to the tired landscape its soft song!
Ever the same its gladsome chant is swelling,
Gliding with joyaunce, flecked with light or shade;
Dimpling in glee, its crystal springs out-welling
'Mid greening meadows or the bosky glade.

And like a high-born warrior he lies
Clothed in an armor of the rainbow's hues.
A monarch of the stream! he gasping dies—
A hero-spirit death alone subdues!
Anear the hermit thrush bewails his fate,
With melancholy sweetness in her voice,
While we the victor joyously elate
In the lark's skyward hymn of praise rejoice.



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

"Two Weeks with Newfoundland Salmon." (p. 209.)

READY FOR THE GAFF.

TWO WEEKS WITH NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON.

By Perdetti.

"ALL aboard!"

The sound of hurried feet, a vibration in the ship from heel to toe, the splash of a rope falling short into the water, and we were off for the land we had so often dreamed of. During the long, slothful winter our fancies had conjured up bright visions of the lusty salmon fighting his spirited battle for freedom and life in the cold rivers of the sea-beat land.

Let me here explain that "we" consisted of only Will and myself. Down Halifax harbor we steamed, past the forts, where the guns looked grimly down upon us; past the various small craft and pleasure boats, from some of which fair hands waved kerchiefs and sweet voices bade "Bon Voyage," as we sped on our way; on to Chebucto Head, and the broad Atlantic.

Soon our gallant ship began to pitch and roll, and we, contrary to the captain's stoutly expressed "No one is ever sick on the *Harlaw*," concluded that we should be more comfortable below. We did not venture again on deck until sunrise next morning, when a lovely day greeted us! And how pleasant it was to loll about the deck basking in the sunshine, breathing the fresh, invigorating air, with never a thought of business interrupting the moment's enjoyment.

That day we passed through the lovely Bras d'Or lakes—the delight of the tourist, the heaven of the artist—and at dark reached Sydney, the chief town of Cape Breton Island. Leaving Sydney we headed straight north to the extreme point of the island, which is most appropriately named Cape North, and having left this in our wake we turned a point east and made for St. Paul's Island, which is considered about half way between shore and shore.

On the third morning after leaving Halifax we reached Channel, the first point on the Newfoundland coast at which the *Harlaw* touches. Then pass-

ing along the shore and doubling Cape Ray we reached Cod Roy. From the landing to the river of the same name, and in which there is excellent fishing, the distance is about seven miles. But we did not wish to stop here now.

The Humber river was our goal. So on we went, past Bay St. George to Bay of Islands, into which the Humber flows, and we began already to feel the rod in our hands, and to see the salmon leap from the stream in mad endeavor to free himself from the hook. We had telegraphed to a man named Nicholls—who with his family are the only people on the river—to meet us at the Bay of Islands, and he was waiting our arrival. But, to our intense disappointment, he told us that we were too early for the fish. "A fortnight too early, sir; the first of July is about the time for fish up the river. What you had better do is to go up the river and wait about until the fish arrive." We did not relish the idea of wasting a solid fortnight in this manner, so after a few moments' debate, we decided to return to the Cod Roy, have a week's fishing there, and then go up the Humber. We therefore remained with the *Harlaw* as far as Boune Bay, where we landed, to await the return of our ship which went a little farther north.

The coast along here is magnificent. Large fiords make inland, the bluff on either hand rising boldly from the water's edge. In places we would see the hills rising inland, their summits capped with snow, and glistening in the sunlight like furbished silver.

It was Sunday morning when we again boarded our ship, and a most charming day. The water like a mirror, save when now and then a cat's-paw ruffled its surface, the air soft and sweet as the balmiest day in spring.

At five o'clock next morning we arrived at Cod Roy, and immediately proceeded to get ourselves and baggage

transferred to the shore. I say transferred, for there are no wharves there, and passengers and baggage are all taken from the steamer in the good old-fashioned manner of being rowed ashore in boats. Cod Roy is a mere hamlet. We stayed no longer than was necessary, and having procured a Jehu and team drove to Cod Roy river. Here we stopped at a house kept by Miss Siers, who it seems is accustomed to see fishermen, for we had no sooner told our errand than she volunteered to procure men for us, and after a short absence our hostess returned, bringing with her two men named respectively Mike and Denis, who signified their willingness to "gang along wi' us" up the Cod Roy.

That evening we reached a pool called the "Overfall," where we decided to camp for the night. It is only a second-class pool, but I was sure there were salmon in it. It was too late, however, to cast a fly that night, so we pitched our tents and had supper. After disposing of this we sat about the fire smoking and talking, and as we talked our fire burned low, bats and moths fluttered about our heads, the stars came out one by one, and their images, caught in the ripples of the stream, went dancing along the water. The hoot of an owl came like a ghost from the darksome woods and was lost in the murmur of the river, and then we turned in to dream sweet dreams. But such were not to be mine that night, for I tossed and turned on my rubber bed until the "wee sma' hours." It was my first night out that year, and I could not keep myself warm. I had about the traditional "forty winks," when I was roused by the stir of the men making up the fire for breakfast, and soon we were ready for the fray.

It was glorious to feel the old Castle-Connell in one's hand again, and see the silver doctor glancing through the stream. Ah, the glories of the sport of a salmon-fisher! What can equal it? See him, as with rod held back over his shoulder, the tip doubled forward, his ear filled with sweet music of the whizzing reel, his eye lighted with the joys of anticipated victory, he plays the first salmon of the season! I had scarce made half a dozen casts when I had a

rise from what seemed to be a good-sized fish. After waiting a moment I cast again, and at it he came with a rush. A bar of silver leaped from the stream, was caught for a moment in the bright beams of the morning sun, and then sank again. I had him hard and fast. "By Jove! what a whale he must be!" I thought. Yard after yard of line went flying out. There was no stopping him. He again leaped from the pool. Ah! what is that? Fouled in the tail, as I'm a sinner! And not such a large fish after all. It often happens in fly-fishing that a fish will be fouled in some part of the body like this. He will jump at a fly, and from some cause—such as being too eager—will overshoot the mark, and the hinder part of his body will foul the fly as he is going down. When a fish is hooked in this manner the fisherman must steady himself for a tiresome struggle, for he will not land the prize until after many a run is over. He has not the control over his fish as when it is hooked in the mouth. I have seen a salmon hooked foul fight for hours, and, had the same fish been hooked in the mouth, it would have been landed in twenty minutes. As it was I had a two hours' fight with this fish. He dashed about the pool, taking out yard after yard of line as though it were a mere trifle. Time after time would I wind in fifty or sixty yards, when, with a mighty rush, he would be off again, and it would all go spinning out. How tired my arms got! At one time I could scarcely hold my rod up, and I almost wished that the fish would break away that I might get a rest, and then I set my teeth and determined that I would kill that fish if I had to play him for a week. I had wound in my line pretty well once and was thinking that Denis might risk a trial of gaffing, when, just as the fish was coming within distance, a new freak seized him and he dashed off at an awful rate straight down stream. My line was whizzing out like lightning, and in a few moments would be gone. So I decided we must follow him. "Up, Killock Denis," I cried, "and after him!" and soon we were dashing down stream in pursuit with about five yards of line on the reel. Presently he slowed up and I reeled in, hoping to get him this

time. Vain hope! for he was off down stream again on another cruise. And so we fought on for two mortal hours, and when at length I did capture him, he had taken us a full mile from where he rose. That fish weighed only ten pounds, but I had got fight enough out of him for a fish three or four times his weight. My companion, Will, landed two good fish and lost another while I was down stream.

We now struck camp and proceeded up the river, wishing to have the afternoon's fishing in the real pool, "Salmon-Hole,"—a most suggestive name, truly, calling up many memories.

The river here is shallow, and not much more than a hundred yards in width. It lies about midway between two parallel ranges of hills, apart from each other a distance varying from one to three miles. The crests of some of these hills are covered with snow the greater part of the year. It was a pretty piece of country, the river valley full of ferns and a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, with here and there a few of the earlier wild flowers peeping out.

As we came up to the pool—Salmon Hole—we disturbed a large eagle. He was sitting on an old tree, but when he saw us he took wing and began mounting the air in those strong sweeping circles that always suggest to me grand power and a desire for space. I have a strong liking for these birds, they seem capable of such large ideas. What is height, depth, distance to them? A day's tramp for us is but a matter of a few moments to them. If there is any bird or beast that can grasp the idea of infinity, I think it must be the eagle.

Wishing to change the fly on my cast before beginning operations here, I put my hand to my pocket to take out my fly-book, when horror! I found that my pocket was empty. Now, losing a fly-book at this time in the trip was a serious matter. It meant a good many fish, for there was no way of replacing the snares as we had no feathers.

"Will," I said to my companion, "you haven't seen my fly-book anywhere, have you?"

"What! No!" he answered. "You haven't lost it?"

"I'm afraid I have," I replied.

While trying to think what could have

happened to it, and wondering would it be worth while to walk back a short distance to see if I had dropped it, Will broke in and said:

"You didn't leave it on that rock away back there?"

And then I recollected that I had sat down upon a rock, about a mile and a half down stream, and taken out my book to select a new casting line. And there I must have left it. It was a broiling hot day, and I was tired, so it was with no enviable feelings that I trudged back to look for that book. After half an hour's tramp I found the rock upon which I had been sitting, and, sure enough, there was my open fly-book.

I was too exhausted to swing my heavy rod when I got back to Salmon Hole, so I made a little nest for myself among the willow saplings and Balm of Gilead trees, and, sinking down, watched Will thrashing the pool. For a while the hope of seeing him kill a fish kept me watchful, but gradually my weariness, the sweet odors of balm trees, the gentle breeze, the soft murmur of the waters, were too much for me, and I fell asleep, to dream of snaring a monster salmon with the strap off of my fly-book. I was about to tell Denis to stand ready to gaff the fish, when I was awakened by Will shaking me, and asking if we had better not camp for the night on this pool instead of going on to the next. We decided to do the former, as it had for some time been threatening rain and, anyway, we might as well have the evening's fishing in Salmon Hole. We took four fish out of this pool, the largest weighing twenty pounds.

Just before sunset the ominous-looking clouds on the horizon dispersed, and the sun shone brightly for a few minutes. We heard an owl hoot and remembered the old adage:

"And owls that mark the setting sun, declare
A starlight evening and a morning fair."

This night I slept very well, except that I was troubled for a while by one or two flies that worked their way through my mosquito netting and began operations on me. Will was better fitted out in this respect, having a framework covered with muslin which he stretched about his bed, and through

this no fly could penetrate. In the morning we would often find them perched by hundreds upon the netting.

The flies on the Cod Roy are of four distinct varieties. The largest is the deer-fly, or, as it is sometimes called, the copper-headed fly. This fellow worries the deer a great deal and is very vicious, drawing blood like a leech. He is gray in color, and is a half-brother, I think, to our horse-fly. Then there are two grades of mosquitoes, the large and small, the former nearly an inch long and much more formidable looking than he really is; the latter is much the same as our own mosquito and bites like a fiend. The third and fourth varieties are our own black-fly and the small sand-fly—the “biteum no seeum” of the Indian. These are never “slothful in business” when opportunity is afforded them.

Our faith in the saying of the owl was not vain, for next morning broke gray and still, with a slight mist which soon lifted and disappeared under the influence of the sun.

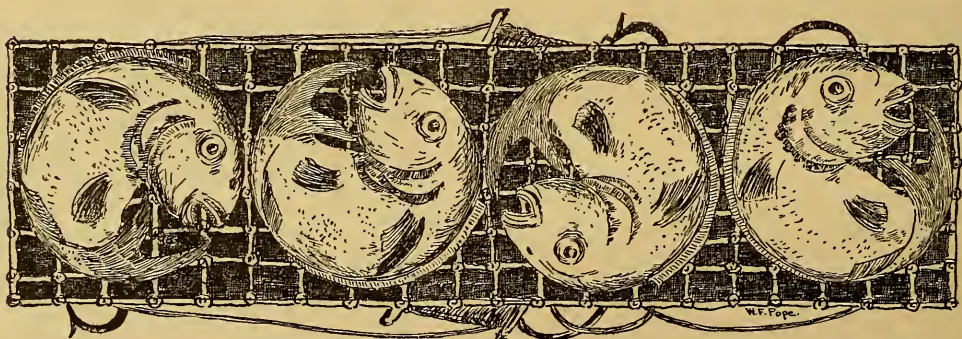
We had the morning's fishing here and each succeeded in capturing another fish, and then we journeyed on up the river to the “Forks,” the best pool on the Cod Roy, formed at the junction of the two branches of the river. It is a lovely, long pool, very suggestive of twenty pounders. We fished all along the river as we ascended, but did not do much except in the pools, of which there were only three or four. The bed of the river is continually changing, and one often finds a place holding a few fish that in former seasons was nothing but a plunging rapid. But those pools which I have named are

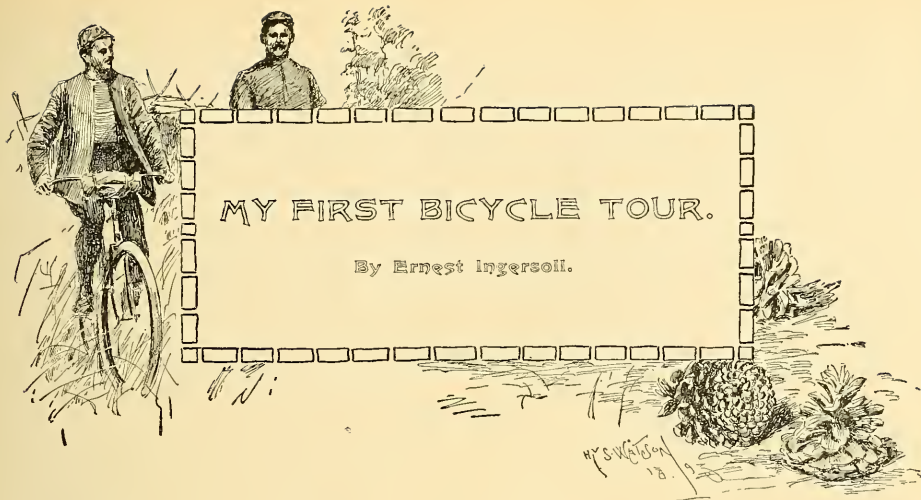
always certain to hold fish if there are any in the river. At the “Falls” we tented on an old camping ground that had been used for several years.

It did not take us long to get to work on the pool. Ah! that fellow was touched. No! there he was again. I had him this time. At the same moment a shout from Will told me that he had hooked a fish. And how those two fish cut about the pool, and played duets upon the musical reels! I never found a pool better stocked with fish in my life. One after another would come up from the same “lair,” and make the line sing as they rushed about. I forget how many fish we took here the first day, but it was an astonishing number, and next day the pool seemed as well stocked as ever.

Day after day we fished, not wishing to give up such good sport for the uncertainty of that in the Humber river. Day after day we rose before the sun and worked the pool. Then a late breakfast, a ramble about the country, or perhaps an excursion for trout for our larder, or a trip down stream to the nearest house for fresh eggs, butter, etc., and the morning would wear to the afternoon, and then the evening fishing over, a hearty meal, and a pull at the pipes as we stretched out with our feet to the blaze—made more for pleasure than comfort—and listened to the yarns of the men, would end the day.

So through those long, sunny days we gathered rich stores of health and happiness and forgot all but the enjoyment of the moment. And then, the nights. He who knows not nature in the wilds, and by night, knows not her better half.





L EONIA, N. J., is a modern suburban village lying along the western foot of Bergen Ridge and reaching up the hillside wherever a road runs. It is so hidden in trees, that one can see only a little of the place at a time, but those glimpses encourage exploration. East and west through the village runs the ancient road from Hackensack to Fort Lee, and it was toward the latter point that we trundled our wheels on the first morning of my country riding.

A crack rider could no doubt have ridden up the hill for half a mile or so at least, but we made no pretensions, and didn't try it. Some charming country homes line the street here, where magnificent old orchards have lately been cut up into town lots, and pretty cottages are going up among the trees, for, thank goodness, few of them are cut down. And what gorgeous bouquets all these apple trees are this mid-May week! Canopies of pink and white, arching over deep lush greens of grass and set against a soft sky; exhaling fragrance upon every passing breeze that moves their nectar-laden boughs; and harboring hosts of tiny guests—bees with jackets yellow with pollen, butterflies tiptoeing daintily over the flowers, birds darting through the leaves, adding their song to the charm of the picture, and shaking down the petals with their careless wings. Nowhere are more beautiful orchards than these along the western slope of Bergen Ridge.

This first rise was a short one, and we soon mounted and ran down an avenue of maples a few hundred yards to the next rise, where we slid off and pushed our machines up the stony roadway. The day was warm and the footing was rough, but we could not be kept from enjoying the beauty of that hillside. Off to the right were old fields, that looked as if they had not seen a plow for fifty years, dotted with trees and divided by tangled fence lines and clumps of shrubbery, where snowy sprays of dogwood were held against the rich green of the other foliage as if on purpose to be admired.

At the left of the road the valley opens far away to the northward—a long vista of pasture and woodland, reaching to the line of the Ramapo hills and the bolder heights near Tappan. Railroad and highway are both hidden, and one would never suspect how populous that stretch of valley really is, for only here and there does some cottage roof appear above the trees.

Immediately in front, as we face it, the slope of the hill is cleared for the most part, and green as an emerald with young grass, but a little way at the left are thickets, and a line of trees, indicating some ancient boundary, runs straight up the hillside in exquisite "composition," leading the eye to the bushy crown of the ridge, and the slender steeple set above it like the spike of a helmet.

Half way up the ascent the road bends to the left, and here we turn aside to let

a wagon-load of house-flowers go by. As it rattles down the steep slope, its gay cargo of pinks, roses, hydrangeas and the rest, form the glowing centre of a landscape brilliant in sunshine and in the most varied finery of spring.

The sweep of the verdant declivity, dipping down to where the red and brown roofs of the village are sunk in apple blossoms, grows level beyond, and spreads out into brown salt-meadows, where streaks and patches of water flash white as silver, despite the intense blue of the sky; and beyond them is the background of another distant ridge. It is the landscape of a long-settled, peaceful country, and worth more to the poet in its heartfelt suggestiveness than are miles of the Alps or Andes.

As the summit of the ridge was approached, Eaton mounted and rode the rest of the way, but I said, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and declined to get into the saddle until level ground was reached.

We were now on the top of Bergen Ridge, the same which runs down through Hoboken and Jersey City to Bergen Point, and forms the highland between New York and Newark bays below and the Hudson and Hackensack rivers up here. Ahead (eastward) lay a vale, beyond which the land rose to a somewhat greater height and by its abrupt face on the other side formed the Palisades of the Hudson.

Our intention had been to go straight on to Fort Lee, on the brow of these Palisades, and then to explore the roads that led southward along the river. But here, on top of Bergen Hill, where there were a number of houses and a little shop or two, a road branched northward which looked inviting, and we concluded to make a short side-trip, which, as I have been told, is the privilege of cycle-riders when they go abroad.

This road led along the crest of the ridge behind the church, whose steeple had been so prettily conspicuous from below, and we found it to be a large stone structure with a spire of ordinary masonry carried to its very top—something unusual. It did not seem worth special examination, so we ran on down the narrow road, which gave fair riding and was walled up on the left with

heavy stone abutments supporting the fields, while upon the right the land dropped away into a steep vale. This vale was filled with dense woods, the tops of the trees coming scarcely to our level and making a fine expanse of new yellowish green leafage, over which innumerable insects were swarming, in search of honey, while great numbers of birds were darting and sailing in pursuit of the insects. The twittering and songs of these birds, the hum of the bees in the blossoming gardens near the road, the voices of some boys and their excited terrier down under the trees of the vale; and the baaing of the sheep pastured in the big church-yard, all added to the rural charm, and made us forget that siege-guns placed upon this ridge could easily throw their shells into the metropolis of the nation.

Presently there appeared ahead a most remarkable house. It was all peaks and gables and architectural fantasies. Built upon a steep hillside, its basement and first story had been made of rough stone, and on top of that the second story ran up, surmounted by a roof like a Gothic church, and capped by chimneys and a little crow-nest of a balcony on the very ridge-pole. Fantastic dormers looked out from under peaked cowls adorned with scroll-work, like a row of old women with frilled caps; and little windows, miniature balconies, and a curious double porch in front, overgrown with vines, combined to make one of the oddest old houses I ever saw. But the edge of the romance was quite taken off when we were told that this quiet country lane was only Jones street, Leonia!

Returning to the main road, we raced down the slope into the vale, and then laboriously climbed up to the level of Fort Lee village, which consists mainly of five hundred yards of little shops and houses, inhabited largely by Germans. This is an old town and an old road—one which goes back to the earliest settlement of the country. The Hackensack valley was settled largely by the Dutch. But upon these higher lands and along the edge of the Hudson, many Englishmen were settled at the time of the revolution. Nearly all of them were Tories, and from first to last this region was harassed by the "cow-

boys," who represented at that time the men we called bushwhackers during the Civil War. The rocky heights and sinuous dells among these hills were favorable for such operations, and the inhabitants of every shade of politics had a hard time of it.

The presence of this old road just here is due to the fact that at this point a break in the Palisades—where in fact, the bold column in front turns somewhat inland—permits of a landing for boats, and an ascent through a ravine to the summit of the rocky ridge. Between this ravine and the river, the palisades extend in a bold headland overlooking the water, and there, early in 1776, Washington caused to be built the two-fort fortifications, which he named after his favorite staff-officer, General Lee—the same against whom, later, he became so incensed at the battle of Monmouth, and actually said *damnu*, to the everlasting scandal of American history.

Here in the disastrous autumn of that year stood Washington and his generals, Putnam, Mercer, Greene and others, watching the British onslaught upon Fort Washington and the other redoubts on the New York side which he depended upon to restrain the English within the city.

One can imagine the tall, grave commander, weighed down by the immensity of the task to which he had devoted his fortune, oppressed with dread—for none knew better than he the fearful odds against him—standing alone on the brink of this huge cliff which echoed back the noise of the strife, the course of which he could mark through his steady glass. A little apart stands the silent group of his officers, sharing their chief's anxiety, yet unable to help, scanning the slow advance of the smoking line as the red-coats creep up and up the green hill side; feeling their hearts sink, their hopes fade, as each new line of attack was formed and maintained. What a theme for some historical painter! what a setting for a noble picture the grandeur of the scenery affords.

Fort Washington was lost. The sunset light fell red upon the cross of St. George, floating from its flagstaff. The demoralization that followed is a matter

of familiar records. Driven from place to place, the Americans saw that Fort Lee must be abandoned, and a few days afterward the dispirited garrison evacuated it, retiring westward over the Hackensack, down the very road we had come up by, taking with them only what the column could carry. All the armament and a vast quantity of stores were left behind in the fort. The extent of the loss which this initial campaign brought to the "rebels" may be understood when it is remembered that after the hurried abandonment of Fort Lee the whole American artillery consisted of two small field-pieces.

The site of the forts is now occupied by the "Pavilion" on the edge of the cliff, and summer gardens, famous as a place of free and easy entertainment. Fort Lee village, clustered on the plateau in the rear, is a scattered little town, with flowering vines clambering over the doorways and Japanese quince, forsythia and many old-fashioned flowers in the gardens half hiding the cabbages. Cyclers are common hereabouts, and as we sit behind a purple screen of wistaria drinking a glass of beer we see half a dozen go by scanning our wheels with brotherly interest.

We did not care to descend the rocky and winding hill to the river landing, so we turned northward.

The road, which was macadamized and smooth, climbed gently upward until it attained the very top of the Palisades. Eaton rode gayly all the way, but I stepped off at the first bit of steepness and walked. This, I'd have you understand, was not because I couldn't climb the grade, but simply that it wasn't worth while in a warm day. I was riding for pleasure—not to see what I could do; and it was my pleasure to walk wherever it was less work than riding.

Here the trees had all been cleared off. A desolate stretch of fenceless rocky pasture land was being cropped by a small herd of cows in charge of an old man who had wedged himself into a crevice of rocks. He calmly ignored my civil good-morning! He was probably disgusted at my frivolous manner of life; but I thought my work was harder than his, and passed on contented with my sense of superiority.

THE CRUISE OF TWO.

By Charles Gordon Rogers.

[CONCLUDED.]



"BROWN."

BROWN looked up, stared, and then, becoming conscious of the girl's prepossessing face and figure, said sweetly:

"Some mistake, I'm sure. My name is not Stephens."

No sooner had the denial passed his lips than the girl drew herself up, put her shapely hands on her shapelier hips, and said, as she shook her well-poised head

assertively from side to side:

"Do you mean to sit there, Charles Stephens, and deny your own name?"

"My good girl," said Brown, flushing, "I don't deny my own name, because that is Brown, as you will see by the register in the other room. My friend here will tell you that I am not Mr. Stephens."

Miss Anderson looked across at me in a withering way, and I had to wither.

"Really, old chap," I said feebly, "if—if you have ever met this young lady, and I must say you were lucky if you did, why—er—"

Brown jumped up excitedly. "This is some joke!" he cried. "Really, Rogers, I wouldn't have thought it of you!" Then, seeing the amazement written on the girl's face, he added to her: "Really, it is unfortunate; but I assure you I am not Mr. Stephens."

Looking toward the window, I saw the man who had rowed in the green boat at Morton. He was peering in, evidently impressed with the scene; but I said nothing.

Mary Anderson literally dropped into a chair, and her hands fell limply into her apron.

"Charley Stephens!" she cried. "I knew you were the biggest, hardest flirt I had ever seen, but I didn't think you'd *lie*! Brown, indeed! You can say you're Brown until you're black, or green, for that matter, though y' ain't that; but I haven't forgot you, though y' want to forget me!" She looked tearful, and I saw Brown was becoming alarmed. "Do you mean to tell me, sir," she said, starting up, "that you've forgot Caledonia Springs two summers ago? Don't you remember the drives we had, and—and all that? Do y' mean to say you don't remember giving me *this*?" and she flung a shapely hand under Brown's nose, indicating a cheap ring upon the third finger.

Brown grew suddenly calm, and I thought he was going to make a clean breast of it; but he only shook his head and expressed regret that he could not remember having been so fortunate.

Miss Anderson's lip curled in splendid disdain. "Or this?" she demanded, whipping a florid silk handkerchief from the bosom of her dress. Brown again replied gravely in the negative.

Then for a while, an uncomfortable while, the girl stared at B. as if she could not comprehend the awful dimensions of his duplicity. Finally she went toward the window, like a "broken reed," as the novelists say. The man there disappeared. She sat by the window for a while, quite like Niobe, with her big eyes aswim, and her tender dreams turned to stone. I felt I would not be in Brown's shoes for the world.

Then suddenly she sprang up, and with a tragic gesture, cried:

"There! take your old ring, Charles Stephens! I never, never want to speak to you again!" With which she flung herself out of the room.

It was touching, and my breast heaved indignantly. It always does at woman's

wrongs—and rights. I don't know which are the most censurable. But Brown turned on me with:

"You—confound you! You might have made it all right if you had only spoken seriously! What right had you to talk like that?"

opportunity of making a paradise for yourself—and you act like one of Ouida's heroes, by Jove!"

"Do you mean to say you believe I passed myself off for someone else?" gasped Brown.

"Do I mean to say? The thing's too



"HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO THINK." (p. 279.)

"Seriously! Right!" I echoed. "Why, every right, seeing I was serious enough! By George! I think you deserve to be kicked for making all this misery! And any way, here you are with a golden, I might say *rolled* golden

transparent for me to need say anything! Though why you wanted to call yourself Stephens I don't understand, unless you were afraid she might have heard of you as Brown. Besides, aren't you passing yourself off as someone

else now? 'Pon my word, I don't know whether you are Brown or Stephens, after all!"

"What?" snarled Brown. "Do you think I would give a woman a ring like that?"

It was the first point he had scored in his favor; but it was a good one, and I had to admit it.

"At any rate," I said, "you seem mighty anxious to impress me with your innocence, and that looks suspicious."

"It does, indeed," said Brown. "And I'd like to ask her," he went on musingly, as a lawyer weighing evidence against the accused, "I'd like to ask her where she got that *other* ring she had on the same finger."

"Oh, that's nothing!" I said. "All engaged women, or unengaged for that matter, do that."

He remarked that I seemed to know a good deal about it; and I got back, right over the heart, by saying that I expected to know a good deal more if I traveled much further in his company. Then he went off, perturbed, in search of the proprietor, and I took a stroll up the street. As I passed the hotel yard, who should drive out but the green-boat man. I hailed him, but he only drove off rapidly. I thought this strange, as the flowing bowl had circulated freely between him and me at Morton.

I returned, and went to bed, to dream that Brown and Mary Anderson had eloped in his canoe and started a summer resort further on, where I would get a good meal next day.

When I awoke next morning in the Lyndhurst hotel, everything seemed cold and profitless; and with the prospect of a start in a chilling fog, I wondered why I had ever come upon the cruise. Brown, having the Kingston boat fever again, had ordered breakfast for five o'clock. Mary Anderson's place in the dining-room had been taken by a pale-faced girl who eyed Brown askance, and kept as far away from him as possible without allowing him absolutely to help himself. Fortified with a good breakfast I followed Brown to the canoes.

We crossed Lyndhurst Pond, which widened as we advanced, entered a small creek, and finally emerged into Red Horse Lake, which in turn de-

bouched through a narrow rock-bound passage into a broad and beautiful stream. The air was now warm, and even the impatient Brown condescended to paddle leisurely along. Remembering that Gough and McQ., the two Ottawa Canoe Club men, had told me of the existence of a good spring in this vicinity, I ran my craft ashore, took my tin cup, and stepped out in the cool shady wood to explore, while all the time Brown continued to protest at my delay. At last I found the spring, and nearby a large birch, against which with some of my cushions I made myself comfortable, while leisurely quaffing the delectable spring water. Brown meanwhile, after much fuming had paddled off.

I let him go; and before I had toasted him, Nellie Moore, the green-boat man and Mary Anderson, some time had elapsed. Subsequently I dropped off to sleep. When I regained consciousness, the sun was blazing in my face.

I at once started after Brown, thinking to find him waiting for me at some new bend in the river, but he was nowhere to be seen. I passed at length between several small islands into Long Lake. It was here, when looking for an exit that I realized for the first time that Brown had the chart with him.

There is a woman at the bottom of every trouble, they say, though in this instance some might blame the spring water. Brown's perfidy was galling; but I was not to be outdone. Having paddled for five minutes up a narrow stream on my right which I mistook for the exit of the lake, I retraced my course and made another effort to find the real outlet. In this I was finally successful. But by this time I was in a perfect fever of anxiety about Brown. Attracted by a pretty girl near a cottage on the bank, I turned in to ask about my missing friend. She said she remembered two gentleman having passed in canoes three years before, but as neither of them tallied with my description of Brown, she guessed the man I was after could not have been one of them. She was very much interested in a certain one of these "two gentlemen," whom I surmised were the O. C. C. men, Gough and McQ. She even showed me some little trinket

which this young heart-breaker had given her.

I told her that I thought I knew her nice young friend, that he was now in Chicago, married to the beautiful daughter of a millionaire pork dealer, that he lived in a magnificent brown stone front house, and had two pretty children with golden hair like their mother. She mused when I told her this, and said it was strange, as she had got a letter from him only six months before, dated at Ottawa.

I said from this it would seem that he was not living with his wife now; and that he must have done something terrible to be sent into exile like that. And then I rose to go.

She asked me to wait until she called her brother Hank. Hank's appearance was not of the kind to shed much sunshine on a rainy day. He thought desperately, that is, he tried desperately to think, and finally declared that no one like the man I wanted had passed down the creek that morning.

I got away at last, wondering whether Brown was really ahead of me, or if he had doubled while I was asleep, and gone back to Morton. Presently I paddled into Lost Bay and came to a stop.

Lost Bay is a round basin about a mile in diameter. In my wanderings to find the exit I lost sight of the narrow opening by which I had entered. As the shores were heavily timbered I seemed literally walled in. From the missing chart I thought I recalled the fact that there were no islands in this miserable Lost Bay; but I now saw several bunched together as if afraid of getting lost themselves if they got separated. Then I thought the chart had shown the exit to be near these islands; so for some time I paddled vigorously up and down their various straits. When I returned to the centre of the lake I felt angry and hungry, and hoped that Brown, if he had entered this body of water at all, had gone to the bottom of it.

At last I found the object of my search just three hundred yards from where I had entered; and a more deceptive exit you never saw; one bank entirely overlapped the other.

But I was out at last, and with a feeling of relief I was soon paddling along

down a reed-fringed stream in the face of a stiffening breeze. It was now nine hours since breakfast, and I had only the memory of Lyndhurst eggs, sausages and coffee to strengthen me in my battle with the wind.

Gananoque Lake, with high running waves, now opened up before me. I swallowed a mouthful of water, tightened my belt, and started across the two miles of wild water separating me from some cottages upon the farther shore. But just as I was about to land I was startled by a shrill whistle. And there, looking up, I saw Brown on the left hand shore sitting on the end of a punt, serenely smoking his pipe.

"Well," he said, as I ran my craft upon the sand and stepped wearily out, "you didn't make such bad time, after all."

"Bad time!" I growled. "If I haven't had a bad time, I'd like to know who has! Did you come by way of a place called Lost Bay?"

His expression changed. "Now, look here," he said. "If you have any regard for my feelings, don't mention the name of Lost Bay."

I saw that he also had suffered, and felt that we were quits.

"By the way," I said, filling my pipe, "there's a cottage back there where there's an awfully pretty girl, and she—" I stopped, for Brown had burst into an immoderate laugh.

"What do you mean?" I said severely.

"Did—did you go ashore there?" he spluttered.

"Is there any reason why I *shouldn't* have gone ashore there?"

"Oh, none whatever. Only, when I stopped there, I—"

"Do you mean to say you stopped there?" I interjected.

"Of course I did, and had quite a chat. It seemed that the pretty girl knew Gough and McQ. having met them when they paddled through here. She seemed quite gone about Gough, and asked no end of questions."

"Why, she told me it was McQ. she was interested in!" I exclaimed.

"Well, she told *me* it was Gough!" answered Brown in an injured way. "She didn't want to know anything about McQ. at all. I told her Gough's

people wanted him to marry a girl who had lots of cash, but who was homely as a legal document; and how they were of the opinion that Gough had fallen in love with some girl he had met on a canoe cruise three years before, because he had never been the same man since. Her face was a study when I told her that. She grew tearful, and showed me a photo which she said Gough had sent her. But as Gough at his worst never looked like a murderer, even in his tin-type, I told her Gough must have changed a good deal since I saw him three weeks ago, or that it was the photo of some other fellow. Then I turned the photograph over, and saw 'Yours trooly, Pete Mills,' scrawled on the back. She snatched the photograph away and seemed quite put out at her mistake; and I don't think she had recovered when I came away."

I tingled out of sheer envy as I stared at Brown. "You certainly are a prize packet of veracity," I said. "But what's puzzling me is, why did that girl tell me she hadn't seen you?"

"Simple enough," said Brown with a chuckle. "I asked her not to. And furthermore I told her to sit on the bank until you came along, because when you saw her face, I said, you would certainly have to stop. Then I gave her brother a quarter to say nothing about my being there."

"And mightily well he acted his part!" I growled. "I never heard of such a scheming trio! Why the Roman triumvirate are not in it!"

"Never mind the Roman triumvirate! Thank goodness, there's dinner ready at last!" cried Brown springing up. "I ordered it when I arrived. Come along up to the cottage and let's bury the hatchet!"

We left clean platters and a pleased hostess when we got under weigh again, with our pipes going faster than our paddles; even Brown with all his Kingston boat fever seemed reluctant to start. We passed through the "drowned land," hundreds of acres of wild rice stretching away to the left, and bounded at last by a forest of oak. Then the channel narrowed until we portaged at Marble Rock, a village which takes its name from a broad, perpendicular slab of stone upon the shore.

A five-mile run over a couple of small rapids brought us to Gananoque.

Here we beached above the dam, and, securing an express, drove with our canoes to the beautiful residence upon the St. Lawrence of some relative of Brown's, who had asked us to stop over with him.

"A letter came for you a little while ago!" cried our host, to Brown, as we were arranging our toilette for supper. Brown looked surprised; but his surprise soon turned to astonishment when he opened and read the letter. Our host had gone down stairs. Brown flung himself into a chair with the letter in one hand and a towel in the other.

"Well, I say, you *have* done it!" he blurted out at last.

"Done what?" I inquired innocently.

"Here, read this," he exclaimed, holding the letter under my nose. "Read it, read it, and *then* ask me what you've done!"

To quiet him I took the letter and read as follows:

"Oh, how could you be so base? I would never have believed it! Never!" (Tear-blot number one) "Oh, Harold! Harold! Who is this woman, this waiting-girl, who says you are engaged to her? I insist on knowing! I could never, never have believed that you would masquerade under a false name for the sake of—of a common flirtation!" (Tear-blot number two.) "Or perhaps I am too charitable. Perhaps you really did promise to marry her. Oh, I don't know what to think! I feel distracted! I wish I had never met you! Mamma says that we are still to go home by the boat on Monday, since everything has been so arranged; but she hopes you will have consideration enough for us both to return by some other route than the lakes if you are not still at Lyndhurst.

"Your broken-hearted NELLIE."

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Brown, savagely. He had been watching my face like a cat all the time.

"Think of it?" I answered, with a broad grin. "Why, I think it is the biggest joke I ever heard of."

"Joke! joke!" he managed to articulate, "where the devil does the joke come in?"

"Come in? It doesn't come in at all. It's just there. But look here," I said, with a serious air, "you must have gone it pretty strong; 'Harold! Harold!' indeed."

"Never mind that!" snapped Brown, his face flushing. "I let you read that letter in confidence, as a friend, mark

you. I—I knew Miss Moore long before you ever saw her."

"You did? What, before you fished her out at Morton?" I asked.

"That's a sensible question. Yes, before I 'fished her out,' and you knew it."

"I? Never. But since I come to think of it, I do remember mamma

mused awhile, and then said with continued calmness:

"I have the whole thing. Listen: When you and Mary Anderson—"

"Who?"

"The girl at the hotel who thought your name was Stephens—the name I gave her."



"THIS IS MR. STEPHENS, NELLIE." (p. 283.)

having told me something about a 'prior acquaintanceship.'"

"Well, what do you think of it?" growled Brown, impatiently, "You're not at the bottom of *this*, are you?"

Without hurrying to reply I glanced again at the envelope. It bore the postmark "Elgin," time, 9 A. M. I

"Oh, you gave her that name, did you?"

"Yes, her name is not Mary Anderson, though she's really better looking than her famous namesake. When she was bringing you to bay—"

"Bringing me to bay? Now, look here—"

"Don't interrupt, or I can't explain. When she was reminding you of your past conduct, that green-boat chap of Morton came by the window and listened. He heard the whole story; heard your lame defense, and, can't you guess the rest?"

"No, but I can guess I've been traveling all this time with a blooming idiot; and do you mean to say you allowed that fellow to stand and listen, knowing who he was?"

"Knowing who he was? Indeed, how was I to know what he wanted to listen for. It's only *now*, when I think it over, that I begin to see he had a motive."

"Motive?" Brown's face was a blank.

"Yes, motive," I answered testily. "Here's the thing in a nutshell. Miss Moore rusticates at Morton. This man is smitten. She accidentally tumbles into the water and is rescued by you. His golden opportunity is spoiled, and by you. He is desperate. Chance takes him to Lyndhurst the same evening we arrive. He overhears your name is Stephens, that you gave another girl a ring. Revenge! Back he goes, tells the story to little Nell, and is even with you at last. Isn't that brevity?"

"Yes, and a pretty mess it all is," cried Brown, pacing the room. "I must go back at once. I will take the first train."

"Train, my dear fellow, that will be Monday morning. You can't take one now if you want to. That little line that goes to Elgin doesn't run trains on Sunday. You will see her sooner by completing this cruise, as you are bound to do by all the unwritten laws of honor and the A. C. A. You can meet her at Jones' Falls under far more delightful circumstances. Tears, explanations, reconciliation, and all that. Gad! I almost wish I were in your boots."

"Why, you idiot, don't you see I can't go by the boat? She says she hopes I won't put myself in their way."

"Idiot? I'd like to know who's the idiot? Why, it's nothing of the sort. She tells you to go home another way, and isn't that another way of saying 'come by the boat?' A precious lot you know about women. But there's one thing: she half believes in you. You're in luck—I never saw such luck. She says she insists on knowing; that means

'come.' She says she wishes she had never met you; that means '*come*.' And then, she is your broken-hearted Nellie; that means '*COME*.' The whole note's a perfect reiteration of '*comes*.' But there's our host calling us to supper."

Before we turned in that night Brown had nearly come round to my way of thinking, but still talked incoherently about going back to Morton, as though Morton were just around the corner. I told him that although there was no train, he could either walk or paddle back, and that if he was going to paddle, he ought to get up and dress and start at once, so that he could reach Lost Bay about four in the morning. The mention of Lost Bay silenced him.

We had a jolly time of it next day, on the broad river in mine host's exquisitely appointed yacht, or driving about the pretty town behind a magnificent pair of bays.

It was eight-thirty that Sunday evening before we again headed our craft against the current of the river. But just as we left the lights of the town behind us, the heavens began to darken, and against our faces blew a steadily increasing wind. Yet we pushed on through the darkness and troubled water, keeping in sight of the heavily wooded shores upon our right, which we could just make out, and which we thought was the Canadian mainland.

We reached Kingston at six-thirty, just as the steamer was about to put out from the tar-smelling wharf. Once on board we turned in for the night. When we came on deck the next morning the sun was shining brightly and we were within ten miles of Jones's Falls. While Brown was arranging an extra toilet in anticipation of his meeting with the fair Nellie, I stole below to look after the canoes.

There was a man, bare-headed, sitting on a coil of rope near by, with his back turned to me. Something in his general appearance, as he sat there smoking, riveted my attention. Then I walked nearer, coughed, and he turned his head.

Heavens! I started back with genuine surprise.

The fellow returned my gaze. "Anything you want with me?" he inquired gruffly.

"Want with you?" I returned. "Well, I should say so! And I'm not the only one. There's somebody else wants you, wants you badly!"

"Yer off, y'r chump!" he growled, getting red.

"You won't think so presently! Why, it's the most wonderful thing! I've heard of Dromios and Douglasses and Greene's wives and Wilkinson's widows, and other doubles, but you beat all! Do you know there's a man aboard that you couldn't tell yourself from—same voice, same face, same hair?"

He looked at me from under his lids as if undecided whether to pitch me overboard or laugh. He did neither, but began to ascend to the upper deck.

"Hold on!" I said. "Aren't you Charley Stephens?"

He stopped short at this.

"Ever remember meeting a nice, tall, handsome girl at Caledonia Springs and giving her an expensive ring, and an Indian silk tie?"

"See here, young craziness!" he muttered, coming up to me with his brawny hands doubled, "I don't want none of your funny business, see? What are you driving at, anyway?"

"Come with me!" I answered, grabbing his arm and starting up the ladder. "You'll soon see!"

He followed, looking as if he felt he were being made a fool of, and I led the way to Brown's cabin. I dragged my "discovery" in. Brown was touching up his hair, and faced about inquiringly. Then in a moment, these two fellows seemed petrified. They looked and stared at each other, while I sat on the edge of the bunk and laughed and rolled over and bumped my head. They were as like as two cigars.

"Old man," I said at last, "I'm sorry I silently condemned you before

seeing the evidence of your innocence." And I held out my hand.

But do you think he would take it? Not he! He turned from me with a contemptuous glance, and said awkwardly to the real Stephens:

"We—er—seem to resemble each other, you and I. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I should smile!" said Stephens; and he did so. "I couldn't make out what his nibs here was driving at, but I kind of catch on now. But I say! how did you know all that stuff about Annie Murphy?"

"Who?" snapped Brown.

"Mary Anderson," I said; whereat the deck-hand knitted his brows and muttered: "What the blazes are you driving at *now*?"

Nellie was on the wharf, looking pale and nervous but nevertheless charming. You should have seen the eager look in those sweet eyes change to one of disappointment as she saw me there—alone.

When the steamer reached the Falls everybody came on deck. Brown himself stepped up in company with the young deck-hand who had been purposely kept in the background. The situation was quite dramatic. There stood Brown, beside the red and awkward Stephens.

Nellie caught her breath and started back.

"This is Mr. Stephens, Nellie," said Brown, "for whom I was mistaken at Lyndhurst."

And Nellie? Poor girl! She didn't care if she was at the wharf, with a lot of deck-hands and inquisitive tourists gazing on. She just put her arms around Brown's neck and drew his sun-burned face down to her own.

"Oh, Harold! Harold! I'm so sorry! Can you forgive that horrid, cruel letter?"

Could he?



WITH ROD AND REEL ON NASHOTAH LAKE.

By E. W. Chubb. ("Greenhead.")



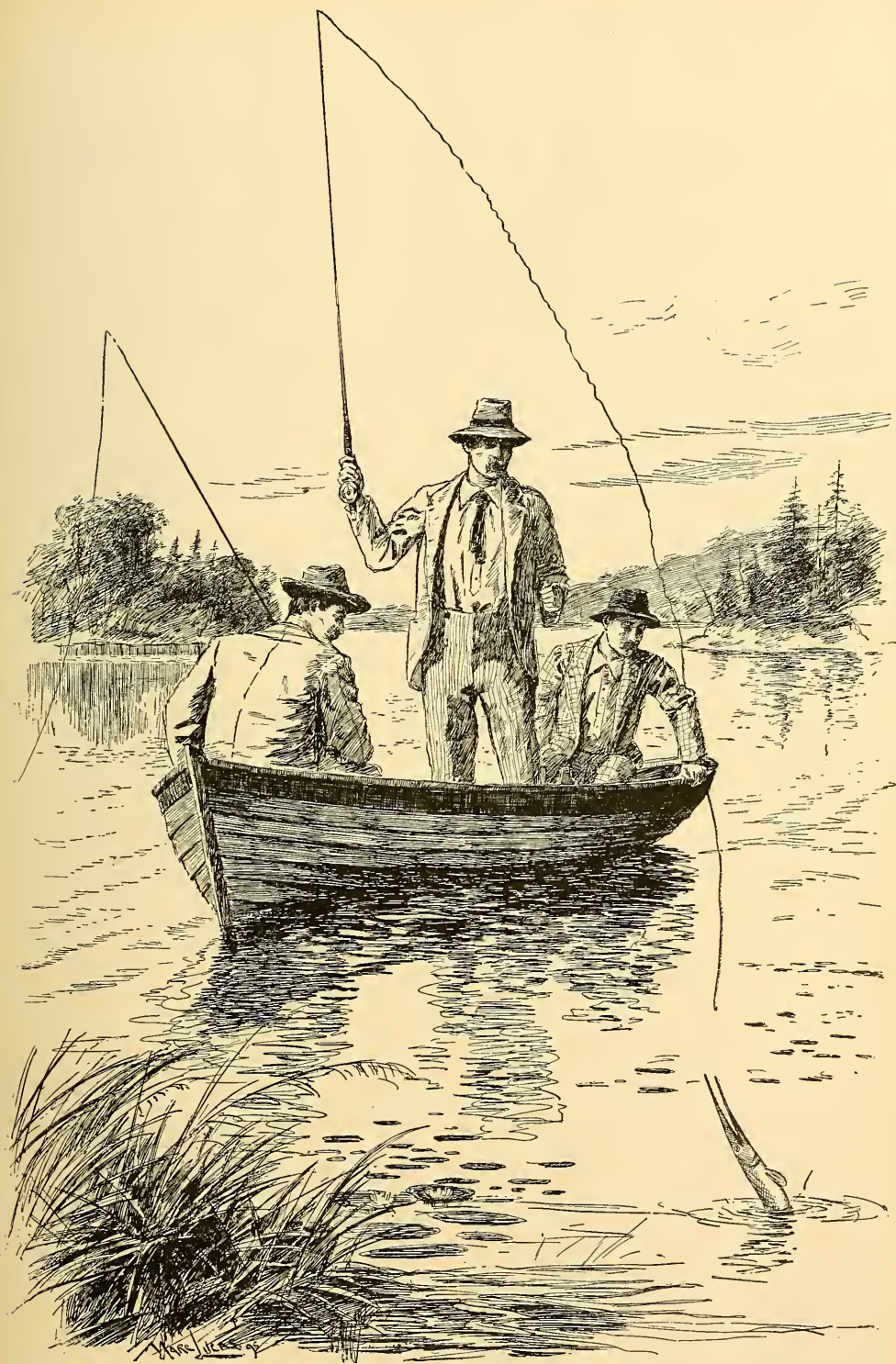
THE sun was just clearing the tops of the low-lying line of trees and shrubbery bordering the eastern shore of beautiful Lower Nashotah Lake as C., Baldy and the writer pushed off from the pebbly shore and floated upon the mirror-like surface. As I took my place at the oars, twig and branch, fern and maidenhair alike were sparkling with their loads of moisture.

The stony bottom of this picturesque expanse of water renders the lake rather a poor field for the angler, so the boat was sent steadily along parallel with the western shore. The seamed trunks of the basswoods leaned far out from the shore in graceful curve. The sweet-scented blossoms filled the pure air with a perfume richer by far than that of the rarest exotic flower. Feathered songsters everywhere had gathered for their usual morning bath. Thrush and robin, blackbird and jay, all were busily engaged in spattering the glittering drops with their wings until their little bodies were thoroughly drenched. Some hopped lightly up into the branches drooping almost to the water's edge, while others sat fearlessly upon the shore, eyeing us in

wonderment as we passed by almost within oar's reach. A kingbird breakfasting upon the honeybees, robbing the basswood blossoms, fluttered out from his branch to hover in mid-air for a moment until he secured some dainty morsel. A sandpiper which had been running over the stones in advance of us flitted gracefully out from the shore uttering his plaintive "peet-peet-peet." Another joined the first, and together they sped far down the shore, their notes becoming fainter and fainter still. A kingfisher darted from the dead limb of an oak, sounding his scraping call, and flew noisily to the farther side of the lake. Now and then we passed over great tree tops which had fallen outward in the years gone by and now lie upon the hard bottom. Among the network of water-soaked boughs, schools of sunfish and perch darted momentarily into view, as our boat passed above them.

Presently, we neared the outlet, or the mouth of the tiny creek connecting Lower Nashotah and Upper Nemahbin. This little stream is not over one hundred yards in length, and being both shallow as well as crooked, our oars were unshipped and used as push poles before we gained the shore of the Upper Lake. Yellow lilies with their broad green leaves covered the surface of the stream in such profusion as to well-nigh bar the passage, but five minutes later we drew our boat over the low ridge and left behind us the narrow stream bordered on either side with sumachs and alders and tenanted with huge old bull frogs and harmless water snakes.

A faint breeze rippled the surface of the lake, affording us infinite satisfaction, as, without it, our success would be very doubtful. While the others prepared their tackle, I drew the little seven and one-half ounce rod from its case. True, indeed, had that little eight-strip rod proved itself to be in the days gone by. Seven feet four inches in graceful taper from butt to tip, tested by the gamey pickerel and still gamier bass in many a struggle, yet to-day straight as an arrow and without



"THE HORNY BILL OF A GAR-PIKE." (p. 286.)

a blemish. Resuming our seats with Baldy in the stern, C. in the bow and the writer at the oars, we moved gently out into the lake.

First was a stretch of shallow water with the bottom showing up yellow and plain with not a weed growing thereon. Next a long line of bullrushes growing upon the edge of deeper water, then a fringe of weeds the blossoming tops of which just emerged above the surface. Out and beyond this fringe we worked our way one or two boat-lengths and soon a lively minnow was cast from each rod. What breeze there was came from just the proper quarter, and we gently drifted down opposite the weeds. But a few minutes had passed when C.'s line straightened out from the point of his rod with a sharp jerk. Directly our eyes fastened upon the line, and when C. struck (which he did a moment later) it was evident that a large fish was hooked. Following the strike, a long run carried out half the line, and also carried the fish into the heavy growth of weeds. He was still securely hooked, however, as was plain when C. undertook the task of bringing up fish and weeds together.

Not daring to place too much strain upon the silken line, there was nothing left for us to do but patiently wait for our victim to come out of his sulky mood, which he presently did after we dropped the anchor and passed ten minutes in anticipation of such a move. At last the line drew taut once more and moved out toward deeper water. In a moment the anchor was up and we were half towed out into the lake. Fifteen minutes later a first glimpse of our prize proved it to be a pickerel. Thirty feet from the boat there first appeared a broad fin. A moment later an ugly head emerged from the water as if to take in the situation. Then there came a mad rush for freedom, but the coast was clear and ten minutes later we lifted a fourteen pound pickerel into the boat. Truly a good beginning.

A few strokes of the oars and we regained the telltale fringe of blossoms where at Baldy's first cast rose a handsome, large-mouthed bass. As the net went under him Baldy remarked, "Four pounds easy enough." Meanwhile, my neglected line had been accumulating

a choice collection of weeds from the bottom of the lake. I reeled in until the bait was within twenty feet of the boat, then there came a flash from something which darted like lightning before my startled vision, snapped the minnow from sight and went racing out toward the deep water. To have attempted to have stopped this wild rush would have been sheer madness, and I watched twenty-five yards or more of line spin off noisily. At the first pause, I struck firmly enough to have set the barb in any common fish. There was considerable resistance, but I succeeded in drawing my fish near the boat. Presently there was another frantic rush and with thumb on reel I watched the strange actions of the fish as it completed a circuit of the boat, swimming apparently not more than two feet beneath the surface of the water. A suspicion regarding the captive crossed my mind and I was not much surprised when a few minutes later the ugly head and horny bill of a gar-pike were thrust from the water. A pair of tiny eyes regarded me with a sinister expression for a moment, then there was a sudden twist and I stared at a ragged piece of broken snell. We didn't want him, anyway.

A cool south-west wind rippled the waters around us steadily and drifted us down near a clump of bright green bullrushes which waved three or four feet of their luxuriant growth above the water. We anchored within casting distance, and simultaneously made fast to three beautiful bass.

Noon found us among the islands clustered at the foot of the Lower Nemah-bin Lake and in excellent condition to fully appreciate the bountiful supply of eatables so thoughtfully provided for us by loving hands early in the morning. Swiftly the afternoon hours passed away. Sometimes we drifted idly alongside the blossoming weeds protruding from the water, angling for voracious pickerel; at others we were busy within casting distance of some clump of reeds and tempting the bass which were often found hiding in the shade. Loath were we to tear ourselves away, and it was not until long after the stars had begun their nightly pilgrimage that we reluctantly turned homeward.

A RAY FROM A JACK-LANTERN.

By Laura M. Smith.



I WAS only a girl. The Colonel, my elderly brother, said I couldn't go, it was too hard a tramp, too far away, too exposing for a woman.

"Why, my stars, Sis! you have to walk about three miles through cedar swamp;

it's the worst trail in the country, and you couldn't keep awake all night. You'd be a total wreck on our hands. Just you ask Billy."

That last remark cheered me. Billy was my brother's guide, with the big heart of the true backwoodsman. We were staying—well I won't say where—but game had more attractions for me than novels, and I had made up my mind that I wouldn't poke around in camp another day.

So I waylaid the genial Billy while the Colonel was at breakfast.

"You bet you can go," was his hearty answer. "I'll lend you a pair of my rubber boots and a hat, and that'll be all right," he added, with a meaning look in his eye.

Billy had been the Colonel's guide for many seasons, and he had a way of managing him, so I jumped to the conclusion that it was the Colonel who would be all right.

And it was. "But if you don't get sick of your bargain, my girlie, I'll eat my hat," was his comment, adding with a sigh: "If Billy can put up with it. I can."

That afternoon, about five o'clock, we left our boat ten miles up the river, and prepared for the march through the forest to the pond where the Colonel was going to hunt that night.

The guide led the way, bearing an

enormous pack. I followed him, with the Colonel bringing up the rear.

Over logs and bogs, through mud and moss, struggling out of alder thickets and over-hanging boughs, we went on until we came to a slight ridge.

"Our pond lies just over this hill. Game may be in at any time now. Keep mum and get into this," whispered Billy.

As he spoke he shoved a canoe out from its hiding place in the bushes, and after some wobbling we were all in, and Billy paddled us over the silent water.

In a few minutes the nose of the canoe shot alongside a log and hid itself in a mass of ferns under a steep bank.

"Here's the camp!" whispered Billy.

"Where?" I asked.

"There!" said the Colonel, pointing majestically heavenward.

I scrambled up the bank and found the tiniest, cutest little shelter that I had ever seen. Slender poles for supports, with birch bark walls and roof. The bark curled up around the eaves and door in such a bewitching, welcoming manner that I felt at home at once and went in. It was built on the lean-to style, and I had to sit down most of the time. When the pack and the guns and the blankets and the Colonel were all in with me it was all I could do to even sit.

The guide built a fire and broiled some venison and bacon on the coals. The Colonel poked around in the pine needles and tried to help, but after a few weak efforts gave it up.

How that venison tasted! and I had always loathed bacon before, but this melted in my mouth. The canned peaches were like nectar, and even the bread and butter was inexpressible.

"If things always taste like this, I want to go hunting the rest of my life," I whispered between bites.

I ate so much that it made me sleepy. I toasted my feet by the fire afterward, and tried to fight off my drowsiness, for the Colonel had vowed I couldn't keep awake. But the warmth sent me into a languor in which I was conscious only of the forms of the two men in the dusk

making preparations for the hunt, the fire-light shadows in the trees and the lake below.

A touch on the shoulder aroused me.

"All's ready," said Billy, and kneeling, he tied some soft stuff around my feet. Then rising, he motioned me toward the canoe. Slowly, cautiously, without the stirring of a leaf, we swung ourselves down the bank and out on to the log. Billy screwed the jack into the bow of the canoe, and placed some blankets for the Colonel to kneel on.

"Now get in there without a sound," he said in my ear.

Splash!! on the opposite shore of the pond. We held our breaths.

"By George, we've jumped a deer," breathed Billy.

With re-doubled caution, we got into the canoe, I in the middle, the Colonel at the bow, rifle in hand. Not a sound had we made, we never even turned our heads, and only knew when Billy had knelt in the stern by the canoe's shooting out into the lake.

That hunt was a wonderful thing to me. We drifted through the water so silently that it seemed as though we were constantly lying motionless. I looked above me—nothing but stars and rifted clouds. I looked below me—down into the clear water, and saw reflected there the dark heavens again, star for star, cloud for cloud. With this was such death-like silence that I seemed to be floating, suspended between two worlds.

It was beginning to be like a languorous dream, full of flowers and earthly odors, and heavy eye-lids, and soft, black darkness. And then it began to be like something else—the forest swam before my eyes and I fell asleep.

Yes, I did, before I could help it. I tried to rouse to shake it off. I would get one eye open just far enough to see the dim light of the jack, and then it would close again and my head fall forward.

I don't know how long this went on. It may have been hours, when suddenly I awoke all over, every nerve alert. A noise near the shore, and a slight snuffling as of some animal with its nose in the water. Did Billy hear it? Was he making for it? The canoe was certainly motionless—everything seemed dead—

but perhaps the two men were silently biding their time.

I was beginning to get very much excited when I saw something that electrified me. The Colonel's head! Could it be possible?

I leaned over and gazed, breathless. Yes, the Colonel was sound asleep, his head down on his breast, and his noble form as limp as a linen rag. I felt better now that he was asleep, but there was that deer! What was the matter with Billy? I looked around, and, triumph upon triumph, there was the tired Billy fast asleep.

I could have shouted hurrah, but I hadn't time. I poked the Colonel vigorously with one toe; he came to slowly with a long sigh.

"Billy's asleep, I breathed," and there's a deer on the other shore.

The Colonel was awake in an instant. He thought a second, then he rocked the canoe. There was such a violent start in the stern that we nearly laughed aloud.

"Billy, there's a deer in the marsh," and before the words were well out of my mouth, the nose of the canoe swung around and the lantern was headed straight for the shore.

We listened intently; the noise was still there. Billy steadied the canoe.

"Open the jack," he whispered. The Colonel touched the lantern, and instantly a powerful stream of light flooded out across the dark water—and there in its path, shining like coals, were two great burning eyes—a deer's eyes—fascinated by the light.

Bang!! Bang!!

Two shots in quick succession from the Colonel, scarcely a kick in the shallow water, and the deer lay dead. They took me to shore, then returned and got the deer. It was a buck with magnificent antlers. They dragged it out under the bank. The Colonel gave me his hand across its neck.

"I take it all back, Sis." You're a brick! You got that deer, and I'll have the head set up for you. Come along every time and keep us awake.

This was magnificent in the Colonel, and I have always felt a little mean that I never owned up to having been asleep myself. I've done it now, though, and I feel better.

IN SUMMER.

WHAT can one do in summer when the world
Has all her banners of delight unfurled,
When pleasure beckons us a thousand ways,
Or folds her wings and close beside us stays?
Afar and near is something rare and sweet;
Upon the grass the print of Beauty's feet;
At every turn a picture; some glad notes
Sung first for us from newly-conscious throats;
A glory in the sunshine; by the streams

Soft cadences invite and blend with dreams;
Out in the fields the honey-hunters go;
Over the heights the merry breezes blow;
Up in the sky some mystic signs are set—
The earth has never failed to read them yet;
And as the year rejoices in her prime,
The happiest thing to do in summer time
Is on some mossy bank content to lie
And watch the changes in the earth and sky.

MARY A. MASON.



ACADIAN RAMBLES.

By "Uncle Blue Jacket."

THE shores of the Bay of Fundy, though not of peculiar beauty, are nowhere unattractive. With lofty bluffs, seamed by the action of ceaseless waves upon porous stone, with pleasant fields sloping upward from the light shades of growing harvests to the darker hues of silent forests, the pictures presented are always pleasing. In the harbors, the great piers rise gaunt and spectral sixty feet above the slimy ooze of the shining flats, and when the tide is low, only the topsail-yards of the large ships show

above the level of the wharves. The eastern shore is pierced by an inner bay, encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, fair with the thousand hues of mingled orchard and harvest field. Farther northward, the shore is cleft by a broad inlet, which, half turning around Blomidon, opens into the fair expanse of Minas Basin, beautiful as it bears its lordly tides by great palisades of stone, and curving slopes of fertile fields.

Fit place is this for the idyl of a poet's dream; and here it was, by Minas' waters, that Gabriel, in the old Acadian

days, wooed the fair Evangeline. Still flow the waters of the Gaspereau by the feet of Blomidon, and behind the green dykes raised by the Acadian peasants stretch away the broad fields, rescued by their patient industry from the remorseless sea. This is the garden of Acadia; and here, to-day, sits Grand Pré, walled in with hills of green, channelled with lagoons, furrowed like a great battle-field, with the breast-works of old dykes which have been left behind as adventurous man has advanced his conquests and beaten back the sea. The waters of the bay are now vexed by larger keels, but so slowly does life change in this quiet land, that after the lapse of years the little village lies dreaming as it did when

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of
Grand Pré
Lay in the secluded valley."

Returning now to the central bay, we follow its waters to their head, where, touching the little isthmus which separates it from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, turning around the great dykes of the Elysian Fields, changing now its name to the river Herbert, it pushes in a narrow stream upward into the land in which it ceases soon to be. Coming back on the peninsula several miles, the shores of the bay are flattened for a little distance, and out from the shore into the very heart of the bay, run long reefs of stone. The color is different and the texture is unlike the ledges of the shore. It seems like a sporadic creation; but this is a land of marvels, for in all the cliffs in this strange region, fossils which have honored place in great museums have been found in prodigal abundance. These are the celebrated "joggin quarries," which, until the opening of the quarries on the western lakes, enjoyed a monopoly of the grindstone market of New England.

The little settlement, in the valley of Minudie, which fringes the shore, is like a Cornish village. Quaint with cabins made of logs, or rudely framed with boards filched from the tides, or stones of every shape bound together with coarse mortar rudely laid; with curious lanes and quaint footpaths, with here and there a touch of color, as some

simple household plant, fresh with frequent baptisms of the sea, is trailed by woman's deft fingers over the rude household porch. The little village is curious with its shambling houses of old French and Norman style, with wide-mouthed chimneys and low sloping roofs; with straggling fences, cattle-sheds thatched with hay, and great stacks from off the marshes. Mingling with the cabins here and there are large residences embowered in traceries of vines and shrubbery. In the little forest roads on the borders of the great marsh and on the ridges, are Norman cottages. In the centre of the village a little school-house, copied from New England, sits in the green enclosure, with bell in its belfry, and next to this, on the highest point of all the region, is the Catholic church, large and poorly furnished with its tinsel ornaments and tawdry images. Here the masses of the church are sung in a language not strangely unlike the worshippers' native speech, and here at Christmas time, and on the great festivals of the church, can be witnessed the rapt faces and often, too, the quaint costumes which in other days gathered in the little church where Evangeline sat and mingled her dreams of Gabriel with her maiden prayers.

The priest to-day is still the father of these simple people, the custodian of their wills, the confidante of their secrets. The village life moves on like a pastoral; marriage and intermarriage have made the faces of a common type; the names are like poems, and the *patois* of the peasants' speech in its quaint oddities is a special dialect. The figures of the men are lithe and firmly knit; there is passion slumbering in their dark eyes, as there is beauty in their clean-cut features. The women, rounded with the symmetry of health, have something of the fresh color of the Teutons, modest with the timidity created by their simple life, yet having the peculiar love of color, the enticing coquetry, the forbidding yet consenting witchery which has been the inheritance of women since Adam wooed Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Stretching away westward to the bay are great forests of pine and hemlock, where the ground is covered with pine

needles, and the air fragrant with resinous odors. On the outskirts, where the oak and maple flourish, there are tangles of copse and thicket, hiding-places for abundant game.

Life drifts placidly amid these quiet scenes. The spring comes late; the summer is like summer in other quarters, though nowhere, save in Normandy and England, can one see so quaint an outdoor life. In the little cabins there is cleanly comfort and domestic joy. The grass grows on the marshes, the cattle fatten on the pastures, the busy house-wife weaves the simple homespun garments, while growing sons work on the joggin reefs, or hew in the forests of Minudie. But in the winter season, industry ceases. The hay is hauled on quaint sledges from the marsh, while in the woods the dark-eyed peasant boys set their snares and trap their game. The winter nights are brilliant as in polar lands; the far-off sky is unflecked by clouds, and the moonlight glints the seamless robe of snow spread over field and forest. The shore is piled high with great cakes of ice, which through the long night crunch hoarsely one upon the other as the tides shoulder them together. Within the great forests and upon the wastes of the Elysian Fields broods that strange silence, that peculiar sombreness which we never fail to feel and see in the old pictures of wintry New England in the Pilgrim days.

These Acadian peasants seem sombre-hearted, as though they bore the burden of many remembered sorrows. But on winter nights they gather in their little cabins and make merry. All day long the sleds bear wood from the forests, and fresh-smelling piles are heaped around the house. When the steaming cattle are housed, the simple peasants flock to the narrow room, which is kitchen and parlor all in one. Then rises a babel of laughing merriment. Over big caldrons in the outer shed the housewives bustle, chattering in the delightful pastime of women's gossip, and somewhere in the shadow of some friendly closet the good man mixes the steaming bowl of old West India rum, with a little dash of gin, perhaps, and all the trimmings which nestle so warmly to these peasant hearts.

The scene within the cabin is fit for the pencil of Eastman Johnson. The rude timbers are bronzed with smoke; in the great fireplace the huge logs smolder beneath the blackened crane, and somewhere beside the old Norman clock a little shrine contains the picture of the Virgin, or else perhaps the ivory crucifix, while twined around it are the precious beads which have been blessed with the consecration of a bishop's prayers. On the rude table before the cross the village fiddler has his perch, and until far into the morning the strangest music comes from beneath his magic bow; the old New England melodies mingling with wild snatches of plantation music and remnants of the old Acadian days.

In the centre of the room two sturdy lads and two fair-faced girls dance amid the pressing throng. The space is narrow, but it is no modern promenade, just the old French four, the wildest, maddest, maziest dance in all the world. Blood leaps and nerves quiver in this bounding, exulting ecstasy of motion, as with eyes flashing and black tresses tossing, they beat the measure of the dance. Wearied, fainting, one by one they drop backward into the throng, but without the failure of a single step. Other dancers take the vacant places, and the dance goes on and on. Only when the crowing of the cock announces the break of day do the tired maidens wend their way homeward, to feel in dreams the pressure of their lovers' hands and hear in sleep the sweet music of their lovers' flatteries.

To this village in the valley of Minudie, as a little runaway boy, came Amos Seaman from the log cabin where (in 1788) he was born, in Sackville, New Brunswick. He commenced his life at the joggins, after the custom of those good old days, in carrying grog to the men. None dreamed that he would one day be known in many quarters by the title of "The Grindstone King." He was bright, diligent, full of life, and was at once a favorite. As he advanced in years, he became interested in little partnerships, gradually acquiring a meagre capital, with which he sent a small consignment of stones to Boston. His venture succeeding, he enlarged his scheme until soon he was

able himself to go with his cargoes, selling them at great profit and filling his returning vessel with prints, West India goods, and, tell it not in Gath, the good New England rum, for which the modern Athens in the older days was held in great repute. So he prospered. The estate of Minudie, containing sixteen thousand acres, was offered for sale, and the young grindstone broker bought it, to find himself soon after with forty-three law suits on hand, in all of which he was successful. His course then was rapidly onward, and he lived as a king among his subjects.

His house was large, with great halls flagged with stone, and massive furniture of foreign wood brought from England. The tables were spread with generous abundance, while the domestics had that pride of family of which we read in the annals of the English nobility. The upper part of the great estate is crowned by the "Elysian Fields"—a plain three thousand acres in extent, raising against the waters of the bay its rampart of turfy dyke with curious sluiceways, walled with braided wicker-work and seamed in every part with irrigating channels. Unbroken by a single building, dotted in every part by tall stacks, covered in summer with the tenants working on their own allotments, browsed in autumn by a thousand cattle, it is indeed an Elysian field.

The restless waters of the bay beat continuously against the dykes, seeking to reconquer the soil filched from their domain, but only in the great spring tides and in the autumn storms does danger threaten, and then by day and by night, anxious keepers build their sentinel fires beside the waters, watching the treacherous sea. How the sluggish life stirs when the tidings come that the dyke is broken. Horsemen ride through all the settlements rousing the people, and splashing through mud and rain from every quarter the workmen come and fight the sea, building against it ramparts of the salty turf, disputing its advance as if each wave were a plumed soldier seeking to despoil their homes.

In this place, like a baron among his people, the owner of every house, father, counselor, master of them all, yet ruling

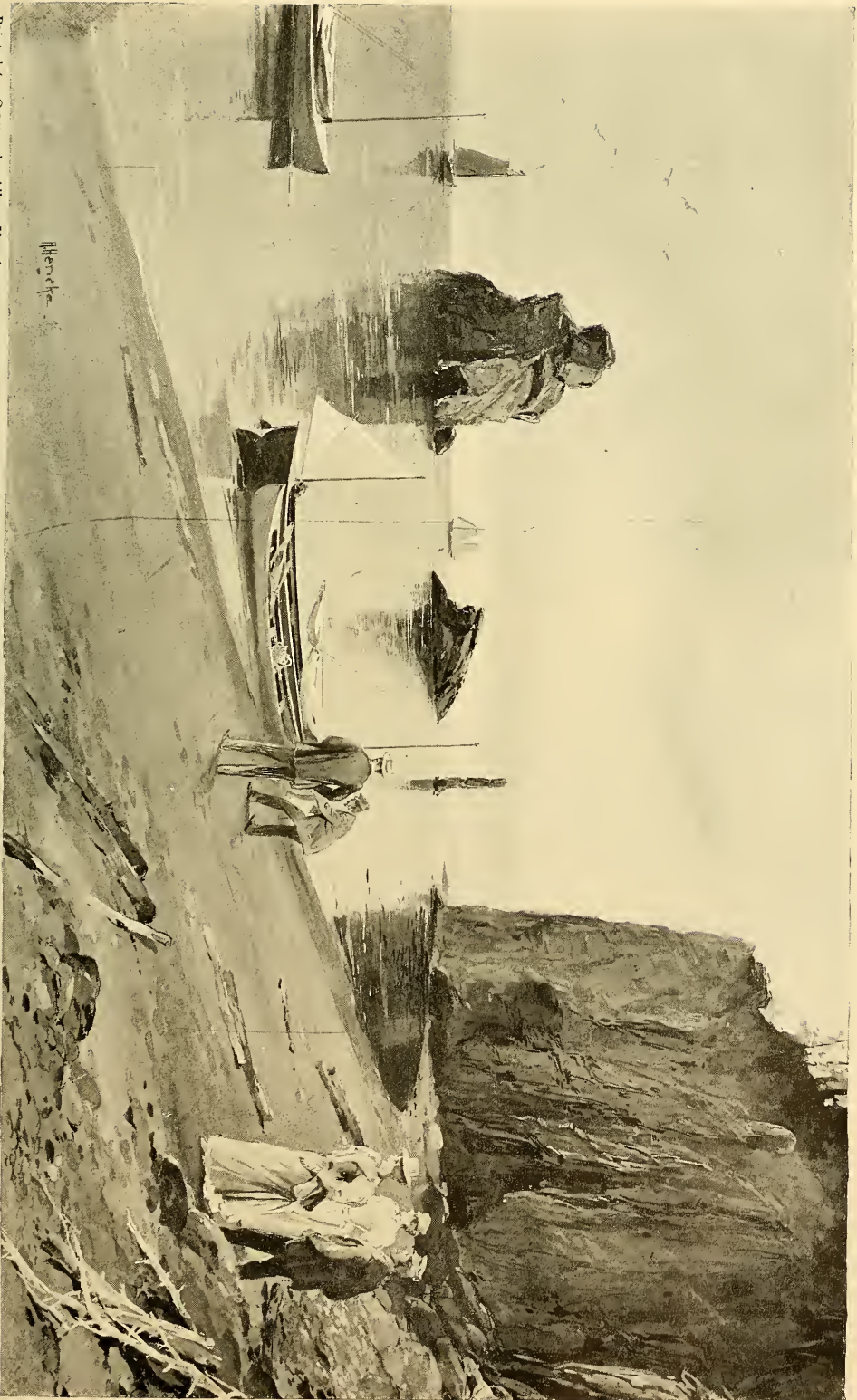
with the mildest sway, Amos Seaman, the *ci devant* poor Joggin Boy, grown to be the richest man in all the land, dwelt in peace among his tenantry.

His vessels drifted down the bay on the outgoing tides, the sound of the adze was heard in the yard where rose the anatomy of other ships; the click of the pick sounded merrily on the joggin reefs whose sharp angles once bruised the bare feet of the fugitive boy. Along the river Herbert, the creak of the windlass lifting the shining coal from his mine was heard, and in the county of Cornwallis the drill sounded in the quarry of this strangely successful man. Almost fabulous products of field and dairy went annually to the busy centres of provincial trade, and in all the region round about, and in the distant cities, men spoke with wonder of Amos Seaman and his vast estate.

Despite his poverty at birth, he had a great pride of family. On his parlor walls hung the pictures of his parents, and in the rude diary in which he wrote, half in verse, the unfolding of his life, there were tender reminiscences of his parents. He had visited England and been presented at court, and his native British loyalty had been strengthened by the remembered smile of his sovereign queen. The buffetings of his stormy life had left their traces in his character; he was abrupt, decisive, brusque, delighting in unmasking the shams of pretense, jealous of his authority, giving to prejudice the validity of conscience, and having that pride of opinion and authority of assertion which is the inevitable fault of a self-made man. And yet beneath this hard exterior, there was the warmth and tenderness of a woman. A tale of pity melted him to tears, and at the sight of suffering he was unmanned.

How strangely nature mixes in the elements when she starts to make a man! This man of iron was a poet, too, in every fibre of his life. He almost thought in rhyme, and as he drove his old horse, verging on to thirty years of age, he used to croon and murmur out his verses, as crooned the poet Burns behind his plow beside "the banks and braes of bonny Doon."

He kept the record of his vast estates without a steward's aid, but his ledgers



Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

SOLDIERS' COVE, BAY OF FUNDY.

were the tablets of his brain, and the little books he tried to keep were curious things, filled with strange signs and figures, with here and there the record of a purchase or a lease made in quaint rhyme. In the centre of the village, and at the angle of the roads were little posts on which he used to put his orders for his tenants, and it was rare indeed that he did not write his message in a quaint couplet. Often as he jogged along, meeting some old retainer, he would stop his horse, make some curious rhyme upon his listener's name, and then without another word jog on. So stern was he, that one would almost tremble in his presence, and yet he was the most

pitiful of men, the friend of little children, a man of mirth, who, among the poor, or old, or helpless, seemed "one of the spirits chosen by Heaven to turn the sunny side of things to human eyes."

But he is dead, and on his burial day there was great grief in all the peasants' cabins, and sad faces followed behind his coffin. More pitiful than sight of human grief was the old horse, which for more than twenty years had served him, now drawing his master to the grave. And when the body was laid to rest in the gathering twilight, there by the new-made grave, the old horse, now grown almost blind, was freed from the harness he was never again to feel.



CAMERON'S LAKE.

SWEET lake, close guarded by a thousand trees
That bend in awe, yet dread to stoop too near,
Mirrored within your depths the skies appear,
And make you sad or splendid as they please :
Across your breast, borne by the sunset breeze,
Softly there steals upon my ravished ear
The thrush's note, almost too sweet to hear,

And the still murmur of the distant seas.
Darkness and night, unwillingly your slaves,
Can only make you lovelier than before:
Forever could I stand, as one who raves,
Lost in your wild dark beauty evermore,
And hear the music of the hurrying waves
Lapping unseen upon your leaf-hid shore.

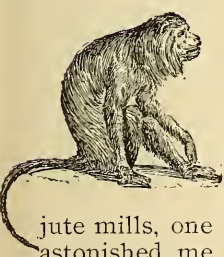
ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.



ON THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD.

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

CALCUTTA TO ALLAHABAD.



ALL the places of interest in Calcutta were visited, together with the Botanical Gardens, five miles to south, on the Hoogly river. A visit to the jute mills, one of the largest in India, astonished me with its machinery and industry. Two floors in each building are covered with machines converting the raw jute into jute cloth and bags. Between two thousand and three thousand native men, women and children are employed in this one mill alone. The owners and overseers are all Scotchmen.

Rain fell steadily during my first two weeks' stay at Calcutta, but the weather cleared up the beginning of October. September is quite an unhealthy month for travelers, being the breaking up of the monsoon. The winter months constitute the fine season; then the weather is quite cool and perfectly dry, until

the torrid hot season sets in again in March and April.

The roads of China and the rough treatment by the Chinese had rendered the frame and wheels of my machine useless for further riding. I had taken the precaution to ship ahead a new frame and some bicycle parts in case of accidents. These, together with the available parts of the old wheel, enabled me to build up an almost new mount ready for the continuation of the journey.

On the morning of October 8th, I was ready to leave Calcutta on the last half of my journey round the world. Thirty-five of the Calcutta Wheelmen were on hand to escort me out on the famous Grand Trunk Road, which runs from Calcutta to Peshawur, a distance of over 1,200 miles. Many other wheelmen were deterred by the threatening weather and muddy streets. We wheeled out of town *en masse*, shouting to the natives to clear the road, and then crossed the pontoon bridge at Howrah.

The first fifteen miles of the Grand



IN A BENGAL VALLEY.

Painted for Ouring by A. W. Van Deusen.

Trunk Road through Bally and Scram-poor was lined with Hindus of all ages who proved exasperatingly awkward in their efforts to get out of the way. The native children, both boys and girls, were mostly naked. Several of the little Hindu boys attending the English public schools of the villages startled me with the salutation, "Good morning, Saib," which was pronounced with good English accent. The road itself was lined with over-arching palms, and the surface was as smooth as a cinder path.

We reached the town of Chandernagore, twenty-five miles from Calcutta in three hours. This little village, strange to say, is under the jurisdiction of the French government. Most of the French residents are officials who govern some 26,000 natives. It is not, however, a French stronghold, as, according to the existing treaty with England, no munitions of war are allowed to be kept here. After a pleasant afternoon together at the French Hotel on the banks of the Hoogly River, my escort of wheelmen bid me a hearty Godspeed, and then by road and rail returned to Calcutta.

Again I was left to continue my journey alone. This time, however, it was not over rugged mountains or through tangled jungles, but over a fine metaled road, through a delightful and interesting country at the very best season of the year for cycling.

My departure the next morning was delayed by an old familiar acquaintance. A violent thunder storm swept the Old Trunk Road with liquid sheets, but its well-kept surface was left only cleaner and harder than before.

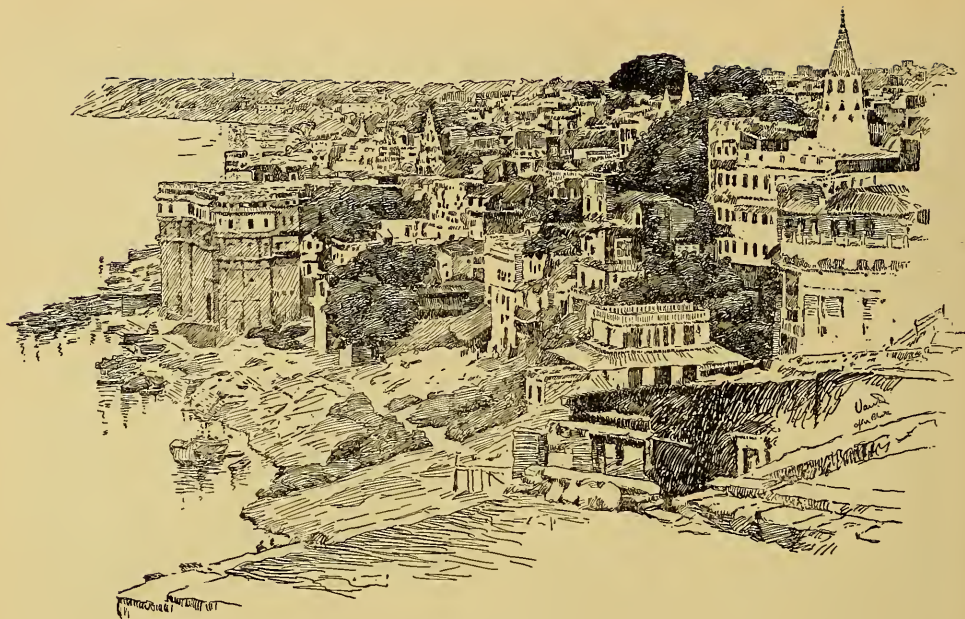
Following the guide-boards on which was inscribed, "Route de Benares," I started to wend my way out of Chandernagore, but just at the outskirts of the settlement, I met with a mishap. A Hindu carrying a load of goods awkwardly turned in my way, and I struck him in spite of my efforts to avoid him. Like the majority of the Hindus, he was so lean and light from an exclusive diet of rice and vegetables that he was thrown headlong against an adjoining hut, his goods scattering in every direction; I, on the other hand, was very slightly deflected.

Beyond Hoogly, an old Dutch settlement on the Hoogly River, the road

emerges into a broad plain covered with rice fields. Here the road was well shaded, and its many windings relieved somewhat the tedious riding. Then, too, I was not without company. Monkeys from two to four feet high were scampering off the road to either side and climbing up the nearest trees. They would chatter and grin and protest loudly in their peculiar way against my unexpected intrusion. The grotesqueness of their appearance was increased by their extraordinarily long tails.

By sundown I reached Mymaree, where a half mile from the road I found a furnished bungalow and a comfortable *punkah*, a wooden frame suspended from the ceiling and curtained with heavy cloths. To this is attached a rope with which it is pulled back and forth by a *punkah-puller* on the outside. This motion creates a refreshing breeze. *Punkahs* and ice are the two essential articles for Europeans in India. The *punkah-pullers* earn two and a half cents a day or night. Two are required in order to relieve one another at regular intervals. In the corridors of the hotels in Calcutta I had seen several of the natives sleeping and pulling at the *punkahs* at the same time, totally unconscious of their mechanical motion. The next morning I experienced the usual difficulty of getting the native keeper or *chowidar* to prepare a breakfast, for the Government inspection bungalows are only meant for rest houses. In consequence, I was obliged to wheel 19 miles to the charming town of Burdun without a morning meal. During the last twenty-four hours I had had nothing but Hindu biscuits, cakes and water.

After leaving Burdun the road runs through a comparatively flat country, dotted with rice fields and artificial ponds, in which the Hindus perform their daily ablutions according to religious custom. Unfortunately, where there are no Government wells or aqueducts, this same water is used for eating and drinking purposes. The evil results therefrom can well be imagined. It was here that I met with the first camel I had seen in Asia. The road was also dotted with white cows and oxen drawing the native carts. The teamsters had a very peculiar method



THE HOLY CITY.

of driving. To turn their animals out of the road they would give a vicious and unrelenting twist to their tails.

When I reached Paneeghur that evening my cyclometer registered 113 miles from Calcutta and just 10,019 on my trip around the globe. The road the next morning was metaled with red brick and was in excellent condition for twenty-eight miles to Raneegunge. There were very few villages or hamlets to break the monotony of this long stretch. What few Hindus I met were carrying their household furniture—beds, mats and pots—on their heads.

Raneegunge is two miles off the Trunk Road, but a good breakfast, at a good hotel, induced me at once to make the divergence. This place is the centre of the coal-mining industry of India. The veins of coal are reached by shafts barely 260 feet deep. The cheapness of fuel has induced the manufacturers of terra-cotta ware and tiling to locate in the vicinity. The factories are reached by a switch from the East India Railway.

Another spin over a rolling plain brought me to Burrackur, on the bank of a large stream spanned by a magnificent road bridge. This is the site of more iron works and collieries, from which

the natives, men and women, were just returning after their day's work, begrimed with soot and coal dust. The Government bungalow here had been almost entirely destroyed by fire, so that I found only one room fit for use.

I was now reaching the hilly districts. Here I found the inhabitants quite different from those on the plains about Calcutta. Instead of light brown their complexions in some cases were almost as black as negroes. Their hair was straight and glossy. At Topechanchy, which lies at the base of Mount Barasooth, 4,480 feet above the sea, I put up for the night in another one of those comfortable Government bungalows which are stationed at intervals of ten or fifteen miles all along the Grand Trunk Road. My companion for the night was a Hindu Government clerk or *baboo*, as they are called in Hindustani. Like all educated Hindus, he liked to avail himself of the opportunity to talk English. He spoke in the highest terms of America, about which he had frequently read in the daily papers.

With an occasional climb and coast, through a rolling, picturesque country, I passed Doomri and Bagodhur. Two Hindu mail-carriers were overtaken on the road. The mail bags were carried

on the ends of spears resting on the shoulders. Near the spear-head three or four sleighbells jingled gayly as they jogged along at a six-mile gait. They were met a few miles farther on by two other mail-carriers coming in the opposite direction, and the bags of mail were then exchanged.

Along the road to Burkutta and Burhee I fairly flew, filling the various foot passengers with merriment and excitement. Even the Hindu women and girls so far forgot themselves as to give me a passing smile. Footsore and weary, these native tramps roam from place to place to find work. Their only couch at night is the hard road-bed and their only cover a dirty cloth.

Beyond Chowparan stretches another wild forest country, said to be infested

and awe. They watched me for miles till I passed out of sight. It was not long before I was among the rice-fields of the valley and passing the caravans of camels hauling wagons from Agra to Calcutta. The old stone bridge at Sherghotty had been recently washed away, so that I was obliged to take to the ford.

From Calcutta to Burrakur the road had been metaled with red brick, but beyond Sherghotty it was macadamized with white flint and limestone. The glint and glare were very painful to the eyes, and rendered smoked glasses almost indispensable. The country as far as the eye could reach was a level plain, dotted here and there by clumps of giant palms that marked the scattered villages. Over a shaded road I



AN UNUSUAL LUXURY.

with tigers and other large game. For the truth of this, however, I cannot vouch. I was fortunate enough not to meet with any tangible evidence.

A coast of four miles from the plateau into the valley of Dhunuwa gave me a taste of an almost forgotten pleasure, while the rapidity of my flight filled the passing natives with wonderment

pushed on to the Lone River, which empties into the Ganges, and which proved the most difficult river to ford I had yet encountered. Its six branches and intermediate sand-bars covered a distance of two miles. With the assistance of three natives, the use of three boats, and with much trudging and wading, I managed to reach the

Delwee side after two hours of incessant labor.

Delwee is the terminus of a well-built canal communicating with the Ganges. The Lone River is dammed across at Baroon to act as a feeder.

I was now in the great luxuriant valley of the Ganges, and the city of Benares was only one day's journey away. All day long I met with groups of native pilgrims going to and from the holy city. Many of the higher caste were traveling in two-wheeled carriages. Their jaded horses were frequently lashed in their vain endeavor to keep up with the bicycle. All were in high spirits, for it was either the first day out or the last day into, the sacred goal.

The streets of Benares were a mass of mud after a recent heavy rain. Through this I plowed to the heart of the city, shouting to first one native and another for directions to Clark's Hotel; but it was not till I reached a group of English soldiers that I could make myself at all intelligible.

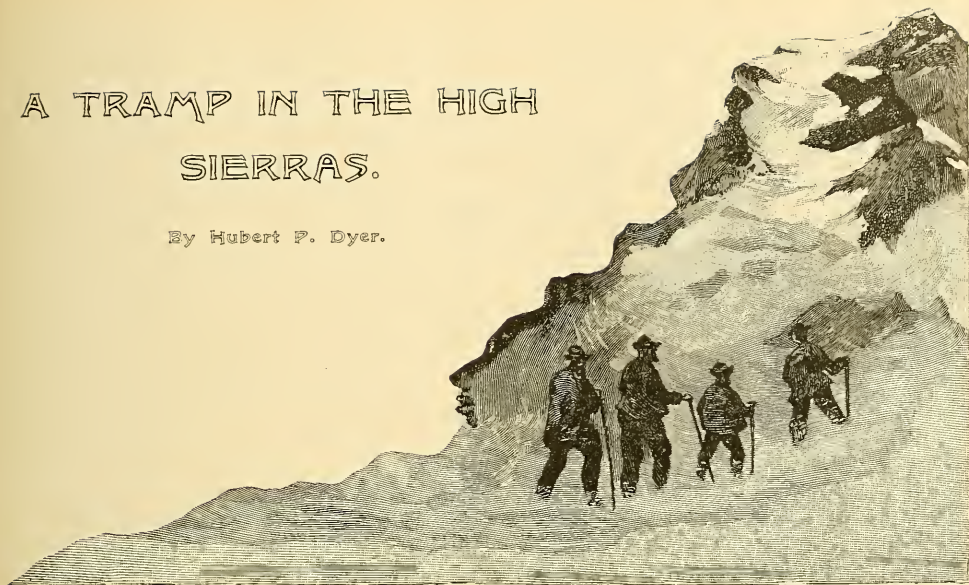
Benares contains about 250,000 Hindus and 75,000 Mohammedans, whilst

only the families of English Government officials constitute the European colony. Besides the 300 English troops in the barracks or cantonment, nearly a thousand native soldiers are quartered in the city. The city is perhaps the most renowned in India, so that it was well worth a day's sojourn to see the places of interest. With a Hindu guide I visited the palaces and principal temples. The first place of interest was the river front, which is really the most beautiful part of Benares. Many palaces and ancient Hindu and Mohammedan temples line the shore. It is really surprising to see so few Buddhists in India, especially in Benares, the first city in which Buddha of Behar promulgated his doctrines. Nearly every king or prince of India has, at one time or another, built a palace or temple along the sacred Ganges in this holy city, believing either by such an act, or by dying in Benares, that their salvation from heaven is assured. Pilgrims come from all parts of India to be cleansed of their sins by bathing in the Ganges at Benares and worshiping at the temples.



A TRAMP IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

By Hubert P. Dyer.



THERE were four in our party—four enthusiastic collegians, lately released from the grind of the year's hard work, and we had climbed high up into the rugged wilderness of the Sierra Nevadas. For convenience sake the four may be termed D—, R—, C— and E—. We had seven weeks' of freedom and had determined to enjoy every moment if possible, by roughing it to our heart's content. Early, abominably early, on the morning of July 17th, C—'s voice roused the little camp with a ringing "Get up! get up!" It was only half after four o'clock, but our energetic comrade had already started a roaring fire, a thing most welcome, for our camp was 10,000 feet above sea-level, and the frost on the blankets and the icicles fringing our donkey's beard proved that the temperature was decidedly wintry. We had cut loose from civilization entirely, and of necessity traveled as light as possible.

With the exception of a small camera and two or three books on botany, our outfit was made up on the strictly necessary plan. We were afoot, with three little donkeys, or jacks, to carry blankets, food and ammunition; and had traveled already one hundred and thirty miles or so southward, through the mountains. Our route had brought us to the Yosemite, but in order to

satisfy our strong desire to penetrate into some wild, uninhabited country, we had turned to the north-east, hoping to find in the lonely cañons and peaks of the California Alps some chance for adventure.

The temporary camp referred to was located at the base of Mt. Dana, about forty miles from the Yosemite, in the very heart of the Sierras. Behind us stretched a narrow meadow-carpeted valley, traversed by a rushing ice-cold river, fresh from the glaciers on Mt. Lyell, an elevated pinnacle somewhere in the maze of mountains to the south. Directly ahead the dark form of Mt. Dana towered up 13,227 feet above sea level. Our immediate plan was to make this ascent. Thus on the 17th of July while New York and the East were sweltering under a burning sun, we were clambering over boulders and snow banks and dancing to keep warm.

The first half-mile of the climb led through a beautiful pine forest, and by half-past six we had left the timber line and emerged upon a perfect chaos of angular slate fragments and dwarfed pine. Then we followed up the icy path of a stream, awaiting only the sun to unlock its rushing waters; then over treacherous spots of frozen meadows to the slate fragments again, and so on till we reached a saddle between the summit of Mt. Dana and his neighbor to

the south. The rest of the climb was a stiff bit of work up the precipitous edge of a great amphitheatre, the resting place of a small glacier.

At last the top was reached and we reveled in a glorious view. Far away to the north and west hung the usual smoke-curtain of the California summer, but in other directions the eye could range for miles. Southward rose a bewildering maze of snowy peaks toward Mt. Whitney, the highest in the United States; eastward over the ashy-hued basin of Nevada, were dimly outlined a distant blue-tinged range of mountains. Mono Lake, the Dead Sea of California, seemed almost under foot, so abrupt is the eastern flank of these ranges. We loosened boulders and pushed them over the lofty cliff till they fell thundering down into the icy depths, at last striking the glacier, when they shot skipping along almost hidden in snowy showers. For a long time we studied the picture in silence, trying to impress everything upon the memory; the rich-hued slate, the snow banks whirled in tumultuous waves, the torn and ragged mountains, the brassy glare from Lake Mono, 6,000 feet below, the narrow tongues of verdure creeping cautiously out from the mountain's flank into the scorching desert along some protecting stream, the volcanoes south of the lake, and a thousand other marvels.

In this locality the eastern flank of the Sierra Nevadas is particularly precipitous. It is occasionally broken by deep transverse cañons, or rather gorges, leading from about the 11,000 foot level down to the great basin region of America. From our lofty station we could see the lower end of the one through which we hoped to be able to descend to Mono Lake; we should thus pass clear through the range. The attempt would be difficult and even risky, for this pass bears a very bad reputation in addition to its strikingly suggestive name, Bloody Cañon. Nevertheless it was our intention to go through it, so after descending to camp, we packed the jacks as lightly as possible, and started south to find the entrance of the formidable pass. We reached it at five o'clock, and it was with no little degree of anxiety that we concluded to attempt the passage.

R—— and E—— carefully looked to the pack saddles and diamond hitches. Then we plunged over the brow and were soon in the dark depths of the gorge. The trail dropped away beneath our feet at every step; the jacks slid and swayed, but managed to keep up, and all the time as we went down and down it grew darker. There was barely room for the trail between the talus and the stream that occupies the bottom. It ran now over the loosely piled debris, now clinging to the bank of the brook, or curving around between a bluff and alpine lakelet, disappearing in some narrower place. We made good time, and yet the growing darkness warned us to hurry. We did not want to stumble on in the dark, nor did we feel at all disposed to eat a cold supper and bivouac on the sharp slate. We had a vague idea that about half way down there was a little meadow, and on that we pinned our hopes. It became rather weird and uncanny; there was the stream foaming down over the dull red rocks, the gleaming banks of snow now and then brought out by the gloomy clusters of storm-beaten pines, and the chilly air felt strange.

Suddenly we dropped down a narrow stairway, the cañon walls opened a little and across the stream was the looked-for miniature meadow. Here at last were wood and grass, so R—— and I hastened to unpack while D—— and C—— made a fire and prepared to get supper. In a moment the jacks were turned loose, the blankets were spread over a spot picked clear of large pebbles—we did not mind the little ones—and we sat down by the fire to watch C—— fry pancakes miner-fashion, and to inhale the warm odors of our kitchen.

Ah, what a camp that was! What vivid memories return of those steaming flap-jacks, of the coffee seasoned accidentally with pepper, of the "scaloped oysters," as D—— facetiously called a mixture of pilot bread and canned beef. Then, too, the playful antics of the jacks, trying to eat everything, from the can-opener to a bar of soap; the pious look of outraged innocence on their faces when we drove them away from the blankets. It was perfect enjoyment there. The wavering glare of the camp fire threw strange shadows on

the narrowly enclosing walls, and they seemed peopled by lurking forms. The murmur of a cascade back in the darkness, the distant roar of the wind as it swept far above us, playing on the lofty cliffs, were sweet melodies to our ears; and the stars shining down through the chasm seemed like old friends.

Early the next morning we started for Mono Lake. By eleven o'clock we had reached the hot desert, and thinking that we might reach the lake in two or three hours, we put off lunch till we camped for the night. It was a very poor idea; distances were deceptive and we tramped wearily onward over the scorching sand till late in the afternoon. Then, in despair, we sought a camp in the dense willow thickets of a little river that manages to flow down from the snow regions to the lake without being swallowed by the thirsty sands. Already Piute Indians had shown an unwelcome curiosity and it was to avoid their thievishness that we camped thus secludedly. All in vain, for hardly had dinner been eaten when in came a stalwart buck. "Skookum?" No, we had no skookum (bread). "Shot?" No, no shot. In fact our provisions were running short, and it became necessary to shorten our stay at Mono for that very reason. Away up in the Tuolumne Meadows by Mt. Dana we had left a lot of food, however, meaning to get it on the return trip.

Beyond learning that our Indian visitor belonged to a party located somewhere to the south-east, we could draw no information from him. We were soon rid of him, however, and, while we feared a larger delegation, we determined, after secreting all valuable portables, to walk down to the lake.

What a scene of desolation there met us! A waste of flat sandy beaches enclosing a dull mass of heavy water, strongly impregnated with carbonate of soda. Great quantities of dead flies covered the water line, so that the sand was black and the air malodorous. Flocks of gulls rose screaming at our approach, and long-legged waders stalked uneasily toward the deeper water where a band of wild geese rested quietly. To bathe in an inland sea promised a unique experience, so C—and I quickly undressed and waded in.

The unusual buoyancy of the water seemed queer, but its soap-like action was still queerer. We had to rinse ourselves off in the fresh water of the river before dressing, and for two or three days we felt unusually clean.

That night and the next day went by quickly and we found ourselves at a little lake just at the foot of Bloody Cañon. A man half hermit and half hunter lived there, and that evening he and I went trout spearing; that is he did the spearing while I rowed the scow over the lake. We caught six great beauties, two-pounders mostly; one trout for every blister on my hands.

As it was impossible to live upon doves and trout alone, we hurried back up Bloody Cañon, past our old camp at the foot of Dana and proceeded down the meadows to where our extra provisions were put away. Here we met two young fellows from San Francisco and we asked them to join us for two or three days while we made a detour southward along the Tuolumne River and attempted the ascent of Mt. Lyell. They readily accepted, and after resting over Sunday we all made the march to the foot of Lyell.

This mountain was pronounced "an inaccessible pinnacle of granite rising above perpetual snow" by the State Geological Survey. Consequently we were eager to reach the top if possible. From our camp that night the mountain looked so formidable that we began to doubt the advisability of the attempt but finally made up our minds to reach the top or at least find out why not.

Accordingly, early the next morning we started on the hard and dangerous climb. For two hours we struggled over boulders, up seamed and rugged cliffs, crossing and recrossing icy streams, skirting shining lakelets, and gaining elevation with every step. At last we paused for a council of war. Before us was the long glistening glacier; fringing its western edge was the usual lateral moraine while still farther to the west extended a huge caldron upon the northerly rim of which we were standing. Was it best to make directly for the glacier, to follow the top of the moraine, or to climb down through the caldron and strike the glacier again up nearer the top? We made a compro-

mise between the latter two; and thus it was that by severe efforts we at last reached the base of the pinnacle. Another problem now confronted us: D——, who had been unwell for several days, now succumbed to the combination of cold and weakness. C—— managed to flounder with him over the deep snow to a sunny ledge where we left him in charge of R——, while the rest of us pressed on over a narrow knife edge, which forms the only approach to the summit. We wriggled on backs and stomachs; crawled under shelves and around narrow ledges, reaching ahead for finger holds and pulling bodies cautiously up. A slip of a few inches to the south might mean a fall of hundreds of feet to the sources of the Merced River; to the north and the first stopping place after bounding down over a ragged cliff might be the Bergschrund at the upper end of the glacier. Sometimes a narrow gully offered a chance to wedge up by the successive expansion of knees and elbows; a false brace and all would be over. Finally, we reached the top, the first party to make the complete ascent since 1885.

If the view from Dana is grand, that from Lyell is sublime. To the south, range upon range, pinnacle after pinnacle in wildest confusion. Hundreds of sharp, savage peaks rising into eternal snow, terrific cañons, chill crags scarred and furrowed by avalanches, glistening glaciers, sparkling lakelets were everywhere. The cold neutral tint of granite, the warmer hued slate, the crystal clearness of the little lakes made a picture never to be forgotten. Away to the westward we could see just the tip of Mt. Diablo, while the Coast Range showed but a dark line along the horizon.

Impressive and inspiring as it was, we had to leave it and descend. So after leaving our names in a tin can, brought especially for that purpose, we went back to find D—— fully recovered and ready for the descent. The sun had melted the surface of the glacier and it was alive with rushing water, making the footing treacherous. I was in the lead when suddenly the softening snow gave way and threw me into a crevasse. Happily the camera, which was strapped to my back, struck the icy

edge and checked my fall momentarily. Almost instinctively I threw out my elbows and at the same instant M—— thrust his long cane through the camera strap. For a minute I hung over the deep crevasse, and then with the aid of M—— scrambled out unharmed but startled. The crack was between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet deep. After that we tied ourselves together. Later on while we were clambering down the slope of a moraine a great mass of loosely poised boulders started beneath H——'s weight, for a moment seriously threatening those below. Fortunately, again fate was kind. Thus slipping and sliding over the glacier, leaping and crawling over the moraines, we reached camp at five o'clock, happy in the accomplishing of our dangerous venture.

The next day we returned to our base of supplies, bade good-bye to H—— and M——, who were to follow our footsteps to Mono, and then trailed down the Tuolumne River to the head of the Great Tuolumne Cañon, a deep gorge twenty-four miles long by a mile in depth. Not more than two or three white men have ever passed through it. Besides abounding in great water-falls and towering cliffs it was said to be a favorite haunt of the grizzly bear.

The cañon proved to be magnificent but the climbing was very difficult and we toiled hard all day.

Imagine a vast chasm cut for thousands of feet into the solid granite by a long-since departed glacier, and in place of the glacier a tumbling mountain torrent rushing down the bottom, now falling hundreds of feet to be dashed into spray, now rollicking through rocky passes to quiet pools below. The bottom of the cañon is barely wide enough to contain the river which foams against the confining walls and roars through the narrower spaces with amazing force. There was very little soil visible, it was a study in bare granite and rushing waters. In one place we sent a great log over a fall, the wild water tossed it like a match. We called it the Upper Falls but have since learned the true name, Virginia Falls.

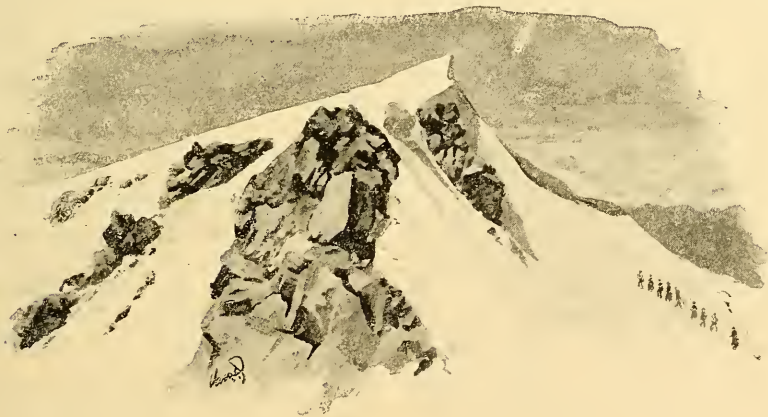
In places where the river crowded us to the walls, we had to take to the fallen debris and crawl like flies over

the obstructions. We squeezed around great boulders, climbed over others and traversed narrow passages, often only to find an impassable barrier which forced a retreat and an attempt in a new direction. After passing the talus, the river left a level space on our side, but it was so densely covered with tangled underbrush and forest that old bear trails were esteemed excellent roads. Where the river again drove us to the rocks, we took to a broad ledge and soon found ourselves at the top of a slippery rock surface sloping abruptly to a wicked-looking cascade. Beyond it rose a dome-like rock, at least three thousand five hundred feet high. It was a question how to get down over the polished rock. The cooler headed managed to keep erect, but the others ignominiously sat down and slid, using their hands as brakes. After this a chasm forced us to climb higher, then another glacier-polished surface blocked

the way for a time. Progress was painfully slow, as we did not cover more than five miles in seven hours. It was time to call a halt if we intended to make the return to camp before night-fall. We climbed a prominent point which afforded a sweeping view of the gorge, then we worked down to the river for rest and lunch.

The homeward trip was difficult and tedious. We crept along cracks and ledges, now erect, now seated to slide, where a false step or a hopeless clutch meant a crushing fall or a sudden splash into the whirling rapids. By five o'clock we were again in camp.

How we traveled steadily northward through the range for two weeks till we disbanded at the starting place, Columbia, a famous old mining camp in Tuolumne County, need not here be told. We reached home fully convinced that never had there been a more glorious vacation trip.



A LITTLE EXCURSION INTO SAVAGERY.

BY JAMES WEIR, JR., M. D.

EVERY year, when the month of June arrives, the *psychos* of my savage ancestry enters into me, and I am seized with an irresistible desire to flee from the haunts of men and take up and live the life of a savage in all of its most primitive simplicity and naturalness. This desire overtakes me in the very midst of

civilization and is so omnipotent that I must at once leave business and get to the woods. Fortune has been singularly kind, for she has shown me a place in Kentucky, not twenty miles from the city in which I live, so wild, so natural, so primitive in every detail, that when I arrive there, I can almost imagine I am the only man in

existence. This June I became a savage at three o'clock in the morning, and before four o'clock, I had packed gun, rod, minnow-bucket, a side of bacon, twenty-five pounds of cornmeal, a little salt, pepper, coffee and sugar into my two-wheeled gig, and was far on my way, in the dewy freshness, to my haunt among the hills of Green River.

Ah ! ye dwellers in cities and ye wise men of the world, are ye looking for something new ? If ye are, pray that Providence may grant the phenomenon of psychical atavism to your jaded souls, so that ye may accompany me in spirit and behold Nature in her swaddling-clothes.

The morning breeze is scented with the perfume of a thousand roses, when that harbinger of the day and proverbial "early bird," the song sparrow, is heard singing the sweetest, purest matins ever breathed forth from the throat of any living creature.

The soft twitterings of hundreds of martins are wafted down from the dusk heavens high above my head, sounding eerily in the gray morning light. A belated coon racks swiftly across the road, his bushy, barred tail sweeping the ground behind him, and disappears beneath a clump of blackberry bushes. A pencil of warm light turns the sober browns of a weather-worn barn into a mass of glowing, pulsating color ; the far-reaching voices of a dozen barnyard kings sound challenge and, counter-challenge : and the day is born.

Past bosky dells, where the cool mist of the night yet lingers ; past wooded pasture and flower-decked meadow ; past broad green wheat fields and tobacco patches ; past fields of corn and oats, clover, barley, and rye ; past farm-houses old and new ; past men and women and children, their friendly "how-d'ye's" scarcely reaching my ears, so swift is the pace of my powerful Corbeau gelding ; on, and on, and on, until the sun is high in the heavens, and shines hot upon my back.

At length the scene changes and I enter the hills. On both sides of the road, the primeval forest stretches out for a dozen miles. Here deer, wild-turkeys, opossums, skunks, squirrels, raccoons, weasels, minks, foxes and an occasional wild-cat are still to be found.

I take my gig a hundred yards or so into the wood and leave it, for it would be impossible for any vehicle to penetrate further into the wilds where lie my hunting-grounds. My few traps are soon made up into suitable bundles and packed upon Corbeau Billy's strong back. Then taking his halter I resume my journey. Through briers and brush-wood, up steep hills and then down into deep ravines, over half decayed logs and huge boulders, past giant "root-wards," silent witnesses of the cyclone's fury, we make our way. More than once I stop, and then proceed on my way with great caution, for that "br-r-r-r" on my right, and now again on my left, sounding like the rattling of peas in a dried bladder, is the warning signal of a rattlesnake. Once as I reached out my hand to steady myself against a prostrate tree, there glides, almost from beneath my fingers, a huge copperhead, the *Ancistrodon contortrix* of naturalists. These Green River hills are a regular snake's paradise. In a single day's journey I have seen black-snakes, racers, copperheads, moccasins, rattlesnakes, milk-snakes, summer-snakes, spring-snakes, garter-snakes, and blowing or spreading-vipers.

After several hours of laboring toil through this wilderness, my horse and I at length enter a narrow ravine which finally leads us to the creek where I propose to establish my camp. The banks of this creek on this side are precipitous, save where they are bordered by narrow beaches, or indented by gulches and ravines.

At the foot of the cliff, where I at last stop my wearied horse, there is a cave. This cave is about one hundred and fifty feet long, and is, at this season of the year, dry and habitable. During the winter its entrance is completely submerged when the water is high. At some distant time, far in the past, an immense lot of rock has fallen from the face of the cliff, completely hiding the entrance to the cavern. I firmly believe that few men have ever seen the inside of this cave or even its entrance. Its floor slopes gradually upward from the entrance to the wall of rock which forms its end. Emerging from the base of this rear wall, and flowing

down along the centre of the rocky floor and out at the entrance, is a clear, cold little stream of delicious water. In this house, built by the hands of Nature, I proposed to take up my abode until I again felt the desire to return to civilization. Rapidly unstrapping my baggage from Billy's tired back, I lead him down where the water is shallow, and across the creek into a canebrake, where he can feed on the tender young cane-shoots.

The sun was just about to drop behind the Western horizon when I returned from seeing after my horse. Taking minnow-bucket and hand-net, I proceeded to a riffle where the green water boiled through and over countless boulders, and with two sweeps of the net in a deep pool, I secured a dozen minnows which were placed in the bucket for bait. Then taking my rod I baited with a lively minnow. I made a cast and as the minnow floated down stream and reached the edge of the foam, the reel clicked out that message which never fails to send the blood coursing through one's veins. With a bend of the wrist I struck sharp and quick, and a glittering, silvery thing of beauty shot up from the water in a graceful curve. I at once gave him the butt (for it will not do to play a fish among these sharp rocks), and reeling in, soon laid a pound and a half rock-bass on the shore beside me. I landed two more fish before the sun went down.

Returning to the cave I built a fire, heaping on the drift-wood until the whole interior was lighted up. Some of my corn-meal was soon made up into pones, and was baking beneath the hot ashes while I prepared the fish for frying. A strip or two of bacon were fried in the pan, and the fish, salted and peppered and covered with corn-meal, each with a small shaving of bacon in its abdomen, were laid in the hot grease and placed over the fire. Next some coals were raked on one side, and my coffee-pot placed above them.

Across the creek, in the clayey bank, a colony of muskrats had made their burrows, and, before it became too dark, I had the pleasure of witnessing a muskrat courtship. The male, swelling his neck and striking the ground with his flattened tail, slowly approached the

female, walking sidewise with a stiff, affected gait. He kept up a low murmuring monologue all the while, every now and then accentuating his speech with shrill squeaks and guttural grunts. The female seemed coy, and several times repulsed his advances, chasing him several feet away from the burrow, and then returning to the entrance, where she would resume her crouching posture until again put on the defensive by his overtures and caresses. They kept this up for some time.

Prone upon my back, with my eyes fixed upon the stars, I strove to people those far-distant worlds with absolutely perfect beings. I had almost lost my individuality, when my astral body was again hurled earthward by what seemed to be the shriek of some lost soul. "Ya-a-a-AH! Who-hoo-hoo, who-hoo-hoo, who-hoo-AH!" The very air seemed to be filled with this horrible cry. I turned and saw the disturber of my dreams. It was an owl, perched on a limb of a lightning-blasted tree. His ears and round, staring eyes resembled those generally ascribed to the fiend himself, and for one moment my dream-drenched faculties thrilled with an unspeakable horror.

I was awakened at daybreak by the clamorous songs of thousands of locusts, which seemed to be holding high carnival in the woods across the creek. Those who have never heard the love-songs of these insects have no idea what an ear-splitting noise they can make. It does not take much of a tax on the imagination for one to make out in their cry the name of that mighty potentate who "vexed Israel." "Pha-a-a-ra-oh, Pha-a-a-ra-oh!" resounds on every side.

After a bath in the deep pool immediately in front of the cave, the next thing in order was breakfast. I knew from past experiences that there were big fish in the pool; therefore at once proceeded to try for them. Using a large minnow, I dropped my line and was soon fast to a "big-mouth," which made off with it with great speed. I struck at once. Jove! how he pulled when he felt the hook! The reel fairly sang, and at first I felt some alarm for my tip, for my rod was an untried one. Everything held, however, and soon every faculty I possessed was fully

engaged in the endeavor to land the fish. Backward and forward, forward and backward, for full forty minutes the battle raged. I knew that if the fish ever succeeded in getting into the riffle, and he tried every way he knew so to do, I would, in all probability, lose him; but by dint of hard work I managed to keep him in deep water and finally landed him. What a beauty he was as he lay upon the grass, with every fin and spine defiantly erect! He weighed fully four pounds, was game to the last.

While eating breakfast the idea struck me that I would like to have for dinner a baked blue-cat *aux herbes naturel* and a *rôti* of young squirrel; and so, as soon as I had wiped out the frying-pan and rinsed out the coffee-pot, I laid my plans for the successful procurement of these dainties. I soon rigged up a stout catfish line, and, baiting its half-dozen hooks with crayfish tails, tied one end to a sapling and threw the other, weighted with a bowlder, as far out into deep water as I could send it; then, shouldering my No. 22 Remington, I crossed the creek and made my way into the cane-brake.

Just at the edge of the wood I saw two beautiful butterflies poised above the flowering tops of some wild garlic, and I made a mental note that the plants should add their flavor to my prospective baked catfish. These butterflies were evidently lovers, so I stopped to watch them. The female flew to the ground, where she remained slowly waving her beautiful wings up and down. The male alighted on the ground in front of her at a distance of about a foot, and then approached her, slowly and gracefully waving his wings. His walk was stilted and affected. When he came within three or four inches of her he expanded his wings to their fullest extent, so that she might see their beautiful markings and colorings. Then quivering them rapidly, so that they fairly glistened with all the colors of the rainbow, he marched to and fro in front of her. The female remained quiet and observant.

The courtship of butterflies generally takes place in mid-air, the male circling about the female in graceful flight, at one moment immediately above her, the next beneath her. I have often

seen two and even three males in pursuit of a single female. She seemed, on these occasions, to be coy and hard to please, and kept her lovers hovering about her. The dragon-fly is another graceful wooer, and, when courting, takes great care to show every one of his many points of beauty and ornament. He will alight near the female on some twig or on the ground, and rapidly vibrate his wings; his abdomen plays up and down in unison with his wings, and he will often perform a short but stately march in front of her. Like the butterfly, the love scenes of dragon-flies generally occur in mid-air.

The courting of the blue-bird is a charming spring idyl. The little lover will perch a few inches away from his enslaver, and attempt to bewitch her with the witchery of his song. His low, soft warble is a delicious bit of love-pleading, and ought to soften the most obdurate heart; but the female is coy and flouts him. He then comes nearer, and, slightly elevating and quivering his wings, bows in front of her, all the while pleading in an impassioned manner. He then erects himself, puffs out his breast and stalks in front of her. His song takes on a more virile strain. He boasts of his prowess in the fields of worm-hunting and nest-building; he turns his back to her and calls attention to his beautiful blue coat. Again he turns and points to the beauty of his scarlet vest. This last argument is generally effective.

The wooing of the peacock is grotesque and bizarre, and always reminds me of the performances of certain lovesick men whom I have seen. The cock deliberately selects his ground or place of exhibition and then calls the female to admire him. Several males will select a "stamping-ground," as it is locally termed, and will beat down the weeds and grass until the surface of the ground is perfectly smooth. They will then utter the most discordant shrieks and calls until they have collected all the females about them. When they see that they have secured an audience they will commence the most extraordinary antics. First one male and then another will enter the arena. He will spread his tail to its greatest extent, and, holding his head far back between

his wings, will execute a stiff-legged *sarabande* around the ring. Then, folding his tail and stretching out his neck, he will run at full speed about the arena. Standing in the centre of the ring, he will slightly elevate his tail and beat the ground with his feet. He does not fail to point to every one of his many points of beauty. He even calls attention to his voice, doubtless very pleasing to pea-fowl ears, however discordant to ours.

But I must return to my squirrels, or my *rôti* will not materialize. Young squirrels are plentiful, and I soon secure five or six and then tramp back to camp. When I arrive there my catfish line is switching about the pool at a great rate, and hauling it in, hand over hand, I land a splendid blue-cat of about seven pounds weight. I speedily kill and disembowel him. After he has

been thoroughly washed I stuff him with minced garlic, mint and bacon. Then, salted and peppered, he is wrapped in the broad leaves of the water lily and enveloped in a thick coating of moist clay. Before starting out in the morning I had placed a dozen bowlders in the fire. A hole is quickly dug in the soft earth and its bottom and sides lined with these hot bowlders. The fish is then laid in the hole, more bowlders placed upon him, and then I build a fire over the whole. The squirrels are then dressed and seasoned and put to roast on skewers before the fire. It is late in the afternoon before dinner is served, but when it is served it is delicious.

This is the history of a day's excursion into savagery. When the longing for civilization seized me a week later I packed my traps and returned home.



AMERICAN SAILOR-SOLDIERS.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF NAVAL MILITIA AND NAVAL RESERVE.

By EVERETT B. MERO.

A POINT has been reached in the development of the Naval Militia in the United States when well-defined plans for future work seem not only advisable but absolutely necessary for further

progress. The old saying about strength in unity of purpose is especially applicable here.

During the experimental days of the Naval Militia, when it was being carefully weighed in the balance by public

opinion and the judgment of the Navy Department, when there were but a few hundred men actively interested, and they too, confined to two or three States—during this stage of its history it was not easy to foresee the present development. It was well, perhaps that no definite course of action was at that time adopted, for some projects then proposed by its wisest promoters fell short of what has since proved desirable.

The relations of the Naval Militia to the State and Nation and to the other branches of the service, volunteer and regular, were not at that time clearly defined. No one could foretell the outcome of an idea that had been put into practical operation in Massachusetts only five years before. Captain Soley who, by his energetic assistance in getting the bill through the General Court of the Bay State, became the father of the Naval Militia, could not then have foreseen that this idea would thereafter become so popular not only in his own State but in so many other States of the Union. Of one thing, however, he was certain, and that was that former attempts to organize a naval auxiliary had been instituted on radically wrong principles. He took advantage of what he considered others' mistakes, put his helm hard a-port and went off squarely on another tack.

It was then that State after State began to fall into line and that Naval Battalions, wherever the presence of a sea or lake coast permitted of their active operations, became a popular militia.

Each battalion commander in each State (to say nothing of regular navy officers) had individual ideas regarding what should be done. One considered it the duty of the Naval Militiamen to devote a large portion of their attention to infantry drill; another wondered what need there was for his men to be sent off on a war ship to associate with common "Jackies" for a few days and run the risk of getting their hands grimy and appetites spoiled. A commander of one of the Eastern battalions had the audacity to announce one summer that he intended to take his men to sea on ships of the navy and let them run things for a week or so. He was one of the officers who believed in

making Naval Militiamen as close imitations of sailors as possible with the means available. With determination he carried out his project and it was a great success.

The Naval Militia has now safely weathered the dangers that beset its infancy and, with remarkable energy, has passed to a point where there is but little room to doubt its permanency as a part of the military and naval organizations of the country. What the Naval Militia now needs is harmonious co-operation and centralization of control. To attain this end it is the opinion of some that the United States Government should control it as a Government institution; but the advocates of this idea evidently confound Naval Militia with the proposed Naval Reserve. A Naval Reserve, according to the international acceptance of the term, must be a national and not a local and purely volunteer organization. The framers of the first Naval Militia law were fully alive to this distinction, but so much confusion has since arisen in the mind of the general public that a readjustment is now necessary.

The advocates of the Naval Reserve project feel that there is a limit to the usefulness of the Naval Militia, and that it should be supplemented by a new and more actively navigating force. What is proposed to do in this direction is set forth by one of the advocates in the following terms:

"The proposed new organization is to be called the Navigating Naval Reserve and perhaps that title will give the best clew to its object. The present Naval Militia does not habitually navigate except during a brief period each summer, but it is proposed that the new reserve shall be composed of those who are accustomed to life on the water in their ordinary occupations. A bill embodying this idea was introduced into the last Congress by Representative Cummings of New York. It was proposed—

"that officers and men between the ages of 18 and 45, serving in our mercantile marine or formerly serving in the navy, if citizens, and found physically and otherwise qualified by a Board appointed by the Navy Department, should be enrolled in a naval reserve in grades and ratings like those of the navy, for terms not exceeding five years each. They would be liable

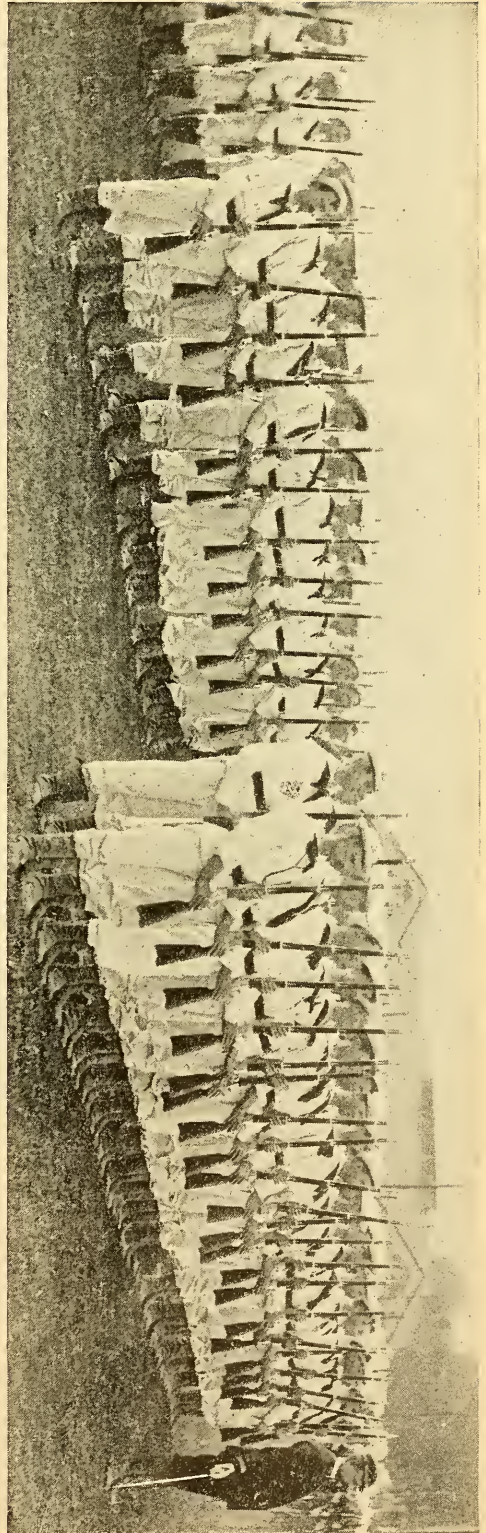
to a call into active service in war, or when war was threatened, under the pains and penalties of desertion, being considered as in the United States service as soon as enrolled in the reserve. It was especially provided that the officers and men of the life-saving, lighthouse, revenue marine, and coast signal services could be enrolled in the reserve and assigned to such duties and instruction as the President might prescribe.

"At first it might be thought that the new organization proposed would encroach a little on the province of the Naval Militia. Its advocates, however, do not regard the two as conflicting in any respect. The idea of the new body is that there already exists much nautical material that will not take service under the State Militia laws, and, in fact, might be unable to do so, but could be brought together, organized, and instructed under rules not interfering with existing maritime occupations, and thus made a trustworthy force in time of war. The bill already spoken of proposed to appropriate \$100,000 annually for the navigating naval reserve, but it was not intended that this should make any difference in the appropriation for the Naval Militia of the States, which latter is of a less amount. The object is to get a reserve directly under the authority of the Navy Department, composed largely of men accustomed to sea life, in order to supplement the existing Naval Militia, since both bodies would be needed in case of war, and the new one would be particularly available in manning merchant vessels that might be called into the service of the United States.

"It is proposed that each officer and man of the navigating reserve, on personally reporting for training for a period not exceeding thirty days in any one year, and on being found by the appointed authorities fit for duty, shall receive certain pay, amounting to \$30 for each petty officer and \$20 for each man of inferior rating, to be paid at the completion of this annual requirement. If examination shows a lack of fitness, the officer or man is to be discharged without compensation. Again, such officers and men 'as may elect to join the colors for naval training during the period of annual drill of the organized reserve forces,' meaning apparently the State Militia, can do so, and receive pay like the latter.

"It was further provided, in the bill referred to, that any vessel commanded by an officer of the naval reserve, and having in her complement five other officers and men belonging to that reserve, should have the right to fly from her mainmast head a distinctive flag or pennant, bearing the letters U. S. N. R., the Navy Department prescribing its color, shape, and size. Officers of the naval reserve holding commissions in the United States were to be borne upon the Navy Register, while 'the entire organization, administration, compensation, training, and control of the naval reserve forces exercised by the Government of the United States shall be under the direction of the President, and be confided to the Department of the Navy; and the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to detail officers and petty officers of the navy to act as inspectors, instructors, and assistant instructors of the naval reserve and to be the responsible custodians of the property of the United States issued for the training and arming of the said forces.'"

A SAMPLE OF THE RIGHT SORT.



This is what is proposed in the way of a Naval Reserve. The matter will be brought before the next Congress but what will become of it is quite uncertain in view of the fate of numerous other measures of similar purport. It is the opinion of Naval Militia officers of standing who have studied the matter—Commander Miller, of New York, among them—that the time has not yet arrived for such an organization, desirable as it may be.

As the Naval Militia has been gaining in force and importance year by year, the need of a uniform and co-operative method of training the various organizations has become more and more apparent. Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo, to whom the Naval Militia owes much, appreciated the importance of this point and two years ago recommended a conference of the commanders from the various States to talk over matters and arrange a definite programme for future action. This conference, however, did not materialize until last spring, when Commander Jacob W. Miller, of the New York Battalion, took matters into his own hands and arranged for the meeting which took place the second and third of May.

It was perhaps the most important gathering for the Naval Militia since the organization of the first battalion. It was held on board the New York Battalion's ship, the *New Hampshire*, in New York harbor. There were gathered officers from nine States, representing ten battalions and more than two thousand men. For two days they listened to papers and discussed questions relating to the various details of their work afloat and ashore—such matters as the proper form of organization of battalions, the best uniform for men and officers, the relations of the Naval Militia to the Navy, to the Nation and to the State, proper text books, progressive drills for new organizations, and engineer corps for navigation.

Captain John W. Weeks, of the Massachusetts Brigade, presided, being the senior officer of the oldest organization. He was also elected president of the permanent organization, the Association of Naval Militias of the United States.

The conference adjourned with a feeling that a move in the right direction had been made and that the good work would go on with more energy and intelligent guidance than had been possible heretofore. Committees were appointed to consider at home the various points under discussion and to submit their reports to the president of the association who, in turn would transmit them to the commander of every battalion in the country. Of course, these recommendations cannot be entirely followed for the reason that the various organizations are amenable to the various State Militia laws, but these may be changed sooner or later so as to admit of the adoption of uniform rules. One fundamental rule, however, was firmly established, viz., that the ship should be the foundation upon which everything should be built; in other words, that the men of the Naval Militia should be trained into sailors rather than soldiers.

The settlement of this point removed one of the main obstacles to uniformity. While in some States the battalions are, as nearly as possible, ships' crews; in others, they are hardly more than good infantry companies with a little artillery practice and occasional boat drills. Except in New York City, Philadelphia and one or two other places, there has been a lack of ship work and instruction in seamanship, which could only be partly excused by a lack of proper facilities. It is the salty flavor about the Naval Militia which draws nine-tenths of the young men to it, and it is also true that an over-abundance of armory infantry drills has an opposite effect.

This uncertainty has been due largely to the variance of ideas which it was the object of the New York Conference to harmonize. That this purpose was accomplished cannot be doubted, and there is every indication that the Association with yearly gatherings and frequent interchange of ideas will be a valuable factor in cementing into one strong body all the branches of this very important part of the volunteer service in the United States.

The Navy Department has not yet been able to provide ships for all the battalions as it would like and intends

The next moment he heard the rasping sound of a saw in a room to the right, and he knocked at the door.

"*Herein*," called a voice, and lifting the latch for himself he crossed the threshold into the poorest home he had ever seen.

There was a plaster stove with a bed-frame atop it, and a shelf running round it which seemed ample to accommodate the few household belongings. Besides, there were a bench and a couple of stools, and in one corner the holy of holies, which is never missing from a Tirolean home.



"DIDST SPEAK, VATER? I CANNA HEAR THEE WHEN I'M A SPINNING." (p. 339.)

It was a single, large, bare room lighted by one window high up, from which the light fell directly upon a rude carpenter bench that was strewn with bits of wood fashioned into some half-effort at achievement. Shavings were scattered under-foot, a tree-trunk of clean sweet pine sawn into planks took the space under the bench, and a number of tools were thrust conveniently into straps against the wall.

Here hung a wooden crucifix with limbs distorted, features agonized and drops of red paint, for blood, oozing from beneath the crown of thorns. Next it was a chromo of the Madonna before which a wax taper was kept burning constantly in a glass of oil. The glass was red, and when the sunlight touched it a faint, rose hue beamed across the room as though it were a ray from the Holy Mother's wounded heart.

Before the bench stood the gray-haired *Tischler*. His chest was hollow, his shoulders stooping, and just now he was bending low over a piece of delicate joining. On the settle near by sat his old wife, spinning cheerily. Both of them showed traces of premature age, hard living, and the sort of hopelessness that comes of no outlook ahead. The whirr-whirr of her wheel formed a life-long *obligato* to the buzzing of the saw and the creaking of the lathe. With an eye trained to quick observation Reinhold took in the entire scene and understood it at a glance. Also, he noted that the girl was not there.

At his entrance the *Tischler* laid down his work and stepped forward while the wife looked up and nodded.

"Tell me what ye want done," said the *Tischler*.

"Oh, for to-day only half a dozen stretchers. I have marked the different dimensions on a slip of paper. They are to be finished and wedged just like this one which I will leave with you."

The *Tischler* took the stretcher and turning it over and over, examined it thoroughly.

"You have very pretty country here," essayed Reinhold, as the carpenter unfolded his pocket rule.

"I ha' never thought about it," answered the man.

"Wonderfully beautiful, I think," went on Reinhold, pitting his courtesy against the other's ungraciousness. "The prettiest pass in Tirol. By the way they tell me you own that bit of buckwheat field that slopes up the hill from the highroad. I was looking at it this morning, and I've a mind to make a picture of it. You've no objection, I suppose?"

"If ye like to waste yer time that way it's naught to me," answered the *Tischler*.

All this time the woman had not spoken. Her foot in its broad list slipper lay on the treadle, the wheel went round and round, while through her fingers the coarse clumps of black wool drew out into long fine threads for the loom.

"I should like to make a study of you just as you are now, spinning," said Reinhold to her suddenly.

Then flashing a swift glance around:

"Yes, the high, discolored stove at the back, the side light from the window, the blue apron, the—the pathetic face. It would make a picture. Some day when it rains I shall come and paint you."

"Humph!" grunted the *Tischler*.

The woman's sunken mouth broadened into a smile.

"Paint me!" she cried. "Paint an old *Weib* like me! Dost hark, *Vater*? The *Jungling* would be for making a famous picture out of thine ugly old *Weib*."

She laughed again, and it was easy to see that she was pleased.

"*Ja wohl*," added Reinhold, falling into the dialect of the hills, "I'll paint thee with rare good-will, but it shall be on a rainy day. Even we idle painter fellows like to make the best of our time. Now, while the sun shines and the buckwheat is in blossom, I must get to work at that patch on the slope. But I need a figure for it. I have seen a girl at work there once or twice. A young girl, with great innocent eyes like a child. If I could find her I would ask her to pose for me. And I would pay her well for her time."

"Why, that must be our Gaeta," said the old woman. "No one else would ha gone to lend a hand in our bit patch, eh, *Vater*?"

"Your daughter?" cried Reinhold. "Ah, then I can ask you. Will you let her pose for me? I want her just as I saw her that day, standing in the middle of the field, with her apron caught up in one hand and her eyes looking straight out at you from the canvas. She may pose for me? You will allow it?"

Reinhold's voice took on a persuasive tone. The *Tischler's* back was turned, and there was something in the set of the shoulders that caused him to feel his way all along. There was the pause of a moment, then deliberately the man laid his work down and faced him.

"Na, *Junger Herr*, that may she not."

"What can be the objection?" he stammered. "Just a few sittings in the open air. And I would pay her well."

Again his swift glance swept the room. The *Tischler's* eyes followed his. He was not dull, half stupid, as Reinhold had thought. Now he answered out of white anger.



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

“HER FIGURE OUTLINED WELL AGAINST THE HILLS.” (p. 332.)

"Not though you should pay her in mints of gold."

A slow smile crept across his face as he witnessed the young man's discomfiture.

"Why did ye come here about stretchers and things?" he asked. "Why did ye not make bold with yer true errand at first?"

Reinhold was staggered. He had fancied his *finesse* impenetrable.

"But, *Vater*," interrupted the woman in a loud whisper, "hast not heard? He says he will pay her well. And—and there's Johann, ye ken."

She dropped the wool, sprang a pace forward and laid her toil-worn hand on his arm.

"Be still, *Weib*. I ha said na, and I'll not turn about now to say aught otherwise. I'll not have the *Madl* sit to a painter fellow. I ken them; they are all alike. Let him make his picture without her. I ha no objection to the buckwheat if he likes to fool that way. But I'll ne'er let him paint the girl."

II.

Reinhold left the house and went swiftly up the lane and through the village. He was angered and perplexed. Suddenly a thought struck him and he turned off at a sharp pace toward the hightoad.

Gaeta was still at work in the buckwheat field. He could see her from a long distance up the road. She was on her knees among the blossoms, weeding, and so intent upon her task that she did not hear when he called up to her.

"There's a side path somewhere," he remembered, setting himself to search. It was easily found, and proved to be but a mere goat scramble over the stones. He crawled along it almost on hands and knees, but an instant later he stood erect beside her.

"Good evening," he said.

She rose to her feet slowly, for her limbs were cramped and strained.

"What will the painter *Herr*?" she asked.

"Ah, you know me then!" he exclaimed.

She laughed. "All the village kens the painter *Herr*. Has he not drawn the very ugliest of the old women, and made "character sketches," as he calls

them, of all the old men? *Ach ja*, we all ken the *Herr* Painter."

He laughed now, too.

"And you are Gaeta, are you not? The *Tischler's* daughter? I was with thy father an hour back and he hath given me leave to paint this field of buckwheat. I shall begin to-morrow.

She looked about, pleased and proud.

"It is pretty, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes it's pretty," he answered, studying the lines of her face. "But I need a figure. The truth is I should like to paint you, standing just as I saw you one day, here in the middle of the field."

"Well, and why not?" she asked.

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "Will you pose for me? This is better than I feared."

"I'll put on my Sunday gown, and my gold beads, they are so fine. And my First Communion wreath—*Ach*, that is what I will do."

"No, no," he cried. "I want you just as you are, in your working dress. The more tattered and stained the better."

Her face fell. "The painter *Herr* has never seen my Sunday gown, perhaps. Nor the gold beads that my godmother gave me?"

"My child," he said patiently, "they are very beautiful no doubt, but not—well, not pictorial. You don't know what that means, but never mind. No, you must stand for me just as you are now with not even a clean apron or kerchief. Besides—"

He stopped himself abruptly.

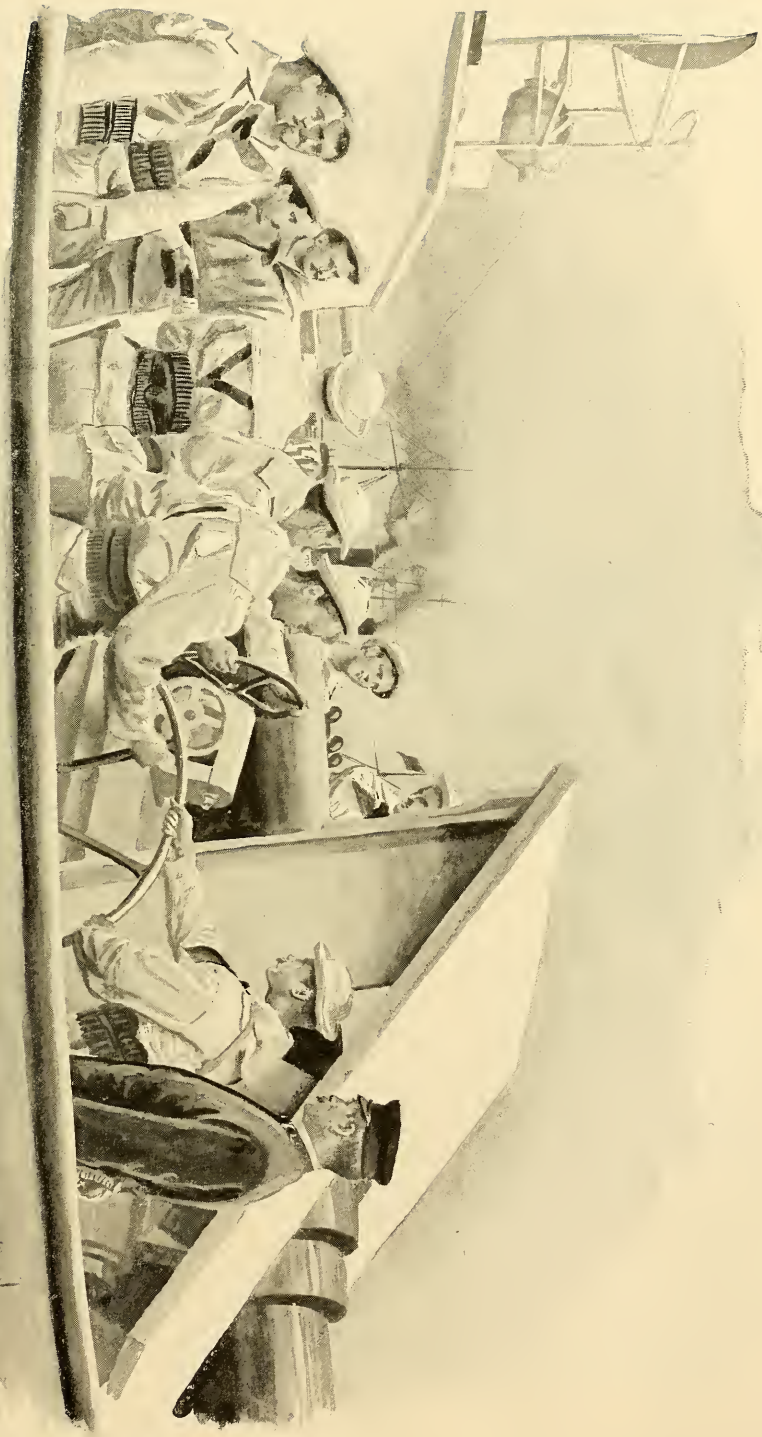
"Besides?" she questioned. "The painter *Herr* would say something more?"

"Your father would notice your Sunday dress and forbid it. I asked that you might pose for me, and he gave me naught save a curt '*Nein*.'"

"*Ach*, the *Vater* forbids it?" she cried, "then I will not come. Why have you not told me before. I cannot come if the *Vater* nit will. Besides—"

"Ah, now it is you that has a 'besides,'" he said pleasantly.

"I'd not like myself in my old working gown. I'd be ashamed. And the godmother would scold me for not showing the beads. Four-and-twenty of them and strung on three strings.



W. S. Watson
1877

Painted for OUTING by Hy. S. Watson.

SPONGING OUT AN EIGHT-INCH GUN.

to do, and hence means for acquiring a knowledge of sea life have not been as ready as would be desired. Within the past few months several old vessels which had been out of commission have been turned over to those States unprovided for. Although lacking many of the modern improvements they are far

better than nothing, and very good precursors for something better.

With the continued substantial assistance and co-operation of the Navy Department, and the hearty support of State authorities which has generally been accorded, the Navy Militia cannot but continue its solid growth.



Painted for OUTING by Hy. S. Watson.

INSTRUCTION ONE-POUNDER RAPID FIRE GUN.



NOX.

THE LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

By F. S. Peer.

Canadian Yacht Club—to meet in Toronto.

The meeting was held at the Queen's Hotel, March 29, the clubs being represented as follows : Royal Canadian, by John Leys, Robert Cockran and Col. Grasset ; Oswego, by John T. Mott, W. T. S. Phelps and J. B. McMurrich ; Toronto Club, by the committee mentioned. Kingston and Bay of Quinte clubs sent letters saying they could be depended upon. Mr. Leys presided as chairman, and Mr. Evans, then captain of the Toronto Club, was appointed secretary.

PRIOR to 1884 there was no organized system of yacht racing on Lake Ontario. While there were plenty of hardy sailormen and a number of flourishing clubs, the regattas were mainly local, and the contests between craft belonging to the same club. The rating of yachts, when they were rated, was decided by the old Thames rule of measurement, and in all matters pertaining to racing each club was a law unto itself. For several reasons this state of affairs was both unsatisfactory and inimical to the best interests of yachting. The more vigorous clubs realized the need of sound organization, of a uniform system of rules, and of a final court of appeal for the settlement of disputes.

The thin edge of the wedge of reform was inserted by the old Toronto Yacht Club's adoption, in 1883, of the Seawanhaka rule in lieu of the Thames measurement, with its premium on the plank or edge type, erroneous conception of size, and glaring injustice in time allowance.

At its annual meeting, March 5, 1884, the club appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. G. H. Duggan, Geo. E. Evans, W. H. Parsons and Wm. Dickson, with instructions to form, if possible, a yacht racing association. As a result a circular was issued inviting delegates from the different clubs on the lake—Hamilton, Belleville, Kingston, Oswego, Rochester and the Royal

When that little session ended much had been accomplished in behalf of lake yacht racing, for the present flourishing association then had its birth. The officers were: President, John Leys, Toronto; first vice-president, John Mott, Oswego; second vice-president, H. C. Dennis, Toronto; honorary secretary, George E. Evans, Toronto.

The young association was fortunate in the selection of officers, especially in the choice of secretary, for Mr. Evans toiled faithfully for ten years in the cause of sport, and did much to secure the present success. The adoption of the Seawanhaka rule, the formation of a court of appeal, and the planning of a series of regattas completed the work of the meeting.

This business-like movement infused new life and vigor into what had heretofore been rather lazy methods. The fact of Oswego and Rochester joining the association gave it international importance; yachtsmen at all points on the lake bestirred themselves in anticipation of lively sport, and the interest has never been allowed to subside. How well the keen sportsmen of the lake ports have upheld their favorite



J. T. MOTT.
W. B. PHELPS.
DR. F. J. CAPON.

Æ. JARVIS.
A. R. BOSWELL.
J. PILLOW.

T. B. PRITCHARD.
HON. W. E. SANFORD.
C. A. B. BROWN.

pastime may be learned from the records of the association which now boasts a membership of twenty-five hundred, and a fleet of nearly three hundred craft, large and small, several of which were launched this season.

The clubs of the association are: The Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Ont.; Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, Ont.; Queen City Yacht Club, of Toronto, Ont.; Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, of Hamilton, Ont.; Victoria Yacht Club, of Hamilton, Ont.; Rochester Yacht Club, of Charlotte, N. Y.; Oswego Yacht Club, of Oswego, N. Y.

Notable among the craft owned by members of the association are: *Oriole*, *Vreda*, *Ailcen*, and the two Fife boats, *Zelma* and *Vedette*, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; *White Wings*, *Dinah*, *Nancy*, and the Watson cutter *Verve* No. 2, of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club; the Burgess and Fife cracks, *Papoose* and *Yama*, of the Oswego Yacht Club, and *Choctaw* (Burgess), and *Cinderella* and *Onward* (Cary Smith), of the Rochester Yacht Club.

The following staunch supporters of yachting have been presidents of the association since 1884: John T. Mott, of the Oswego Yacht Club; W. H. Biggar, of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club; J. B. Caruthers, of Kingston Yacht Club; the late Geo. H. Newell, of the Rochester Yacht Club; J. F. Monck, of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, and A. R. Boswell, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

The officers for 1895 are: President, Æ. Jarvis, of Toronto, Ont.; vice-president, A. Ames, of Oswego Yacht

Club; honorary secretary, E. R. Ambrose, Hamilton, Ont.

The season of 1894 saw an important advance in the yacht racing on Lake Ontario. Until that year the association had encouraged what was known as the annual cruise and circuit racing. For this the entire fleet would assemble, say at Hamilton, Ont., race for two or three days at that port, then sail a race to Lewiston, race a couple of days there, thence on to Charlotte, racing all the way and while in port; thence on from

port to port around the lake, racing at Big Sodus Bay, Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, Ont. Belleville, Ont., Cobourg, Port Hope, and finally wind up with a big spread at Toronto. This sort of "come all ye" racing at ports and between ports, made things very lively for all hands, for it took nearly three weeks to cover the grand circuit. Such cruises made sailors, too, for they necessitated battles with all sorts of weather. Out of this hard knock-about school have graduated the best amateurs now on fresh water; but the circuit had also disadvantages. Frequently, bad weather would delay the

fleet until men had to bolt to business before the circuit was completed, and this and other drawbacks suggested a change of programme.

In the winter of 1893-'94, the executive decided to vary the order of sailing from the circuit cruise to a week's sport at one port. This was tried as an experiment, and it appears to have given general satisfaction.

Big Sodus Bay was chosen as a rendezvous, and seventy-five yachts and several hundred men met for the week



KELPIE.

of July 4, to beat and thresh and run it out.

Before following the jolly tars to the excitement of the Sodus racing, I may introduce the reader to some of the men, craft and clubs to which the association is indebted for much of its fair fame.

Oswego is a convenient starting-point, and here we find a club-house, not so pretentious as the homes of some sister clubs, yet so comfortable and so magnetic in its attractiveness, that one has to adjust his compass carefully and be towed well beyond its influence to prevent all cruises from ending at its hospitable portal. Commodore John T. Mott is one of the reasons why this

yarn or pulled on a mainsheet. His yacht *Katie Gray* has raced and won in every part of the lake. She is easily distinguished by her immense spread of head-sail and tremendous length of horn, which goes straight out from her plumb stem like a battering-ram.

Allen Ames, the fleet captain of the club, is rated as the best American amateur yacht skipper on fresh water; in this respect he shares honors with Æmelius Jarvis, of Toronto, who has won the same enviable reputation on the Canadian side. Messrs. Jarvis and Ames, who are respectively President and Vice-President of the Lake Yacht Racing Association for this year, owe their promotion solely to their high reputation as



VIVIA.

club-house is so attractive as a resort. He has served the club as commodore for nine years, and he certainly is one of the most popular yachtsmen on the American side of Ontario. His yacht *Papoose*, "dear old *Papoose*," as he dubs her, goes into commission as soon as the ice goes out. Last spring he cruised to Sodus Bay, thirty miles, on April 18, so it is easily seen that when he is backward the spring must follow suit. The boys declare that the "Com.'s" hospitality is as broad as his circle of acquaintances, which includes most of this continent.

Vice-Commodore W. B. Phelps, known to yachtsmen as "Capt. Billy Phelps," is as thorough a sailor as ever spun a

thorough practical yachtsmen. Captain Ames flies his colors from the yacht *Yama*, which has added many a laurel to the Oswego burgee.

While space forbids dwelling at length upon the good men and true, and the smart craft of such lively Canadian ports as Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg and Port Hope, we cannot pass by the "Queen City"—Toronto, or the "Ambitious City"—Hamilton. These two are the great centres of fresh-water yachting in the Dominion, though what is said of their big-hearted sailormen might apply equally well to the men of all the other ports named.

Toronto, beautiful city that she is, may be justly considered the queen of the



YAMA.

lakes in the matters of situation, water facilities and accommodations. Broad Toronto Bay affords ample room for all kinds of craft, and beyond it spreads the restless waste of Ontario's bright waters.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, is older by thirty or forty years than the other clubs which dispute supremacy of the lake. Its members are undoubtedly the best qualified sailors on American waters, fresh or salt. The club membership has nearly reached the eight hundred mark, and their fleet of sixty-five yachts contains some of the best and latest designed racing craft that money can buy. It is, without doubt, one of the most sportsman-like clubs in America. Standing, as it does, above all other clubs on the lake in age, experience, membership, and perfect water advantages, with members possessing an inherited love for all out-door sports, it is not strange that this organization is at once powerful and active. Were it not for the sagacity of Commodore Boswell and his associate officers, the very strength of this club might prove its weakness; but, as matters stand, all surplus energy is wisely utilized. Instead of, as it well might, overshadowing lesser clubs and monopolizing the cream of the sport, this club is heart and soul in the game, hand and glove with the stronger and encouraging the weaker, and a leader in everything calculated to promote the general welfare of its favorite sport.

Commodore Boswell is like a father to the lake sailors, and few American yachtsmen have felt the friendly grasp of his good right hand without at the same time receiving the old admonition to "do all you can over there to encourage yachting." He looks and is every inch a sailor and a commodore.

The club-house's appointments are little short of ideal. The house is located on the island directly across the bay from the city. It has extensive grounds and lawns. Its bowling-green and lawn tennis court are ranked among the best in America. Any time from May until November the older members of the club may be found playing the old English game of bowling on the green. The laying out of these grounds alone cost over \$5,000. The club-house and anchorage more than twice that sum, while the city club-house cost nearly \$15,000.

At the head of its list of crack yachts is the schooner *Oriole*, owned by G. H. Goodherham. She was designed by Cary Smith, of New York, is extremely fast, and a very comfortable cruiser.



EUROCLYDON.

Aileen is equal if not superior to *Pa-poose* as a has-been racer, and like that boat she is one of the most comfortable cruisers on the lake, being staunch as a church and just as safe.

Condor is an old boat, but she still holds her own against all comers, especially off the wind. Her popular

Captain, C. A. Brown, Vice-Commodore of the club, has a great show of flags and other racing trophies.

Vreda, Commodore Boswell's flagship, is a magnificent new steel cutter designed by Watson, (Scotland) and her English racing records gave her the distinction



PAPOOSE.

of being the fastest twenty-rater in foreign waters. She has been equally successful over here, having twice won the Queen's Cup, which I believe she holds.

Zelma, beautiful *Zelma*, is one of the smartest both in looks and speed. She has defeated *Oriole* and *Vreda* for the Prince of Wales' Cup, a perpetual trophy presented to the club by the Prince during his visit in 1860.

Vedette is a Fife boat, lugger-rigged, owned by Messrs. J. C. Reid and Frank M. Gray, two of the most enthusiastic yachtsmen on the lake. *Vedette*, like most craft of English design, requires a power of wind, but her rig will probably be changed, as the lug-sail is not popular about Toronto. *Erma*, a Canadian design, has defeated this modern flyer in light airs, but says Mr. Gray—"Give us two planks of our deck under, and we'll thrash the life out of anything in our class."

Vivia, one of Watson's latest creations, is owned by Mr. Gooderham, brother of *Oriole's* owner. She came to this country in frame and was launched last season. With the exception of the *Nox*, of Rochester, and some eighteen-footers of the Stephens design, she is the most modern type on the lake.

Two interesting craft are *Mirage* and *Silvia*, designed and built by C. Cuthbert, son of Capt. Alex. Cuthbert, designer and builder of *Atlanta* and *Countess of Dufferin*, candidates for America's Cup. *Mirage* and *Silvia* have proved themselves fast enough to make things very lively among the twenty-five footers.

The Queen City Yacht Club, rowing clubs, canoe and skiff clubs, have also their headquarters on Toronto Bay, which may be regarded as the Mecca of all interested in aquatic.

The busy little city of Hamilton, Ont., is situated on a beautiful bay, and yields only to Toronto in the matter of water accommodation. Here are located the homes of two flourishing organizations, the Royal Hamilton and Victoria Yacht Clubs. The club-house of the Royal Hamilton is handsome and convenient, and was erected at a cost of over \$13,000. The club has Her Majesty's permission to use the title of "Royal," and also to fly the blue ensign of Her Majesty's fleet. The beautiful club flag now displays the golden crown above the letter H. The club officers are Com. Hon. W. E. Sanford, V. C., E. R. Ambrose. Mr. Ambrose is the man at



SAMOA.

the wheel of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, having been its secretary and treasurer since its organization in 1884. He is skipper of the trim cutter

Samoa. The club has a membership of over five hundred, and a fleet of fifty-four yachts.

Then there is the Victoria Yacht Club of Hamilton, whose energetic Commodore, Rev. E. C. Whitcombe, is fast building up an organization that is greatly to his credit, and should be the pride of all yachtsmen. "Father Whitcombe" besides his duties as a priest of the high church of England has a school of boys, and is instructor of a choir of sixty boys.

He is a great sportsman, and is owner and skipper of the twenty-two footer *Euroclydon*. Under his aggressive leadership, the club is about erecting a beautiful club-house on the bay.

The club is making great preparations for model-yachting similar to the plans adopted by the American Model Yacht Club of New York. All boats to be amateur design and build, except some of the larger models that may be built by a carpenter or boat builder; but all designs must be by the owners and members of the club. Ice boating is another prominent feature of the club. Here is an illustration of the earnestness of Canadian yachtsmen: Capt. F. S. Malloch, of Hamilton, on his death bed called his son to his side and said: "Stewart, be sure and take the *Dinah* to Sodus in July, and mind that she does her very best."

The *Dinah* was taken to Sodus, and it is gratifying to record that the old

boat fulfilled her mission, sailing as she never sailed before.

And now to go to Sodus and see the sport. In the absence of Commodore C. H. Mackie, Vice-Commodore F. S. Todd flies the Commodore's flag on the *Onward*. Secretary T. B. Pritchard, one of the most popular members of the Rochester Club aids in entertaining visitors, and his *Ripple* has many callers.

The Rochester Club, while not the oldest, is one of the most enthusiastic

members of the Association. Its present fleet numbers thirty-five yachts, with several new ones promised. Hiram Sibley's steam yacht *Restless* is a floating palace. James Watson's one-hundred foot schooner-rigged steam auxiliary *Algonquin* is a queen of her kind. She was designed by Webb (designer of *Galatea* and *Genesta*), and first sailed in Montreal waters where she was known as *Gadabout*.

When the cottagers looked out on Sodus Bay on the morning of July 4, they saw a fleet of seventy

yachts, most of which had come in during the night. Every craft was in full dress; cannons roared, men cheered, and taken all in all that Fourth was the greatest day Big Sodus had ever known.

When the time gun sounded, every man saw that his watch marked 10:30, and then awaited signals. Soon the preparatory gun rang out, then came the starting gun, and the flyers in the



ZELMA.

first class in the day's programme chased each other across the line for a beat dead to windward over the first five-mile leg of the triangular course, to be covered twice.



CONDOR.

Several thousand spectators lined the shore and piers to witness the fun, but as the boats separated, some going to port and some to starboard, a farmer exclaimed: "You don't call that racing—one boat going north and the other south when they want to get west!" and he turned his back on the whole thing in disgust. Events on the first day were rather tame as the wind was light.

The fifth, however, brought a rattling breeze from the west, and not a club-topsail was in sight all day. *Cyprus*, making for the outer mark against a heavy head sea, had her bowsprit carried away. Herbert Mann, who was on the end of the horn, went down with it just as the saucy little yacht drove her stem into a big sea. It looked for a moment as if Mann was lost, but as they pulled the horn inboard he was found clinging to the end.

Vreda, the flagship of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Com. Boswell at the helm, did some beautiful windward work, charging through the heavy head seas like a tugboat.

Vivia's maiden race was eagerly watched from start to finish by every one on the pier, and the big tugs went out to see her perform. She acquitted herself to the satisfaction of every one.

The third day's sport started in with flukes and slants for which there was

much hunting and many disappointments. One of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed at a regatta was when *Vivia* and *Condor* came down the course (ten miles to windward and return,) "neck and neck" as a man on the pier expressed it. Both were fairly smothered with canvas, and first one then the other forged ahead, so they had it nip and tuck. *Vivia* was sailing on the outside and pressed her rival close to the mark, so close in fact that *Condor* nearly grazed it. This caused *Condor* in turning to make the circle after she had passed the buoy; whereas, *Vivia* jibed beautifully, coming about between *Condor* and the buoy, and winning the race by four feet of her horn, and by two seconds actual time.

Just before sundown, when all craft were at anchor, a regular cyclone swept down upon the fleet. Yachts were dragging their anchors, and every man was hustling for dear life. Those on shore rushed to the captain of one of the tugs, and begged of him to go to the rescue, but not a foot would he stir. "I have orders, sir, from Commodore Mott, sir, not to leave this dock without his order, sir, and I'll not stir without it if every yacht goes to the bottom, sir!"

Commodore Mott had taken the train for Oswego. His brother, however, came along and said, "Commodore Mott



MONA.

has left the tug under my orders—go!" So he went and the yachts were safely brought to their former moorings.

The day's racing that will be handed down to posterity was on Saturday, the 7th. The course was the triangle, five

miles to each leg, and twice around. The lug-rigged boats, *Nox*, *Vivia* and *Vedette* had been crying for wind. Bo-reas now tried his best to please them. The seas ran high and choppy and the



SILVIA.

wind blew as if the old man himself was at the bellows, and when Starter J. Pillow went out to the end of the pier, at ten o'clock, to fire the signal guns, the breakers were jumping the piers and charging the harbor lighthouse. The few men who stayed on the pier had a lively time dodging the breakers, but nothing like water could drive them from their posts. The whitening rollers came faster and faster, while the thickening sky to windward prophesied more wind to follow.

At 10:30 the time-flag was set and the barker spoke his little piece, but his smoke was seen further than his voice was heard. Up went the blue signal, telling that the first course of the triangle would be sailed to windward; then the preparatory gun sent forth a puff of smoke, which, with the flag, told the story. Out from the bay, under reduced canvas, came the yachts ready to test their weatherly qualities and speed, in spite of the elements.

The first to round Sand Point, and stand out between the piers was *Vision*, of Cobourg, with double reefed mainsail and without a stitch of forward canvas. Close behind her was *Erma* with reefed mainsail and staysail in stops, and the others followed in similar dress.

Cyprus, with a new horn, looking longer and straighter and sharper than

the one she had lost, received an ovation as she arrived at the pier and turned her inquisitive looking nose to windward. The first high roller smothered her bows and sent the suds scudding aft knee-deep. *Vivia* put her sharp Roman nose around the corner and took her baptismal shower like a duck. *Vedette* followed. Gray, her owner, who always wants two planks of her deck under, now had three at least, as a beam wind laid her and *Nox* almost flat, in spite of their reduced sail.

Before the starting gun sounded every man of the crews was drenched to the skin; little brooks were running from the head-sails, and mainsails were wet half way to the truck. It took four hours for the smartest to sail the course; and four or five hours of steady work in such weather shows the sort of material Lake Ontario yachtsmen are made of.

The surprise of the day's racing was in the thirty-foot class. *Norma* (Capt. Strange, of Kingston), an old style boat, fought every inch of that laborious course with the modern Watson boat *Vedette*. No matter what *Vedette* did, or where she went, *Norma* stuck to her



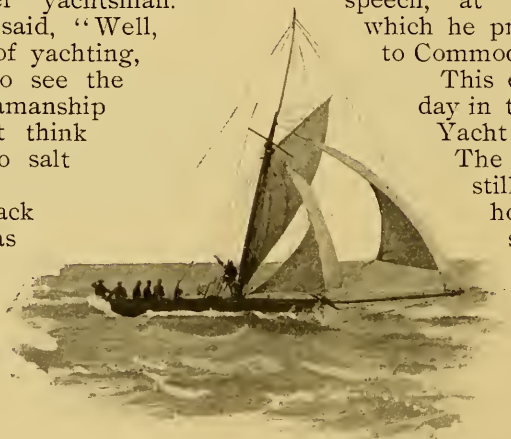
ORIOLE.

like a lover to his best girl, and eventually beat her up the last leg of the triangle by one minute. The cheers *Norma* received as she passed the end of the pier were worth all the victory

cost, while the broad grins on the weather-beaten faces of her crew showed that they fully appreciated their honors in spite of their not having had a dry thread of clothing on their bodies for over four hours. *Vedette's* men received a cheer equally as hearty for their plucky fight. Water was dripping from every angle of their clothing, and they looked like a lot of drowned rats.

This ended one of the grandest day's sport ever witnessed on Lake Ontario. It would have opened the eyes of many a salt-water yachtsman. One New Yorker said, "Well, I have seen a lot of yachting, but if you want to see the *best*, so far as seamanship is concerned, don't think you must come to salt water."

The one drawback of the event was the lack of shore accommodation; but the village hall answered fairly well as a place of meeting for the presentation of prizes.



CYPRUS.

Commodore Mott presided, and presentation speeches and replies brought forth cheers that made the old roof quiver. The feature of the evening came when Captain Brown, of *Condor*, was called forward. *Condor* had been beaten a few seconds by Commodore Mott's *Papoose*, but was awarded the prize on a technicality, *Papoose* having been improperly entered. Capt. Brown was equal to the occasion, for, after going through the formality of accepting, he followed with a rattling speech, at the conclusion of which he presented the trophy to Commodore Mott.

This ended the brightest day in the life of the Lake Yacht Racing Association. The cheers might have stilled "the wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore," and "God Save the Queen" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee" were so tangled together that no effort will be made to separate them.

LA BELLE MARIE.

A YACHTSMAN'S SERENADE.

There broke a blue-skied morning,
A bright and breezy day,
With flakewhite sail we fled the gale
Through sheets of dashing spray.

It flashed away to windward
And gleamed upon our lee,
It leaped about our bulwarks
And chased us over sea.

Yohoy! yohoy! past light and buoy
It chased us over sea,
Till snug at last from storm and blast
We moored the Belle Marie.

The stars above are shining,
A sparkling, vast array.
The ripples glow and dance below
With moonbeam feet at play.

Far, far across the harbor
The silver moonpath see,
A splendor in the shadows
Between my love and me.

Yohoy! yohoy! past light and buoy
Between my love and me;
No baleful star our joy can mar,
My sea-bird, Belle Marie!

To-morrow brings the bridal—
Ah! would that dawn were gray!—
My heart's elate, for that dear mate
So soon I'll bear away.
Then twinkle, stars, with envy
Of what the sun will see,
While chiming bells declare it—
My bride will sail with me.

Yohoy! yohoy! past light and buoy
My bride will sail with me,
Love-throned and crowned, and homeward bound,
My queen, La Belle Marie!

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS AND FACULTY CONTROL.

By Professor Eugene L. Richards.

INTERCOLLEGIATE athletics form at present such an important part of the student life at our universities, and are every year growing so much in importance that it is well to consider what are their especial advantages to an institution of learning; what are the evils to which they are exposed and to which they expose the colleges; and what are the best methods of controlling or supervising them so as to retain all their advantages with the fewest evils.

The advantages of athletics have been so thoroughly advocated that it is only necessary to mention them. The advantages are generally admitted—at least the physical advantages to those who practice athletics go without question. They furnish a physical training which is unrivaled. They afford an employment for youth out of study hours so interesting and absorbing as to divert them from harmful kinds of relaxation. They give types of physical excellence in the persons of well-known athletes, which are a healthful influence even to those students who do not regularly practice the sports. The mental training resulting from them is not so often recognized. But no one who is closely identified with college boys who go into athletics, can fail to notice, if he is at all observant, what an alertness of mind they acquire from games of skill like football and baseball. Then again, outsiders who only see a closely rowed race or evenly matched game and nothing more, do not appreciate the moral forces which enter into the struggle and often determine its issue. The long, monotonous training, the regular living, the denial of self, the denial of appetite, the obedience to authority, call for moral qualities which are even more essential to success than the skill or physical strength of the winners.

But the advantages resulting from the present system of athletics are not confined to the athletes. They affect the whole body of students. The success of a team, crew, or nine is the suc-

cess of the university whose name they bear. Their defeat is a grief to all their college-mates. The community feeling so essential to the best development of the social life of a great university centres around these struggling athletes. And not only are the members of the institution affected by this feeling, but the whole body of the alumni are alive to the enthusiasms of the great contest and are bound by a new and lively sympathy into the common bond of the college fellowship. Neither high scholarship, nor saintly character can unite young and old alike as does this common enthusiasm for men who are striving in a contest for the honor of a common name. Well does Prof. Sloane, of Princeton, say: "These mimic battle-fields demand the same qualities as real ones, and no great game is won without the moral support of the non-combatants. Union, organization, enthusiasm, pluck, high principle—every one of them is as much the price of athletic as of material victory."

The habit of obedience to authority cultivated in all athletic organizations has a direct effect upon the order of the undergraduate body. The discipline of the field or boat aids the discipline of the faculties. It has improved the morality and the orderliness of the students in general. In the words of President Eliot, it "has made the discipline of the college easier and more effective."

With regard to the other side of athletics it must be borne in mind that athletics, like all things human, are subject to evil. To eliminate all the evils would be an impossibility. To demand that college sports should be abolished, in case all their accompanying evils cannot be thoroughly remedied, would be as unreasonable as to ask that we should all cease to live, because we are all liable to the evil incidents and accidents of a mortal life.

It would be out of place here to consider in detail all the evils urged against athletics. It is sufficient for our pur-

pose to enumerate them and only to dwell upon those that are real and peculiar to the sports. There are objections brought against some features of athletics which are due to the spirit of the times, such as extravagance, betting, the love of show, the desire for notoriety. The age is extravagant. There is more wealth in the country than there was when the sports were in their infancy. The constituency of the colleges has changed materially, due to a change in the character of the population. The attendance from the cities has increased at a very rapid rate, because the people who have means enough to send a boy to college generally live in the cities, and the cities have grown at the expense of the rural districts. So the vices which are seen to the greatest extent in the cities are the vices which tend to attack the colleges. There is no question but that these vices would be greater in the colleges if there were no athletic sports, for the discipline of the sports is against them. So that extravagance and love of show are not peculiar to athletic sports. Neither is betting a vice for which they are accountable. Betting would exist and with worse accompanying results, if there were no game played and no race rowed by students from one year to another. The stakes would simply seek some other event capable of a doubtful issue, where the attendance and surroundings would not be as morally healthful as those which are to be found at the river and on the field.

But there are evils alleged and which, if true, are peculiar to athletics. They are not due to the spirit of the age, but rather to the immaturity of the members of the student body. They are, for instance, the mistaken standard of excellence, the waste of time in preparation for an event, the absorption of the attention of the non-combatants, and the crazy joy of the adherents of a winning team or crew. It is undoubtedly true that athletic excellence often does bring to its possessor social honors both in college and outside of it, which high scholarship fails to attain. But as Prof. Hadley has remarked: "What the critic deems to be preference for the body over the mind is in no small measure preference for collect-

ive aims over individual ones. It may be a short-sighted view of the matter to think of the high stand man as working for himself and the athlete as working for his college. Yet it is one which contains a large element of truth; and the honor paid to college athletes is based on a healthful recognition of this half truth which the critic so often overlooks."

The evil of waste of time in preparation of an event is real, but applies to but few men. It is an evil, too, which works its own cure, for the very good reason that the man who spends too much time in training over-trains and thus loses what he strives for.

The absorption of the attention of the non-combatants is an evil which has another side. It is too much to expect of the students that they should be always thinking of their studies out of study hours. If they must have some common topic of conversation, what more natural subject than the exploits of their fellows? And what more healthful and recreative excitement than to witness a contest in the open air?

The crazy joy over a victory with the excesses which naturally accompany it, though at times a real evil, is readily held in check by the known determination of the governing bodies to put an end, for a season, to the sports which cause the outbreak. Some demonstration of feeling ought to be permitted, for that is only the natural outcome of young life.

All the evils hitherto enumerated are external. Besides those spoken of, others of the same nature might be mentioned—like the danger of injuries; the tendency to over-training, strains, and, in football, the tendency to brutality. We are all liable to accidents, and in intercollegiate sports I venture the assertion that, with the modern system of training there are fewer accidents and fewer injuries among students in proportion to their numbers, than among the same number of young men not in the sports; and that the standard of health and morality is higher among the whole student body on account of the sports.

The charge of brutality is such a vague one and often made without thought or knowledge, that to one who is personally acquainted with the young

men against whom it is made, it seems unnecessary to even try to meet it.

But there are evils which might be called internal ; two in particular which threaten the honor and integrity of the sports, and which therefore deserve more than a passing mention.

One is the offering of scholarships or other "inducements" to well-known athletes at schools or at other colleges to come to a particular university to strengthen its athletic force. The other is the "board" evil. When a man is taken to a training table, the rule, I think, is a general one with all colleges, that the athletic organization should pay the price of his board over and above what he paid before coming to the table, and that he should pay his ordinary board price to the organization. This rule is obeyed by most men without objection. When the organizations were poor, even if there were objection, the bills were collected. But since the great games have brought in more money some dishonorable men have at the last moment in their last year refused to pay their bills, claiming that amount as their due for work done, thus putting themselves on a level with professionals. The evil is easily checked by requiring satisfactory bond for payment of board from every man as a prerequisite condition of his being admitted to the training table. This is done by the committee on athletic sports at Harvard, and is a rule now under consideration by the Financial Union of Yale—the student committee which regulates the expenses of all the sports. Unless measures are taken to remedy these two evils, the words of Dr. Smythe in the April *Forum*, with reference to athletic sports, though more dismal than true, generally, are applicable here: "College athletics are threatened in this country with the same peril which is said to have contributed to the decline of the great games in Greece—they declined as they became mercenary."

Some faculty control of athletics there must be. The only question is how much and in what way. Too much is worse than none at all, for excessive dictation from college authorities has a tendency to destroy that sense of responsibility which goes with free will. All the freedom which can be given

students to manage their own affairs outside of required college work should be given them in their athletic sports. A certain amount of liberty is necessary to the development of mind and character. This is especially true of students in a democratic country. Every college which is worthy of the name is a little republic in miniature. The more varied the interests, the better training-ground the college is for the civil life of the larger republic, into which it yearly pours its contributions. It destroys the autonomy of these little republics to have college faculties or even graduate committees interfering with the elections of captains or presidents, or dictating rules for sports or places for games. The very choice of these things forms part of the education of mind and character, which is a far more important result than the training of the body or a victory over a worthy rival. If the young men make mistakes, the consequences, either in the form of defeats or in the expression of disapproval of an enlightened public opinion, are better safeguards against their repetition than the fiat of a committee, whose judgment after all, may be wrong. To have to defer to an authority always weakens the judging faculty and destroys the spirit of independence and of self reliance.

To regulate gate receipts, or the size of the crowd which is to see a game, is no part of the business of a faculty. The men who have to spend the money are the best judges of how much ought to be charged in order to meet expenses. And, in these days of newspaper enterprise, to say that a crowd of ten thousand people, will be less likely to have a demoralizing effect upon the sport and upon the players than twenty thousand spectators, is to calculate the publicity of the exhibition without counting the work of the industrious reporter and picture maker, who lay the whole scene before millions of readers almost before the crowd has left the field. And why should college grounds be prescribed as fields of play? A contest to be fair should be held under the fairest conditions. The enthusiasm of the non-combatants is a potent force on the side of either team. To locate the contest so that the enthusiasm should be

almost one-sided is to make the contest so far uneven. Neutral grounds are the only fair places of meeting for decisive contests.

And what is all this fear of notoriety? Is not the very fact that a man, even a young man, will have all the blaze and glare of the public press turned upon his actions—a good thing for him to know early in life? If he has the right stuff in him it will make him circumspect. He will carry himself more honorably, for the sake of the college if not for his own sake—he will take good heed to his conduct that there may be no good ground for adverse criticism. But suppose he has a committee with its rules and regulations back of him. They may bear the blame if anything goes wrong. He does not act for himself. They have told him what to do and what not to do. The managers and captains, though they may be men of mature years, cannot take a step without consulting the committee, or, if they do, may have to submit to the humiliation of canceling engagements not approved. What sort of a training is this for young men who in after life will have to act for themselves, and have also to bear the consequences of their actions?

Faculty control should limit itself to the requirements of the college work, and hold each man liable for that. Whatever in the sports interferes with college work or order should be made to go, but it should be clearly shown that it is the sports and not the man who is to blame. To hold each man whether athletic or not up to his work and judge him by that test is the best kind of faculty control. To make this kind of control efficient it is necessary to require that the schedule of games does not involve more than the number of absences usually allowed. It might also be well to exact a list of the candidates for teams, nines or crews, in order to be sure that none but bona fide students represent the college. But of late years the students themselves are so jealous of the places on a University organization that there seems to be no necessity to take this step. In colleges where there is no required physical examination for all students, a certificate of physical soundness of candidates for places on University organizations should be exacted.

Still, though this control by requirement of work, attendance and observance of law and order is all the control which ought to prevail, there is something to be said in favor of faculty advice and supervision. The magnitude of the interests involved, and the amount of money handled, call for more business ability and executive talent than fall to the lot of most undergraduates. Hence they wisely seek the assistance of older heads. At Yale the interests are consolidated in a Financial Union with a graduate as treasurer and adviser. This graduate, besides being a business man, is an authority on all athletic sports. The arrangement would be a complete one if he were at the same time a salaried officer of the college. He could then be in a position to do more good, by representing both sides completely: the faculty side in their requirements of work, order and gentlemanly conduct; the student side in their necessity for recreation and even healthy excitement. He could relieve the overburdened dean of some of his cares by keeping track of all the athletes. He could attend all games and races and would always be in a position to check excesses and extravagances without resort to the faculties. And whenever faculty action should be necessary, from his complete knowledge of the facts he would be able to point out the best measures to adopt. Finally, if all the universities would throw away their "committee" plans, with their endless rules which are continually changed from year to year, and appoint to a Directorship of Athletics a graduate of the requisite knowledge, experience, and character, to help the students to manage the sports according to the requirements and traditions of each university, the sports would be better managed, and the students themselves would be better satisfied. Moreover, whenever joint action by the several institutions, looking to the improvement of the rules or the elimination of evils, should be desired, there would be a body of men fitted to act with the students as capable advisers, and able to propose sensible measures to the several faculties, if faculty interference were necessary.



Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

Cycling in the White Mountains. (p. 372-5)

“DOWN WE FLEW.”

OUTING.

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IN A FIELD OF BUCKWHEAT.

By Jean Porter Rudd.

I.



ONLY a field of buckwheat in blossom. A little side-hill field, with bold mountains showing in the background, while from the centre of the canvas a young girl in Alpine dress looked straight at you with eyes that were singularly childlike.

Nothing could be simpler, yet all Vienna went mad over it. And over the painter, young Reinhold, who was but yesterday a mere art student, and to-day the idol of the schools, extolled of the great unenlightened, yet unerring public.

He had been tramping the hills last summer after a close six months' work in the studio. Traveling afoot like any poor student or mere *Bursch* of an artisan serving his wander-year, with a *Rucksack* on his back and his sketching traps cumbering his hands. For weeks he had been alone with nature, high up near the ice peaks, deep lost in pine forests, wandering through pastures and over lonely mountain trails. He had defied the perils of the way. The wondrous days were never long enough.

When night came, he would perhaps find shelter in some charcoal burner's hut; or sleep shelterless in the open, with his camp stool for a pillow and his shawl for a blanket.

Art was no mere pastime to him, filling the idle mood of an idle life. It was his life's aim, truest revelation of truth, and he thought he felt within him the springs of creative power

He was alone from choice, that he might be free to unstrap his easel at any point it pleased him, and daub at his canvas to catch a fleeting effect of sunlight on the mountains, or of cattle drinking in the shade at noon. There should be no ennuyed companion to complain when he lingered for days in one hamlet, and hurried past others, half-unobserving, as he could be when the divine mood was not on him.

Thus it chanced that plodding somewhat wearily along the dusty high road one sunny afternoon, he had raised his eyes a little—and there before him was his picture.

A narrow irregular patch of delicate color straggling up the slope, the silent mountains rising grandly just beyond, and a soft-eyed girl looking straight out at him from where the tender pinky blossoms of the buckwheat curled about her feet.

He stopped short in the road, and instinctively began lowering his easel, when suddenly the girl's eyes met his. Startled, she turned away, and scrambling down a steep side path, disappeared.

"My picture, at last," said the young man, with a quick in-drawn breath. "Nothing could be simpler, yet if I could make the canvas glow as that buckwheat field does in the sunlight; ah—!"

He pushed on to the village that lay just beyond, entered the huge cavernous door of the *Gasthaus*, and asked for a room. His stay was likely to be long,

for he had found what he had been half-unconsciously seeking, all summer.

He made friends with the *Wirth* and with the people who came and went about the inn.

"Yes, he was a painter," he told them. "An art student, and idler, if you will. He had been tramping the Swiss hills and had crossed by Voralberg into Tirol."

He showed them his sketches taken by the way, and was amused to see how they passed over all those of hills and skies, and trees and sunlights, to seize on any rough study of cattle, or any portrait sketch of the mountaineers across the border.

And for none of these did they care as pictures, but only to compare the painted cattle with their own herds, and to note if the human stock seemed better-to-do than themselves.

"Who owns the buckwheat patch on the side hill yonder?" he asked one day, pointing vaguely into space with the tip of his mahl-stick.

His sitter was the *Gasthaus Wirth*, who, after a moment's consideration, answered slowly:

"That'll be the patch of the *Tischler*, most-wise. *Ach*, but he'll not keep it long. Johann, the smith, has his grip on it, and Johann is na the man to loose his grip, not for God nor the devil."

"There was a woman at work there one day, a mere girl," said the painter, as though to make conversation, that the *Wirth's* features should not settle too sleepily. "Her figure outlined well against the hills."

"*Ach, ja*; that would be the *Tischler's* daughter. It is their one little field,

and the girl tends it alone. But they'll ne'er keep it, for Johann holds the mortgage, and he'll clap down on it the instant the interest is lacking. He'll be for allowing no grace either. *Ach*, a hard man, is that."

After the early *Gasthaus* dinner Reinhold strolled down the road to the buckwheat patch, and stood before it for a long time, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes half shut; "in order to see better," he would have told you.

He was planning and composing. He could see how it would all go on a canvas

38 x 30, the exact proportions he liked. The lights here, the deeper shades there, the mass of sombre back-ground, a wind-swept tree to the right.

"And the girl," he exclaimed aloud. "There'll be no trouble about the girl, if the family is in need of money."

He returned to the inn, measured off his strip of canvas carefully, and took another stretcher

in his hand to serve as a pattern for this rustic carpenter who was to be initiated into the mechanical secrets that accompany high art.

He made his way to the house of the *Tischler*. It lay a little off the village down a side lane where the cattle were driven. The house was small and stood flush on the road, and it was entered by two descending steps, the road being higher. It was dark and meagre, the poverty within seeming to strike through in some mysterious way of its own, from the comfortless interior to the walls outside. Reinhold stumbled down the steps into a long, narrow passage.



"SHE LOOKED AT THE CANVAS CLOSELY." (p. 342.)



C. Schindler

JOHANN.

They glisten when I walk. No girl in the village has their like."

Reinhold was annoyed. He could not let her wear the beads, yet it seemed she would not pose without them.

She was watching him closely. Now she turned away.

"Na, I canna come. Besides, the *Vater* forbids."

"Listen *Madl*. What is your name? Ah yes, Gaeta. I told the *Vater* I would pay you well."

"And what did he say?"

"He answered: 'Not though I should give thee a mint of gold.'"

Her laugh rang out over the field.

"Now that was very foolish of him. A mint of gold. Perhaps now the painter *Herr* would scarce give me a mint of gold, eh?"

"Well no," and he laughed. "But I would give you more for an hour's sitting than you could earn in a day at field work."

"How much would it be, painter *Herr*? How much, now?"

Her voice was eager as she raised her wide child eyes to his face.

"She is no better than the rest," he thought and he answered her coldly.

"Half a florin. No, I'll make it a florin an hour."

She looked at him astounded.

"One florin an hour. How rich the painter *Herr* must be. It takes me five days to earn a florin. And would there be many hours?"

"What a fool I was to think she might be different" he said to himself. Aloud he answered:

"Oh, ten perhaps, though I could make it twenty if you like."

"Twenty florins." She made a rapid calculation on her fingers. Then she looked at him wistfully.

"Let the painter *Herr* make it five-and-twenty," she said slowly, "then I will come."

He was disgusted with her sharp bargaining. He shrugged his shoulders slightly and his lip curled. The wistful face was still toward him.

"Five-and-twenty, then," he said. "But leave the gold beads at home. This discolored, no-colored gown you have on, will be just the thing. And you will disobey the father?"

"*Ja wohl*," she answered.

She drew a long breath and pressed both hands to her breast.

"Be here as usual to-morrow afternoon," he said. "I want that exquisite light in which I saw it first."

He was thinking of his picture as he had it in mind. The girl was but an accessory. He left her then and went down the slope on the half-run, whistling as he went.

She looked after him a moment, then picked up her garden tools, scrambled down the goat-path and edged along the outskirts of the village by one short cut and another, until she reached the top of the lane. As she turned the corner a bright glow shone out across the road from the smithy and she could see Johann at the forge, hammering a bar of red-hot iron. Under his lusty strokes the sparks danced in the air like fireflies.

As she passed she stood still for a moment and shook her clenched fist toward him. He might have laughed grimly to see it but she was covered by the friendly dusk.

She had gone but a step or two down the lane when she heard a heavy tread behind her and a gruff voice called out:

"What's thy haste, *Madl*? Wait. I ha som'hat to say to thee."

Gaeta stood still as he bade her. Her nature was in revolt and her girlish form seemed to shrink into itself.

"Tell the *Vater* that I'll be stepping in, the night. It's getting along toward Michaelmas. He and I have business together. Wilt tell him, *Madl*?"

"*Ja wohl*," she answered defiantly. "Why should I not?"

The next instant he had thrust his big swarth face almost into hers.

"Art growing a fine *Madl*. I've had my eye on thee this year or two back. I've a mind now to take a kiss of thee." He made a lunge toward her but she escaped him and went flying with fleet feet down the lane. As he looked after her he laughed, and said aloud: "I like 'em that way. Well, well, I can put the screw on the *Vater* whenever I like. And I don't mind doing a little rough courting first." Later his ponderous tread sounded in the house passage, and lifting the latch he entered without knocking.

"Good evening," he said with a nod

to the *Tischler* and another to the wife. Then he let his long, slow look go searching through the room.

"Where's *Madl*?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the *Tischler*. "She was here, but now. Where is she, *Mutter*?" Whirr-whirr, went the wheel. "Didst speak to me, *Vater*?" asked the woman.

For Gaeta was hiding on the other side of the *Mutter's* bed, behind a mountain of high piled feathers.

"Tisn't far to Michaelmas, *Tischler*," began the smith, helping himself to a stool and planting his burly form in the centre between them.

"Na, na, but time enough—friend," answered the *Vater*.

"*Ach ja*, time enough. I'll not be hard on ye. I'm not a hard man, all Brenner kens that. But—I'm thinking of settling. I ha lived a single life long enough. I'm thinking of taking a wife, *Tischler*, and—and *soa*—"

"I had na heard of it," said the *Tischler*.

"Na, na, I'm not the man to talk. But still I'm thinking of settling, I hasna a girl picked out yet, but—where is the *Madl*?"

"I—I don't know," the *Tischler* answered.

His face was drawn and he worked his hands nervously.

"Hast seen her *Mutter*? Neighbor Johann will—Hast seen her *Mutter*, I say?"

"Did'st speak *Vater*, eh? I canna hear thee when I'm a-spinning." Johann edged his stool away from the wheel.

"How goes it *Tischler*? Forehand-ed, eh? Michaelmas is not far. But I'm na a hard man. Sorry the *Madl* is na home. I ha cast my eye on her once or twice. And I'm thinking of settling. *Ach, Tischler*, you and I might arrange about that little meadow on the hill, if it were all in the family now, eh?"

His loud, rough laugh rang through the room. The *Mutter* shuddered. Pretty soon he got up and went out.

"*Vater, Vater*," cried the woman. "He wants our *Madl*. That's what he was trying to say. Hast harked?"

"*Ja, ja. Ach, lieber Himmel*, that we are free of him."

"We can be," answered the *Mutter*. "Let the field go."

The *Tischler* was startled. "We have naught else in the world," he said.

"We want naught else," said the woman stoutly. "Not at the cost of Gaeta."

The girl had crept softly from her hiding place. Loose little flecks of down from the pillows powdered her hair; her eyes were shining. She stole behind her father's chair and wound her arms about his neck.

"Don't worry, *Vaterli*," she said. "Michaelmas is not far off, but it's far enough. Old Johann may settle as soon as he likes, but not with thy little Gaeta for a wife, *Vater*."

He looked at her with a wan smile.

"I've been thinking, perhaps it would even be better, *Kind*. He can give thee a home. And he would take thee without a cent."

"*Vater*," cried the old wife, "where are thy wits to-night? Thou would ne'er give our Gaeta to him, the hardest man along the Brenner?"

He put out his hands with a weary gesture.

"I only said it might be better. I ha ne'er saved anything, but the bit buckwheat patch. Thou and I ha been poor all our days, *Weib*."

"*Ja, ja*, poor enough, thank heaven. And happy, too. Art forgetting that, *Vater*? Happy too, *mit wahr*?"

Her voice choked and tears stood in her eyes. Gaeta reached over and laid one hand on her shoulder.

"Old Johann for me? Na, na, never fear, *Mutterli*. He canna have me nor the buckwheat field either. Hast ne'er heard that florins grow on bushes? Well, then, they grow in buckwheat blossoms, too. Wait and see."

III.

The mountains were bathed in a flood of purple light when Reinhold set up his easel in the buckwheat field and drew the first sketchy lines in charcoal on his canvas. He looked Gaeta over critically. She had not dared bedeck herself even to the extent of a fringed kerchief, as she might have done without the *Vater's* notice. She was garbed just as usual in *kirtel* of homespun, cord-laced bodice with snowy linen sleeves pushed above the elbow, and linen folds gathered under a kerchief at the throat.

"Catch your apron up in one hand," said Reinhold, "as though you were carrying something in it. Hm-m, very good. And I like it that your feet are bare among the blossoms."

For he had made her take off her coarse shoes and hide them at the edge of the field.

"Now think of something pleasant," he said with a laugh.

"Ja?" she said. "Then I will think of the five-and-twenty florins that the painter *Herr* has promised me."

He was squeezing dabs of color on his palette and he made a contemptuous gesture. Then he looked at her and was puzzled. Her lips were slightly parted, the eyes eager and wistful. She was thinking of the *Vater's* bowed gray head, and of how glad he would be. Reinhold began rubbing in the shades. He worked deftly, and for an hour there was silence between them, each seeming to have forgotten the other. Then he spoke, abruptly bidding her change her position and rest. She came to herself as though out of a dream. She yawned, stretched her arms over her head, and sighed. Then she smiled.

"Is an hour gone? It seems but a little minute. I was never so idle before. Though it is long to keep still without moving: *nit wahr?* I will weed then, until the painter *Herr* wants me again."

Reinhold was dashing in bits of background and did not reply. When he called her again the lights had changed, the exquisite gold had melted into no less exquisite pearl, but under it the buckwheat blossoms showed gray and colorless. After a few impatient strokes he threw down his brushes.

"Psha," he cried. "There is only one little hour in the afternoon that I can paint at all. At this rate my picture will be long in finishing."

"Five-and-twenty days," she counted hastily. Then her face cleared. "Never mind, Michaelmas is still a month away. But what if it should rain!"

A frightened look rose to her eyes.

"Gaeta," he asked anxiously. "Tell me what makes you love money so well."

"I love money, *lieber Herr?* Do I love money? I did not know."

"Yet you bargained with me well for the five-and-twenty florins," he said.

"If the painter *Herr* thinks it too much to give—" she began proudly.

"No, no," he broke in. "But I do not like money-lovers. I should not like to think you were one. It would spoil my picture. Indeed I do not think I could paint you at all."

She raised her eyes wonderingly. "I do not know whether I love money or not. I have never thought. But this that you have promised me—this is different."

"Well, never mind," he said lightly, "you have the face for my picture."

"I have never seen a picture," said Gaeta, "except our print of the Madonna and a copy of the Holy Family behind the high altar at church. I thought there were no pictures save of the *Heiligen*. That none others were true pictures, I mean."

Reinhold bit his lip. Her words sounded like a touch of modern criticism.

"And now you will make a picture of me?" she finished.

"If I can," he answered, "if your grim old mountains will ever give me a chance of light." He spoke crossly, being out of humor with his beginning.

"And what will the painter *Herr* do with his picture?" asked Gaeta.

"Oh, you would never guess. I shall paint and paint here every day until this bit of canvas shows you again, as by magic, the towering mountain with its top line of snow, the deep, still woods just below, and in the foreground the blossoms of the buckwheat, and you yourself like an angel— No, I don't mean that," with a glance at her rustic figure. "But like the spirit of the buckwheat flower. A little homely everyday blossom, but sweet for all that." He laughed, pleased with his own imagery. "Then when it is done it will be hung in the great hall at Vienna. On the line, perhaps, if I am fortunate."

"And then?" she asked eagerly.

"And then all the world will come and stand before it and praise it, calling it beautiful, original, *talentvoll*. And I—I shall be famous. Bah, what is fame? I shall know that I have done something to make them feel. That is success. And I shall have served art, the divine."

He had forgotten his auditor. He

was wrapped in the mood of exultant prophecy that artists know. If he had remembered her he would have checked his words, thinking she would not understand.

She had sprung to her feet and was gazing into his face.

"Oh, how grand," she cried. "I feel that too, sometimes, when I watch the lights change on the high hills, or the wind sweep over a field of grain.

But the great world you speak of. Could it say all that about a painting of me? And will it all come true? I wish I could paint. I wish all the world would come about me to praise what I had done."

He looked at her surprised.

"Where do you get your thoughts, Gaeta?" he asked. "And what can you know of 'all the world,' here in a hamlet of the Brenner Pass?"

"I know nothing," she said simply.

"And why should you wish to know?" he persisted.

"Why not I, like another? Even like yourself?"

"But you are born to this. It is your life. Besides you are only a child."

She cast a handful of weeds from her with a quick impatient gesture. "The painter *Herr* forgets. I am not a child, but a woman. And though I am born in a narrow corner of it, may I not know that the world is wide?"

"So you have ideas and ambitions. And I chose thee for my picture because

of thy child face. Have you changed since yesterday, Gaeta?"

She smiled. "Perhaps. I do not know."

He had nothing to do. It was too dark to paint and she was beginning to interest him. He stooped down beside her.

"Gaeta, tell me what you will do with the twenty-five florins. No, wait a little, I will tell thee.

You will buy a bridal veil, and a kerchief, and a silver-gilt ring to exchange with thy lover."

She laughed merrily. "Na, na," she cried. "No bridal veil for me. Listen, painter *Herr*, and tell it again to no one. For I will keep it a secret even from the *Vater*." Then hurriedly she told him what she would do with the florins—the five-and-twenty she was so glad to earn before Michaelmas.

He turned to her and held out his hand.

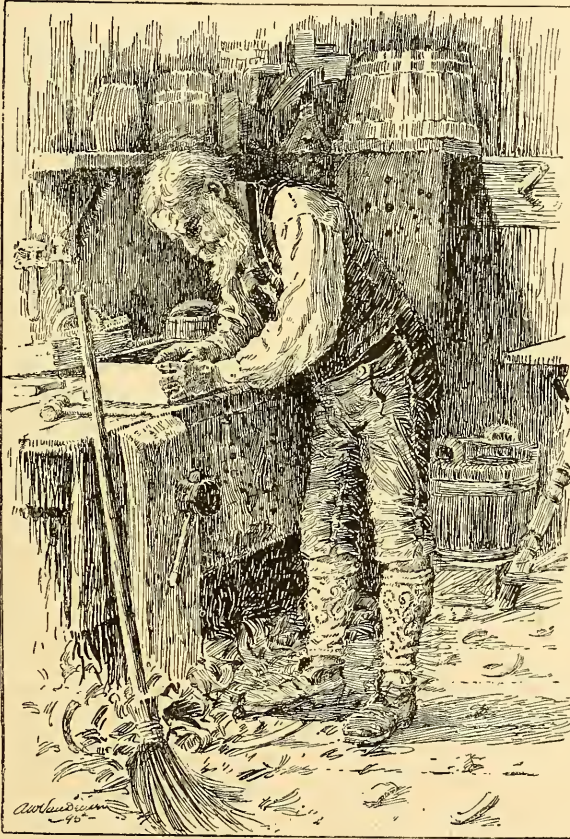
"You are a brave girl, Gaeta. And you shall have the money in

time, never fear. Even though it should rain and the painting not be done."

"Then you think I am doing right?" she asked, "when the *Vater* forbids?" Next moment she added with a certain grave dignity:

"Though I should do just the same even if the painter *Herr* might think it wrong."

"Of course you would," he said, "and rightly, too. Gaeta, I'm glad you



"THE GRAY-HAIRED TISCHLER," (p. 334.)

have told me this. We shall be better friends. I did not like to think you were eager for money. I couldn't put that look into my picture, you know."

He lifted his cap to her and went whistling down the slope.

IV.

Next day Reinhold brought a fresh canvas and began again. He had learned his lights now. Not a moment of the hour was wasted and as he could not talk and paint at the same time, neither spoke.

Gaeta looked on curiously at his rapid work. Finally he dropped his brush, stretched out his arm to ease the muscles, and turned to her with a smile. "A better beginning to-day. Yesterday I was discouraged. But now—come and see, Gaeta."

There was not much to see, however it might gleam like the angel in the block to him. She looked at the canvas closely.

"You would like to paint, you said yesterday, Gaeta."

"To paint! I know not. I would like to have a gift. It must be beautiful to have a gift all your own. If I were a boy I should have learned wood-carving, perhaps. It is what the *Vater* always wished, to be a wood-carver. Instead, he makes chairs and tables for the farmers' kitchens."

"He has a feeling for art, I think, from what you say."

"Not for pictures," she answered quickly. "He says it is childish to dab at canvas with a brush. He likes better to carve. He does a little when he has time. Evenings and Sunday afternoons with the shutters closed. The neighbors think he sleeps. He says he draws the living soul out of the wood. That it is always there, if one knows how to draw it out."

Reinhold was silent. He pulled at the weeds thoughtfully. Art, the divine, was no respecter of persons, it seemed. Here was this untaught girl and her father.

"Have you ever tried to carve?" he asked.

"No, I have always had to work," was her answer.

"Gaeta," he exclaimed, "I wonder how you would like the great city. I'm

only thinking—when my picture is done—what if you could see it?"

"*Ach*," she cried, "and the crowds worshipping before it?"

A light glowed in his eyes. Her simple confidence was grateful to him. Artists are greedy of praise, from whatever lips the sweet incense rises.

"I should like it," she finished quietly.

Instantly a vision rose before him of the long gilded hall, the throngs of fashionable loiterers, the painted peasant girl looking out from the canvas at her living prototype, Gaeta, in her uncouth dress and hobnailed shoes. He smiled to himself.

Just then he met her eyes.

"If the great world were to look only at her face," he thought.

Then he said gayly, "No, Gaeta, I shall not let you come. All the world would forsake my picture and look only at you."

And at this they both laughed.

Day after day went by in like fashion. The silent hour when Gaeta posed and Reinhold painted as though his life were at stake. Then the hour or two of dawdling over the weeds, talking and laughing and idling. At least Reinhold idled, while Gaeta worked.

The buckwheat field filled his fancy. It was always in his thought.

He was dreaming always of his picture. Yet one day his heart gave a sudden bound when he saw Gaeta coming, a full hour before he had expected her. That bound of the heart startled him. When the silent hour was over he did not linger as usual, but went off with his wet canvas in his hand, and only a curt good-bye to the girl.

She looked after him wistfully, then bent again to her task.

He lay awake all that night, dismayed, and fell asleep only at the break of another day.

But when he awoke in the broad sunlight, he told himself that he had made too much of it. It was natural he should study Gaeta's face. His picture, perhaps his whole future, depended upon it.

And if his pulses stirred, why that was natural, too.

That day he stayed after the painting until the twilight fell, and walked home with Gaeta as far as the top of the lane.

As they approached the forge she stopped and said nervously, "Please do not come any farther, painter *Herr*."

She pointed to the wide door of the smithy, whence the light was streaming.

"See! Johann. He will be angry. And he will tell the *Vater*."

"And what is it Johann's affair!" cried Reinhold. "What is he to you, Gaeta?"

"Naught," she answered.

"So—a, that is better," he said and left her.

The days passed and the picture was painted almost as in a burst of inspiration. It seemed to paint itself. Reinhold had never done anything so easily in his life. There was no toiling nor straining, no moment of discouragement, no paralyzing dread of failure. The effects he wanted came as by magic and better than he had planned. It will be so sometimes, as all artists know.

The twenty-five hours and more had been wrought into it; all Reinhold's hopes and a bit of his heart and hers.

The last day they stood before it together holding each other's hands. The girl speechless with delight and awed. She drew a long breath. "To make a beautiful thing—is to feel like God; is it not?" And for these words, spoken reverently and low, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

His mood changed. He grew exultant.

"Gaeta, child, I owe it all to you. The world will come about the picture and praise it. It is no dream."

He rubbed his eyes with both hands.

"Tell me it is no dream. Tell me it is beautiful," he cried.

"It is very, very beautiful," she said.

"See, under the far snow peaks how the mists lie like wreaths on the hills. And the deep woodlands below, and the summer sky—"

"Yes, and the girl. Do you not see the girl, Gaeta? Is she not alive? Can you not feel the life? And the beautiful soul of her in the eyes?"

Gaeta looked at him. He had forgotten her. He was gazing at the girl in the picture, his own creation.

"I shall go to-night," he said. "I count the moments until I can show it to the *Meister*. He will tell me the truth. Whether it is good, or whether I have but dreamed."

He fumbled in his pocket and drew out his purse. She watched him while he emptied it into his hand. He did it hastily, with his eyes on the painting all the while.

"Here, Gaeta," he said, "count it quickly to see if it is right." But she drew back. "Na, na," she cried.

He was surprised. He withdrew his eyes with an effort from the picture bringing his mind back to her.

"It is the price we agreed upon," he said. "Are you not satisfied? I will give more if you like."

She flushed. "Na, I did not mean that," she said. "It is enough."

She let him count the coins into her hand, then flung them from her with sudden passion. They fell and were lost among the buckwheat growth. She covered her burning face with her hands. When she took them down he had stepped back and was standing before his picture once more.

She was nothing to him. A wave of shame swept over her. Then she remembered the *Vater*—and Johann.

She stooped to search for the coins. The search was long, for the bushes stood high and the grain was nearly ripe. Patiently she searched and recovered them one by one. To be sure, she stood up and counted them twice over. When at last she lifted her head she was alone. Reinhold was gone. The gray of twilight fell over the slope. A chill was at her heart. She tied the florins into her neckerchief, gathered her tools and went home.

V.

Johann received the interest money gruffly. He was displeased and suspicious.

"Ye ha' good luck, *Tischler*," he said, "to raise a matter of five-and-twenty florins over night. Not many of us have the luck like that."

The buckwheat was harvested and the field sown for its second crop. Then Gaeta went to the *Wirthin* and asked for work. The season was over, there were never many winter guests, but the *Wirthin* gave her what she could.

"If we could but get ourselves free!" was the girl's constant thought.

The *Tischler* worked steadily at chairs

and tables when he had them to do, but orders were scarce, for the crops had not been over-plentiful.

Do what he would he could not help running behindhand, and, before the winter was over, his furniture was first mortgaged to Johann, and then even his carpenter bench and tools.

"He has full grip on us now," he said to the *Mutter*. "He'll make us do his bidding, for the house, too, is his, and he may turn us out if he will."

Johann came often. The little three-legged stool, on which he balanced himself in the middle of the room, came to be looked upon as his. When he went away the *Mutter* would shove it into a corner with her foot, and when she heard him coming, even ere the uncereemonious lifting of the latch, she would draw it out again.

Gaeta did not hide away as at first. It had been but a childish instinct, and now she was careful not to anger him. She drew as close as she could to her mother's wheel, set a guard over her impulsive lips, and busied herself with her knitting.

Johann's courting was unique. It always began with a one-sided business talk between him and the *Vater*, in the course of which he contrived to bring his rasping tongue down on every sensitive spot. The *Tischler* winced and said little.

Months rolled by, and when again the interest was due, there were only a few *krentzers* in the cupboard.

"I canna pay, Johann," said the *Vater*. "I must ha a little more time."

Johann's eyes glistened, though he answered quietly.

"Oh, I'll ne'er be hard on ye, neighbor. I'm na a hard man, though I am mistook now and then. We can compromise. I'm thinking of settling. I ha told ye before. And I've been coming here now Sunday nights, for a-most six months. Nobody ha told me not to come either."

He shot a defiant glance toward the wheel.

"I'll take the *Madl*, *Tischler*, if ye say so. And we'll arrange."

"I canna speak for the girl," answered the *Vater* hoarsely.

The lines of his face were drawn, and the muscles of his lips stiff.

"Wait, *Vater*," spoke Gaeta. "Let Neighbor Johann tell us how he will arrange."

Johann leered at her.

"The *Madl* is on my side," he chuckled. "That's right. Though I would na ha minded if it had been harder work. *Tischler*, I'll make it this way. I'll take the field—it's a-most mine anyway—and I'll take the *Madl*. Then I'll make ye a present back again of yer tools and of yer few bit sticks."

His heavy eyes rested contemptuously on the poor furnishings.

"I've made ye a generous offer now. What say ye, *Tischler*?"

"I ha naught to say," answered the *Vater*, moving his contracted lips with painful effort. "The *Madl* must do as she will."

Next moment his gray head had fallen forward against the bench, and his frame shook. Gaeta sprang across the floor, and stood with her arms around his neck, hiding him as best she could, with the broad full plaits of her *kirtel*.

"*Vater, Vater*," she whispered. "Let him not see thee so. Lift thy head and brave it, *Vater*. I canna bear to see thee stoop before Johann."

The *Mutter* rose; shook herself clear of the wheel, and stepped out into the room.

"I ha a word to say," she began.

She stood squarely with her hands on her hips, looking down on Johann, where he sprawled his huge bulk over the little stool. He stumbled to his feet, gave the stool a kick, and said gruffly: "Aye, aye, *Mutter*; gabble a bit, if ye must. Women's clack goes for naught. Though, when it's over, I'll hear what the *Madl* herself has to say."

"But ye'll hear me first," said the *Mutter*. "And ye'll hear me once for all. Take the field. Take our bits of furniture that the *Vater* made with his own hands for our marriage outfit. Take his bench and tools, which means that ye take his livelihood. Last of all, turn us out of this house that is yours, and that we've paid a good rent for these twenty years. Take all, do ye hear? But ye'll not take my girl. She's heart of my heart, and she's mine."

Her low words rang through the silent room.

"*Sacré!* I'll wring yer hearts to the last drop of blood, but I'll have my own,"

burst from the man. The next instant he flamed into a loud laugh.

"*Tischler*, it's a fine way to treat a man, and a fore-handed man, when he would put an honor on thee. Ha the women taken all the talk off thy tongue?"

The *Tischler* did not raise his head. The *Mutter* had said her say. There was a long silence.

"Women's clack goes for naught," repeated Johann. "I take my answer from the *Vater*. Have a care. I'm na a hard man, but when I cast my eye on a thing—I get it."

He went to the door, and stood swinging it back and forth in his hand.

"I'll go," he said. "Ye ha one day more. I'll come again to-morrow night. Betwixt this and that, ye'll ha time to— to come to your senses, mayhap."

He slammed the door behind him, and they listened while his heavy step trod the passage.

The *Tischler* raised his head.

"There's no help for it," he said. "I don't know what we can do."

"We'll not save ourselves at the cost of the girl," said the *Mutter*, grimly.

"Oh, *Vaterli*!" cried Gaeta. "Oh, *Mutter*, *Mutter*! I'd rather die than that man should get his grip on me."

All night Gaeta tossed and sobbed in her bed atop the stove. Long before it was light, she climbed down, dressed noiselessly, and went to kneel at the shrine of the Madonna. Her heart was torn, her mind a chaos of unresolve. Her prayer was a vague cry for help.

She twisted her rosary into her belt, rose and reached for the little red glass to renew the oil. She trimmed the wick, lighted it and set all in order. Then taking her heavy shoes in her hand she stole to the door and out into the crisp of the dawn.

She ran up the lane and past the smithy which was not yet alight, skirted the village and came out upon the highroad. A few minutes more and she was in the buckwheat field, which was now only a field of stubble. Why, she had come she could not have told. She went and stood in the middle of the field, falling into the attitude as she had posed. And standing thus she watched the great grim mountains receive their first flush of light and the sun rise across the Pass. The mists rolled away, the

chill of the air was softened, the sunlight was coming her way. She stretched her face out to meet it. How long would it be before it reached her? All her life?

Far down the highroad some one was coming. Someone who sang as he climbed. He came nearer and she caught the sound of a joyous whistle broken now and then by an attempt at jodling. The jodel failed again and again, but the whistle rose shrill and sweet on the high pure air. She strained her ear to listen, then suddenly she clasped her hands and uttered a low cry.

"Gaeta, Gaeta, are you there?" called a voice. "Are you still there in the buckwheat field just as I left you?"

Reinhold scrambled up the goat-path and came toward her.

"Gaeta," he cried, "this is what I hoped. To see you again just where I left you. We never said good-bye, do you remember, Gaeta? Shall we say it now?"

Her hands were fast held. His eyes were on her face. The sunrise was upon them both.

"You are thin, Gaeta, and you have been crying. Tell me about it. Why should you cry? Is it because I have been away? Tell me about yourself. I am hungry to hear."

Her face lowered. A cloud had come between her and the sun. She had forgotten. She answered sadly:

"Oh, it has been such a weary time."

He could not help looking pleased.

"Tell me all about it," he said seating himself on a heap of stubble, and drawing her down beside him.

Her answer was not what he had looked for.

"Johann has his grip on us all," she said. "To-day is our last day free of him. To-morrow he will own this field, and all that we have. There is but one way. I've been thinking all night, and this morning I prayed to the Virgin."

"There is one way?" he asked. "What way is that? Tell me more."

"Johann will take me for his wife. He has been coming all winter. I and the field shall be his, he says. Then he will loose his grip of the *Vater*."

"And the *Vater* would give thee so?" asked Reinhold, hotly.

"Na, na, nor the *Mutter*. They would not, and he went away angry.

But he comes again to-night. See, it is now I who must say. I can save them if I will."

She shuddered and hid her face in her hands.

Reinhold smiled as he said caressingly: "Let us forget it for a time. I will tell thee of myself. Shall I, Gaeta?"

She lifted her face with a quick smile.

"Ah, if you could have seen your picture where it hung in the great hall. And the people coming to look at it. It was as you said, Gaeta. They liked it and praised it. I cannot tell you all they said. I was so happy and proud I could not think of anything else. I—I even forgot you, Gaeta."

"Ja, I ken."

"By and by, I do not know just how it began, I grew tired of seeing the people before it. I thought they made idiots of themselves. Not that I cared for that, but they would never speak of it quite as a picture. They always spoke of the girl; of her bare feet in the buckwheat, her hands, her hair, her eyes. At first I liked it. I thought they were praising my work. And I suppose they were, but afterward it seemed to me as though they were speaking of you, of your very self, Gaeta."

"Well, and why should they not?" she said, laughing.

"It angered me. I could not bear it. I wanted to take the picture away, but I was not allowed. Then I shut myself into my studio and tried to paint, but I could not. Something kept getting between me and the canvas. I did not know what the trouble was,

until one day I woke. Then I knew I was longing for you."

He bent forward and would have thrown his arms about her.

"Ah, Gaeta, I want you, and I have come to tell you so."

But she pulled away from him and rose to her feet.

"Na, na," she cried. "I am only a simple peasant girl. It may not be. I should hold you back."

"I defy all the world to hold me back, if I have thee at my side, Gaeta."

He studied her face for a moment. Something was gone that had been familiar to him.

"I'm glad I painted thee last summer, Gaeta," he said. "Thou wilt never be a child again. And I needed a child-face for the picture."

The next moment he had taken the fair woman face between his hands and kissed it.

"Stand for me once more as you used to stand last summer," he said. "Here, in the centre of the field, looking out toward the sunlight. And catch your apron up in one hand."

There was a puzzled smile on her lips but she did as he bade her.

He drew a purse from his breast pocket and holding it up, let fall a shower of coins into her lap.

"It is the price of the picture, Gaeta. It is yours by right." Then with a joyous ring in his tones:

"See, it is enough to set the *Vater* free, and more. To-night when Johann comes, tell him—No, I will tell him. It is I who will take the field and the *Madl*, eh Gaeta?"



"THEY STOOD BEFORE IT TOGETHER." (p. 343.)



A CYCLE MEMORY.

INTO my thoughts half dreaming
A picture will oft-times steal,
Of a good, straight, level highway—
And a girl on a whirling wheel.

Between the flowering hedgerows
We are gliding and gliding along,
And our wheels are keeping together
While my heart is singing a song.

And the song is ringing and ringing
To the wheels' reverberant sound:
" 'Tis love that turns the world, dear
And makes the wheels go 'round."

The hedgerows now are brown and bare,
My love is far away,
And I have not thought of singing
For many and many a day.

POLLY KING.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

By Florence Guertin.



A ROMANCE must be narrated just as it occurs, and in the beginning of the one between Dwight Matterson and Katharine Clark, correspondence figured largely. Some four years previous to the opening of this story he had invited her to be the dictator of his fortunes, and she had declined. She had no aversion to matrimony, nor ambitions to live the life of a girl bachelor. She was neither "new" nor "advanced." Some day when that mysterious personage the "right man" appeared she hoped to cast her lot with his. Meantime the wrong ones insisted upon presenting themselves, Dwight Matterson among them. He had gone away shortly after her refusal, not because of it, but for business reasons, and she had not seen him since. They had corresponded in a desultory fashion, but with no reference made to the scene that had preceded his departure. His return was heralded by a letter containing the following paragraph:

"All things are subject to change and I can claim no exception. You may call me a rolling stone and I shall not even resent it. I am quite indifferent to moss-gathering, and fortunately have not felt the need of it. I had thought to become a permanent son of the West, but the

associations of the East still fascinate me. They have been too strong to resist. I can only return to renew them, or perhaps to become disillusioned. Of course I can hardly expect to take up the thread of my acquaintance as if it had never been broken, and I try to fortify myself against surprises. The wheel of Time is relentless, and occasionally its signs are thrust impertinently upon us. Perhaps I would better warn you: my crowning glory has been demanded. On the back of my head I find a circle whose circumference daily widens. I have watched its progress with interest and a fear lest it reach my eyebrows, but the danger does not seem imminent. Perhaps you can enlighten me as to what its progress betokens."

To which Katharine Clark sent the following reply:

"Your remarks found a sympathetic listener. That youth is a transitory state has been forced upon me of late by certain small but I am told infallible signs—a fondness for dinners as a form of entertainment for instance, and a willingness to sit out frequent dances. I find also that a younger sister crushes juvenile tendencies by classifying one with a by-gone generation. So I have long since become resigned, consoling myself with the remark of some astute person who in answer to an assertion that a woman was not worth looking at after she was twenty-five, replied, 'No, nor worth listening to until she is thirty.' I can strive to delight the ear if I do not please the eye! Yet lately I am afraid that I have not gratified either sense. I have been indulging in a most undignified pastime, and entering it with all the exuberance of sixteen. Your remark about the wheel of Time was very apropos. The wheel of Time is no longer a figure of speech, but has materialized here in a fashionable craze. Men and women are mounting and riding *against* time upon it. All classes are afflicted and I have caught the general infection. A bicycle club has been organized and thither I go and try to solve the problem of perfect

equilibrium, but so far have found that the law of gravitation is too strong for me. I have had two lessons and am in need of several more. The art of riding did not 'come to me,' as I frequently hear of its doing, though I have not as yet witnessed it, and nothing but will power and the efforts of a muscular instructor kept me on. The only thing that encourages me to think that I will ever ride is the number of stupid people who have learned. So I mean to struggle on. You may scoff at the wheel of Time now, but you won't when you reach C—; and instead of the horse-back rides in which we used to indulge we may take occasional spins over the asphalt. I am sure that your return will be welcomed with cordiality by your many friends; and any loneliness that you might feel is certain to be dispelled by the very delightful companionship that you will find in your brother's house. His wife's young cousin, Blanche Warden, as you doubtless know, is spending some time with them and I am told is most attractive."

She was careful not to be too enthusiastic over his return, though feeling a certain pleasure in it. She was not sure of the attitude of his mind toward her, while knowing that her own feelings had not changed. Perhaps her manner conveyed as much upon the occasion of his first call after his return, and prompted the note that she received the next day:

"Will you pardon me," he wrote, "if I write and speak to you very frankly upon a subject of which you prefer, perhaps, to hear nothing? Yet it is to disabuse your mind that I now write. Was I mistaken in thinking that you did not feel quite at ease last night, as if you were not sure of the relations in which we stood? You have been most kind in ignoring a scene that took place some years ago, and I have tried to forget it. I believe that I have conquered the weakness—if you choose to call it such—that I displayed upon that occasion. I am not an advocate of the theory cherished, I believe, by some men of 'constant dripping wearing away the stone,' and I would not the second time ask a woman to marry me. Will you believe me when I say that all that I now ask and expect from you is friendship, and that I hope it will be granted in the same frank manner in which it is solicited? If you were eighteen and I twenty it might be absurd to think of Platonic friendship; but we have both had some experience of life and have learned to appreciate the value of things. The friendship of a woman like yourself is of inestimable benefit to a man. It stimulates and rests him, besides affording opportunity for intellectual companionship not always possible with a man. The majority of women are better read than men, perhaps because they have more time. I have read with pleasure the book that you loaned me and have a proposition to make. May I not keep the volume as a pledge of the friendship that I offer you—keep it as long as I honestly feel that I have a right to it? If at any time in the future I find that I have forfeited that right, that my regard has overstepped the bounds of friendship and gone beyond my own control—I promise to return

the book to you as a tacit acknowledgment of it. In that case I assure you I will not put you through the unpleasantness of another scene, but will silently and I trust manfully remove myself. I am not anticipating, however, any such termination to what I feel will prove a very delightful arrangement. Perhaps it is no more than fair, however, to tell you that I have never succeeded in even fancying myself in love with another woman. Matrimony is so obviously the proper state for a man to live in, he feels that he ought to give himself every chance. In my case it has been in vain. Nor do I fear, as you laughingly suggested, that the constant propinquity of even so charming a girl as Blanche Warden will be dangerous to my peace of mind. I own that it is a novelty and a bit disconcerting at first to have a pretty girl confront you at the breakfast table (and, by the way, she *is* pretty in the morning). But she is very young and already has a host of youthful admirers, while I, as you know, feel old, in spite of having fulfilled your prediction and mounted the 'wheel of Time.'"

The first part of this letter surprised Katharine Clark, yet she found it in keeping with Matterson's originality, which had always amused her. The latter part gave her food for thought. She finally concluded that the best thing that could happen was for Dwight Matterson to fall in love with his youthful *vis-a-vis*, and to marry her. Then she fell to wondering how long Blanche Warden was to remain. And she sent him this reply:

"Your proposition certainly bears the merit of novelty. Were you serious or simply facetious? In either case it is interesting and deserves being given a trial. As I understand the arrangement, you are asking for pure, unadulterated friendship, made possible by our wide experience and the years of discretion to which we have attained. I accept upon one condition. Does it not take two to form a compact? Is it fair for you to be bound and for me to be left free? My sense of justice forbids. I, too, must fulfill a condition to make this bond complete. The pledge that is binding for you must also be valid with me. So listen while I, too, vow: I have a book you once sent me called 'Idle Thoughts.' It is a great favorite with me. But if at any time in the future I find myself either by thought or word violating this purely Platonic bond, I promise voluntarily and gladly to send you this little book marked at my favorite passages. And I call upon all the powers that be to witness this vow and to visit their mighty wrath upon me if ever I break it."

Though no verbal reference was made to it this agreement was entered into with much zest by both parties, and a most delightful companionship followed. For some months the intelligent, sympathetic friendship, not pronounced enough to cause comment, yet frequent enough to be interesting, of a congenial

man and woman was enjoyed. The same books were read, the same plays discussed, the same interests held in common; and the bicycle club afforded abundant opportunities for meeting. Their opinions did not always agree, but their differences were rather of an exhilarating than an antagonizing nature. Matterson was conscious, when with Katharine Clark, of a comfortable feeling of being understood, and of having the best that was in him brought out. It made no difference whether he felt brilliant and inclined to shine, or was quiet and non-committal, she was sure to adapt herself to the mood and to treat it tactfully. And there was nothing in which he was interested that he could not talk of to her, from the price of the stock market to art of Aubrey Beardsley; from the probable outcome of the presidential election to the journal of Amiel. She formed her own opinions, and her comments, given in cool, crisp little speeches, as she perhaps tried to convince him of a particular truth, often echoed in his ears.

This relationship continued until spring, when a slight, almost indefinable change took place. It was some time before Matterson would acknowledge it. He thought that her manner became a degree less frank and missed the bright, half-mocking little criticisms of people and things that she had treated him to, and that indicated such a delightful confidence in him upon her part. Opportunities for seeing her alone seemed to become infrequent, and when he called, of her many friends he more often met Stanton Philipps, a young writer of verse. Philipps' first book of poems had appeared, and Minter, the oracle of critics, had said that he had nothing to unlearn and gave promise of becoming the leading lyrical poet of his time. And, though he was a rhyme maker, even Matterson owned that he was a "very decent fellow."

Being denied as much of Katharine Clark's society as he would have liked, Matterson found himself turning more and more to Blanche Warden, who offered companionship of a different kind. He had accepted it at first because he had had to make no effort to obtain it, and afterward because it

proved in a way entertaining. Rumor had been busy connecting Matterson's name with the young visitor's in his brother's house, more so than Matterson imagined. To fall in love with her was so manifestly the thing that he ought to do, it was declared that he would never have the temerity to refrain. She was young and crude in her ideas, and when Matterson at first compared her to Katharine Clark he felt that it was like putting a bright clear water color beside a gay bill-poster. But she had the inevitable charm of youth in an attractive setting, and her enthusiasm and extravagant appreciation of things amused him. Whether it was tickets for the theatre, or a box of bonbons, or flowers that he brought home, she was sure to go into raptures and to thank him with superlatives until he refused to listen. And it was very easy to make up a party of four to go on all sorts of delightful expeditions, with his brother's wife as a chaperone, whose duties were not too arduous to fulfill.

"You ought to hear Blanche Warden quote 'Dwight,'" Katharine's young sister said one morning. "She talks about him all the time."

"Does she?" Katharine asked with polite indifference as she dipped her hands into her finger-bowl and removed traces of a particularly unmanageable orange. They were alone at the breakfast table.

"I think she fancies I'll come and tell you."

"What interest can it have for me?" Katharine asked calmly as she plied her napkin with care.

Madge looked at her sister admiringly. "I'd like to see you disconcerted once, Katharine. I'd give anything to be as cool-headed as you are. What's the use of pretending that you don't know people are saying that it's 'nip and tuck' between you and Blanche Warden?"

"I hope that she doesn't use your vocabulary," and with a laugh she turned the conversation.

After that her manner became a shade more cordial to Philipps, whom she really greatly admired and a trifle less friendly to Matterson. Matterson felt that he scored one advantage and only one, over Philipps—the rising young author scorned to mount any steed but

the winged one of Pegasus, and Matterson began to look upon his wheel as his greatest friend and ally.

The weather was now soft and fine, and the club was being neglected for rides in the open air. It was then that Matterson most enjoyed the company of Katharine Clark, with the blue dome of heaven for a roof, and with no one to interrupt if they were serious, or to laugh if they chose to be flippant. But she began to make excuses from riding, at least alone with him, while the attentions of Blanche Warden waxed kindlier. But unfortunately Blanche did not ride a wheel, and strangely enough Matterson never suggested her learning.

He invited a party to ride out in the country for dinner, one afternoon, when they were sure of a moon on the return. When the riders assembled and started the moon was already hanging in the heavens, like a bit of cloud loosened and cast in the delicate mould of a crescent. As the city faded in the distance the air grew sweeter and purer. From the fields that flanked the roadside came the odor of freshly turned earth. With mathematical precision the plow had torn straight furrows, till the fields spread out like huge gridirons. Now and then the road ran through woodland where the trees in friendly rivalry were trying to out-do each other in producing the most vivid greens. Matterson felt glad that the day was so perfect, and that Katharine was one of the party. Though he was not at her side going out, he managed to ride where he could see her. To some people she might appear more attractive in the full regalia of evening dress; but cycling was the time when he admired her most. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone with pure enjoyment of the sport, and she looked like a girl of eighteen.

On the start home he was careful to have the rest of the party mount first, and to bring up the rear with Katharine. They could go slow or fast then, just as their fancy dictated.

"Before I forget it," Katharine said, as they swung out from the driveway into the road, "I am going to give a little dinner on the twentieth. You won't expect a formal invitation? Will you come?"

"Certainly, I'd be delighted," Matter-

son returned promptly. "O, let me see—what day did you say? The twentieth? Isn't that too bad? I can't do it."

"It *is* unfortunate because I cannot change the date. And you're such a good dinner man!"

"Thanks, that might be taken both ways. I can't change my date either. You see it's Blanche Warden's birthday."

"O," Katharine said expressively, then added immediately, "What a pity birthdays won't allow one to celebrate any date instead of insisting upon returning on the same one every year."

"My sister-in-law is giving Blanche a dinner," he broke off abruptly.

"And of course you must be there?" she asked, carelessly.

"Well, yes, I rather think that I ought," he laughed a little awkwardly. "You see," he went on slowly, "besides being a birthday dinner it's also a special occasion."

Katharine looked over the fields stretching out into the moonlight.

"You mean that it is an announcement dinner?" she asked.

"Now how did you know that?" Matterson inquired, looking at her curiously. "Are you a mind reader? You certainly never heard it. We've kept it the profoundest secret."

"It didn't take much penetration to guess it," she answered.

"I don't see how," he returned. "Blanche's fiancé arrived only a few days ago—"

"Blanche's fiancé?" she echoed.

"Why yes, since you've guessed it I don't see any harm in telling you about it. The little wretch has stolen a march upon us. It seems that when she was abroad last summer there was a young Englishman—a right honorable somebody—who was very devoted to her. Blanche reciprocated, but thought she was too young to become engaged. I have teased her about the foreign letters she has received all winter but never gained much satisfaction about the writer. No one dreamed that the affair had gone as far as it had, and considered the Englishman one of half a dozen men with whom she corresponded. I used to tell her that she consumed more ice cream and postage stamps than any girl I had ever met. Very

suddenly the English chap came flying over here."

"Perhaps he feared a rival," Katharine said, demurely.

"He might have feared several," Matterson returned, lightly. "Anyway, he has out-distanced all comers now and wishes to gain further security by a speedy marriage. The engagement is to be formally announced at this dinner. Blanche is to return home directly afterward and to be married in a few weeks. What is the matter with your pedal? Your frock has caught in it. Look out for that stone," but before he finished her wheel had overturned and she narrowly saved herself from a bad tumble.

"Well done," he said, jumping off his wheel and placing it at the roadside. "You saved yourself but sacrificed that fine gown."

"It's only the inner silk ruffle that is torn. Have you a knife? I'll cut it off," gazing down at a dark end that was trailing at her feet. "I wore this frock instead of my bicycle one in honor of the dinner. I thought that I ought to be a little smarter than usual."

He stooped, pen-knife in hand, and picking the ruffle off the ground began to saw at it.

"Give me the knife," she said. "I can do it twice as fast."

"I wasn't trying to show my speed," he assented. "I didn't think the occasion demanded it. No, don't move. I was trying to think what you looked like as you stood there with one hand on your wheel. A modern goddess of the chase—"

"And you look very absurd there on one knee."

"Do you want me to go down on both?" he asked looking up at her, but she did not answer.

"I'm afraid that I've strained my wrist," she said, drawing off her glove.

One cut of the knife severed the ruffle and Matterson sprang to his feet.

"Let me see. Perhaps it's another case for the surgeon," he said.

He took her wrist between the thumb and fore finger of one hand and with the other gently moved it backward and forward.

"O, don't," she said, "that hurts it." He ceased and stood quietly, as if feel-

ing her pulse, while he gazed at the far-off moon.

"Well, what does the physician prescribe?" she inquired.

"Massage is the modern panacea," he answered gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'll have it done—to-morrow!" she replied. "If you will return my wrist I think that it is now able to perform its duty home."

"What have I heard of possession?" he murmured.

"It's a very strong point—in the law," she answered. "But this isn't a case for the courts. Besides," as he did not surrender, "who wants to keep anything not voluntarily given?"

He dropped her hand quickly.

"You know very well that I don't," he said, and glanced at her keenly. Then she was certain from the look in his eyes that Blanche Warden had never touched him deeply, but that his heart was given to her and had been all these years. She began to laugh very softly, her mirth gradually increasing until she dropped her head upon the handle bars of her wheel and relinquished herself to it.

"What *are* you laughing at?" he asked curiously. "For some time you have looked as pleased as if you had heard that an uncle in India had died and left you a million, or someone had told you something that you wanted very much to hear, or—Philipps had dedicated his new book to you."

"All within the bounds of possibility," she said, lifting her head and controlling herself. "I have an uncle who possesses a million, though I may never benefit by it; someone has told me something to-day that I am very glad to hear, and Mr. Philipps may dedicate his next book to me." Then she looked down the road. "The others will think we are lost. No, you needn't help me. I will take an unfair advantage and start while you get your wheel, and see how long I can keep you from overtaking me." And she gave her machine a little push and jumped lightly into the saddle.

For some days after this Matterson did not see her. But he did a great deal of thinking. The announcement dinner was given and Blanche Warden

took her departure. Young Mrs. Matterson attributed her brother-in-law's quiet mood to her cousin's going-away, and said, "What a pity it is that girls will flirt so."

One night after dinner Matterson went up to his room with a freshly lighted cigar, and sat down by an open window. He thought for a long time, then arose and went to his desk. He fumbled through some letters kept in a small compartment, and returned with the one that he wished. It was the last one Katharine Clark had written him before his return to C—. He read it carefully through, then fell to thinking again.

"She treated it as a joke, but I meant it all right when I wrote. I never imagined that I—" he smiled and blew out some smoke. "I feel that I ought to stick to it, yet, supposing she does not remember? Well, I said I would, and I'll do it."

He wrapped the book in paper and put an elastic around it. Then he drew on a light coat over his evening suit and took up his hat and gloves. The book lay upon the table and he stood looking down upon it.

"It's no more than fair," he decided, and pushed it into his pocket.

There was some one calling upon Miss Clark, and Matterson felt relieved. He thought that fate had decreed that he was not to see Katharine alone, and made up his mind to leave first, and to take the package with him. But Katharine was very entertaining and engaged both men in a subject in which they were mutually interested, and before either one realized it a tall Dutch clock in the hall chimed out a rather late hour. The man who had come first arose and apologetically made his adieus. As the front door closed Matterson stood up and prepared to depart.

"When are we to look for the dedication of that new book?" he asked.

"Whose?" she inquired wonderingly. "O, yes, I remember. Never," she answered, turning and reaching up to straighten a picture, on top of the piano. "Mr. Philipps went abroad last week."

Matterson was obliged to look at the back of her head and was glad that she could not see the expression of satisfaction he felt sure that his face must

portray. He bade her good night and went out into the hall. He deliberated for a moment, pulled the package from his coat and returned to the drawing room as if he had forgotten something.

"By the way," he said, endeavoring to speak indifferently, "I brought a book that I thought you ought to see. It has made me do some thinking and may possibly interest you. Good night, for the second time," and he turned away to the door.

"Wait a minute," she said hurriedly, looking down at the book in her hand. "I want—would you mind posting a letter for me? I will get it in one moment." He assented and she went up stairs. When she reached her room she tore the book from its wrappings and finding the one she expected gave a quick happy sob and pressed the volume to her heart. She laid it fondly down and went over to a table where a parcel was wrapped for delivery. It had lain there since the night of the moonlight ride. She caught up a letter with it and returned again to the drawing-room.

"Here is the letter, and here is—something to read when you get home."

He took the book from her hand but kept his eyes on her face. Something unusual he saw there told him it was a critical moment. Scarcely realizing what he was doing he commenced to take off the paper.

"I said 'when you reached home,'" Katharine pleaded, putting out her hand to detain him.

But it was too late. The little volume and its message lay uncovered in his hand.

"Did you make a mistake?" he asked slowly, gazing down at it half-dazed.

"I hope not," she returned smiling, her cheeks becoming flushed.

"But do you know what it means?" he said. She nodded assent. Still he did not seem to comprehend and he stood gazing stupidly from her to the book. Then as he grew more embarrassed she began to gather strength.

"Well," she said, saucily, "Don't you ever intend to understand? You said once that you would never twice ask a woman to marry you. Do you intend that she shall ask you?"

At last his intelligence returned. He



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

“WELL, WHAT DOES THE PHYSICIAN PRESCRIBE?” (*p. 351.*)

took a few steps to her and the answer that he gave her convinced her that he would not.

One half hour later he was still there. "I think that I'd feel more sure of you if only you had brought your book down without looking into mine. It certainly

known ever since that night we rode home and lost the rest of the party. That was why I looked so pleased."

"I can hardly believe that it's true," he said as the clock in the hall rang out a second warning and Katharine told him that he *must* go. "We'll stop that



"IT'S NO MORE THAN FAIR." (p. 352.)

would have been more heroic, now, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"Perhaps so, but no woman would do it. Just imagine how she would feel if she found a different book in place of the one she expected! I *was* certain, though, even before I opened it. It was only a pleasure to verify it. I have

clock to-morrow. I can't allow anything to show me so pointedly the door. And yet," he added as hand in hand they passed out into the big square hall and stood in front of the dial, "I owe a great deal to the wheel of Time."

"Yes, but which one do you mean?" she asked.

DEEP SEA FISHING OFF SANTA BARBARA.

By HANLEY C. BOOTH.



A TYPICAL Southern California day. Overhead the blue sky fringed with fleecy clouds; oceanward, a choppy sea and dull red line of kelp, with the hazy outlines of the Channel Islands for a background; shoreward, the sleepy city of

Santa Barbara, patroness of the mariner. On the slope of the foothills rise the Moorish outlines of the ancient Franciscan mission, and as we listen, the old friars chime the centenarian bells that hang from buckskin thongs in the adobe towers. The oak-crested mesa, gilded by the setting sun, throws a shadow athwart the bay.

The white yacht *Presto* swings idly at anchor, rocking in the long swells, which only half broken by the kelp belt a mile away, come rolling in toward shore. The four of us lounging on the *Presto* gaze abstractedly at the blue barrier of the Santa Inez range till flash of scales and a splash near-by reminds us that the yellowtail season has opened. We think that it would be great sport to take a run over to the islands which lie, half hidden in the mists thirty miles away. Some one suggests it. Then the Kid speaks up: "Say, that *would* be great sport!"

The Kid, as we call him, is an eighteen-year-old tenderfoot, whose doting parents have sent him to California to taste a little Western life. He is a combination of interrogations and exclamations; a youth who calmly appropriates the experiences of others, and relates them as his own; but, withal, a jolly, good-hearted lad, keen for all forms of sport. George, Jim and I look at each other. Shall we take the Kid along? We steal a glance at his happy countenance and the mental telegraphy results in nods of assent.

"We start at seven o'clock to-night," says George, the skipper of the twenty-four-foot fin-keel yacht *Presto*, the pride of the harbor. The Kid is given explicit directions as to what to take and what to leave, and we betake ourselves uptown to don overalls, flannel shirts and sou'-westers, and to pack our rods, tackle and camping blankets.

We secure Jaro, an Indian boatman, to help us on the trip. He is as black as a negro, but a lineal descendant of the coast tribes who left their skeletons and household utensils scattered over the islands.

A breeze rises and we leave the harbor at a lively clip, steering for Santa Cruz Island. For a twenty-four-foot yacht the *Presto* carries an enormous amount of sail, but her bowl-shaped hull is held steady by five hundred pounds of lead at the bottom of the five-foot fin. On we go, the *Presto* fairly bounding as each puff of wind strikes her. We can soon discern the breakers on Santa Rosa Island, and further west, the rocky cliffs of San Miguel Island, where the bold Spanish navigator, Cabrillo, lies in an unmarked grave. We finally drop anchor in a sheltered cove off Cueva Valdez.

For grandeur and picturesqueness of scenery, the Santa Barbara Channel Islands have no equals on the Pacific coast. The waves for centuries have been wearing out caves and fashioning arches in their perpendicular cliffs.

With Jaro at the oars we leave the *Presto* and explore one of the many caves before beginning our deep sea fishing. As we near the mouth of the water-paved cave, an uninviting prospect is before us. The precipitous cliffs are crowned with Gothic pinnacles and honeycombed with Moorish arches, uptilted strata forming Arabesque patterns on their mottled faces. These eerie caverns, tenanted only by slimy shapes and snarling sea lions, are as gloomy as those "caverns measureless to man," through which ran Alph, the sacred river. The one we enter is

a fair example. Fantastic carvings, rock griffins and granite gargoyles protrude from the sides; stalactites hang from the arched roof. In the pellucid depths monster fishes play, their staring eyes and distorted mouths looking very grotesque. When some old sea lion, away back in the darkness, slides off his slimy couch with a grunt and splashes into the water, our imaginations run wild. We go on and on until the dome narrows down to a passage way into which our boat has barely room to penetrate, and then back we row, preceded by a flock of noisy gulls.

A couple of hundred yards from shore Jaro ties the boat to the broad leaves of a bunch of kelp and our fishing begins.

Sneer not, fly-fisher. Your split-bamboo would bend as readily and your reel whiz as gayly to a bass or yellowtail as it did with the gamiest trout you ever fought up riffle and into pool.

Fish are breaking all around us. A hook is baited with a smelt and a cast made. Snap! A sea-bass takes it, and the reel screams as the old fellow runs out fifty yards of line. With savage rush he tries to go under the boat, but the line is up in a jiffy. Another rush and the bass throws his twenty inches of silvery length clear of the water. His vicious plunge toward the boat is met by the gaff, and he is tossed into the box.

Meanwhile the boatman, with a hand line, is fighting another bass, and after a few spurts by the fish away down in the depths, Jaro rashly hitches the line around the oar lock. Away it goes and off speeds the bass with an hundred foot pennon of sea-grass line trailing from his bloody jaws.

The sport continues until a dozen bass are in the box, each one having given the taker a hard fight. The school has passed, and we examine our tackle. George's rod is splintered and the Kid's reel out of fix. "Fine sport!" ventures the Kid to Jaro. "Pooh!" says the boatman pointing scornfully at the bass. "*Esta piscado es nada*" (This fish is nothing). "Wait till Senor Yellowtail take hook. He fight, fight—no give up."

"Senor Yellowtail" makes his debut unexpectedly. The Kid is in the stern

of the skiff, trying to fix his reel, the butt of his rod between his knees. He is delicately balanced, and does not notice that his baited hook is in the water. But the leader of a school of yellowtail does. The bait is taken in short order. A gentle tug and "Senor Yellowtail" is hooked; a great surge and the Kid is overboard. "Very graceful," we shout as his head emerges. He clammers over the side, uttering strange words, while his rod, the darling of his heart, is traveling seaward in tow of a frightened yellowtail. We give chase and finally catch it. The Kid grabs it eagerly. "Be careful," we say, but the yellowtail, now rested, is rushing seaward again, when the Kid essays to bring him up with a short turn. The onward rush is checked for a second, then forty yards of line disappear behind a thoroughly scared fish.

Jaro rows further down the coast and we wait for more yellowtail, beguiling the time by chaffing the Kid on his involuntary bath.

Soon a school of flying fish come by, terror stricken. Pausing for nothing, they skim along, alternately in air and under water.

"Get fright—plenty yellowtail—come pretty soon," remarks Jaro.

Our baits are taken almost simultaneously, and then the fun begins. Jim has a mean one, which runs off seventy yards of line in one spurt and then makes a feint at diving, but flashes off to the right. He comes in a little, and, with a taut line and bending rod, Jim works him around. He brings him up, but another rush comes—a vicious, instantaneous rush—which would have proved fatal to line and rod had not Jim given it the very best of handling.

"This beats tarpon fishing," whispers the Kid, who has made a lucky stroke with the gaff and pulled in a fourteen-pounder without the expected loss of boy and rod.

Jim hears him not. Standing in the bow, his eyes fixed on the swirl of water and his arm rigid, Jim slowly tires the patriarch of the finny tribe. "Get the gaff," some one says. Perhaps the fish hears it; perhaps he wants to make another break for liberty; but as Jim gains a yard of line, another terrific rush comes. This is a critical moment.



Painted for OUTING by Henry B. Snell.

THE PRESTO UNDER WAY.

The slightest error of judgment will lose all. Jim eases the old fellow up, and finally, twenty-four minutes after the strike, Jaro deftly gaffs and lifts a thirty-two pounder out of the water.

My smelt is taken again, and while trying to gain line on a vicious yellowtail, my rod is splintered beyond repair; but I manage to work the fish near the boat, where it is promptly gaffed. I then take a ten-ounce steel rod, look well to the tackle and cast. The shining form of a yellowtail cleaves the water as the smelt is gulped down.

Then comes a battle royal. The fish surges and the rod bends alarmingly. A run inward, a clever dodge of the gaff, and the yellowtail transfers the seat of war to the other side of the boat. Feints, first to right and then to left, and deep dives ensue so rapidly that I am puzzled to know where the fish really is.

Ten, fifteen, twenty feet of line is gained, when the fish spurts savagely and the reel shrieks as the fish goes seaward with nearly all the line, while Jaro pulls the boat after him. But steel rod, honest tackle and hardened muscles are too much for the fish, and he is finally hoisted on board—a thirty-six pound marine bull-dog.

We kill eleven before the school passes, and then start for shore and a dinner of baked fish, roast mussels and clam chowder.

No finer sport with rod and reel was ever had, and one need never tire of taking yellowtail. The size of the fish and its peerless fighting qualities, make skill in its handling imperative, and win for it the respect of the cleverest tacticians among fishermen.

Our experience has been that a ten-ounce steel rod, three hundred yards of hard flax line, and a 6-0 hook with a

lively smelt wired to it spinner fashion, form the best combination possible for sea bass or yellowtail. There is hardly any limit to the size of these fish, some weighing as much as seventy-five pounds.

Good luck in fishing prolongs our visit to Santa Cruz to three days, during which time we have several huge clam bakes and interview the Chinese abalone gatherers, who eke out a miserable existence by gathering these shellfish from the rocks.

We also run across a herd of seals, and corraling a number in a crevice in the cliff, secure some photos of the squirming mass of amphibia.

Finally after more yellowtail fishing, during which the Kid breaks both his rods, we start homeward.

George proposes trolling for barracuda, the pike of Pacific waters. Long, rakish built and voracious, they follow astern, snapping up the bits of food we fling to them.

Hand lines are made ready, and large hooks, on the shanks of which are cast small leaden fishes, are attached. We toss the lines overboard, and as the hooks trail through the water, looking like small fishes rapidly swimming, one is grabbed by a barracuda. It is quite natural to suppose that the onward motion of the boat will wear out the fish, but it dashes along, trying to shake the hook from its jaws, and leaping out of the water in its paroxysms. We play the fish awhile and then haul in.

The trolling is kept up until eighteen barracuda, ranging from twenty to thirty-four inches in length are captured, and then we roll the hand lines up.

A few hours later we drop anchor alongside the Santa Barbara wharf, all of us sunburned and redolent of fish and tobacco, but hearty, healthy and contented.





NATIVE'S SALAAM.

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

ALLAHABAD TO CAWNPORE.

AFTER a day's sight-seeing I left the cozy little European Hotel at Benares at 6:30 o'clock, October 18th. It had rained all the previous night, and the roads were heavy. When near Gopeegunge another downpour compelled me to seek shelter. When it abated somewhat I continued on through Gopeegunge, but was glad to run into the Government bungalow at Barodee at three o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning I was off at daylight and quickly wheeling along the now dry, hard road, through Sydabad to the banks of the Ganges River. On the opposite bank stood the suburb of Allahabad, and further down, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, the English fort. Clumsy, flat-bottomed ferryboats were plying across the river, carrying from twenty-five to fifty people at a time. The current in the Ganges is very rapid, a narrow channel having cut its way along the sandy banks. The boatmen shoved off, and by dexterous steering drifted into the Jumna River under the towering fort. When

I reached Laurie's Hotel at twelve o'clock my cyclometer registered 530 miles from Calcutta, after nine days of actual riding and eleven days on the road.

Allahabad was formerly a Hindu city under another name, but was captured by the Mohammedans during the reign of the Great Moguls, and called by them the "City of God." Its area of over thirty square miles is teeming with a native population of one and a half millions, over half of whom are Hindus. Many Sikhs are also noticeable, especially the women, with their long tight-fitting trousers. It is difficult to tell from a distance of what sex they are when their nose, ear, wrist and ankle rings are concealed. They have, as a rule, bright intelligent features, and many are really beautiful.

The English settlement of Allahabad is picturesquely laid out, being interspersed with wide roads or streets, gardens and parks. A large church and college built of stone are magnificent works of architecture. All the roads and avenues are lined with shade trees,

whose foliage is so thick that the cozy residences with their lovely lawns and flower beds are scarcely visible through the narrow vistas. There are over a thousand English residents, principally officials and officers of the army; the Eurasians, or half-castes, who generally class themselves also as Europeans, number over two thousand. Over three thousand English and native troops are stationed at the barracks and the fort.

During the three days prior to my arrival the Hindus had been celebrating the Dasehra victories and other time-honored events of their race. These festivities I witnessed in the company of Mr. William Dick, of the *Pioneer*, the leading paper of India. Over the extensive green "maidan" passed long processions from the different Hindu sections of the scattered city, bearing images gayly decorated with strips of colored paper, and standards representing men and women mounted on

Hindustan. As an indication of the harmony existing between the different native elements of India, it was very creditable to note that although there were thousands of Mohammedans, Sikhs and all castes of natives massed together on this occasion, yet there was not a single disturbance. All were cleanly dressed with silk sashes, turbans, etc., and, restrained by the tenets of their religion, were entirely free from intoxicating liquors. All the processions finally arrived, each attended by many torch-bearers and musicians blowing a cornet-like instrument, similar to the Scotch bagpipe, and also beating on acorn-shaped drums. Darkness came on, and amid a great uproar, rockets, wheels, crackers and paper balloons were fired off, but they made a very poor display compared with our own Fourth of July celebrations.

The image of Rama was set on fire, but refused to burn quickly enough to



THE FERRY.

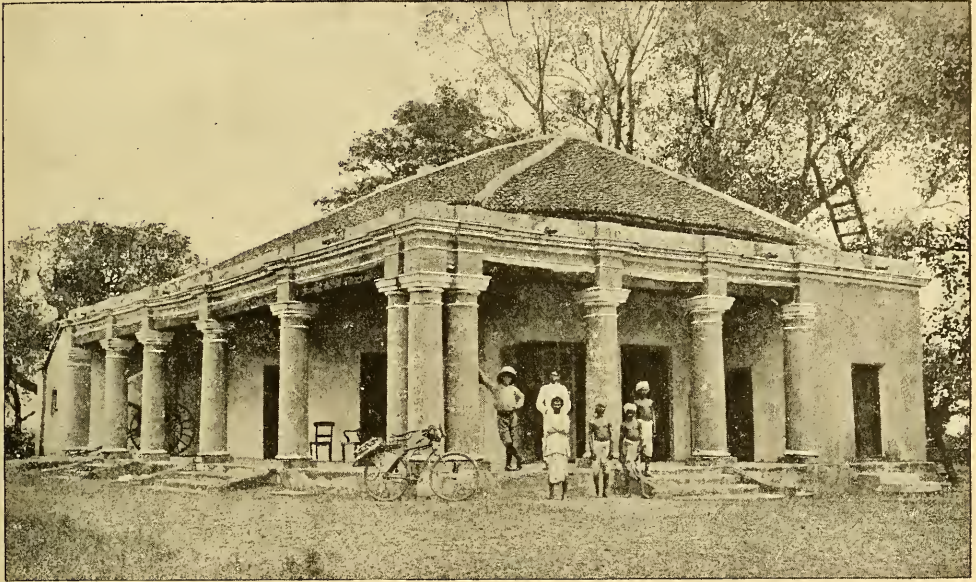
sacred cows and other animals. There were also decorated elephants, camels and natives' carriages. A mass of a hundred thousand people had collected at the point of assembly to witness the final display of fireworks and the burning in effigy of a colossal figure made of bamboo and paper, representing Rama, an ancient monarch of Ceylon, who was defeated in his attempted conquest of

satisfy the impatience of the spectators; they pulled it down with ropes to burn in a heap amid frequent shouts of triumph. With the dying embers the crowd gradually dispersed.

The native quarters of the city are similar to those in Benares and Calcutta. In fact all the natives in any one oriental country seem to build in very much the same way. If one Japanese

town or city is seen, all are seen. It is the same with the Chinese, Burmese and Indians. The buildings in the Indian cities are built of wood, mud, stone or

is seldom below ninety degrees in any hour of the twenty-four. Punkahs must be kept going day and night, and all liquids cooled with ice before drinking.



A DAK BUNGALOW.

small brick, and usually covered with a tile roof. In the country, thick mud walls and straw roofs make up the huts of the poor cultivator. Like the Chinese, the natives of India try to live and work in the smallest quarters possible. Their small shops are mere boxes, about six cubic feet in area, packed with goods on all sides and above, with a place in the centre for the owner.

In this interesting city I remained a day and a half. The next morning I had no difficulty in getting started out on the right road, as is sometimes the case in leaving large cities, for the Cawnpore road is marked at almost every street corner of Allahabad. The nights and mornings at this time of the year were generally cold for bicycling, but the sun was quite warm during the days. The rains (S. W. monsoons) were now over, and the climate in India from October to March is one of the finest in the world. This is especially enjoyed by the Europeans living in India, after the oppressive heat they have to endure during the summer months. Then the thermometer

Wet cloths are stretched over open doorways at night, to cool the air passing through into the room. The many delays which retarded my progress in China and Burma landed me in India at the best time of the year for cycling.

It was on the morning of October 21st, when I wheeled out of Allahabad on to the Grand Trunk road. Mile after mile was beautifully shaded by the over-arching foliage. The recent rains had laid all the dust, leaving the road as hard and smooth as asphalt. The road was always raised higher than the adjoining country, sometimes making an embankment over fifty feet high. The landscape was barren and deserted. Over the fifty-three miles stretch from Allahabad to Khago there were but a few straggling hamlets, consisting of miserable looking mud huts. The corn and rice fields on both sides of the road were very poor, and some were already cleared of their scanty crops. The natives were plowing the soil for next year, but not a particle of fertilizing matter was being turned under. This is really the cause of the unproductive-

ness of the soil in India. Did they but adopt the Chinese and Japanese method of fertilizing, the poor would not be in such a deplorable need, as they are now, of the necessities of life. All the manure, which is gathered by the Chinese and Japanese to mix with the soil, is used by the natives of India for fuel; while the rice straw, that Chinese and Japanese use for that purpose, is used by the Indians as fodder for the cattle.

I wheeled on to the town of Futtehpore over a sparsely settled plain, dotted with natives or pilgrims and huge two-wheeled carts of wood drawn by from two to five strong oxen. Near Futtehpore the road was again beautifully shaded. At the town I turned off toward the railway line to get to the "Dak" Bungalow for the night. I had rolled off seventy-seven miles from Allahabad over the splendid roads without any exertion whatever.

Cawnpore, famous for being the chief centre of the Indian Mutiny of 1857, is but fifty-one miles from Futtehpore. At six o'clock next morning I was spinning along the Grand Trunk road in the cool bracing morning air. Mohar and Sinsoul, two dilapidated mud villages, were passed by noon. The road was excellent; bullock-carts kept passing each way. One vicious ox kicked and swung his horns as I passed by, but he luckily missed the mark. The mile-stones up to 599 were all marked from Calcutta. The next one marked the distances between Allahabad and Delhi in both English and Hindustani. It was early in the afternoon when I passed the cantonment building and wheeled through the beautiful and shaded streets of Cawnpore to Lee's Hotel, kept by Joe Lee, an old and well-known soldier of the mutiny.

Jute, cotton and woolen mills of Cawnpore number over thirty-five and employ thousands of natives. There is also a flour and leather mill, run exclusively for the supply of the English troops in India. Cawnpore is the terminus of the Ganges Canal, built by the East India Company as far as Hurdwar, a distance of four hundred miles. In 1853 Cawnpore was the frontier station of the English possessions in India. The province of Oudh was ruled by the natives themselves at that time.

A large garrison of over 3,000 troops, mostly natives, were stationed at Cawnpore, as Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, is but forty-three miles to the north-east.

At the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in June, 1857, the English troops, with Sir H. M. Wheeler in command, numbered only 208 men, and the native troops 1,500, including cavalry, infantry and artillery. The European population was about 1,100. A Hindu of rank, named Doondhoo Punth, but known generally as "Nana Sahib," lived at Bithur, a village twelve miles further up the Ganges. He was an adopted son of Bajee Rao, the last head of the Mahratta Confederacy. This native was always treated friendly by the officials of Cawnpore and invited to balls and festivities of the European colony. When old Bajee Rao died the British Government refused to title "Nana Sahib," and decided that the titular dignity had ceased, and that he would only inherit the property and pension. This Hindu, however, for four years tried to get the English Court of Directors to change their decision, without avail, which caused a terrible revenge.

The mutiny began simultaneously at Cawnpore and Barrackpore, near Calcutta, and then spread to all the cities on the Ganges and Indus plains. Many troops killed their English officers.

The object of the mutiny is really unknown. Some say it was a rebellion to overthrow the English rule, while others attribute it to the Hindu caste question. The Government a short time before began giving the native Hindu troops cows' and pigs' fat to grease their cartridges. As the cow is the sacred animal of the Hindus, and as the pig is abhorred as the lowest of all animals, many think that the natives took this as an attempt to spoil their religious caste. Be the cause what it may, the mutiny was most successful at first, the rebel soldiers capturing nearly all the ammunition and instruments of war.

"Nana Sahib," seeing his opportunity for revenge, now gathered a tremendous army and rabble about him and called back the rebel soldiers of Cawnpore who were marching on to Delhi. The

Europeans of Cawnpore, civil and military, including women and children, removed to the entrenchments prepared by General Wheeler, consisting of two long buildings with eighteen-inch brick walls, surrounded by a trench and earth thrown up to form a breastwork, back of which ten small guns were placed. When the soldiers came back to Cawnpore from the Delhi road, they, together with the native rabble, burned the bungalows of the Europeans, surrounded the entrenchments, and for eight days directed a fire into the buildings within the breastworks, causing great suffering. The thatch roof of the bungalows in the entrenchments remained intact, but the fiendish natives heated round shot and iron missiles red hot and fired the roofs, leaving only bare walls to shelter the unfortunate English.

After besieging the place thirteen days more "Nana Sahib" sent a flag of truce and a letter saying he would provide boats to take all the Europeans by river to Allahabad, on condition of surrendering all arms and ammunition in their possession. Some of the civilians were suspicious, but General Wheeler, no doubt thinking "Nana Sahib" wished to do an act of kindness in return for the many favors shown him in the days of peace before the mutiny, sent a committee of officers to examine the boats. These returned and reported favorably.

On the morning of June 27, 1857, "Nana Sahib" sent the bullock carts around the entrenchments in full view of those within. A breach was then made in the breastworks and the carts were brought in and baggage loaded and the entrenchments were soon left behind. The Suttee Chowra Ghat was reached, on the banks of the Ganges, and all the boats, in charge of natives, were found in readiness. General Wheeler and his followers followed down the steps to the river side and saw that both sides of the river were lined with rebels, showing the proceedings must have been known some days before.

The General ordered the ladies to board the boats first, which seemed to confuse "Nana Sahib" and his staff, who drew their swords, showing signs of hostility. The cry of treachery went up and the English people were panic-

stricken. General Wheeler is said to have folded his arms and lifted his eyes to Heaven, but remained silent. "Nana's" staff ordered the old women and single soldiers to board first until thirty-one boats were boarded and drifting with the current. Suddenly a flag was hoisted from the top of the temple at the Ghat, then the native boatmen all jumped into the river and swam ashore, a deadly fire, aided by four cannon, was poured into the helpless fugitives by treacherous rebels. "Nana" and his followers rushed on the brave General and his staff, slaughtering the men and taking away the women. The boats in the river sunk one after the other, those that were not killed or drowned endeavored to reach the opposite shore, but were met and cut down as soon as they gained the bank. The remaining few were taken prisoners and confined until July 15th, when the rebels heard that General Havelock with the soldiers were cutting their way through vast superior numbers along the Grand Trunk road. This so enraged "Nana" that he ordered all the prisoners' throats cut. None of the natives, however, would hold the Europeans while this was being done as it would interfere with their caste. Then they were ordered to be shot, but only two were killed after two hours of firing.

Baffled at this, "Nana" ordered his calvary to bring the butchers of the city, some twenty-five, who were ordered to go in and butcher the prisoners. The butchers refused; but when "Nana" threatened to have the cavalry cut the butchers down, five of them, of the lowest gipsy caste, took their hatchets and knives and went into the inclosure at 5 A.M. They literally cut and slashed until half-past ten, when few of the prisoners were left alive.

Two of the butchers were caught by Havelock's men when the General arrived July 16th, and with other rebels were dragged through the Christian blood by the infuriated soldiers, and then blown from the muzzles of cannon. There were many Sepoy barbarities in the Indian Mutiny that can scarcely be committed to paper, and in comparison with which the blowing from guns as practiced by the British troops was one of the mildest forms of retribution.

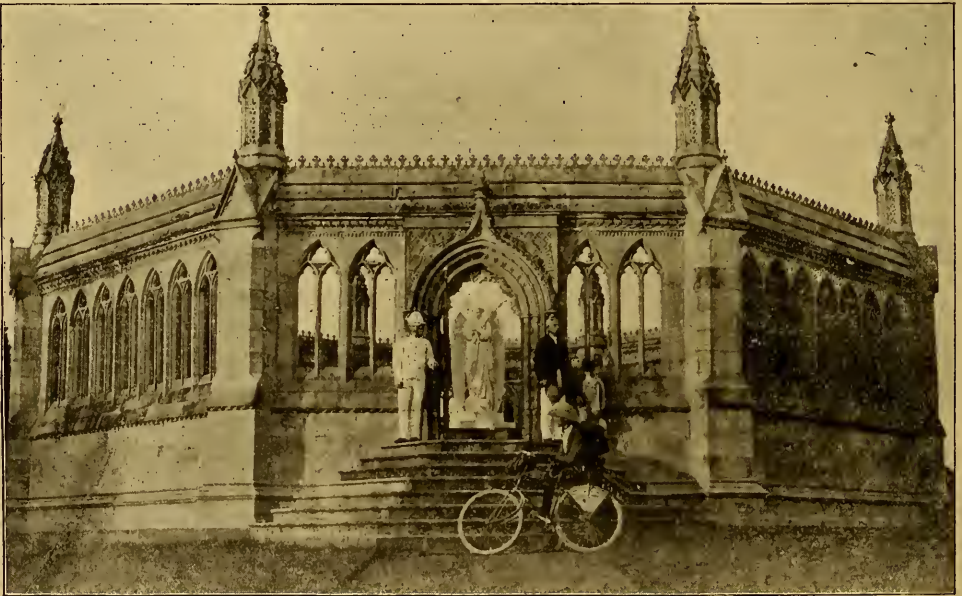
There were three memorial wells during the mutiny in Cawnpore. The first was used for the graves of those that died in General Wheeler's entrenchment, and for whom no cemetery could be found during hostilities. The second was a well from which water could only be drawn at the peril of their lives as the rebels' guns were directed upon it. The third is the well over which now stands a statue of an angel, erected by Baron Marochetti. Here the mutilated and dying bodies of "Nana Sahib's" victims were thrown after the fearful slaughter.

The mutiny was finally put down in 1858-59, and the treacherous Hindu natives of Oudh, the northwest and

lower provinces have since been banished from the soldiers in India. The Sikhs of the Punjab proved faithful throughout, and to-day constitute nearly all the native troops of India, together with the Gourkas and Madrasese.

"Nana Sahib" succeeded in escaping into Nepal, in the Himalayas, where nothing has been heard from him since, whether dead or alive. The premises of "Nana" at Bithur were searched for hidden treasures. In a well were found seventeen cart loads of gold and silver treasure, which were sent to Calcutta and shipped to England.

It is well worth a day's stay in the beautiful city of Cawnpore to see these memorial places of the Indian Mutiny.



THE MEMORIAL AT THE CAWNPORE WELL.

HER "TAM O'SHANTER."

When first across my path her cycle sped,
Pray tell me what it was that turned my head ;
What was it made me fall in love instant
With that sweet face beneath her "Tam O'Shan-
ter" ?

Was it that sparkling eye of heaven's blue,
Or the long drooping lash that o'er it grew ?
Who knows—perhaps 'twas that that made me
want her,
That roguish eye beneath her "Tam O'Shanter."
Was it the wind-tossed mass of golden curl
That set my beating heart in such a whirl ?
The ghost of many a captive sure must haunt her—
Trapped in those meshes, 'neath her "Tam
O'Shanter."

Was it those ruby lips my heart beguiled,
Until my thirsty soul was fairly wild
To drink its bliss from such a sweet decanter,
Those pouting lips beneath her "Tam O' Shan-
ter" ?

Or, better than her eyes, her lips, her hair,
Was it her heart that took me prisoner there ?
A willing slave to such a fair enchanter,
Her woman's heart beneath her "Tam O'Shan-
ter."

I know not what it was that sealed my vow,
I only know that I feel better now ;
For now, as *tandem* down life's road we canter
Before me sits that selfsame "Tam O'Shanter."

J. WILLARD PARKER.

NAN'S DEERHUNT.

By Georgia Roberts.



IT was a sultry August day, and I sat on the cottage veranda shredding fragrant balsam for pillows. Every woman who goes into the

Adirondacks resolves to take home some pillows. I had worked for an hour and was extremely sticky and very much bored.

Presently Sydney came sauntering over, pipe in mouth. Sydney is my husband, and I have been his companion upon so many tramps that I have learned to handle a gun and to read Nature's beautiful stories for myself.

"Get your things together, Nan," he said, "We will go up to Mouldy Pond and camp for a few days."

"Who is going?" I asked; flirting the balsam off into the grass.

"Only the Injun and Pop," he replied. "Hurry up, now, and bring something thick."

I did, indeed, make haste, and by the time Sydney came over with the pack-basket, our duffle was all collected. It included rifles, cleaning tools and cartridges, rubber boots for both, Sydney's leather coat and my corduroy jacket, and such extra articles as were absolutely necessary. Among the latter was our faithful friend, the little black bottle of tar-oil.

We were driven the first three miles of our journey—as far as it was possible for a team to go. We dismounted at a very unstable log bridge, which spans the Oswegatchie river, and started gayly on our seven-mile tramp, Sydney heading the van.

Pop Merrick—long may he tread those wild trails, ever remaining supreme among good guides. Many moons have waxed and waned since those golden days, but the shadows of change have not obscured our remembrance of that genial companion of the hunt. He is a faultless guide, persevering, silent and lynx-eyed. As a cook! Well, with Pop's pancakes, salt pork, dried deer's liver or trout to feast upon, you might well pity the nectar-drinking gods.

The third man of the party was familiarly dubbed the Mohawk, or Big Injun; tall, thin and glistening with tar-oil. Long have I known him, and many a hunt have we had together, but he is ever the same; fun-loving, humorous and light of heart.

The walk was pleasant and uneventful, save for hazardous paths across several black and oozy bogs. But in these soft places we rejoiced to see the footprints of deer! At one point the sign indicated that a doe and fawn had turned into the trail and followed it for about five rods. Farther on a fox had left the prints of his trim pads, and a coon had marked the mud with his curious tracks. Suddenly the trail turned to the left; and filing down an abrupt depression and through a reedy basin, we came upon Mouldy Pond.

The log camp faced the lake. The dark water faithfully mirrored not only every reed and rush, but reproduced with wonderful exactness and beauty the belt of hemlocks that encircled it. The cabin was founded upon a rock, as one enormous stone composed the floor. The air was perfectly still and not a ripple stirred the lake. So utterly peaceful, so beautiful and so remote was the spot that we did not need Pop's stage whisper to be silent.

The cabin contained a stove, three beds, or bunks, and a rudely constructed table covered with oilcloth; before which stood a long bench and several short lengths of logs, which, standing on end, served as seats. In a mouse-proof locker we found flour and maple-sugar. The Injun viewed the last named article with rapture. "Sugar!" he exclaimed; a slow smile lighting up his tar-oil and wreathing his face in a series of shiny little wrinkles.

We were all hungry, but the temptation to try our guns was too strong to be withstood, and we hurried off, Pop taking me further north along the trail and then into the woods where, northeast from the camp lay a calm little lake, about forty rods wide and one hundred long; rich in deer-grass and lily-pads, and already gray with the

first shadows of evening. We found a very good position opposite the best feeding ground and settled ourselves in silence. Pop showed me a good rest for my gun, but as that was a luxury I had never been allowed while learning to shoot, and which consequently I had never cared to use, I shook my head and sat motionless, clasp- ing my rifle.

O, Sportsman! Have you forgotten, can you ever forget the joy, the glad anxiety, the wild anticipation and heart-beat of such a moment? No matter under what circumstances, whether still-hunting, with your ears strained to catch even the sound of your own breath, your heart bursting at a light crash in that distant thicket; "hounding," with the frantic bay of the dogs thrilling nearer and nearer on the keen autumn air as you stand, tense with excitement on some good run-way; or "watching" at sunrise or sunset for a graceful form to tread daintily within sight and range of your hiding place. No; forgetfulness, change and age may claim many a friend and many a memory, but this supreme moment will come back over many years with a stronger heart-throb and leave you better for it.

For half an hour we waited, hearing no sound but the vengeful wail of a hundred or more mosquitoes that hovered anxiously about searching for a bit of human territory that was not deluged with tar-oil. Although still light enough on the lake, the woods were fast growing dark, and Pop glanced at the sky and gave a jerk of his head toward the trail. At that moment we heard a quick step and a crackling of brush in the thicket opposite. The sound was repeated, a dainty muzzle pushed aside the branches, and the deer, after scanning the lake, stepped gracefully into view. "Shoot! shoot!" breathed Pop, hastily, and I endeavored to raise my rifle to my shoulder.

Good heavens! What ailed me? A mighty hammer beat in my wrists so that they actually jerked; my heart rose in my throat and choked me; a red mist swam before my eyes; my mouth was parched. With feeble and shaking hands I adjusted the rifle, guessed at the sights, and fired! Echo caught up the report, and sent it clat-

tering away among the hills, but by the time I had sufficiently recovered to throw another shell into the chamber of my rifle, the deer was far away. Pop was shaking with laughter. "Too bad! too bad," he cried between his shouts; "O, if that wa'n't the prettiest case of buck fever I ever see!"

Through the fast gathering darkness we made our way back to camp; Pop exploding occasionally while my laughter was but a feeble and dismal sound. I was well able to appreciate my ridiculous behavior at the sight of my first deer, but was filled with chagrin at the thought of that wild shot.

The open door of the cabin glowed with light; Sydney leaned in the doorway, and behind him loomed the silent Injun. They had heard the report and were anxiously awaiting us. I gave them no chance to speak.

"I missed him," I said curtly, and marched into the cabin. They followed and endeavored to console me, but in vain. Pop's account of my buck fever was certainly enough to provoke laughter from anyone, and the fun at my expense was loud and long.

"It was a yearlin' buck," explained Pop, "and he stood there for a full minute. She could 'a hit him too easy if she hadn't—O, my! Her eyes was like saucers!" We discussed the affair at length over our supper. A dingy lantern furnished light. Without, the night proved dark and starless, with not a breath of wind. Occasionally the hoot of an owl or the monotonous croak of a frog as he trolled out his t-r-r-um! broke the oppressive silence. Sydney and Pop soon retired, while the Injun attacked the maple sugar, and I curled up on a bunk, lost in dismal retrospection.

Presently the child of nature also cast down his long length and slumbered, while I kept drowsy guard until ten o'clock, when, after watching a couple of mice busy with the crumbs of our lunch on the table, I fell asleep.

We all slept late the following morning, but when we sat down to a breakfast of fried pork and pancakes the Mohawk aroused himself from that slow and stately calm which distinguishes him, to say, "Friends, I object! One meal like this is delicious; two meals do very well, but the third will pall

upon our pampered palates. Frog legs will be served at dinner. I, myself, will provide the repast if Mrs. Nan will assist me."

We embarked in a shaky canoe, dug out of a single log, and collected a generous quantity of the delicious morsels. Our dinner seemed an epicurean banquet, while I doubt if poor Epicurus was ever half so hungry.

About four o'clock Sydney called me, and together we started off for the little lake where I had watched the previous evening. I had never carried a repeating rifle before, and as we started up the trail Sydney asked me some question about the hammer.

"O, it's down," I answered, and pointing the rifle at the ground, I pulled the trigger. To my horror there was a loud report, and the weapon jerked back in my loose grasp as the bullet clipped off a few twigs and went plowing into the earth. I felt faint; such a thing had never occurred before; and I had always prided myself upon my extreme caution with fire-arms.

There was a moment's silence, broken by an amazed "Hello" from the cabin, round the corner of which the Injun and Pop were staring in blank amazement. I summoned courage to look at Sydney. He was glaring at me, a withering basilisk gaze, but his words were few in response to my gasping "O, mercy! I was sure the hammer was down!"

"I am ashamed of you, Nan; it was an unwarranted piece of carelessness," he said briefly, and leading the way back to the camp put his own rifle in the rack and sat down.

Pop's tender heart pitied my discomfiture, and he launched out into a glaringly untruthful account of how he once let a gun go off, and how another guide's inadvertent shot had startled a party of hunters.

A dismal hour passed. The Mohawk and Pop went off down the trail; Sydney was not conversationally inclined, and I was too angry and ashamed to think of anything but my wretched carelessness.

Finally I turned to Sydney and said: "It is about time to start for the lake, is it not?" "I don't think I will go to-night," he replied, beginning to cut the leaves from a twig.

"Well, I want to go; won't you go with me, Sydney, please?" I entreated humbly, standing before him, a drooping and miserable object. He whittled vigorously without once meeting my beseeching gaze.

"No, ma'am; I won't," he remarked.

"Well then, I will go alone," I cried, indignation filling me, and with the words I turned and, gun in hand, went rapidly up the trail. At that time the country was new to me, but I determined to find my way to the blind I had occupied the night before.

Pop had struck off the trail just beyond a lightning-scarred stump, and had taken me in a northeast direction until we reached the lake, a distance of about half a mile. I determined to go on up the trail for some distance, then go into the woods due east with the sun behind me for a guide until I reached the lake. Alas, for my ignorant calculations! In my abstraction I went too far, and striking off the trail missed the lake, and wandered on a long distance through a wild and marshy tract, where I became breathless from climbing over and under fallen tree-trunks. The sun was well down in the west now, and as that was my only guide, I became a little frightened.

I had no matches and no compass, and even the wicked satisfaction of worrying Sydney would prove small compensation for the long chill hours if I was lost all night. I turned, and in hot haste, breathless, disheveled, outpacing even the mosquitoes, eagerly watching the sun which now glimmered low among the trees, I rushed back to the trail. Regaining it, my courage at once returned.

After all I *would* give Sydney a little fright. That gun was pointed at the ground when I pulled it off, and he did look at me as if I had committed a crime instead of a great piece of carelessness. In my heart I knew it to be really inexcusable, for I have carried a gun for years; but with a woman's perverseness I felt myself aggrieved. So I determined to sit there on the trail, where I felt safe, for hours, before I wandered back to camp. I settled myself comfortably about five feet from the trail at the base of a tree, round which rose quite a little wall of brush. It seemed a long while that I sat there, the shadows

gathered and I began to feel quite insulted to think that some one did not come to look for me.

Suddenly, amid the mysterious undertone of twitterings and rustlings that fill a forest at nightfall, I heard the continuous snapping of twigs under a light but rapid tread. It was evidently a deer, and approaching me directly from the west, where lay, in the upper end of Mouldy Pond, an excellent feeding ground. The deer had evidently been frightened by some movement about the cabin, and was beating a cautious retreat, in evident wrath and alarm; for as the steps paused once, a quick stamp and whistle broke the silence. The trail at this point widened and the woods were unusually open, so that my range of vision was happily quite extended. With broken breath and wildly beating heart, I noiselessly cocked the rifle and lifted it in position, laying my cheek against the stock with a sigh of hopeless determination. I thought of Sydney. If that deer came within sight I would have a shot at it, anyway! The crackling continued: nearer and nearer it came, and just as I felt that I could endure the strain no longer, the bushes parted and a light form bounded into the trail, not ten rods away. There he stood, a full-grown buck with spreading antlers, his head thrown slightly back as he paused to listen and sniff the breeze. I glanced along the scarcely visible sights of my rifle and fired on the instant that he observed me. There was a wild leap, and another, as the deer gained the thicket, the sound of a few mad struggles and then silence.

I rushed up the trail, throwing a cartridge into the chamber of my rifle as I went, and luckily found my game with but little trouble. How beautiful he was as he lay tumbled in the brush! And how beautiful one's first game of any species always seems—or last, either, for that matter—from the first fat wood-chuck, up to the last true shot which brings down the final partridge or fox, or deer or tiger, according to the nature of one's hunting-ground.

I patted my deer and smoothed his

red coat, with some apprehension, it is true, that he might come to life again and seek a prompt revenge, then suddenly becoming conscious of the gathering darkness, I hastily tied my handkerchief on a conspicuous branch, and hurried off for camp. I was filled with an exultation too deep for words. It was a triumphal march of one, and I gayly hummed a measure as I tripped over roots and stones. About fifty rods from the camp I met Sydney, rifle on shoulder, and an unlighted lantern in his hand.

"Well, I was just coming to look you up," he said. "Did your gun go off again, or did you think you saw a deer?" "O, I saw a deer," I answered, blessing the gloom that hid my face.

"Pop and the Injun never even heard one," he continued, "but you don't seem to have yours with you."

"No, he was heavy, and I left him in the woods," I replied.

"Alive and kicking, of course?"

"No, sir; as dead as he could be. I shot him, Sydney!" I cried dancing wildly about my incredulous husband. "Look! does that prove it?" and I laid in his hand some long red hairs which I had carefully guarded all the way down the trail. He lit a match and examined them, then without a word seized me by the arm and hurried me to the camp.

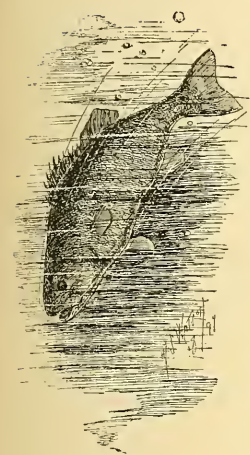
Pop and the Mohawk sat on the log, conversing in undertones.

Sydney led me up to them. "Pop, she has got her first deer, all alone, too," he exclaimed. "Ye don't say so!" remarked Pop, starting for another lantern. The Mohawk executed a war dance that would have filled the Six Nations with envy; and soon I hurried my three wondering, delighted and almost incredulous followers over the trail until my little white signal appeared; and where, safe in the thicket where he had fallen, lay the object of my pride. An unusually large buck, Pop pronounced him, and then I told the story while my auditors revolved about the silent illustration of my tale, and the Injun smoked until the meerschaum he was coloring so carefully must have suffered.



A DAY WITH THE BLACK BASS.

By Francis J. Lynde.



TO lovers of bass fishing few fields offer more attractions than the lake region of Minnesota. During the fishing season, the climate is at its best, and all nature habited in that luxuriant garb of vegetation which, in the far north, attains a profusion and vivid coloring peculiarly its own. The air, laden with the per-

fume of wild flowers, is an elixir infusing new life into heart and brain. I know, then, of no more alluring land in which to spend a day, a week or a month, and I mark those days with a white stone when business or pleasure has taken me thither.

Meeting my friend, Dick Carter, one day in Chicago, we arranged to make a flying trip to a chain of lakes in central Minnesota, and the evening of a day a week later found me in St. Paul awaiting the arrival of my companion.

When the train from Chicago came rolling into the station, my single, short-jointed rod and modest box of accessories were quite put to shame by the diversity and quantity of fishing paraphernalia with which my friend was burdened. As he descended to the platform, I queried with a laugh if he usually carried such an equipment for a single day's fishing.

"Never you mind, my boy," he replied, handing me a spare rod and an immense landing net. "When you want anything, you want it just as badly in a day as you would in a week, and I don't depend upon a country store to supply deficiencies."

"Apparently not," was my rejoinder, as I led the way to the train that was to carry us on to our destination.

"Yes," resumed Carter, as we settled down for the night ride, "I always go

prepared to fish forty miles from the nearest store if necessary, and, speaking of distance, you haven't told me yet where we are going and when we will get there."

"We are going to Douglas county; our station is Victoria, which boasts of a two-by-four platform in lieu of a railway station, and a good hotel, which two structures comprise the town; and we should arrive at three o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Three o'clock!" exclaimed Carter, in a tone of great disgust, "and what will we do at three o'clock? Go to bed?"

"Most certainly not. We'll get the early morning fishing, and to make sure, I've telegraphed the boat-keeper to leave a boat and a bucketful of live minnows where we can get them."

"Well, you're just a simon-pure crank, that's all," said Carter, putting his knees up against the seat-back in front of him, and subsiding into the uncomfortably doubled-up position affected by old travelers; "and if I could find the handle I'd turn you around a few times for getting me out on such a trip. I supposed we were only going a few miles out into the country. Three o'clock! Why I'll wager a large, iron dollar that we don't catch a fish before breakfast."

After a while he straightened up and said, "Well, if we've got to make a night of it, here goes," and opening one of his valises, took therefrom a rubber pillow, which he inflated, and, placing it under his head, was soon asleep.

Being particularly wakeful, I amused myself for a while by letting the air out of the pillow at intervals, and managed to extract quite a fund of quiet enjoyment for myself and for other wakeful passengers out of Carter's vigorous abuse of the "miserable, good-for-nothing, leaky wind-bag." We had a most vigilant brakeman on the train who seemed to be in continued fear lest someone be carried by his destination, and when the pillow joke had become somewhat worn, I called the attention of this railroader to my friend Carter as

the man who wanted to get off at the next station. Accordingly, as the train slowed for the next stop the brakeman came through shouting "Long Lake," with an emphasis that awakened everyone in the car save my somnolent friend. Stopping opposite Dick, he again yelled the name of the station accompanying the words with a rough shake, and "This is Long Lake, come, hurry up, you'll be left!" To help matters along he began to gather up the luggage. Dick stared vacantly at the man and asked, sleepily, if there was a fire somewhere. "Fire? No. But this is Long Lake; hurry up!" "Oh, it is," said Dick, now thoroughly awake. "Well, what do you suppose I care if it is Long Lake? Kindly let my baggage alone, and give your voice a vacation."

By this time the train had stopped, the brakeman was frantic, while the passengers at our end of the car were convulsed with laughter.

"This-is-Long-Lake," again shouted the man. "Don't you want to get off at Long Lake?" "No, I-don't-want-to-get-off-at-Long-Lake," yelled Carter, now thoroughly incensed, "and if you don't go away and let me alone, there'll be a murder committed right here."

A shout of laughter from the spectators greeted this speech, and the brakeman backed away from Carter looking as if he were sure that he had an escaped lunatic for a passenger, while Dick once more inflated his pillow and throwing himself down upon it with the remark that it had never been his misfortune to travel with such a lot of idiots, was soon snoring again. When we finally reached Victoria I could scarcely make him believe that he was not being victimized again. We were on the little platform surrounded by our baggage, and the lights of the train had disappeared around a curve, before he fully realized what had happened.

Gathering up our parcels we made our way through the silent woods to the lake shore, where we found the boat and bait awaiting us, and as soon as we were fairly embarked my friend forgot the discomforts of the night in the ardor of a true sportsman, and, as I took the oars and pulled slowly along the shore, he mounted his rod and tried casting in

shallow water. As it was very dark, this method was not successful. After Dick had lost two hooks and about one-half of one line in the trees which overhung the margin of the lake, we pulled out into deeper water and tried still fishing. This was also unsuccessful, Dick remarking that "the fish had more sense than to bite at such a time o'night."

As soon as it became light enough to enable us to steer clear of the shallows and obstructions, we again tried casting and trolling along the shore, and I confidently believe that, with the patience of a true fisherman, I pulled not less than fifteen miles around that lake shore before we gave up in disgust and headed for the hotel and breakfast.

Our host jeered us unmercifully for our ill luck but we repaid him by eating enough breakfast for four men, after which we renewed the bait and caught a few small frogs before starting out again.

The so-called black bass of the Minnesota lakes, which, by the way, is not the black bass at all, but a big-mouthed cousin of his, is somewhat peculiar in his tastes and the greatest variety of bait often fails to tempt him to strike after the first few days of the season. In the early summer he takes young frogs with great avidity and a little later he will rise quite promptly to a live minnow or a gray "doctor," but after this he loses his voracity and will take a spoon or a piece of red flannel as readily as the most tempting fly or live minnow, but quite as frequently will not strike at anything. The largest bass I ever landed was caught, upon a hook baited with a bit of the red gill of a perch which I was using in sheer desperation after having tried every fly in my book without success. The bass will sometimes take frogs again later in the season.

After giving the minnows another trial without success we began experimenting with the frogs, and Carter's efforts to cast with them, after having used minnows, were laughable. His first attempt landed the frog in the branches of a convenient tree and his next whipped the bait off entirely and sent it spinning out into the lake.

He got the "hang" of it, however, after a few trials and landed nicely over

into a bed of rushes with a good long cast. Before the line had fairly settled down a magnificent fish sprang clear out of the water for the bait, and the reel shrieked as he struck and darted off through the reeds.

Carter was as keen as he had a right to be after a whole morning without a single bite, but he kept cool while I took the oars and prepared to assist as might be needed. The fish first made a quick rush for the bank and then, turning, darted directly for the boat. A light pull on the oars let him pass astern and the slack which Carter had managed to get in went out again like a flash as the quarry made for deep water.

"Give him his head," I shouted, as the line spun off the reel and Dick stood like a statue watching the flying silk and the rapidly diminishing coil in terror lest the fish would not stop in time to save the tackle. On he went until only a few more turns were left, when suddenly the reel stopped and the line slackened. Hastily reeling in all the slack he could get, Carter waited in anxious suspense for another rush. It came presently, and far out in the lake a splendid fish sprang clear out of the water describing a graceful curve as he descended and darted off at right angles to his former course.

A few quick strokes with the oars saved the tackle, then the fish sounded and, after sulking for a full minute, took another turn and made directly for the boat. I couldn't get out of his way this time and the good bamboo rod fairly creaked with the strain as it bent double under the boat. "Pass the rod over the stern," I said as I endeavored to turn the boat so as favor the manœuvre, and Carter cautiously worked the line aft. It was nearly accomplished when the line unexpectedly slackened and, with a frantic clutching at the air Carter went out of the boat backward while the fish swam slowly out into the lake again, towing the rod behind him.

Carter was up in a moment, puffing and spluttering and abusing me roundly for my untimely levity, for I was laughing so that I couldn't help him for the moment, and when he finally clambered into the boat and sat down in the stern, his teeth chattering with cold, and the water running in little rivulets from his

clothing, I went off again in an uncontrollable fit of merriment.

"That's it, s-s-sit there l-l-like a gibbering idiot and l-l-lemme freeze to death, w-will you? N-n-nice way to t-treat a man, ain't it?"

"My dear boy, I couldn't help it, if you could only see how woe-begone you look—"

"D-d-don't have to see, I g-guess I can feel."

Resuming the oars I pulled after the rod which was still moving slowly out into the lake and securing it, the fish was landed with little further difficulty. It was a fine specimen but Carter was too miserable to be very enthusiastic, so I pulled the boat back to the hotel and put him to bed while his clothes were drying at the kitchen fire.

After dinner we concluded to try it again and as we wished to go to a lake some ten miles distant by water, I asked our host if we could get a sailboat.

"Yes," he replied, "there is one up at the other landing, but she's not much of a sailer."

"It will do for us if it will sail at all," said Carter, as we started off to look for the boat.

We found it to be a very clumsy old tub, but we decided to try it, and loading our tackle were soon speeding down the lake with the wind directly aft.

"Don't see but that she sails all right," said Carter, as we bowled along, "and this beats rowing out of sight," to which, having done all the rowing so far, I agreed heartily.

We soon covered the distance and cast anchor on a famous bass-bar.

"Now Dick," said I, "let's see if your ducking has changed our luck." Something had, certainly for the sport for the next hour was fine and at the end of that time we had a goodly string, every fish of which had been game to the finish.

"Hadm't we better be working our way back?" said Dick, looking at his watch, "It's nearly four and we don't know yet how this tub will sail with a head wind."

"That's a fact," I replied, "and I guess we'd better begin to find out. We've more fish than we know what to do with now,"

Carter got the anchor up while I hoisted the sail and as the boat fell off and took the breeze, which had freshened into half a gale, the course was set as close to the wind as possible and the little craft, burying her nose in the seas, made good time across the lake.

As we put about on the other tack I remarked to Dick that we'd soon know what progress we were making. We found out sure enough, for when we tacked again we were exactly on our former anchorage.

"Let me take that tiller," exclaimed Dick, "I don't believe you know how to sail a boat, anyway."

Once more we stood across and back with precisely the same result.

"It's of no use, Dick, we'll have to row back," and I went forward to lower the sail while Carter got out the "sweeps," as he called them. Then we settled down to work and just four hours later beached the boat in front of the hotel.

"My back is broken in four places," said Dick with a groan, as he gathered up the tackle while I dragged out our fish, "and I don't suppose we can get any supper to-night, but we've had a glorious day just the same."

We were agreeably disappointed, however, for our host had anticipated our trouble with the boat and we found an excellent supper awaiting us to which was shortly added some of own bass, broiled to a turn.

CYCLING IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY PERCY C. STUART.



THE hotel porter had been warned that it was no easy job to rouse up two tired bicyclists, and he was now experiencing the truth of the observation. After awakening every one else in the hall he began to suspect that the ordinary mode of procedure for arousing guests was wholly inadequate for wheelmen. Facing round, he began to apply his heels to our door with such good effect that the Professor presently awoke. After listening awhile, he called out: "Easy there, my boy; do you think I'm deaf? I say," he added, "is there going to be a sunrise this morning?" The kicking immediately stopped; the relieved porter announced that the sky was perfectly clear and that the sun would be up in thirty minutes. Sunrise was not an extraordinary or much coveted sight under ordinary conditions, but we two bicyclists had wheeled to the top of Mt. Washington to see it, which fact we considered ample excuse for rising, as the Professor termed it, "just about bed time."

The view that awaited us when we

walked out on the dark, wet rocks a few minutes later convinced us that the loss of a few hours sleep was more than compensated. In the gray, uncertain light of dawn and through the wraiths of mist that hung about their summits, the great mass of mountains loomed up, strange and terrible, like phantoms of ever changing form and aspect, now far away with summits dissolving into smoke, and again close at hand with clear bold outlines against the eastern sky, but always rising out of nothing. Far below the valleys were still cloaked in impenetrable gloom. Suddenly a great shaft of crimson and golden light shot like a meter over a distant lofty peak in the east. In an instant the chaotic mass took definite form, the thin films of vapor divided and dissolved, and the blackness melted away from the valleys and distant plains. A moment more and the sun, entirely risen, covered the mountain tops with a perfect blaze of light that paled the stars, painted the heavens blue and awakened the whole world to a new and glorious day.

And then the Professor, whose teeth had been chattering with cold for the last five minutes, remarked that he did not blame the followers of Zoroaster for worshipping the sun, though they had

the advantage of a warmer climate than the top of Mt. Washington.

But the sunrise is not the only thing worth spending the night on the summit of Mt. Washington for. A strong rival attraction is the griddle cakes which are served for breakfast. Some may not care for griddle cakes, but then there are others who would not go across the street to see a sunrise, much less stay over night on a mountain top to see it.

Our plan was to wheel down the carriage road on the other side of the mountain to where the old Glen House stood and thence through the Glen Notch down to Jackson and so on to Winnepesaukee.

In the course of the seventy odd miles we had covered on our way up from Centre Harbor to Fabyans, we had a number of interesting episodes. We climbed three mountains, spent one night in the woods and ran a race with a cyclone, which beat us easily.

One of the mountains that we climbed was Chocorua. A word about Chocorua. It is very likely that among the thousands that visit the "White Hills" every year there are comparatively few who realize that away to the southward rises a peak which for grandeur of outline and difficulties of ascent has not a peer among the mountains of New Hampshire. We came upon it suddenly when rounding the top of a hill near Tamworth Iron Works. Above us, on the opposite shore of a perfect gem of a mountain lake that lay at our feet, rose from the dense woods at the mountain's base a great mass of dark jagged rock to an altitude of 3,500 feet, its summit bristling with pinnacles, its sides jutting with precipices, and the whole so lonely, rugged and grand as to inspire a profound feeling of awe.

Leaving our bicycles at a farm house five miles from the summit, we started off in the confidence that we should reach the top and get back in time to continue our ride to North Conway before night-fall. The trail for the first few miles lay through a dense forest of pine, spruce and white birch, and was tolerably plain sailing; but when the ledges were reached the fun began: scrambling, crawling, creeping on hands and knees over boulders, up steep, bare ledges of smooth rock, with hardly a crevice to

afford a footing place, wriggling along at full length across dangerous sand slides, with nothing but the roots of stunted bushes to cling to, we slowly and laboriously made our way up, often stopping to give hearts and lungs a chance to catch up. The grim old mountain reared its jagged peak apparently as far above us as ever, mocking our puny efforts to scale it. But persistent endeavor, with good lungs and strong limbs, will accomplish almost anything in the mountain climbing line, and so in the course of time we found ourselves huddled together on the summit of the sharp peak with barely room to stand, and off three sides of which we hurled stones that fell hundreds of feet before striking the steep sides.

But going down was worse if anything than coming up, for we lost our way at the edge of the woods, where the trail was particularly blind, and wandered through the darkening forest for an hour with very serious faces before we finally stumbled across a blazed tree. When at length we had nearly reached the farm-house at the base, where we had left our wheels, we met the old man and his son, the former with a pine torch and the latter with a tin horn, starting up to find us.

We spent the night with these good people and next day rode just beyond North Conway to Intervale, where, perhaps, the finest panorama view of the White Mountains is to be obtained. Here we had the good fortune to meet a gentleman who from his own account had investigated every nook and cranny in the world and had done everything in the way of mountain climbing, from ascending the Matterhorn to scaling the Himalayas. He was decidedly entertaining and regaled us with marvelous tales of adventure and hardships. The Professor once suggested that the White Mountains must seem very tame to him after his extensive travels. "Merely hills" he responded.

We treated his opinions with great respect and waited patiently until one of those beautiful days that are only fully appreciated in the mountains. The wind had veered to the northwest the night before and the morning dawned crisp and fair, with an atmosphere so clear that far across the lovely Intervale,

full fifteen miles away, a small white cloud of smoke steadily ascending to a height of six thousand feet, showed distinctly the upward climb of Mt. Washington's railway train.

Such days we well knew were rare, even in the mountains, so immediately after breakfast we started off to climb that fine pyramidal shaped peak, Kearsarge, from which the old historic battleship was named. Our traveler cheerfully consented to form one of the party, remarking that it was some time since he had exercised and that he would be glad to get up an appetite for dinner. Kearsarge is something over three thousand feet high, and the ascent is comparatively easy.

Our entertaining friend was exceedingly blithe and loquacious at the start, until about one third of the way up, when a change became gradually apparent. First his long-tailed coat came off and then his hat, his steps began to lag and he sat down several times upon the rocks with a view, as he said, to investigating their geological characteristics.

At length, however, he reached the summit and seemed apparently to enjoy the wonder-world spread out below, but as he dropped upon the nearest rock his hands fell listlessly by his sides and his eyes assumed a certain hypnotic fixity of expression that betrayed too clearly the fatigue he had experienced.

From Mt. Washington we could overlook a hundred and fifty miles of landscape spread out some six thousand feet below.

The Professor declared himself carried away by the prospect and announced his determination to find some nice sunny spot and "take it all in at leisure." I suspected a hidden design in this proposition, and sure enough we had hardly settled ourselves in a warm sheltered nook before the Professor went to sleep. And I must confess that "the beauty and majesty of the earth spread far beneath" had powerful soporific effects just at that time, for I took a little nap myself, being awakened about 2 P. M. We had slept six hours while the sun had traveled far across the Heavens and was just beginning to leave the eastern slopes. We left the summit half an hour before sunset, calculating to ride the eight

miles to the base before dark, and to spend the night at a farm-house in the Notch. We rode pneumatic safeties of the best make, but they were unprovided with brakes. The result was that, when the grade became, as it did at times, steep, our wheels attained an absolutely uncontrollable momentum. At such times the only thing we could do was to steer for the first heap of sand or clump of huckleberry bushes that hove in sight, and sail into it with our eyes shut tight and head down. After one such charge, which had been a particularly severe one, I found the Professor half buried under a log and snarled up among the roots of a bush so that he could not move one arm with freedom. This situation did not, however, interfere with a successful transfer of huckleberries from the branches to his stomach.

Thus we proceeded on our extraordinary way, and I doubt not that The Old Man in the mountains grinned sardonically as he took note of the Professor's apparel, which after every charge became more and more "promiscuous," until it dwindled into shreds. When within a mile of our destination our wheels again began to get beyond our control, but we were so near the foot that we decided not to try to stop them. So down we flew at a fearful rate, when at the end of a long curve we saw ahead in the dim light two four-horse mountain wagons passing each other and taking up the entire road. Neither of us said a word, but slid off our wheels, and were hurled through the bushes down the twenty-foot gravel embankment, and through the trees down the steep mountain slope. Meanwhile the bicycles were running riot. The Professor's went over the embankment and flew along with increasing momentum, until with a hop, skip and a jump and a farewell somersault, it disappeared over the ledge, and we saw it no more. The Professor himself was badly stunned, but we brought him to, going down in the wagon, and beyond a couple of tender ankles, a lame shoulder and various cuts and bruises, he arrived at the base in, as he expressed it, "pretty fair form."

Cycling in a mountainous country may doubtless seem to many an ardu-

ous manner of spending a summer vacation. But the fact is that it is not so difficult as it appears. It is certainly the cheapest, most enjoyable and altogether most satisfactory way of viewing scenery if the roads are good and the cyclist is a seasoned rider. The White Mountains of New Hampshire have an abundance of good roads, and a fair rider can easily cover from fifty to a hundred miles a day riding in almost any direction. The dry and bracing quality of the atmosphere makes

laziness a crime and fills one with an insatiable ambition to penetrate into the depths of the mountain glens and fastnesses and wild ravines. Insatiable you will be, until the glorious day is over and the peace of twilight has settled over the valleys, and the lengthening shadows, climbing swiftly up the western slopes, have enveloped their summits with solemn gloom. Then, under the genial influences of pipe and hearthstone, you can revel in the pleasures of a well-earned accomplishment.

THE MADAME'S BASS.

BY A. C. HURLBURT.

WE were preparing for our annual vacation among the Berkshire Hills. The Madame had often heard of the black bass in the many little lakes about L—, and had persuaded me to get her an outfit too, and I am glad that I did. If more men would take their wives with them on their fishing trips there would be more enjoyment and less of certain objectionable features.

On a rainy Monday we left Providence and late in the afternoon reached the little station at L—, and a good old fashioned inn.

It didn't take any calling to rouse us in the morning. Breakfast over, the Madame busied herself among the traps while I interviewed some of the old-timers about the fishing prospects. Pretty poor they were : all the same old story. There were no bass : they were all fished out : if we had only been there the week before, when "Tom" or "Dick" or some other expert caught those big fellows, we might have had some luck. But nevertheless we went for a row around the lake, and the Madame dragged a troll for luck. We found luck, but no fish, and discovered Pete T. anchored off a sand bar, and diligently fishing for bass. Marking his position we continued our row, keeping a weather eye on the old fisherman and later saw him take in a number of good ones. "That settles it," thought I. The Madame was curious to know why I watched "that man in the old scow" so closely, and she found out the next morning.

That afternoon was spent in overhauling tackle, and last, but not least, the getting of bait. Now I am no fly fisher. When the other fellows are catching bass in twenty feet or more of water, I'm not the chap to go whipping the surface with the gaudy deceivers. Grasshoppers are my stronghold in this locality, and we spent a very enjoyable afternoon catching some. We had secured a good boxful and were starting for the hotel when I stumbled, fell flat, and broke the box. The grasshoppers escaped, amid the tearful remonstrances of my better-half.

"Oh dear! The horrid things! And it is so hot, I just won't catch another one."

"All right," I grimly replied, fearful lest she should stick to her word, "then we don't get any bass."

"But won't they take worms?" she inquired.

"Worms! Who ever heard of an intelligent, well educated Berkshire bass taking a worm? Madame, your fishing education has been neglected."

To which she retorted, as I might well have known:

"And who is to blame?"

There was nothing to do but get more hoppers, and we did. And we also took along a box of worms, which the coachman's youngster secured. And it was well we took them, for without one squirming wiggler the Madame would not have secured her bass.

A cloudy day and a slightly ruffled lake greeted us in the morning and gave promise of a good catch. Like all

womankind, the Madame would rather have had it pleasant.

We put the little lancewoods together and started out, rowing straight away for the bar where we had marked the expert. After considerable manœuvring we cast anchor and baited up. Nary a strike for a half hour. Then a change of bait, but still no bass. The clouds struggled away and the sun came out. It was warm. Still no strikes of bass, and I became disgusted.

"Let's row over near the pickerel weeds and fish for perch," I suggested, and over we went. We changed our hooks and baited with worm for perch. Here we had luck until I became tired, and putting a small frog on the hook, cast away to the margin of the weeds for pickerel. I cast and cast. No luck. Then I reeled in, sat in the bow, got out my pipe and lazily watched the Madame in the stern pulling in perch and "pumpkinseeds" to her heart's content.

I was half asleep, when suddenly there was a yell from the stern. I felt the boat move, and turning around saw the Madame, half standing, hanging on to her little rod, which was swaying from side to side. The line was running, and the reel sent forth a shrill screech.

"Oh! O-O! What shall I do?" she asked, turning a look toward the bow that I shall never forget. I laughed. Who could help it? She says I always laugh. But when I woke up there was no laughing. The line was still running and nearing the end.

"Give me that rod quick!" and she obeyed. She hadn't agreed to in the life contract, but she did this time.

What a thrill passes through an angler when he feels the strong wicked pull of a lively bass! There was certainly a bass at the other end of that line, and luckily he turned short and came back. I couldn't wind up fast enough, and the line cut a series of geometrical figures as the black beauty cut and broke water.

But I soon had the line taut, and he dived to the bottom and began to sulk.

A gentle working of the rod started him off again on a mad, tearing race. He broke water again. Down went the tip, and I could feel him tug and pull. Then the line slackened. Was he off? Had I lost him? Had the little perch hook pulled out? He showed near the boat and we got a pretty side view of him. The Madame jumped up and down and threatened to tumble us overboard.

Presently he headed for the anchor rope, dragged the rod under, but turned and went away again. He sulked, and I carefully worked him up. He was tiring, for he came to the surface, made a few feeble dives and showed his white vest on the surface. I handed the rod to the Madame and told her to land him. But that moment of rest kept her hands full for another fifteen minutes, for down he went again to repeat his previous antics.

"You land him," she entreats.

"No, he is yours. Keep the line taut and show what kind of a fisherman you are."

What a neat picture it all made! In the stern, half crouching, was the little woman, with eyes ablaze, cheeks flushed with healthy excitement, fighting inch for inch a royal battle with that king of our fresh water lakes, the black bass. And she conquered, reeled him slowly in, and at last he was safe, flapping indignantly against the side of the boat. She looked at me and sarcastically remarked, "I've beaten *you*."

I lighted the pipe, smiled a sickly smile and muttered something about a fool bass and angle worms. But, just the same, I baited with the wigglers and cast astern.

Worms were the bait, for before many minutes we were both fastened to a couple of small bass, one of which, however was so insignificant that he was rebuked and put back.

That night, as we sat at supper, the Madame was the centre of attraction, and the story of her catch was told until I ungallantly left her for a Havana on the piazza.



THE CUP CHAMPIONS OF 1895.

By R. B. Burchard.

"All is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day of beauty and of
strength."



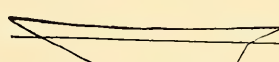
NAVAHOE. 1893. Water line, 84 feet.



JUBILEE (altered). 1895. Water line, about 90 feet.



VIGILANT. 1893. Water line, 86 12-100 feet.



COLONIA. 1893. Water line, 85 48-100 feet.



DEFENDER. 1895. Water line, about 90 feet



VALKYRIE III. 1895. Water line, about 90 feet.



THE south shop of the Herreshoff works at Bristol, a homely, barnlike building, which of itself would attract the attention of nobody, was, on the morning of June 29th, the tabernacle before which the chosen sons of the yachting tribes, and a great horde of journalistic Philistines, stood in anxious expectation. The street was full of them, a respectable and well-to-do ap-

pearing company. They stood there patiently for hours, a temporary resting-place being afforded only by a picket fence or the bank on the road side. The day was frightfully hot, but no hospitable door was opened, save to the privileged few. No provision had been made to mitigate the discomforts of the uninvited enthusiasts or of the newspaper men for the transmission of whose stories steaming locomotives stood in waiting and telegraph wires were ordered cleared. In fact, the scribes were

received by the custodians of the new ark of the yachting covenant with a stony eye and a marble heart. They rapped at the little front door and implored, like beggars, for information; then they prowled around like thieves for what they might surreptitiously obtain, and they were driven in turn, like thieves, from pillar to post.

That secrecy and mystery were carried to an absurd degree was clear to everybody, for it was evident that no information transmitted at that time could possibly affect the construction of the challenger already launched; and certainly nothing could be then concealed which would not inevitably be soon made public property. Further, I could not help, myself, speculating for a moment upon what would have been, next day, the feelings of the committee, the syndicate and the builders if these very reporters had failed to do their duty, or had combined to refrain from doing it, so that no word would be published concerning the launch of the *Defender*.

The fact was the event about to take place, while not of great national importance, was assuredly of great national interest. It was to be heralded more swiftly, and to a larger number of people, than was the event proclaimed by the tones of the Independence Bell, or

the first gun upon Fort Sumter. It is true that every scrap of the new-fangled metals entering into the construction of the precious craft was owned by the three capitalists, who stood like Robert Morris in the financial breach; but, for all that, every American yachtsman feels a personal interest and ownership in that craft; every seaman who will tread its deck will have a pride akin to ownership in being there—and I think the syndicate would not wish it otherwise. As for the taciturn designer, who that day barred his gates against those who came to do him honor, I think that he himself cares more for the glory of success than for monetary compensation of his toil.

THE LAUNCH.

High noon has come: the harbor is filled with gayly dressed yachts. The *Colonia* is decked in colors and awaiting her consort; the big steamer *Valiant* lies off against the distant horizon. The street is still crowded, the fakir and the hokey-pokey ice-cream man are busy. Outside the forbidding and ominous shop, Capt. Hank Haff, alone of all connected with the boat, braces his broad back against the clapboards and receives the congratulations of his friends. A solitary drag rolls in from Newport; a rush comes from the mid-day train. A distinguished but unpretentious party arrives and is quietly passed through the crowd and admitted to the shop. The huge brown chrysalis which for months has given no token save the sound of the hammers within,

shows signs of a new life about to spring forth; the great white butterfly is soon to break its shell.

The gates to the dock are thrown open and the crowd rushes pell-mell, tumbling over women and camera-laden youths, to seek points of vantage. The back of the shed has been opened and the bride of the sea, in white and gold, is revealed in the hazy recess within. A helmeted diver is drawn up and he reports the ways ready; the silent designer moves around the boat and says that all is well; the great blind builder

stands with his beneficent face illumined like that of Moses on the mountain, as though he saw as no other man saw that day.

Now the clear, unfaltering voice of a beautiful woman breaks upon the hush, in which one feels his pulses throb: "I christen Thee, Defender!"

A single blow is heard and the white figure leaps into the sun-



Photo by West & Son, Southsea

VALKYRIE III.—BOW ON.

light, amid the roar of guns and the whistling of steam. Then, as if to reveal herself freely, in all her beauty, to all mankind, she pauses at the water's edge.

I doubt if any one who reads this narrative does not already know by heart the story of the interrupted launch. If he did not in that anxious interval scan the papers for news of the result, he has no place in a boat nor can OUTING hope to rouse his aquatic lethargy. He knows how all the tugs and steam-yachts joined forces to drag the obstinate cradle into the water; how haw-

sers were snapped in the attempt, and how the *Conqueror* tore out her bitts without avail. He read later how the Government was telegraphed to for pontoons, and how the sympathy of the community went out to the builders and the syndicate as though a calamity had happened.

With wise precaution the builders had arranged to launch the yacht in a cradle which would offer a firm support in case the ways were broken down, and

ways. The cradle drove down upon it and was stuck fast. The greater the strain put upon it the more firmly was the bolt driven into the bottom of the cradle.

Man proposes but Fate disposes. Mr. Herreshoff had told me politely, but firmly, only an hour before, that it was his intention that no member of the press should see the boat until after she was in the water. And there she stood, rising like Aphrodite from the waves,



Photo by West & Son, Southsea.

VALKYRIE III.

which would protect the boat's bottom from any injury by scraping or grounding. This cradle was built of heavy timbers to hold the yacht upright, very much in the same way that model yachts in the toy-shops are stood up in their frames. This support was intended to float off after the vessel should be safe in deep water.

Unfortunately, an iron bolt was sprung upward by the straining of the

held like an airy vision in the air. Her lead keel was grasped as in a vice by the submerged cradle.

I should like to have had the contract for the developing of all the photographic exposures which were made of the *Defender* that day and the next. And yet I will venture the prophecy that not one cent's worth of harm will come to anybody from this so much dreaded publicity.

During the afternoon the receding tide revealed all of her body and a part of the keel, and showed the vertical timbers of the cradle. I had once seen a beautiful yacht fall over on the ways and I remarked to Mr. Herreshoff that it made a chill run down my back to see

ing new methods has taken no chances. The procedure has been cautious and scientific, though very original. We know, by test, the tensile strength of aluminum and, if it compares favorably with that of the heavier metals, why should it not be employed? There were



Photo by West & Son, Southsea.

VALKYRIE III.—AFTER THE LAUNCH.

her thus poised as though about to fall. "She won't fall!" was the designer's only remark. And, when one considered that she stood there with two-thirds of her weight at the bottom of her fin, like one of those lead-weighted, pith "tumble-overs," with which we played when children, he could perceive how stable was her condition of equilibrium. "A bladder ballasted with lead" is an illustration which is often employed in describing these racing machines, and it serves well enough for the *Defender*, providing, however, we conceive the bladder moulded into the most perfect design and braced within by an unyielding framework of steel.

I cannot agree with some of the conservative yachting writers who doubt the success, from a mechanical point of view, of *Defender's* novel construction. I believe that the designer, while adopt-

similar predictions against the use of Tobin bronze in the *Vigilant*; but that vessel's races, on both sides of the Atlantic, and her record-breaking passage across, are sufficient grounds for enthusiastic confidence in the Bristol builders. We are safe, as we contemplate our latest and most graceful champion, to feel

"We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were made the anchors of thy hope."

Let me say then, that I believe *Defender's* construction is all right. It is, briefly, as I have detailed in the Records, as follows: Keel-plate, bronze; deep or fin-keel, lead sheathed with Tobin bronze. Floors, frames and stringers, steel; deck beams, alloyed aluminum, alternating with light steel

beams. Garboards, manganese bronze about three quarters of an inch in thickness; plating below water line, manganese bronze, about five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness; plating above water line, aluminum, alloyed with ten per cent. of copper, about five-sixteenths

certainities as he may in the matter of construction. Yacht designing is only in a very limited degree an exact science. Artistic imagination and scientific judgment must here project themselves together into an uncertain realm; and we know that in any path, not



Photo by W. E. McLellan, Bristol.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE DEFENDER.

of an inch in thickness. These plates run from stem to stern, overlapping each other with flush butts vertically, and bolted with bronze bolts. There are five strakes of this plating from deck to garboard. These strakes overlap but do not present flush seams fore and aft. The overlapping edges will be filed down as far as is consistent with strength, but the yacht will not present the unbroken, polished surface which is shown in the steel vessels. The rudder is a framework of cast bronze sheathed with bronze plating.

MODEL.

When a marine architect works out a new model, he cannot follow scientific

illumined by deductive certainty, there are many pitfalls. Otherwise there would be no such thing as genius. That Mr. Herreshoff is an original if not versatile genius is shown in *Vigilant*, *Navahoe*, *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, *Drusilla*, *Dakota*, *Niagara*, etc. The model of the *Defender* is the direct product of an evolution on the line of these boats, preserving their successful elements, and unquestionably modified by leading features in Mr. Watson's *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II*. The sheer-plan is not at all like that of either *Vigilant*, *Colonia* or *Navahoe*, but it bears a marked similarity to those of *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II*. Her midship section shows no great originality; but, if her sheer-plan and her midship sec-

tion were given to all the designers in the world to work out a model, I doubt if any one of them would solve the problem, as Mr. Herreshoff has done it. Every line is beautiful and *fair* to exactness. She is so slender and graceful that one is prone to wonder that such prettiness is consistent with windward power. Her forward lines are, in no case, hollow, but are very sharp and fine. Her bow, above water, is shorter than *Colonia's* or *Vigilant's* and is much shorter than that of *Valkyrie III*. Her run is not proportionately slender. It shows fairly full lines, which might have been fined down to a long, pointed overhang stern like *Volunteer's*, had they not been terminated at a point where the designer thought that increased overhang would not compensate for greater over-all length. Her stern-piece is elliptical, as shown in the photograph, and does not display a compound or ogee curve, as many published drawings have represented.

The stern-post rakes about forty-five degrees to the water-line, the rudder-post pole being about three feet below the water. Two thirds of the keel is almost flat, with a very slight rocker at the heel and a more pronounced curve under the fore-foot. The latter is almost a straight line from the water-line to the garboards where it turns with a sharp curve into the fin. We have made use of the word fin, although neither *Defender* nor *Valkyrie III*, are, strictly speaking, fin-keel boats. Both boats narrow down above the keel, making

the bottom of the boat a very sharp V with great dead-rise; so that the upper part of the fin is modeled into the shape of the hull. Above the garboards both boats widen rapidly, *Valkyrie III*, having much broader bilges and flatter floor than the *Defender*. *Valkyrie III*, is so flat and so wide as to show bilges almost like those of an old-fashioned American cat-boat. *Defender*, on the contrary, has easy bilges and a more cutter-like bottom.

The only possible criticism that I could think of, or could hear at the launching, was raised in the question as to whether her beam was great enough and her bilges heavy enough to carry her enormous sail area. As she stood as shown in the photographs, if one viewed her from the inside of the house, and directly bow on, the midship section appeared to be almost a semi-circle, tangent to the surface of the water. From that point the yacht resembled a great racing-canoe. Observed from astern, as shown in the picture, the semi-



Photo by R. B. Burchard.

DEFENDER—STERN.

circle of the midship section drops to a broad V at the water; the floor under the bilges becomes straighter and makes an angle of about forty degrees with the water.

The bulb at the bottom of the lead keel is modeled with care, being pear-shaped in its cross-section, and fined down gradually fore and aft to the thickness of the fore-foot and heel. The keel is three feet thick at the widest part, about five and one-half feet high and about thirty-five feet long on

top. It is said to weigh about seventy tons.

The dimensions have not yet been stated accurately, for obvious reasons, but they are roughly as follows: length over all, 127 ft.; water line length, 90 ft.; extreme beam, 24 ft.; draft, 19 ft. mainmast, full length, 100 ft.; boom, 100 ft.; gaff, 64 ft.; topmast, 57 ft.; bowsprit, 44 ft.; club topsail yard, 51 ft.

The first trial of the *Defender* was made July 6th. On July 7, when a strong southwest wind was bowling over Narragansett Bay, the *Defender*, with Mr. N. G. Herreshoff at the wheel, simply played with *Colonia*. "We are pleased and satisfied," said the syndicate. Captain Haff is reported to have said: "Her stability is all right, I fear nothing else."

VALKYRIE III.

It is a mistake to suppose that the English challenger is owned by Lord Dunraven alone, as it would be to consider Mr. Iselin the sole owner of *Defender*. The cost and the expenses

of *Valkyrie III.* are defrayed by a syndicate composed of Lord Dunraven, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Wolverton and Capt. Harry McCalmont. It would be equally an error to consider her in any way a representative English yacht. British yachtsmen have consistently discouraged racing machines, yet this boat is an out-and-out freak, built to meet the Americans on their own water and in their own way, and beat them, if possible, at their own game. The Englishmen never took kindly to the centreboard, useful as that device is in its proper place. They adopted the fin-keel however, with avidity. The wide-beam, full bilges, flat floor and light draft of the body of *Valkyrie III.* are distinctly American. The sheer-plan, forming the lateral plane of resistance to the water which prevents the vessel going off to leeward, is altogether Mr. Watson's and English. The cross-section and the modeling of the hull fore and aft, upon which depends the ease with which the boat glides through the water and holds up her sail-spread, are

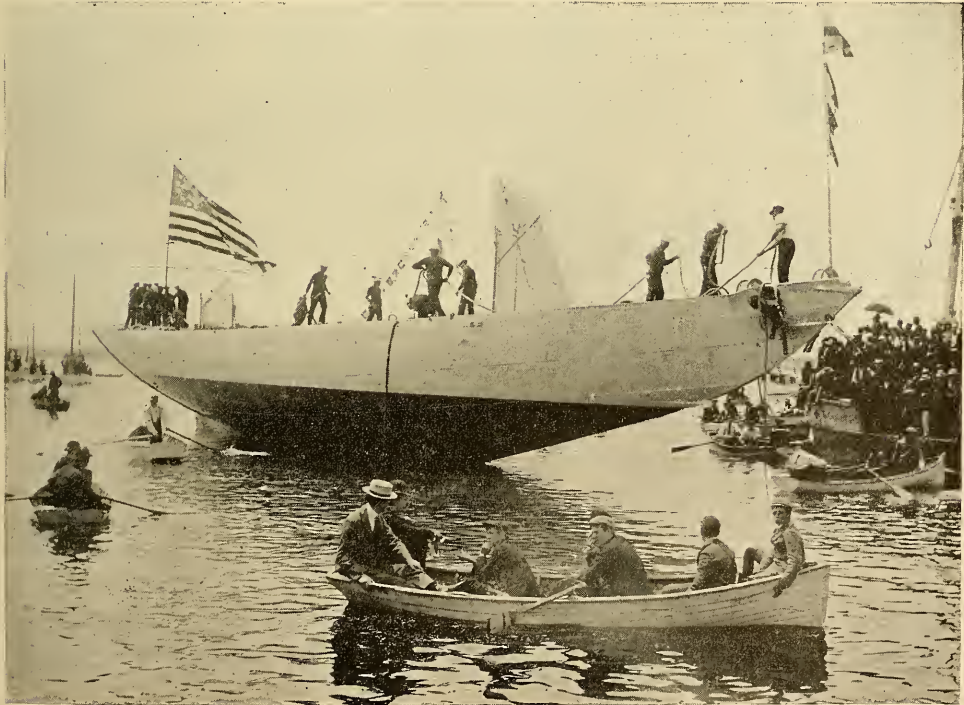


Photo by R. B. Burchard.

DEFENDER—FAST ON THE WAYS.

as un-English as possible. The indications already are that if *Valkyrie III.* is deficient at all, it is in this very point of modeling, for the reports say, whether truthfully or not I do not know, that she heels inordinately and throws a noisy wave from her lee bow.

In point of construction by approved methods the new boat is a masterpiece, and it is a question yet to be determined whether *Defender* is going to be so much lighter above water after all. In mechanical engineering Mr. Watson is an expert. He is thoroughly familiar with the properties of the alloys used in the American boat; the Tobin-bronze champion was under his eye, and aluminum was discussed all winter. With knowledge and deliberation Mr. Watson thought best to employ the regular composite construction comprising

lines are not everything is shown by the fact that, upon trial, the Englishman is found to stagger round under her enormous sailspread, while the Bristol boat starts off like a thoroughbred and sails clean away from *Colonia*.

The dimensions of the *Valkyrie*, which later information will give more accurately, are about as follows: Length over all, 128ft.; water-line, 90ft.; beam, 28ft.; draft, 18ft. 6in.

The first trial under sail was made June 18th. Since then she has entered a number of races none of which gives any idea of her power excepting to those who were aboard.

The fact that she readily out-sailed *Ailsa*, in a moderate wind, both to windward and running free, shows her to be a slippery craft. She is wonderfully quick in stays, and turns on her heel like a rabbit. It is reported that in the race

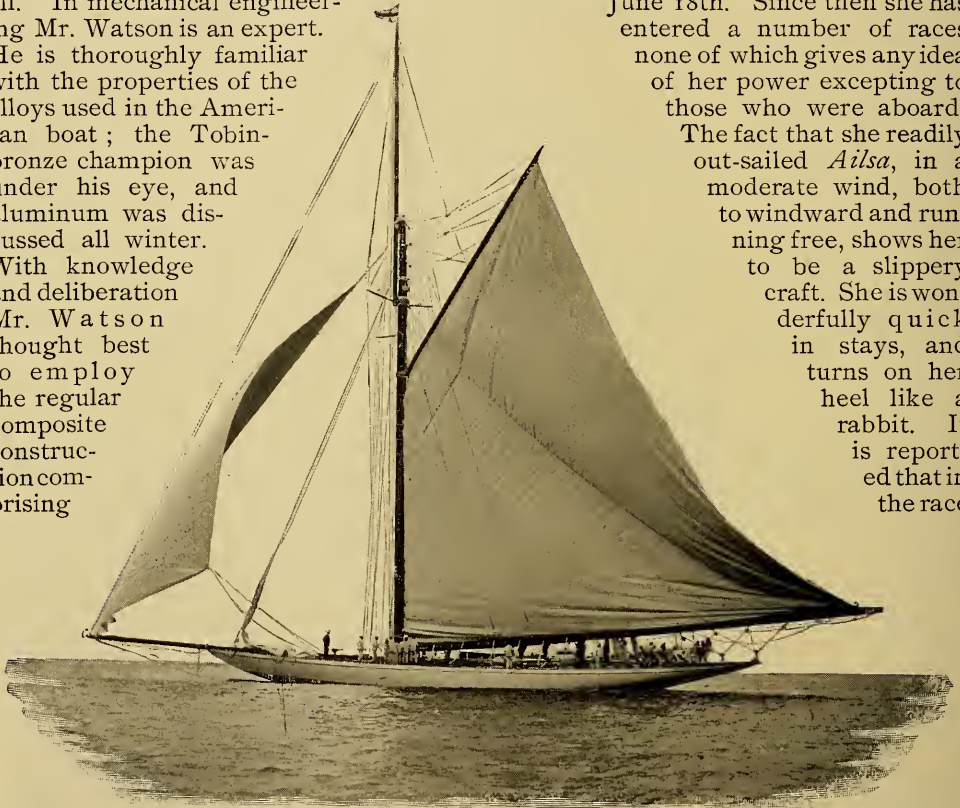


Photo by West & Son, Southsea.

TRIAL TRIP—VALKYRIE III.

wooden keel, stem, stern-post and planking, built upon steel beams and framework. In view of the similarity of the two models the race may be decided upon the issue of construction. The photographs of *Valkyrie III.*, taken by the great marine photographer, Mr. West, of Southsea, show that the challenger is a most formidable rival. Her lines are not fined down as are the *Defender's*, but are rounded out, especially on the after body. That beam and fine

with *Ailsa*, July 5th, when that boat tried to shake her off, she tacked no less than four times in as many minutes.

Whether she comes to win or lose, *Valkyrie III.* and her plucky skippers will be joyously received on this side. The stout hearts of owners and crews on both *Valkyrie* and *Defender* will thrill with

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."



THE '94 FIRST AND SECOND TEAMS OF THE LEMARS (IOWA) POLO CLUB, FOUNDED IN 1885.
 A C. COLLEDGE. J. M. SAMMIS. J. H. GRAYSON. PERCIVAL WRAIGHT.
 H. O'K. RICHARDS. G. C. MACLAGAN. E. P. SAMMIS. E. A. DALTON.

POLO IN THE WEST.

By J. B. Macmahon.

THE game of polo has become so firmly established and so widely known in this country that its ancient history may be omitted and its rapid advancement in the East be but briefly noticed. The object of this article is rather to follow the sport in its progress westward to the great plains, where, owing to many natural advantages, it at once found a congenial home.

In 1876 James Gordon Bennett, Esq. interested a number of American gentlemen in the game, which was then very popular in England, and as a result the Westchester Club was formed. Its first headquarters was at Jerome Park, but shortly afterward was changed to Newport.

In 1886 occurred a great event in polo history—the first international match. In August of that year the crack Hurlingham team crossed the Atlantic and played a two days' match at Newport. The Britons carried back with them the prize cup of the Americans, but left behind their ponies and a wholesome lesson in magnificent team work to offset the humiliation of a crushing defeat.

In 1890 the American Polo Association was formed, with seven clubs as charter members. The Association now comprises seventeen clubs, as follows: Rockaway Club, Cedarhurst, L.I.;

Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I.; Country Club of Westchester, N. Y.; Morris County Country Club; Myopia Club, Hamilton, Mass.; Harvard Polo Club; Country Club of Brookline, Mass.; Westchester Polo Club, Newport, R. I.; Philadelphia Country Club; Hingham Polo Club, Mass.; Country Club of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.; Monmouth County Polo Club; Dedham Polo Club, Dedham Mass.; Buffalo Polo Club, Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago Polo Club, Chicago; Devon Polo Club, Devon, Pa.; Lowell Country Club.

The polo clubs outside the association are to be found principally in the South and West. Two strong clubs are located in Mexico City, old Mexico, one of which is composed of Spaniards, the other of Englishmen and Americans. These rivals have many a sturdy bout, especially at Christmas, when the great tournament is held. There are several teams of cowboy players in New Mexico, while New Orleans, Colorado Springs and Los Angeles have thriving clubs.

In Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota, a group of clubs banded together in what is known as the Northwestern Polo Association. These clubs have been in existence for ten years, and they yield to none in eager advancement of their favorite sport. The support of the military, which will surely come, will



CAPT. FRANCIS MICHLER, U. S. A., ON
"DAN LAMONT."

do much for polo, and there is no reason why it should not find favor at many a frontier post. And now to glance at the progress of polo in the West.

Early in the summer of 1885, the Lemars Polo Club was formed in Iowa. This was the first polo organization west of New York. When it came into being there were only a dozen clubs, not one hundred actual players, and fewer than two hundred trained ponies in all of the United States.

The Lemars Polo Club, though so entirely isolated, was a thriving institution from its inception. The charter members were G. C. Maclagan, J. S. Watson, J. H. Grayson, H. J. Moreton, Francis J. Moreton, O. T. Pardoe and H. O'K. Richards.

These gentlemen were all English, being members of a British colony in that locality. Mr. Maclagan and Mr. Watson, both veteran poloists and enthu-

siasts, were the active organizers. Mr. Maclagan had played "forward" for several years with the Calcutta Polo Club, the oldest Caucasian polo organization in existence, and long accounted the champion club of the world. Admission to this club stamps a man as top form in polo. Here Mr. Maclagan acquired a brilliant style. Mr. Watson had likewise learned his game in India. The remaining Lemars players were practically novices, though nearly all had seen the game, and some had attempted it.

In 1886, Messrs. Cecil F. Benson, Matthew B. S. Dodsworth, J. W. Orde, G. B. Gray and F. C. S. Dodsworth, all members of the English colony, started a club at Sibley, Iowa. None of these gentlemen had played before, and they were assisted in organizing by Mr. Maclagan.

In 1888, Fred. B. Close, who had previously played with both the Lemars and Sibley clubs, started a club at Sioux City, Iowa, with the following membership: F. B. Close, W. T. Humble, C. Statter,



ELLICOTT EVANS ON "BUTTERFLY."



JAMES CAREY EVANS, CAPTAIN CHICAGO POLO CLUB, ON "CARMENCITA."



C. W. SCUDDER, ON "TAFFY," FOUNDER AND CAPTAIN OF ST. LOUIS POLO CLUB.

Arthur F. Statter, Floyd Tappan, R. T. Patrick and G. P. Statter. Mr. Tappan was the only American in this club.

During these years the game was being played in a desultory way at a number of other so called "colony" centres in Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

In 1888 the Northwestern Polo Association was formed by a union of the Sibley, the Lemars, the Sioux City and the Larchwood, S. D., clubs, Larchwood, however, dropping out the first season.

It was the sanguine expectation that the association would prove a permanency; a school for, and promoter of, this rajah sport throughout the West, and but for a sad event in its subsequent history this would undoubtedly have been the case.

As was to have been expected from its founders the association played the Indian game. A shallow ditch and not the regulation plank formed the touch line; the Indian "standing" (not the Hurlingham "charge"), was the favorite opening, and the game was the "off-side," though the English mallet-

hooking was never in favor. The rules of the Association further provided for tournaments to be played in rotation on the members' grounds, for a cup, to be awarded permanently to the club victorious in three successive seasons. The cup, a very handsome one copied after the Westchester trophy won by the Hurlinghams in '86, was thus considered a sure bone of contention for many years. The struggle, however, proved a very one-sided affair, for the Lemars Club, by three successive victories, secured permanent possession of the prize.

The association shortly after dissolved, but a tragedy and no inherent weakness brought about this dissolution. This tragedy was the death of Mr. F. Close, the best rider and polo back the West has ever seen, excepting Mr. MacLagan. Mr. Close was killed at Sioux City in 1890. He was riding and playing a brilliant game too, with his left arm fractured and in splints bound to his body, and his collar bone



G. C. MACLAGAN, ON "BILLY," FOUNDER AND CAPTAIN LEMARS CLUB.



F. W. LAMPORT, ON "WHITE WOLF."



H. H. DRAKE.

W. T. HUMBLE.

A. F. STATTER.

G. P. STATTER.

SIOUX CITY POLO TEAM, 1894.

likewise broken, when he collided with one of the opposing team. He fell between the ponies; his own horse stumbled, fell over him and crushed him. His injuries were so severe that the physicians would not permit his removal from the spot where he fell. A tent was erected above him and he died in four hours. The hundreds of spectators were so horrified by this accident that for several seasons after polo languished all over the Northwest, and it is a fact that the smaller clubs ceased to exist from that date, the only organizations to survive the shock being the Sioux City and the Lemars clubs.

The season of '94 found the Lemars with thirteen active members, as follows: G. C. Maclagan, captain, E. Payson Sammis, J. U. Sammis, E. A. Dalton (first team); J. H. Grayson, A. C. Colledge, H. O'K. Richards, Rudolf J. Koehler, Percival Wraight, P. Boland, H. J. Moreton, Francis J. Moreton, and James Brooks Farquhar.

This club undoubtedly owns some of the finest polo ponies in the West. Only fifteen animals are claimed as available, but their standard of excellence is very high. The horses are such thoroughgoers in the field that it is difficult to say this or the other is best; but a few deserve special notice.

A. C. Colledge's roan "Bombay," fourteen hands, has played five years. He is a marvel in his way; a thorough weight carrier, never having played with less than two hundred pounds. He has a fair pace and a will of his own.

Brown "Ben," fourteen hands, owned by E. P. Sammis, has played six years. He has a very light mouth, is very fast, and in the hands of his owner, quick on the turn.

G. C. Maclagan's white "Billy," thirteen and a half hands, is a perfect wonder. He has played polo for eight years, and not a youngster in the string can outclass him to-day for staying qualities. He is perfectly accustomed to playing an entire game, and his owner never thinks of taking a second horse when he rides Billy. He has a remarkable record, never having taken part in a losing match. He loves the ball, and from start to finish, with cocked eyes and nose down, is after it. He makes up for being a trifle slow by his wonderful turning and his quickness in starting.

The Sioux City club was never so strong or so well established as in 1894. According to seniority of membership its list of active men is as follows: Wm. T. Humble, Perry Statter, Henry H. Drake, Arthur F. Statter, Wm. A. Dins-

more, J. Clarke Duncan, Richard B. Oldfield, E. S. Weatherly, Denard Williams, Harry R. Gragg, and Fred. F. Grandy. The team for 1894 was Arthur F. Statter, No. 1; Wm. T. Humble, No. 2; Henry H. Drake, No. 3 and captain; Perry Statter, back.

This quartet play a hard and very fast game, excelling in team work. The most eminent name in Western polo is that of Statter. Statter, senior, who rides over two hundred, is as handy on a good horse as any lightweight, while his sons sweep the field like a hurricane. To the Statters belongs the credit of introducing some excellent training exercises, and of inventing some capital polo gear. One of the most unique games ever played in America occurred at Sioux City in 1892, when the Statter family, father and three sons, played a picked team, and beat them by a score of 5 to 0.

The club can show some excellent ponies. "Babe" now owned by Weatherly, was raised by Arthur F. Statter. She is fourteen hands; nine years old, and has played continuously for five years. When ridden with short rein and close blinds she is absolutely the best pony in the West for "No 1," and in the riding-off game.

J. Duncan Clarke's "Corona," 14.1, in her third year in polo, is the strongest and fastest pony in the club.

Arthur F. Statter owns a prize in his dun mare "Peggy." She has played for five years and knows the game so well that without using anything but a halter she will follow the ball closely, and can be turned at a full gallop within a space fourteen feet square.

"Kit Beer," fourteen and a half hands, is a thoroughbred with a record of one quarter mile in twenty-four seconds. She is owned by W. H. Dinsmore; is six years old and has played polo two years, showing great aptitude for the game.

The club has a fair ground, a level twenty-acre field with ample room for side and foul hits. The site is pleasing and the turf sufficiently fast.

The Iowa Clubs are now playing the regulation American game and they bring to it a formidable set of fearless riders and brilliant stokers. There is no doubt a decided advantage in being

perfectly familiar, as these men are, with all the tactics of the different recognized modern games.

It was not until 1891 that St. Louis organized its Country Club. The St. Louis club is properly classed with Western polo, but as a member of the American Association its detailed history may be found in the records of that organization. However, a few items concerning this fine club may be not out of place.

The game was taken up with the greatest enthusiasm from its introduction. The club membership is limited to fifty; admission is eagerly sought and the ranks have been full from the first. The captain, C. Scudder, plays a good, all-around fast game, and has been a successful trainer. The polo ground is laid out on the divide between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers, a delightful location. The field itself cost the club \$3,000 to level and prepare, but is not first-class, being a fresh dirt in which the grass needs time to weave the deep, tough, root carpet so essential for sure footing.

This club uses the system of buying and training ponies and selling them to the players. The animals are mostly from the Texan and New Mexican mustang herds. They pay for a "raw" on an average fifty dollars, and find about one out of five useful. There is no loss on the discarded animals, as the preparatory training never fails to increase their value as hacks.

The members are men from the Noonday, the St. Louis, the Mercantile and the Jockey clubs. The active members manage to devote on an average, two afternoons a week to the sport. The club has never crossed sticks with any other association member, the most notable playing event being a match with Lemars in 1893. The St. Louis team in this match consisted of C. W. Scudder, back; A. S. Cushman and H. McKittrick, Jr., half-backs; O. L. Mersman, forward. The first great public game which took on the nature of a brilliant function resulted in en- thusiasing all St. Louis with a passion for the magnificent sport, and polo never stood so well in Missouri as it does to-day.

The Chicago Polo Club had its inception during the World's Fair. James

Carey Evans, S. H. Hubbard, W. T. Carrington, Col. W. V. Jacobs, A. J. Whipple, Captain Francis Michler, F. W. Lamport and Ellicott Evans, having a small house at Brookline near Chicago, for their own amusement brought up ponies from the Indian Territory and started polo on the lawn of their country place. To James Carey Evans belongs the honor of really introducing the game; he and Captain Michler being the first to show the way. The idea was taken up with the greatest enthusiasm. Ponies were tried and polo technique mastered in bi-weekly practices during the summer. Saturday was field day, and toward the end of the season spectators were frequent at the Brookline practices.

From this modest beginning was born in the winter of 1893-'94 the Chicago Polo Club, with the following membership: George Henry Wheeler, Captain Francis Michler, U. S. A., C. P. McAvoy, James Heyworth, H. M. Higginbotham, V. Shaw-Kennedy, W. T. Carrington, Walter Farwell, Arthur J. Whipple, Frank J. Macky, J. Henry Norton, Capt. Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Edward Green, Lawrence Heyworth, W. W. Keith, Urban H. Broughton, F. W. Lamport, W. V. Jacobs, Ellicott Evans, James Carey Evans, R. B. Fort.

A Board of Governors was chosen at the first meeting, consisting of J. C. Evans, chairman; J. H. Norton, C. P. McAvoy, George H. Wheeler and Captain Michler. All the men being members of the Washington Park Club, a field was secured in Washington Park for matches and tournaments. The location is charming and the ground fairly good. It exhibits a natural turf, or more properly speaking, a specially rolled ground covered with sod in the low places. The footing is not always sure, but better than the average fresh field. Unfortunately, there is not space for a north and south ground, so the players are hampered by east and west positions. The field is marked by the regulation eight-inch plank along the sides.

But two members of the club have had any previous polo experience. Mr. James Carey Evans played with the Buffalo Club of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. V. Shaw-Kennedy played for some time in

India, where the Shaw-Kennedys are greatly distinguished in the Anglicized Oriental game. Captains Maus and Michler being by the nature of their professions well used to the saddle, dashed into the sport with spirit.

The club stables are fine. The members are very proud of their string. From several hundred ponies put through their paces in Indian Territory some twenty-five were selected by the acting agent for the club, and were, from time to time, shipped North. Five more, mostly thoroughbreds, were picked up elsewhere, so that the club now has at command some thirty promising animals, though, like the riders, they have their records still to make.

Mr. James Carey Evans is doubly fortunate in owning a pair of perfect polo animals, "Lottie Collins" and "Carmencita." The former is a thoroughbred, a perfect miniature race horse, with a marked aptitude for the game. "Carmencita" is a beautifully marked playful little mare, very quick on the turn, and brimful of intelligence. And when it comes to the test, it is intelligence plentifully mixed with good temper that distinguishes the polo pony from the common herd.

"White Wolf," a light gray, regulation height, is owned by Mr. Lamport. He is a model polo pony, and perfectly at home on the field.

Mr. Kennedy's "Skidmore" is a much branded mustang with a history, having carried a member of the notorious Dalton gang before his introduction into the more polite circles of polo. He is admirably adapted for his new vocation.

Arthur Whipple's "Deacon," and Mr. Carrington's "Comanche," a Texan pony, are also promising animals.

The Chicagoes played, at first, the Hurlingham "off-side," this being in the opinion of Captain Evans the more scientific game, requiring, as it does, closer attention to a man's position in the field than does the American style. The club colors are lilac and blue, displayed in the cap.

The first exhibition on the Washington Park grounds was played June 17, 1894. This was the Saturday before the Derby, and society stamped its approval of the new sport by turning out in force. When the exhibition was over, society

declared polo to be "quite the thing."

The heroes of Chicago's first polo game were: Blues—J. C. Evans, Captain F. Michler, Walter Farwell, V. Shaw-Kennedy. Reds—A. J. Whipple, Ellicott Evans, W. T. Carrington, Lawrence Heyworth.

In Colorado polo has been played for eight years, Colorado Springs being the centre of activity. From 1886 the game had a steady growth up to the season of 1893 and 1894, when the financial depression gave it a slight check.

Mr. J. S. Stevens, of New York, was the instigator and active coach of the Springs Club. Mr. Stevens is conceded to be one of the finest polo players of America. Should the long threatened return match with Hurlingham be played in 1895, Stevens stands a fair chance of being included in the American team. For several seasons he has played No. 1, on the Rockaway team during the New York season.

Associated with Mr. Stevens in organizing the Colorado club was Mr. Harvey Lyle. Mr. Lyle is an Irishman by birth, and he has had over twelve years' experience in the game, having played four years in India before coming to America. Lyle has never been rated by the Association, but it is conceded by all who have seen his game that his play is as effective as Mr. Stevens', though his style is entirely different.

The Colorado Springs Club had thus the inestimable privilege of being trained by two first form men, representatives of different games. A club so trained was bound to get the combined best of the two systems; at any rate the result justifies such a conclusion, for the Springs club plays a magnificent game. In most respects the American Asso-

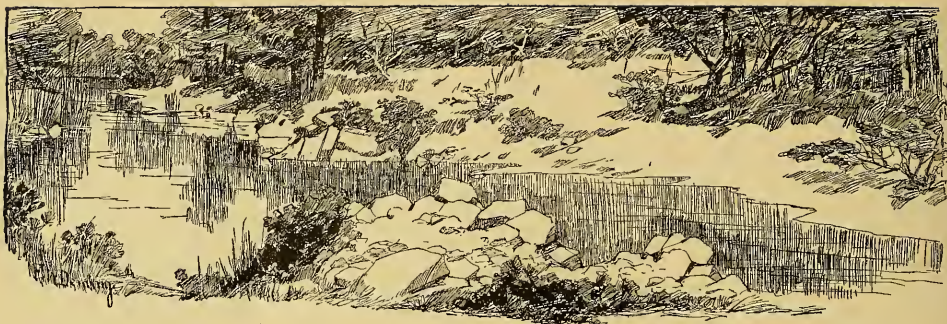
ciation laws are followed; the British "offside" is, however, still retained.

The membership is more or less unstable in character, as is to be expected at a pleasure resort. Messrs. Stevens, Lyle, Braggiotti and a few others have, however, played with considerable regularity from the beginning. These men are all members of the Country Club situated about three miles from town. Here are a club house, stables, tennis, base-ball and live pigeon shooting grounds, a race-track and a polo field all within the club enclosure. The polo ground was laid out in 1891; the field is natural prairie, level as a table, well rolled and watered. No amount of dressing or artificial attention can improve on the tough prairie sod when it is smooth and level.

There is a notion in the East that when a Colorado man wants a polo pony he starts out in the morning with a lasso and comes back to breakfast with a fine broncho dangling at the end of his rope. This is not quite the case. Each year the Springs men find it harder to pick up good polo cattle in their vicinity, and are obliged to send further and further away for them. As a rule they are bronchos broken to ride, and are chosen from those already used a little in cutting out cattle, which makes them naturally quick and bridle-wise. Raw ponies of this class range in value from \$35 to \$100. After they are polo trained, those showing special aptitude for the game are shipped East, where the demand for trained bronchos is vastly greater than the supply, and a handy animal brings any price. For this reason the Colorado clubs, though finely mounted, have no stable records such as other clubs are proud to exhibit after a season or two of play.

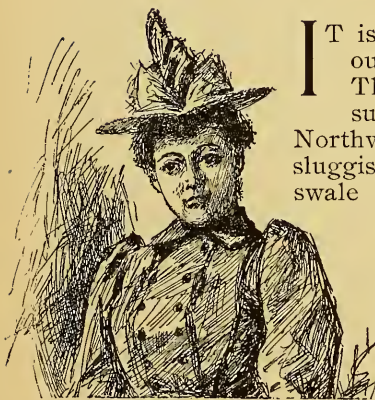
[TO BE CONTINUED.]





TWO IDLERS IN CAMP.

By Helen Church.



IT is a long, tortuous, slow stream. There are many such in the great Northwest. It flows sluggishly through swale and marsh, then more swiftly between high, crumbling, brier-grown bluffs. Years ago the virgin forest

pressed closely upon the sand, fringing its waters, the crowding, tapering pines on the high banks nodding to each other, with their plummy tops across its dark chasm, here and there bridged by a fallen giant. Behind these ridges of pine, the hemlocks stood in closed ranks, their spreading boughs matted and interlaced. Here and there the leafy maze was threaded by narrow paths, leading from some shaded hollow in the river bank, where dainty hoofs had left their print, and many a bush and low-hanging limb bore the marks of playful teeth. The deer licks were not ambushed then. The wild-cat laid back his tufted ears, thrust his curving claws into the bark and stretched at his ease on sunny limbs, where squirrels were to be had for the taking. Now and then, a bear browsed among the berry bushes in the openings, seen only by the startled woodchuck as he peeked cautiously out of his hole.

Then the land-looker came, pushing his boat with difficulty up the brush-choked stream and bivouacked upon its banks. In his wake came the surveyor who tarried longer and made his way through neighboring swamps and thickets, leaving behind him a trail of bruised and bleeding tree trunks. After him, the lumberman poled his scow, laden with tools, pork, beans, corn meal and blankets.

Everywhere were men with axes and saws. The bear had shifted his winter home to some more distant haunt. The howls of the timber wolf were less frequent, the ducks hovered over the wild rice swamps with cries of alarm at this invasion of their feeding ground. The banks where the deer had frolicked were trampled with the hoofs of oxen and lined with roll-ways, piled high with thousands of logs.

Sweeping northward from little colonies, where settlers were trying to rid their scanty estates of their growth of stumps, came at last the forest fires, licking up the dry pine-tops, spreading over the once densely wooded ridge, burning grass and bush to a crisp and here and there, as a memento of the holocaust, leaving a charred pine, towering scores of feet into the air, its lifeless joints creaking mournfully as it swayed with the wind.

As the pine hunters continued their work farther north, time's gentle fingers bandaged the wounds so wantonly inflicted. The hemlocks put on another suit of green. The great black stumps changed to pillars of silvery

gray, around whose columns the creepers and grape-vines festooned themselves. The tender green mosses grew over the scars on the beeches, and out of the scourged earth a new growth sprang vigorous and aggressive.

This in brief was the country through which we had traveled for the last twenty miles, on a logging branch railroad, with the landscape from the dust-begrimed car windows constantly growing wilder, and the whistle of the engine making echoes more prolonged. At last we had dashed through a deep cut, rumbled out over a high bridge and had come to a stop in front of a long, low, whitewashed house, before which stood a group of men with lanterns. Two or three women in the lamp-lit doorway watched us curiously as we followed our guide, Payson, bearing our luggage across the track and up a soft sandy road, while the train went shrieking through the forest. There had been a shower in the late afternoon which had laid the dust and made breathing in the close, smoky, bad-smelling car a possibility. Now all the tender, fresh young things lifted their rain-washed faces, and the cool night air bore their faint breath to us through the gathering darkness.

The camps were grouped near the summit of a wooded slope which fell gently away to the river bottoms and marshes, over which a faint mist was hanging in smoke-like rings. The bridge, stretching its slender span over the turbid water, where a lone frog was piping a tuneful lyric, looked like a web of gossamer over a luminous black ribbon. The stately tops of the hemlocks were outlined darkly against a fading orange radiance where the new moon's crescent hung.

As we drew near, Megilp stopped to watch the bean-fire, resting her crossed arms upon the top of the fence. It was a blazing bonfire of hemlock bark in a deep hole, which threw a flickering warm light on the side of the cook-shanty, the rain-water barrel, the wood-pile and the cook's bare arms and white apron. Presently the flames flared and then died out, leaving a heap of glowing red coals. And then all hands, with hoe and rake, drew the coals aside, and the chore boy, tall, lanky, cross-eyed

Jim, came struggling out of the shanty with a big round pot, with great long legs and a tightly fitting cover, which with many pulls and jerks he managed to deposit in the hole right side up. The coals were raked back and packed closely around the kettle, the dirt shoveled over it all, and tools stacked against the fence. Megilp heaved a sigh of relief and then laughed. "It's just like a dog burying a bone for his breakfast," she said.

"Yer supper's ready," said Payson, emerging from the cook-camp. "I'm sorry we ain't got no accommodations; if you want warsh—"

"Oh, never mind," said Meg, cheerfully. "We can just sozzle our faces here at the rain-water barrel."

"Yes, I calc'lated you could," he said. "I'll take yer hats 'n' coats into the office while you're doing it."

He took our wraps and started, but after a few steps turned back. "I'll tell Jim to bring you a clean towel," he said, "an' if you just spat your hand on the water a couple of times before you dip your dish in, it'll scare the wigglers to the bottom, and you won't get none on your face."

Meg hastily threw away the water she had taken out, and proceeded to put this suggestion into operation.

"It was very thoughtful in him to tell us that," she said, burying her laughing face in one end of the long towel, while Jim supported the other. "In the dark we would never have known the difference."

"Here's the key to the office," said Payson, returning. "I guess you'll have to sleep there to-night. The foreman's away, and we've been busy haying down on the marsh farm, and ain't had no time to fix up that room in the new house for you. Howsumever, we can do it to-morrer, if you'll tell us what you want done."

"The office will do very nicely," said Meg. "But we're ready now."

"Well, come on then," he continued, holding open the door of pink mosquito netting. "I ain't had my supper, neither, and I guess I'll sit down, too, if you've no objection."

We did not object. We bowed our heads to pass through the low doorway, and found ourselves in a broad, low

room, with log sides and rough board floor and ceiling. There was a bunk in one corner, and a big wood stove in another. At the lower end of the room there was a partition behind which we could see the ascending stove-pipe and rows of shelves. There were three long, rough tables in the centre of the room, with benches on either side. At one end of the middle table was what was apparently intended for our refreshment, and thither we directed our steps. Payson slid on to the bench ahead of me. "Ill give you ladies the end," he said. "It's kind of awk'ard getting in and out of here if you ain't used to it."

The table was covered with brown oil-cloth, and set with heavy white plates and cups, which Jim filled with clear, sparkling water from a tin dipper. The china plates and cups we learned were extras, the every-day service consisting of tin ware.

We turned in that night under piles of blankets, with pillows of cat-tail down and sweet fern, while the wind, blowing through the high open windows, mingled its leaf whisperings with our dreams.

Meg and I had come here for a quiet vacation of fishing and sketching, with a determination to rest on our oars, so to speak, and let the current of life sweep us into a smoother channel. With this idea we sauntered off early the next morning. Our path led along the river, through a tangle of poplar saplings and dead tree trunks, and then into the woods. The ground was soft and springy, the air fresh and cool. We filled our hands with ferns and bits of lichen and moss, admiring their dainty mosaic and inhaling their loamy fragrance, then cast drooping beauty aside for branches of reddening vinegar cherries and sprays of sweet fern. These, too, we abandoned as the woods grew deeper, the path rougher, and the air more sultry. The slopes were covered with a forest floor of dead and matted leaves. A little wren lit on an overhanging bush, and from his swaying perch poured out his saucy melody.

We came out of the shade upon a sunny, open bluff. Below us the river forked and curved round a little wooded island, making a beautiful riffle. On

the opposite shore the trees crowded close to the edge of the bluff.

Meg dropped on a bank, cushioned with moss and wintergreen leaves, shaded by a little spruce, and began unpacking her sketching tools. "I think we have gone far enough," she said, and while she was adjusting herself I filled one of our leaf-lined pails with berries. She sketched rapidly for a few minutes, then her pencil slackened and her head rested on the mossy bank behind her.

"That's a trout hole, I 'most guess," said Meg, pointing with her pencil. I had a lancewood rod, a plain brass reel and about forty yards of line. I opened my book and selected a brown caddis fly. "Put on that red one," urged Meg; but I let the decision for the brown fly stand, and threw it under the rock. We lay back on the bank and listened to the cool murmur of the hemlocks across the stream. A beautiful beach behind us threw brown, dancing leaf-shadows over our heads upon the splashing water.

We had lain there some time. "I don't believe the fish are biting this morning," she complained, but as she spoke we noticed a triangular wave moving slowly down stream. It disappeared for an instant, and then I felt a pull on the rod and the line began to run out. Suddenly the line became slack and I wound it slowly in. There was a jerk and a flashing length in the air, a splash, and then how the reel did spin!

"Gracious," exclaimed Meg, "he must be a two-pounder! O, be careful, he is going down stream."

I was on my feet running after him, trying to save my line from tangling in an overhanging thicket. Still the line ran out, and I jumped into the water and rounded the bush. The fish evidently felt disappointed at his failure to jerk loose, for he soon turned back. But again and again he broke away, and it was many minutes before he, with his shining sides, lay on the grass.

"He weighs a pound and a half, anyway," decided Meg, as I loosed the barb. "Shall we roll him in flour or cornmeal when we cook him?"

"Cornmeal, of course."

We laid the fish in a basket and

covered him with leaves, which attention he did not seem to appreciate, scattering the covering with a still vigorous flit of his tail.

"Jolly!" exclaimed Payson, peering into the basket, when we returned to the camp with our prize. "I didn't s'pose there was any fish as big as him left."

It was some days later that we stood in front of the little boarding house ready to take our departure, drinking in the clear, pure air, and trying to impress the rugged outlines, so sharp and distinct in the morning twilight, upon our memories—the forest, the buildings, the little farm, the river, the bridge. The first rays of sunlight were just piercing the mists hanging over the lowlands.

"The train ain't more'n five miles off," declared our friend Payson. "I just heard her whistle for Smith's Siding."

Our hearts sank with regret.

"We've had such a pleasant time," said Meg, "and we're very much obliged to you, indeed, for what you have done for us."

"G'long! 'taint no trouble," he said, jocosely. "Hope you'll come again."

The long train came in sight around the curve, and stopped with many clanks and jerks, while we clambered into the rear coach. We waved our adieus from the platform as we were drawn out over the bridge, and gave one last look about us before the deep cut, which we knew was ahead, would hide the old scenes from our view.

"Will you be glad to get home, Meg—back to your paved streets and apartment house?"

"Glad! No, indeed," she replied, caressing a streak of sunburn on her nose. "What a happy, quiet time we have had in this little insignificant spot of Michigan wilderness, too small for a place on the map or even for a name!"



THE NIGHTINGALE.

Last night, when the silence of even
Lay light on the meadows afar,
A nightingale crept from the thicket,
And sang to the evening-star.

His voice rose up out of the valley
All green with the bramble and vine,
And I, who was passing, was spell-bound;
His song was so sweet, so divine.

I paused in my sorrowful musing,
Afraid to lift foot from the sod,
Lest the sound cause an end to his singing
That wonderful carol to God.

The stars ceased their twinkling and listened;
The trees in the forest grew still;
From mountain to towering mountain
The notes seemed to echo and thrill.

A rabbit crept forth from his burrow;
The night-owl's shrill screeching was hushed;
Each wakened bird lifted its head as
The song from the singer's throat gushed.

The moon slowly rose o'er the hill-tops
And flooded the world with her light,
But still his pure notes of thanksgiving
Were poured on the listening night.

At last came an end to the anthem;
The song 'gan to waver and wane;
The owl began hooting, the rabbit
Crept into his burrow again.

A cool wind blew down from the mountain
And rustled the branches among—
Oh! Beautiful Father! I thank thee
Alike for the singer and song.

ARMY SIGNALING.



THE open orders system of organization, which gives to modern armies their great flexibility and mobility, renders rapid and accurate communication between their different divisions and subdivisions of vital importance in preserving unity of command, concentration of attack and security of individuals.

This necessity, which has been coincident with the development of electricity and the bicycle, has led to the creation of the Signal Corps, which since the war, has steadily grown in importance as a factor in military operations.

The Signal Corps is a body of highly trained soldiers whose duty it is to provide the methods of communication between the different forces of an army, so that the commander can rapidly transmit orders and receive reports from even the most distant outposts. An army with all its trains occupies a great area of country, and the work of the signal corps is often most difficult. For example, an army corps of forty-two thousand men has four divisions of infantry, eight to twelve batteries, at least four regiments of cavalry, and on the march on a single road with all its trains it would stretch out at least twenty-two and one-half miles, or a distance which would take a mounted messenger moving from the head of the column to the rear, if he made good speed and met with no obstruction, at least three hours to make, or moving from the rear nearly half a day.

Great difficulties often present themselves to prevent communication over such large areas by day and night, in sunshine, fog or rain, or, as at Brooklyn, in the dead of winter.

Signaling is the transmission of a pre-arranged code as accurately and rapidly as mechanical or other means admit. The code used in the United States is that known as the American Morse, which is the ordinary code used in commercial telegraphy. Messages are transmitted by dots and dashes, short and long flashes, or waves of flags to right, left and front. This code, which was adopted several years ago as the army signal code, for the reason that it was the telegraph code, is a violation of the fundamental principles upon which signal codes should be built, is ill adapted to army signaling, is an impossible code for the navy, and has no excuse for its existence save that Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, so fashioned it, yet a change now, which would involve the great army of commercial operators, is almost impossible.

The army and navy should certainly use the same code. The code now in use in the navy is the "Myer Code," invented by General Myer, the first Chief Signal Officer of the Army. This code, which contains no "space" letters, is held by many eminent authorities on signaling to be the most satisfactory code for the united service.

The limitations of military signaling are distance, meteorology, topography, and the enemy. The methods of signaling available are messengers, visual signals, phonetic signals and the telegraph and telephone. Messengers have been much used for short distances, since the advent of the bicycle in the military service.* The bicycle is especially adapted for use by signalmen on account of its speed, noiselessness, and ease of concealment. It is used by the United States Signal Corps and by Connecticut, Ohio, Colorado, Illinois, New York and some other States.

Visual signaling embraces flags, heliograph, torch, flash light, etc. Flags are useful at short ranges, the letters of the Morse code being sent by a wave to the right for a dot, to the left for a dash, and to the front for a space.

The torch, which is a copper cylinder on the end of a pole, having a wick of

* See "Military Cycling," *OUTING*, December, 1890.



SIGNALING BY HELIOGRAPH.

cotton ravelings, burns with a fierce flame as it is swung through the air. It is used in the same way as the flag. Flash lanterns have not yet been perfected, and are limited to short ranges. They send a short flash for a dot, and a long flash for a dash, like a heliograph.

The heliograph is the most perfect, serviceable and powerful instrument for visual signaling. It consists of a tripod carrying a bar having a mirror at one end and a sighting rod at the other. The mirror, which is about four inches square in the service instrument, has a small unsilvered spot in the centre. To adjust it for use the bar is pointed in the direction of the distant station, the operator from behind the mirror looks through the unsilvered spot and aims the bar by means of the apex of the sighting rod, which is like a gun sight, at the distant station; the bar is then

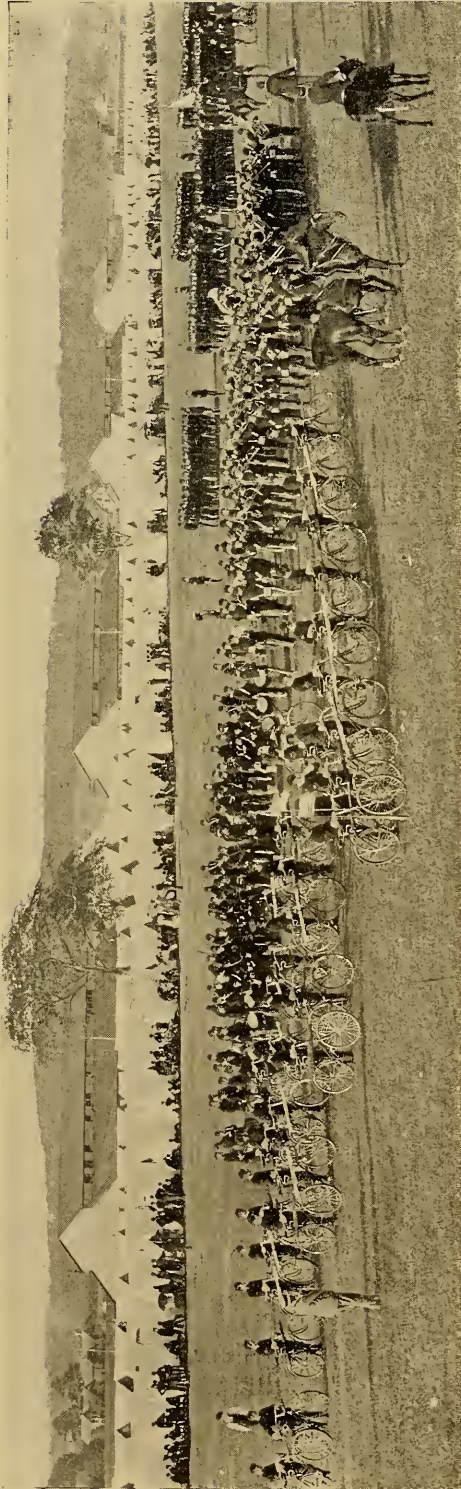
clamped in place, the disk of the sighting rod is turned up to coincide with the sight, a small piece of white paper is slipped in the disk and the mirror turned by means of slow motion screws till the "shadow spot" made by the unsilvered spot in its centre falls on the centre of the disk of the sighting rod. The flash is then visible at the distant station. The shadow spot must be kept in the centre of the disk while signaling, as it constantly tends to move off, owing to the motion of the earth. The circle of illumination or space within which the flash can be seen is 16 2-3 yards in diameter at a distance of one mile, and increases 16 2-3 yards for every mile of distance, so that it is equally easy to adjust for long as for short ranges.

One mirror and the sighting rod can only be used when the sun is in front of the operator. When the sun is behind, two mirrors are used, one on each end of the mirror bar which is clamped diagonally across the line of sight. Adjustment is then secured by throwing the reflection of the distant station from the station mirror into the sun mirror, and then throwing the shadow spot from the sun mirror upon a small paper disk in the centre of the station mirror, the reflection of the paper disk, the unsilvered spot and the reflection of the distant station, at the time, coinciding as the operator looks into the sun mirror. The use of two mirrors calls for very careful adjustment. Signaling is effected by turning down a screen on a second tripod, set in the line of the flash, making short and long flashes.

While the effective range of flags is but five to ten or fifteen miles, the range of the heliograph is only limited by the convexity of the earth. A heliograph message was sent last summer by Captain Gassford, U. S. Signal Corps, over the longest distance ever covered by visual signals. The distance was 183 miles between Mt. Uncompahgre in Colorado, and Mt. Ellen in Utah. The feat involved exhaustive mountain climbing in rarified atmosphere, in the face of severe snow storms and terrific winds. It was only in early morning and evening when refraction brought the peaks into view that communication could be attempted. After reaching the



1ST SERGT., CONN. NATIONAL GUARD.



SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

stations the parties waited seven days in snow storms and cutting cold before an opportunity occurred to send the message. At a distance of 183 miles the heliograph flash appeared like a bright star. This achievement was remarkable from the fact that the two peaks are not in the same horizon, the flash being only brought into view by refraction lifting it over the curved surface of the earth.

For all extended operations, field or semi-permanent telegraph lines are brought into use, being more reliable than visual signals, as well as more rapid and more easily worked. Field telephones are coming to be much used for temporary lines. The U. S. Signal Corps has made extended experiments with different styles of field telephones and has now a satisfactory form, combining a receiver and transmitter in one piece, a telegraph key being used in place of the bell used in ordinary telephones. The wire used is double conductor insulated cable and commonly laid on the ground. It has a tensile strength capable of withstanding the passage of artillery. The "outpost cable cart," invented by Captain Kilbourne of the Signal Corps, is the most satisfactory device for laying and recovering the wire. The frame of the cart is constructed of bicycle tubing, the thirty-inch bicycle wheels have cushion tires, and the cart carries five reels of wire and one knapsack reel. It has an automatic spooling device for taking up the wire, and a field telephone may be kept in circuit so that communication may be had while the cart is running out the wire.

It has been recently discovered by experiment that the insulated covering of telephone wires, heretofore considered indispensable to prevent the wires from coming in contact with substances which are conductors of electricity, is unnecessary and that bare wires can be used with equally good results. The discovery was made by Captain Charollois, of the French Army, who attributed it to the peculiar properties of the wire used. Experiments under the direction of the Chief Signal Officer, U. S. Army, have proved however that as good results follow the use of common copper wire, and tests have

demonstrated that bare wires laid on wet grass, in mud, or connected with perfect grounds such as a metal pipe running into a lake, transmit the sound as well as the best insulated cable.

Much attention is now being given to a new equipment for the Signal Service, the captive balloon. These balloons may be used for the purposes of signaling, observation, etc., the car being equipped with all necessary apparatus, including a telephone and camera, the telephone wire being the heart of the cable holding the balloon. The balloon train of the United States, now at Fort Logan, Colorado, is modeled after the English system. The balloon is a "skin balloon" made of silk and is inflated from portable cylinders containing hydrogen compressed under 120 atmospheres. The train comprises three wagons for tubes for charging, and one wagon for balloon and reel. The tube wagons each carry forty-five steel tubes. It requires one hundred and eight of these tubes to inflate a two-man balloon.

The Signal Corps of the United States Army at present consists of ten officers and fifty sergeants. The sergeants are instructed at the Signal School at Fort Riley, Kansas, where they receive theoretical and practical instruction in electricity, topography, photography and signaling and practice with the field telegraph and captive balloon.

The number of trained signalmen is so small that in any considerable disturbance recourse would have to be

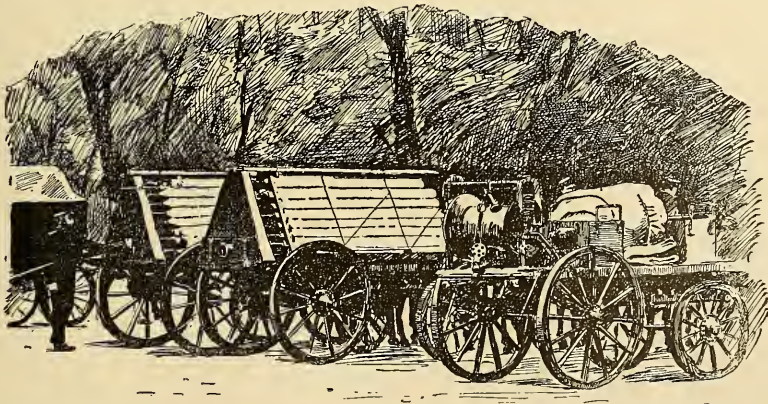
had to the Signal Corps of the National Guard. A number of States are making commendable efforts to keep a few men instructed, but only New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Illinois and one or two other States have efficient Signal Corps of considerable size.

New York has four Signal Corps, each attached to a brigade and having a maximum of forty men each. They are all mounted on horses, well armed with revolvers and carbines, and excellently equipped with the necessary apparatus for signaling. The military law of New York requires all members of the Signal Corps to be telegraph operators, civil, electrical or mechanical engineers, or to have received instruction in one of those arts. The personnel is very fine, and the work of the corps most efficient.

The Signal Corps of Connecticut was the first military organization in the country to be mounted on military bicycles. This corps, like New York's, has a maximum of forty men, is finely mounted on bicycles, armed with Colt revolvers, equipped with web belts, leather leggins, field glasses, field telephones, heliographs, etc.

The service which the Signal Corps of New York and Connecticut performed last year in conjunction with the U. S. Cruisers *New York* and *San Francisco* off Fisher's Island has received most favorable comment from the Army and Navy, and brought this branch of the service into prominence as an important factor in modern military operations.

MAJOR HOWARD A. GIDDINGS.



THE BALLOON CARS.



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

THE PRONGHORN AT HOME.

AFTER ANTELOPE IN WYOMING.

By Oscar K. Davis.



THE day dawned clear and bright. We were up betimes. After breakfast, we were ready for the day's sport. Aleck chose to take us out through the north pasture directly on to the level country. We had gone probably two miles when his sharp eyes caught the first sight of antelope. He stopped the wagon

and pointed them out to us. They were miles away to the east, and under the blazing sun I could hardly make them out. Aleck said that our best plan was to drive straight at them until we could make them out better. After driving about a mile we could see them quite plainly. There were fifteen of them, a fine bunch indeed, quietly taking their breakfast and not as yet in the least suspicious of our approach.

But very soon there was a change in their attitude. One fine buck who had been watching us with curious eyes, tossed his head with a snort and stamped his foot angrily. Instantly the whole bunch was attention. They tossed their heads and moved about uneasily, fearful of danger and anxious to be away to safety. We kept on as if we had not seen them, but changed our direction so as to "quarter" by them, intending if we succeeded in that to circle gradually hear them. But our sport was not to be so easily obtained, and before we could get in anything like decent range they were off like a flash, their white legs and brown backs glistening in the early sunlight as they bounded gracefully over the prairie.

"Couldn't we flag them, Aleck?" I asked. I had heard of the method of enticing them up into easy range by waving a piece of red cloth and I was eager to try it.

Aleck laughed. "I don't believe you

could," he said, "but you can try it. They've been hunted so much around here with flags and banners and all that curiosity dodge that they are pretty well onto those games. The only scheme I've ever been able to work was to drive them down the wind to where a man was hid. We'll try that by-and-by when we get a chance."

We moved on northward in the direction of the water-hole. The country was broken into long swells, something like the heavy swell of the ocean after a big storm. Our bunch of fifteen had run that way and we hoped to get a chance at them again near the water-hole. We had two ponies in lead behind the wagon and the boys took them and rode away to the east and west while I drove on to the north. I found a little draw or ravine that was deep enough to conceal the team and wagon. I concluded to stop there and accordingly unhitched the ponies and tied them to the wagon wheel. Then taking my rifle, a heavy 45-90 Winchester, I started toward the water-hole.

I had walked about a mile when I heard rapid shots in the distance to the northeast where I knew Aleck must be. Instantly I was flat down in the bunch grass and cactus straining my eyes to see where the game was. Presently they came in sight, fifteen of them, probably the bunch we had first seen. They were a mile away to the north when I first saw them and running briskly toward me. There was a wide swale just in front of me, and on a knoll across the swale, about five hundred yards away, the bunch stopped. Their beautiful heads held high up, every sense alert and every muscle ready for action, while their keen eyes swept the horizon for any sign of danger.

I had never before been so close to antelope. How my heart thumped as I watched them. "Now is your chance," I said to myself, "keep cool and one's yours." How easy that is to say, but how hard for a greenhorn to heed! Keep cool? Why in the presence

of such game for the first time a man can no more keep cool than he can fly. I raised the breech sight to the five hundred yards notch and poked the muzzle over the top of the knoll. The antelope were standing well bunched together and a fairer mark a sportsman could not wish. Realizing the importance of an accurate estimate of distance I took another look at the swale that separated me from the game. Satisfied that five hundred yards was right I again got ready to fire, being very deliberate and taking plenty of time, flattering myself that I was keeping cool. But just as I was about to pull the trigger the bunch trotted down across the swale heading a little toward my right. I saw that by running around the knoll I would meet them as they came out of the swale at probably not more than one hundred yards distance. So I ran as I never ran before and reached the other side of the knoll all winded and blown, and puffing like a porpoise, just in time to see them in the draw below me, leisurely trotting about seventy-five yards away.

I had heard of the buck fever before but I never knew what it was until that moment. Talk about keeping cool! My temperature must have been away up in the hundreds. Those little antelope looked as big as bears. My hand shook as if I had had the breakbone fever for years. I swung up the Winchester and blazed away. Tzfchuch! went the bullet into the sand a hundred yards away. It was line shot but fully ten feet over the bunch. At the crack of the rifle they made off with the speed of the wind. Rattled as I was, I could not help admiring their wonderful ease and grace of motion. Their little legs twinkled and flashed as they ran, and I thought if a man had a horse that could run like that what a campaign on the turf he could make. And as they ran I shot. The rattle of the lever, the crack of the rifle and the ping of the whistling bullets filled the air and drowned all other sounds. And every one of those nine bullets that went hurtling after the thoroughly frightened antelope went true to its mark as far as direction was concerned, but sailed over the running bunch and landed in the sand beyond them. The further they ran the more I elevated the rifle and it was

only after the last bullet had been thrown beyond them that I looked at the gun and saw the sight still in the five hundred yard notch. No wonder I overshot.

I sat down in the sand and told myself I was a fool. Several other complimentary and pleasant things helped me to smooth my ruffled spirits when Aleck put in an appearance.

"Where's your game?" he sung out as he rode around the knoll.

"They must have reached Grover by this time," I answered, "if they are still going at the same rate as when I last saw them."

"Well, you ought to have your back broke," he said in disgust. "I would have gambled you had at least two."

And then he laughed. And how he laughed! He just lay back on the sand and opened his generous mouth and roared and roared until the tears ran down his cheeks. "That's the way, that's the way," he shouted, "always the way with a greeny. He's got to have the fever a few times before he can do anything."

"Well," he said at last, when he finally got through laughing, "there's no use of our hanging around here now. We may as well get to the ranche and get dinner. Those antelope will be back here again this afternoon and then maybe we can get one."

It's a curious thing how antelope will go back over the same runs day after day. Disturb a bunch in a certain place in the morning and if they are not followed too closely they are almost sure to be found in the same locality again in the afternoon. So much of a habit is this that men experienced in hunting them frequently rely on it to get their game. It was a knowledge of that habit which impelled Aleck to bring us back to that same spot that afternoon. We tied the horses to the wagon in the same draw where they had been in the morning, and while Aleck and I made a wide detour on the ponies, my brother went ahead on foot toward the water-hole. As we made the top of a knoll and looked across a wide draw we saw our bunch peacefully feeding on the top of the next ridge. We were down at once and after a short wait had the satisfaction of seeing the whole bunch graze

over the top of the ridge and down out of sight in the draw beyond us. Instantly we were in the saddle again and over that ridge and through the draw to the next ridge. We rode up as far toward the top of the ridge as we dared go and then staked out the ponies.

Aleck was first ready, and as I picked up my gun after shoving down the stakepin I heard him say: "Look there!" I followed the motion of his hand and saw an old doe at the top of the ridge looking down at us. She was more than a hundred yards away and only her head was visible to us. She stood motionless as a statue and watched us with eyes that missed not a single movement we made. We were fairly trapped.

"Well, if that ain't luck!" muttered Aleck. "There's nothing for it but to shoot. If we walk or lie down she will run and whatever we do the whole bunch is off."

The doe did not seem to move a muscle when he swung up his rifle. It was a difficult mark he had and I had no notion he would hit it. There was a second's silence as he took aim and then the rifle cracked. The doe sank out of sight.

"I've got her," shouted Aleck, as he ran up the slope. Before we gained the top of the ridge the rest of the bunch were away out of range, but there, sure enough, was the doe, squarely shot through the forehead, and a prettier shot never was made. It was a feat for any man to be proud of, and there was satisfaction in Aleck's voice when he spoke, even though his words were: "Well, it's just luck. I don't suppose I could do that again."

It was the third afternoon before I succeeded in killing my first antelope. I had several fine opportunities, but each time I also had a first-class attack of the fever. Aleck had become so disgusted with me that he had appointed me regularly to the business of driving the team. The feat which decided him on the step was my allowing a two-year-old buck to nearly run me down. A bunch of ten antelope started to run between the wagon and the pasture fence. As we drove toward the fence to head them off, a buck separated from the bunch and stood watching us. I jumped from the wagon and lay down behind

a prairie dog hummock. The boys drove on and succeeded in wounding a doe. As they started after her the buck trotted squarely down upon me. The wind was from him to me and he could not smell me. He stopped several times and sniffed the air and stamped his foot impatiently. The nearer he came the closer I hugged the ground. Finally, when he was not more than thirty-five yards away, I determined to shoot. I could not shoot lying in that position, so sat up. The instant my head appeared from behind the hummock the buck stopped. For a second he seemed too astonished to move, then he wheeled and was off like a bolt from a gun. He ran as only a frightened antelope can run, in long level leaps. He skimmed over the ground more like a flying swallow than a running animal. His stout legs doubled under him and every jump placed him yards further from me. There was no jumping up in the air as a deer does, his motion was all straight ahead. Not a muscle spent its force uselessly. Before I could pick up the rifle he was a hundred yards away. I forgot to shoot in admiration of his wonderful speed and when I thought of it, it was simply to lay the rifle across my lap, point the muzzle in his direction and work the lever. Nine times in half that many seconds the rifle cracked, and although not a bullet went near the flying buck at every report he seemed to bend the harder to his work. It was a marvelous burst of speed, worth the loss of the buck to have seen. And although his escape relegated me to the position of driver I was not disposed to grumble.

That afternoon I killed my first buck and cured myself effectually of having the fever, all at one shot. As on the first day I had left the wagon in a draw and footed it to the water-hole. The hole was in a draw between two slight rises of ground. The slopes were gentle and even, so that a man could not approach upright nearer than three hundred and fifty yards without being seen by the game, but by hard sneaking it was possible to get within about two hundred and fifty yards. I walked cautiously up the slope, keeping a sharp lookout for game, and was rewarded with a sight of two bucks grazing quietly within twenty feet of the water. I drop-

ped down into the grass and cactus and began the creep to the top of the ridge. I made my way, gouging the sand with toes and elbows and stopping every few feet for breath. At last the top was reached. The two bucks were alone and taking their dinner without a suspicion of danger. For once I was perfectly cool. There was not a tremble in my hand as I ran my eye along the barrel and sized up the nearest buck. I watched them for a long time, hoping that they would feed up nearer to me, but they did not seem inclined to do so and after fully a quarter of an hour I determined to shoot. This time there was no elevation of the breech sight, but there was as careful an estimate of the distance as I could make. The nearest buck was broadside to me, his head down in the grass. I aimed squarely for his body just behind the shoulder, took a last look and pulled the trigger. The effect was electrical. The bullet struck the sand about ten feet beyond him, having passed between his fore and hind legs and under his body. He jumped and whirled around exactly as a cat does when surprised by a well aimed stone. For a second he looked at the ridge where the little cloud of blue smoke was slowly rising, and then turned and was off up the opposite slope. His mate was with him and for fifty yards they ran with the speed of a railroad train. Then their curiosity mastered them, and before I could send a second bullet after them they stopped and faced about to have another look at the top of the ridge. There they stood, fully three hundred yards away, looking squarely at the knoll. I would not shoot at that mark and waited until they turned, as they soon did to trot further up the hill. As they came broadside to me again I took a little coarser sight than before and aiming the rifle about four feet ahead of the same buck blazed away. I heard the tzzschuck of the bullet as it hit him. It sounded as if the bullet had gone through a pumpkin or the heads of a drum. And if there was any room for doubting my ears, my eyes lent them confirmation. For a hundred yards up the hill those two bucks raced as if mad. It was exciting enough then. He was hit I knew, but perhaps not fatally and there might be

miles of run in him yet, but that buck should never get away if I had to chase him to Cheyenne. I was on my knees in a flash and blazing away as fast as the lever would work, but too excited to take careful aim. As the rifle cracked a second time the wounded buck stopped and faced me. Now was my time! I was just about to shoot when he started directly toward me. With half a dozen tremendous leaps he covered twenty-five or thirty yards and fell, and even in falling tried to leap again. My knife was at his throat in a minute, but the bullet had done the knife's work. He was hit squarely in the right side of the neck and the bullet had severed the jugular vein and cut the carotid artery. In his frantic running he had pumped all the blood out of his body.

Aleck had the oddest experience of the whole hunt at the same water-hole a few weeks afterward. He had crawled on a bunch of seven and was lying where I was when I shot my buck. He was waiting for them to feed together so that he could get a better shot, and while lying there thoughtlessly kicked up his heels like a little boy. The antelope had made no sign that they suspected anything wrong, but they saw his heels waving back and forth and instantly all was commotion. He dropped the heels very suddenly and lay there confounding his stupidity when he noticed that the whole bunch was moving up toward the spot where those mysterious things had been seen. He understood it at once. His heels made a new kind of a flag, and he was not slow to act on the suggestion. He waved them again, and again the antelope stopped to gaze at the curious black things moving slowly back and forth up there on the ridge. When the boots dropped out of sight again the antelope, impelled by their fatal curiosity, moved nearer to them. So they kept it up until the bunch was not seventy-five yards away. Presently he got two of them in range, and drawing a fine sight he fired and they both fell. The others wheeled like the wind and were off over the ridge, but not before another bullet cut down a buck.

Now the sport is ended on the ranch, and the antelope have been driven further back.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BEACH.

BY CURRIAN RICE.

“**W**HERE is that place of yours at the seashore?” I answered her evasively. “*Where*, did you say?” I hailed a passing car and with a “Beg pardon, Mrs. Mc-Flimsey; I have a train to catch,” I was gone. No, she is not the kind we want at Happy-Go-Lucky Beach. It is the one perfect place in the State of—well, let us say in New England, where, during the hottest of summers, we have not even a reminder of what the rest of the world is suffering at the hands of unregenerate and unrelenting thermometers.

A bluff fifty feet high slopes back three hundred feet to the cool, green meadows, and it is covered with tall pines and oaks which grow over the face almost to high-water mark. Among the trees nestle the cottages, while at the foot of the bluff the great granite boulders lie in the wildest confusion. From low-water mark there stretches out a beautiful beach, where bathers can go for a hundred feet without getting out of their depth, and where little children may play in the water with perfect safety. The bay is crescent-shaped, ending with Moose-a-tuck-a-luck-ma-gun-tic Point on the east and Point Hassock on the west. Clams, lobsters, oysters, mussels, fish, wild duck and plover! They are all to be had for the picking. You need not trouble the butcher if you can handle a lobster-pot or a fish-hook, or have sense enough to dig clams on the point with the unpronounceable name, or pick up oysters at the other end of the bay. It is the one spot on the Atlantic coast that leaves nothing to be desired. Think of it!

Country and seashore plighting their troth in the shadows of those great trees. The cool, green woodland, with its ferns and mosses and its quiet, steadfast beauty, lying in the arms of the restless, ever-changing sea. A rocky coast crouching at the foot of a beautiful bluff, now drenched in surf and spray, now sitting in the still moonlight with its feet on the smooth, white sands and dallying with the little waves as they come and go;—was there ever a fairer combination, a sweeter wedlock?

If you don't believe it, come and see.

No, gentle reader; do not draw forth that plethoric pocket-book and spread out that how-much-a-foot smile. The lots are all disposed of, and a Happy-Go-Lucky Beacher would as soon part with his immortal soul as to forfeit his claim to the ground that stands under his modest cottage, or the trees that bend over it, or the rocks that lie in front of it. No, you must cultivate the acquaintance of one of us who dwell there if you would see our Arcadia. One such favored individual said last summer, “I did not know that there was such a place on earth—or in heaven.”

The people? Ah! there is the crown-ing glory of Happy-Go-Lucky Beach. Nature has done all she could for that matchless spot, but a kind Providence deliberately selected the inhabitants. Not an empty head among them; not a parvenu suddenly come to riches; not a dowager with daughters in the market; not a single cross-grained, gouty old person who groans and complains until you are forced to wish that cholera-infantum had been more prevalent sixty years ago. Not one of these bugbears of the typical summer resort, but a lot of healthy, happy, young people, full of fun and love of adventure, keen as razors and as full of spirits as a shad is of bones. True, there are gray-haired college professors and one or two doctors of divinity among them, but they leave their dignity at home, in their lecture-rooms and pulpits, and at Happy-Go-Lucky Beach they don their flannel suits and slouch hats and are as young and merry as the youngest.

You should have been behind the wood-pile where I—but never mind, I will tell you the story. Professor Dan Rivers wanted the roof of his cottage painted, and after trying in vain to get a man to do it, he and his brothers Hen and Ben donned overalls and went to work in good earnest. Dr. Rivers came out and, after watching them for a minute or two, said, “If I only had something to wear I would come up and help you.” “Ask Fanny,” was the response, and soon the doctor appeared transformed as to the outer man and, climbing to the roof, all four were soon painting as if for dear life.

"Can you tell me where I can find Professor Rivers?" It was a gentleman in a dog-cart who spoke, and as Professor Dan looked over the edge of the roof and wiped a spot of paint from his cheek he could not repress a smile as he quietly answered, "I am the man."

"Oh! ah! yes, you are the man; but excuse me, my good fellow, it was Professor Rivers I wished to see." Henry looked up and said, laughing, "Perhaps I am the one; I am Professor Rivers." "Or me," said Benjamin; "I, too, am Professor Rivers." "Oh!" said the gentleman, growing sarcastic, "and probably you, too," addressing the Doctor, "are Professor Rivers, also?" "Well," was the laughing reply, "they don't call me Professor. I am Dr. Rivers, president of ——— College, of which two of my sons are professors. This one," turning to Dan, "is principal of the Morton High School; probably he is the one you wish to see."

When it dawned upon the aspirant for a position on the teaching force of the Morton High School that the four men on the roof were really what they claimed to be, there was a hearty laugh and an invitation to dinner, at which Professors Daniel, Henry, Benjamin and the good doctor appeared, clothed and presumably in their right minds.

We called our place Arcadia, but everything did not always go serenely there, and this little incident gives the keynote to one of our grievances. It was impossible to get any one to work for us. And yet, and yet—there was Brer Johns. Shades of Abraham Lincoln and John Brown! what had Happy-Go-Lucky Beach done that it could not be blessed by the presence of an African gentleman of negro descent who was willing to work? As we read the dispensations of Providence, Brer Johns was placed on that beach for the especial purpose of splitting our wood, digging our flower-beds, and wheeling off such rubbish as we were unable to carry in our arms. Were we Happy-Go-Lucky-Beachers above manual labor ourselves? Not that I am aware of. We came from our class-rooms, our pulpits, and our offices, and on our arrival there we straightway forgot what manner of men we had been, and we took up the shovel and the hoe and the rake, and for the time we turned cleaners-up of the ground.

Verily, it was needful, for the autumn fallings and the winter blowings had covered up matters so that it was not always easy to locate our cottages. We rose early and we raked leaves and pulled weeds and dragged away the branches that had been blown down by the winter storms, and the very novelty of the thing made it seem exceeding good in our eyes. But there was a limit. We could not split logs or haul stones. Here was where the dispensation of Brer Johns came in. The farmers around were too busy to come to our rescue.

Brer Johns lived with his wife and six pickaninnies in a small hut on Moosattuckahopetodieif I can pronounce it Point, and he had nothing to do but to fish and catch eels. We wanted him. We all wanted him. We all wanted him at once. We all wanted him at once badly, and there were coins in our pockets that were fairly dancing to get out and pass into his in exchange for his services. After he had worked for us all day we were perfectly willing he should catch eels all night, if he felt like it, but that was not the order of Heaven's first law with Brer Johns. He wanted to catch eels on every available night, and it was only when he couldn't go eeling, and he "felt like it," or he didn't "forgit it," or didn't "have to work for some man down the beach," that we could secure his priceless services for an hour or two.

No entreaties or persuasions had ever induced Brer Johns to work more than two hours at a time within history, except for one man. At that period, no matter what stage in his work he had reached, he would "quit," as he called it, because he "had to split wood for a man up the beach," or he "had to go home for a while," or he had "promised to get some clams for a lady down the beach." It was of no use to plead with him, to shed tears as you depicted to him the misery of a front walk all dug up, or a wood-house disemboweled of its rubbish, which was scattered far and near, preparatory to a "clarin'up." He only gave a sort of submarine gurggle and said he'd "come to-morrer an' finish up the job." "To-morrer!" May I make a pilgrimage on my bare feet to the tomb of Ananias and Sapphira if that "to-morrer" ever came. The only times he ever worked for me were when I pounced

upon him in the road and dragged him off to my lair before he could invent any excuse, and then he worked so faithfully and so well that I was willing to forgive him for all the lies he had ever told and all he was likely to tell for a week to come—and that was taking a big contract.

There was one of our number, however, who had wrought some spell upon Brer Johns and he could get him whenever he wanted him, and this fact tended to cause a distinct coolness between us. It was Mr. Jellaby. He owned the worst looking cottage in the grove, and it was so shabbily built that it was in constant need of bolstering up to keep it from falling into innocuous desuetude. Whenever he wanted Brer Johns to do this he could have him. On several occasions he got that man out from under our very noses, so to speak, and when we were perishing for the want of a little firewood, and kept him working for him *all day*. How did he do it? That was the point we longed to know, and our wrath waxed hotter and hotter. How did Mr. Jellaby bewitch him so he would work for him from sunrise to sunset? We cornered Mr. Jellaby. We coaxed and we wheedled; we offered him candy and cigars; we threatened him with the thumb-screws and the rack; we offered him the choice between death and disclosure, and he only laughed in our faces. Perhaps his cottage was "the meanest on the beach"; perhaps it had "three roofs and yet it rained harder inside than it did outside"; perhaps "the floors were not planed," and "a stove-pipe stuck through the kitchen partition served for a chimney." Perhaps "the brave plans for a new cottage which had been on exhibition for five years had not materialized"; never mind, he could get Brer Johns when he wanted him and could keep him until the work was done; hoped he might never have a new cottage if he couldn't do it every time in spite of us. Finally, he hoped the old cottage might drift out to sea and the land pass into the hand of his worst enemy—indicating me with a jerk of his thumb—if he ever told us how he did it. On such occasions there was nothing more to be said, and to cool the fires that were raging within us we usually shouldered our baskets, started for Moosa—nevermindtherest Point, and went clamming.

There is something about clamming that is unlike fox-hunting. It is calmative and cooling, especially about the ankles when the tide is coming in. Everybody knows that a cold, saturated solution of NaCl, properly applied, acts as a revulsive and withdraws red cells from congested brain tissue in the most magical manner. This is a most merciful and Providential arrangement; for, difficult as it may be for a non-clamming public to believe, there is such a disease as clam-mania. It is more prevalent when clams are large and clams are plenty, and the delusion consists in the belief that not a clam must be left on the bank that morning; that all must be "removed at the one sitting," as the doctors say. Entreaties and persuasions of friends are alike useless; promises of a good breakfast; the already bursting condition of the clam baskets, threatening to swamp the boat; the knowledge that the patient has already gathered more than he and the five thousand can eat; sore finger-tips and aching knees are of no avail. The prognosis becomes grave in the extreme; but when the creeping, crawling tide comes in and first soaks his feet and ankles, then fills up his holes and finally threatens to carry him and his clam basket out to sea unless he gets up and leaves that clam bank, that is the all-convincing, mind-redeeming argument; and if the tide only will come in before complete insanity is established, clamming is a safe and healthy amusement.

A good story is told of a tall lumberman from Maine, who came to Happy-Go-Lucky Beach one summer, and who enjoyed the clam-chowders immensely. He was anxious to know how the clams were obtained. He was told that they grew on bushes and had to be picked after dark, when the dew was on them, to secure their best flavor. He acquiesced blandly, and his hosts chuckled inwardly. By-and-by the conversation turned on lumber, and the question was asked how old a pine-tree had to be before it was fit to be used for ship-building. "Wa-al," said the Maniac, "where I cum from, ef it's a bad year we don't git more'n one crop of pine-trees; but ef it's a good growin' year we git two or three." The company dispersed without the benediction.

We are a simple, unpretending com-

munity at Happy-Go-Lucky Beach. Whatever of society manners we ever had, we leave in the city until our return, and whoever ventures to air any contraband article of that sort is made to pay such heavy duty that he ceases therefrom in the future. Hen Rivers says: "When the Beach gets so that we cannot wear our flannel shirts all day and go clamming in our bathing-suits we are going to move out." Bonnets, gloves and stove-pipe hats are laid aside on our arrival, and not resumed till the owners start for the great world again.

Invitations to sailing parties, straw rides or picnics are given verbally and in the most informal manner. Sometimes they are shouted at us from the stern of a hay-wagon, where our would-be host is stealing a ride; or they are sent by the mouth of one of the children, who proceeds to mix up things so that we are compelled to sail forth to find out whether we have been invited to a botanizing excursion, an autopsy, or a clambake.

Any attempt to put on style is met with hoots of derision. We are there to rest and have a good time, and we are bound to accomplish our purpose. We do have a good time, an uninterruptedly good time. There are only one or two drawbacks. One, I have mentioned, is Brer Johns. The other is the difficulty of reading the tags on some of the cottagers, our neighbors. I think I have mentioned a family by the name of Rivers in this narrative of mine. They are sober and industrious, though not poor, but they try the soul of every H.-G.-L. Beacher for a year or two after his arrival. Mrs. Rivers? There are four of them, besides two Misses Rivers. You cannot go outside of your cabin without stepping on one of them. The thing is to find out which man belongs to which woman, and which two are as yet undesignated, and after you think you have them all sorted out and labeled, some trifle mixes you up and the whole thing has to be done over again. The Rivers', however, are but as a drop in the bucket, compared with the Plums. There are four brothers who look exactly alike, with thirty-seven children, more or less, among them. They never all come to the Beach together, and that makes it all the harder. After days of solemn study, interspersed with private quizzes,

when you think you really know them apart and have their children all apporportioned out, in will pop another brother and his family, and there is nothing left for you but to rend your clothes and sit down on the ash-heap again. We studied them all of two summers, and in the pride of our youth we imagined ourselves capable of passing a regent's examination on them. We felt positive that we had the William, the John and the Andrew Plums all located and anchored in our wandering minds, when one day we were suddenly driven out to sea without compass or chronometer. Here was a Mr. Henry Plum and three small plumlets, with a tall daughter of Mr. John Plum, whom we had never seen before; all fair haired, sweet faced, gentle voiced, tender mannered; so much alike that it was simply maddening. We counted nineteen of them one morning going to the station with the husband of one, the father, uncle, brother, brother-in-law and cousin of the rest of them, and positively you couldn't tell which children belonged to which parents.

I have said nothing about the sailing and boating at Happy-Go-Lucky Beach, but that constitutes one of the chief attractions of the place. Children of ten years can row and sail all over that sheltered bay in pleasant weather without fear of sudden squall or treacherous current, while outside of the islands and the points the yachtsman can have all the rough water he wants. The women of our Arcadia leave their pianos, easels, and fine needlework in the city, and when they come to us they bare their white arms and show equal skill in the use of a pair of oars, a tiller rope, and even the reefing-points. Swimming, diving, driving, clamming, fishing, hauling boats out of the surf—they are equally at home in or out of the water, and Happy-Go-Lucky Beach is proud of their achievements, whether in the ordering of and presiding at a good shore-dinner, or in their enthusiastic assistance in the procuring of the materials for the feast.

Such is the Arcadia which a kindly and beneficent Providence has given to some of us to enjoy. Can you wonder that we bless our happy stars all summer, and through the long cold winter count the days before our feet may again tread that earthly paradise?



Photo. by West & Son, Southsea.

VALKYRIE III.

See "The Cup Champions." (pp. 451-7.)



Photo. by Byron, N. Y.

DEFENDER.

See "The Cup Champions." (pp. 451-7.)

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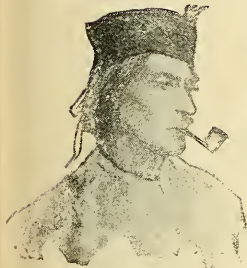
SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 6.

THE SEIGNEUR'S SHOOTING PARTY.

By M. Gertrude Candill.

I.



PELLETIER.

CONRAD CARSTAIRS, Seigneur of Des Nuages, was a splendid example of what a man should be, in looks at least. Even in his old shooting-jacket and tweed knickerbockers he had the careless grace that one sees only in a gentleman. No one could call him strictly good-looking, but he had a face which grew more pleasing as one learned to know him.

Returning from an English college when just beginning his twenties, he had found himself the heir to the old seigneurie, where, as a boy, he had spent many a happy holiday with a bachelor uncle; and there he had lived for more than ten years, winter and summer, seldom leaving it.

It is true, at times he felt as though a little other society than his own would have been an improvement, as he sat in winter at his solitary dinner in the big dining-room, with the logs crackling in the huge fire-place, and the icy wind moaning and groaning at every crevice, and making the old house shiver and settle on its foundations noisily.

The letters which his only and married sister received from him, far away in her English home, were always bright and cheery enough in his own dry way; and she finally dropped her suggestions that he should find himself a

wife, after he had replied, in one of his letters, "that if she was specially anxious that he should give up his freedom he would propose the idea to his old housekeeper, Marie, as she was the one woman he knew thoroughly well; she could manage the household affairs and understood his peculiarities."

"Marie or no one," he ended, "for it is certainly not worth a hundred miles' journey to the nearest town, and I know no other unmarried lady in the vicinity."

So young Mrs. Elmsly answered any inquiries as to her brother's state with:

"Conrad married! Dear me, no. He's a crusty old bachelor and likely to remain so."

On the particular bright September day when this story opens old Marie had asserted her authority in things domestic to a somewhat disagreeable extent, and Carstairs had taken to the woods to avoid her preparations for his expected guests.

Sport was poor, and Carstairs, tired of wandering aimlessly about, called to the dogs and started for home.

It was nearly dark when he reached the village, for in September the days shorten rapidly. As he passed one of the cottages within half a mile of the seigneurie, the sound of a piano made him stop short.

"Heavens!" said he, "those Miss Orfords haven't left yet. I certainly should have called on them, seeing I'm an old resident, and more especially as



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"THEY NEEDED A MASTER-HAND." (p. 424.)

Gillespie asked me to. But I expect they've voted me a boor long ago, so I won't trouble myself now."

He was right as to the opinion of him held by the occupants, for Kit Orford said as he passed: "Oh, do stop that thumping, Nell. There goes Mr. Carstairs with his dogs."

"That's interesting, I'm sure," said her sister, between the chords she was endeavoring to master; "of all boors I've ever heard of, Mr. Carstairs is decidedly the king. We have been here nearly two months and he has neither called nor taken any notice, though Hugh said he had asked him to. If I ever do meet him, by any chance, I shall snub him."

The "boor" in question had hardly reached home and made himself presentable, when loud halloos and resounding raps were heard at the front door. He walked leisurely down the broad stairs and found his two friends disputing with their driver in French of the vilest description.

"Hullo! old chap. Come here like a brick and stop this old fool's noise. I've given him twice what he's worth;" and Jack Campbell, commonly known as "Gobang," from his impetuous behavior, clapped his host on the back and shoved him forward.

Carstairs soon put things to rights, and then shook hands with his older guest, who had stood in the background looking rather put out at such a disturbance.

Both the new arrivals were pleasant-looking men. The younger, Campbell, was fair, red-cheeked, impulsive, good-looking and jolly. He was a great favorite among men and girls alike.

The elder, Carleton Davies, was an old college chum in a crack English regiment. He was a man of thirty, or thereabouts; not especially good-looking, or especially well off; nor had he the winning manner of young Campbell; but he was one of that type of the quiet, reserved, and thoroughbred Englishman who, once a friend, is always a friend.

Carstairs, as he smilingly surveyed the two, one on either side of him, while they did full justice to a dinner, in the cooking of which Marie had excelled herself, was perfectly satisfied

with his selection of visitors. "He and Davies were inclined to be old fogies, and Campbell," he thought, "would just stir them up a bit with his nonsense."

"Oh!" said the boy, as he pushed back his chair and puffed at a cigarette, "I wish I'd been here a month sooner. No end of a lot of pretty girls were here, I was told."

"There you are, Gobang, the same as ever, I see. I thought by this time you'd be *blasé* enough to have lost interest in young ladies. Yes, there were some nice girls but three miles from here, though you'd not have seen much of them at this old bachelor's diggings."

"My dear fellow, I would not have remained here then. The ones I heard most of from Gillespie were the Miss Orfords, connections of his. Did you know them?"

"No," said Carstairs shortly, and vouchsafed no more.

"Dare say they were bad form, as tourists generally are," remarked Davies in his most aggravating tone, for he loved to tease the enthusiastic Gobang.

These three clashed on most subjects, but on sporting topics they were safe, and to these the tide turned and remained till bed-time.

The next day was pleasant, and Carstairs was at no loss to find amusement for his guests.

The morning was spent in shooting, and quite a good bag was made by the three guns, for both Carstairs and Campbell were unerring shots. Davies did little shooting. All the same he enjoyed thoroughly the tramp through the woods, in the crisp, cool air, and was in such excellent spirits that the jibes and jokes of the irrepressible Gobang fell on barren soil; and the boy was forced to turn his flow of chaff upon Carstairs, who was equally good-humored, but who took more trouble than the imperturbable Davies to return some well-directed shafts.

In the afternoon Carstairs had business to transact some miles off, and took Davies with him; so Campbell was left to his own resources, which, indeed, were seldom exhausted. He wandered down to the stony beach, where the big waves crashed on the rocks; he climbed up the neighboring hill and ex-



Painted for Ouring by A. W. Van Deusen.

"QUITE A GOOD BAG WAS MADE." (p. 415.)

plored things generally ; so that when they all met at dinner he seemed to have spent his time profitably and pleasantly.

A mysterious smile kept spreading itself on his sunburnt face ; but he did not refer to his doings until the pipes were brought out, and then, as he leisurely filled his much-prized meerschaum, he said :

"How is it, Carstairs, that you never mentioned the fact that the Miss Orfords were in the immediate neighborhood still?"

"What do you know about the Miss Orfords?"

"My dear fellow, I was taught it was bad form to answer one question with another. However, I thought I mentioned their names last night."

"It's not my custom to talk of people I know nothing of," said Carstairs.

"Quite right, old chap, quite right," said this impudent young man, with a

"No, I haven't; but my motto is, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day,' and so, when I saw the eldest Miss Orford being set upon by a miserable little brute of a dog, near your gates, I said to myself, 'Well, Jack, my boy, you might wait till to-morrow and get a nice and proper introduction from your dignified host, which would, in itself, give you a certain prestige; but, in the meantime, the young lady may be the worse for several bites.' So I first dispatched the dog, and then made myself known with all the air of the hero in a dime novel."

"I said I was staying with you, that she might know I was respectable; but, Jove! I don't know that it raised me in her estimation, for your name did not bring the glow of pleasant admiration I expected to see."

"What did she say about me?" demanded Carstairs shortly.

"My dear fellow, I did not ask for her opinion of you, but I merely put two and two together, and concluded you were not held by her in the light of a *beau-ideal*. Suppose you haven't done the civil to them."

"Surely it is not necessary I should call on every Dick, Tom and Harry that comes to the place, is it?" very testily.

"Oh! I didn't know there were any brothers. She only mentioned a mother and sister."

"You know what I mean, you young scamp."

"Well, supposing I do, I think, as I intend to see a lot of them, you might as well come to-morrow and call with me. It would look better, and as I assured Miss Orford, 'He may seem a surly old frump, but he really is not half bad.'"

II.

It was a rainy day, and what a day too! The rain had come down in torrents since breakfast; a thick fog had rolled in from the river, and the wind



"CONRAD MARRIED!" (p. 413.)

wink at Davies, which was wasted entirely; "but, you see, I've the pleasure of knowing one of the charming people in question."

"You've not lost much time," said Davies, dryly.

seemed threatening to wrench the house from its foundations.

The three men who sat round the fire in the smoking-room seemed, however, in good humor. They had not yet reached that stage of discontentment when the spirit of contradiction and argument enters, as is the case when two or three days of such weather have restricted the inmates of a house to their own society.

"I say," said Campbell, "who's game for a walk? I've finished the 'Sporting and Dramatic' and 'The Field,' and I am not in a literary frame of mind, at all events."

the village? I'd no idea you took any stock in the local belles."

Carstairs continued to button the numerous flaps and capes. Then he said slowly:

"Well, you know, I thought, at least I supposed, er—that you would like to call on the Orfords, and I've no objections to going too."

"Oh, Carstairs, I was awfully cheeky last night. I shouldn't have said what I did. You're quite at liberty to choose your own friends, I'm sure. Don't bother about it."

"No, no, Jack. I haven't, as you said, 'done the civil,' and I mean to try



"KIT WAS WILLING TO BE VERY PLEASANT." (p. 419.)

Davies made no reply; he was oblivious to everything, as he puffed away at his pipe and read, "A Gentleman of France." Carstairs, however, who was doing accounts, responded eagerly:

"I'll go, youngster, if you like, though a swim is more like the name for it to-day."

Gobang went off in search of top-boots and ulster, and Carstairs dashed upstairs.

In ten minutes he reappeared in a fresh suit, collar and tie, and struggling into his long mackintosh.

"My word! Is it necessary to put on all one's smart togs to walk through

and make up now. It will make it pleasanter for you."

The truth was that Carstairs had just enough self-conceit not to wish to be disliked by any one; and as Miss Orford had showed she did so, he was determined she should be given an opportunity of changing her opinion.

The storm was worse than Carstairs had supposed, and they were both thankful to reach the Orfords' snug little cottage—where they found Mrs. Orford and the two girls sitting round the little wood stove, working and chatting merrily.

Introductions were made all round, and Gobang immediately had eyes for no one but Miss Kit, the youngest, a pretty fair-haired girl of nineteen, with sparkling blue eyes and a frank, open manner.

Kit was willing to be very pleasant to Carstairs, but, with the perversity of man, he would not take what he could get, but wanted what was withheld from him.

Miss Orford was polite to him, she was in her own house; but she was just polite and no more. She devoted herself to Campbell, and treated all Carstairs' advances with such indifference that he did not know whether to be annoyed, or amused at her.

She certainly made a pleasing picture. She was dressed well, too, he thought. But dinner-time was approaching, and Carstairs reluctantly made the move. As he shook hands with Mrs. Orford he said, in the courteous manner which suited him so well:

"We have discovered so many mutual friends, Mrs. Orford, that we have a great deal in common already, have we not? If you can put up with the irregularities of a bachelor's household, I would be so pleased if you and your daughters would give us the pleasure of dining with us to-morrow night."

Nell Orford looked quickly at her mother, and slightly, very slightly, shook her head; but Mrs. Orford either did not see, or would not take the hint, and replied smilingly and ingenuously:

"Indeed, we shall be delighted, shall we not, girls? You don't know, Mr. Carstairs, what a treat it will be to have a meal outside our own house." And Nell was obliged to smile an assent, while Kit eagerly seconded her mother.

"Oh! what made you accept, mamma?" said Nell impatiently, as the door closed behind the visitors. Carstairs caught the words, and Campbell wondered what made him shut the gate so very hard.

Gobang splashed along, chattering merrily all the way home, until Carstairs nearly shook the boy, for his mind was full of many things, and Campbell's artless prattle jarred upon him.

Davies was more talkative at dinner, than was his wont, and wished to hear about the visit.

"Did the young ladies respond to the olive branch?" he asked.

Carstairs was spared from answering for Campbell broke in:

"By Jove, yes! They were jolly glad to see us. Gave us tea and ripping cake that Miss Kit had made herself."

"Ah!" said Carstairs. "Then no wonder you ate such a lot. I'm glad to see you had a method in your madness."

Gobang laughed. "But, I say, Davies, you should see old Carstairs in the light of a masher. He talked very nicely to mamma, but gad, if looks mean anything, they must have said a lot to one of the daughters."

"Which one?" said Davies.

Carstairs, with bated breath, waited for Campbell's reply, as he leisurely finished his claret.

"Oh, the youngest of course," said that youth complacently, "and I'd think it confounded cheek," nodding at Carstairs, "for I've bespoken her myself, if it were not that I know you've no chance."

"My word, Conrad! I see you in a new light. I always considered you a mild follower of the woman hater type."

"As far as I know, I've always been perfectly indifferent to women, and am still. If a woman is clever and amusing, I'd as soon talk to her as a man, but I'd never put myself out to see more of her. There's nothing to agitate either you or Campbell. I went and called on the Orfords, was polite to Mrs. Orford, and allowed Gobang to enjoy himself, and, well, there it stands."

"You needn't have invited them to dinner," said Gobang, with a grin, and Davies raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Oh, hang it all!" said the seigneur, "Mrs. Orford had expressed a wish to see the house, having known my uncle well, and the best way was to ask her to a meal. You sift the matter to the bottom, like any old woman!" and he pushed out his chair angrily.

The dinner went off splendidly; the house looked charming, and no prettier girls could have been found in Canada, than Nell and Kit Orford, as they sat in the long drawing-room and amused

three admiring men without one atom of self-consciousness or affectation.

Nell was looking more beautiful than ever, or so Carstairs thought, and she had thawed a little too; although, much to his discomfiture, she seemed greatly taken with Davies. She sang and played exquisitely, and this certainly added to her charms in Carstairs' eyes, for, hermit as he was, he was passionately fond of music.

As soon as she left the piano Davies monopolized her, and Carstairs was forced to listen to reminiscences of aunts, uncles and cousins, of whom he had known nothing, for it appeared Mrs. Orford had known most of his people. And all the time one eye was vainly endeavoring to see what was going on behind him, and he began to think he must be getting deaf, because he could not hear what that soft, low voice was saying to Davies.

When they finally were departing, and he opened the big hall door, he said in a low voice to Nell, "I hope we have not bored you as much as you expected, Miss Orford."

She looked at him amazed, and it was he who was made to feel uncomfortable, though he knew she had understood what he meant. "Serves me right," he said to himself, "I should not have referred to what I was not intended to hear."

III.

The days passed on, and it did not "stand there," as Carstairs had intended it should; for every day he found himself more in love with Nell Orford. She, on the contrary, seemed to dislike him more than ever. She fought, argued with and snubbed him so severely that he began to wonder if he had ever possessed an opinion worth calling one. She occasionally would show signs of relenting, but if he tried to take advantage of such a mood, he was immediately rebuffed.

Mrs. Orford, often displeased and surprised at Nell's rudeness, remonstrated with her in her gentle voice which had never been raised in anger, but Nell only laughed. "Never mind, you dear old mother, he needs rousing. He's lived too long in his own narrow groove, perfectly content with his own

opinions and ideas, and he needs a little shaking-up."

So they went on excursions, both walking and driving; they lunched at the cottage and dined at the seigneurie, and on every occasion the unhappy seigneur received the same treatment.

He was too reserved to confide in either of his friends, for he thought Davies would jeer, and he knew Campbell believed it to be the younger one.

It was fast approaching the day on which the seigneur's little party would have to disperse, when Gobang came home to dinner one evening, full of a plan that he and the Orfords had been arranging that afternoon.

"I say, Conrad, you have a canoe, haven't you?" he asked as his host entered the room.

"Of course; but it is getting far too cold to go out on the river now."

"Yes, I suppose so; but Miss Nell and I were thinking this afternoon what a jolly thing it would be to drive away up the St. Stephen river, to-morrow, and then come down the rapids. Miss Orford says it is quite the thing to do, and that we should not leave without doing it. She and Miss Kit are game for it, and—"

"You and Miss Orford are both hard up for amusement if you attempt any such thing, and I shall certainly not allow it. The whole idea is perfectly mad. In the summer it is all very well for men to try it, though even then it is dangerous; but that anyone, short of a lunatic, should think of it at this season is to me incredible. The river is at any time a most deceptive one, with unexpected shallows and rocks at every turn, but now the water is so low that the rapids will be almost impassable."

"Well, Miss Orford said that Gillespie did it all right last year, and she can get a canoe from Michel Tessier, and she said you'd be sure to have one or two. She suggested that we should drive out in buckboards, and that Pelletier could take the canoes in the hay-cart."

"Well," said Carstairs grimly, "since my man, my hay-cart and canoes are to be used, I suppose my society can be dispensed with."

"Oh! Carstairs, don't turn rusty, there's a good fellow. Miss Orford expects you to go, of course. She said you

would take Miss Kit, she supposed, and Tessier could paddle Davies."

"Oh, she thought I'd take Miss Kit. Well, I'll neither take Miss Kit, nor allow you to take Miss Orford, or anyone else, for I'm in a certain degree responsible for the lives of my guests, at all events; and I shall tell those two young ladies so as soon as possible."

Campbell looked decidedly crestfallen, and vouchsafed no reply; but Davies said quietly:

"It may be risky, Carstairs, but I can hardly imagine the results to be as fatal as you insist. I, for my part, should like it above all things."

The seigneur seemed surprised at this turn in the tide. He had expected Captain Davies to back him up.

"Well," he said "I suppose you and Campbell can do as you please, but I shall certainly do my best to prevent Miss Orford and her sister from going with you."

The fact of the whole matter was that he was put out and hurt beyond measure that the whole plan had been arranged without asking his advice or consulting him, who, as an old resident, knew more about it than did any of them.

It was a very determined-looking man who, immediately after dinner, donned his over-coat and walked down the road.

A disagreeable man, too, you would have said, had you seen him repulse the yard dog which ran to greet him.

Nell was singing when he reached the cottage, and Carstairs, as he waited at the sitting-room door till she finished, wondered how that voice, always so indifferent and cold to him, could sing with such tenderness the plaintive little song, "If I but knew." He could watch her face from where he stood, and felt all his angry feelings against her die away.

But he steeled his heart, and as the song ended he entered the room, saying abruptly:

"Good evening, Miss Orford! What is this nonsense I hear about shooting the rapids?"

It was certainly not the way to broach the subject, but Carstairs was not the man to beat about the bush. Nell showed her disapproval by simply ig-

noring the question. She made some commonplace remarks, and announced that her mother had gone to bed with a bad headache; and Kit began to ply him with questions about the non-arrival of the daily mail. But he was not to be put off.

"Well, I hope you have put the crazy idea Mr. Campbell spoke of entirely out of your head," he said in a dictatorial tone, which in spite of himself he invariably used to Miss Orford.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," said Nell, straightening herself defiantly.

And forthwith, Carstairs launched into the subject, and expounded his views in no measured terms. As soon as he stopped for breath, Nell said calmly: "I'm sorry, Mr. Carstairs, that you should disapprove so strongly of the plan. Still, it can hardly affect you very materially, as you are not compelled to go. As for being responsible for your guests" (for he had urged this point), "I should have imagined they were men enough to have opinions of their own, and also to make you in no way accountable for any risks they may care to run. Naturally, with neither them, nor you, have I any say in the matter, but I can only repeat what I told Mr. Campbell, that my mother says nothing against it; and as I have engaged both Tessier's canoe and services, my sister and I intend to keep to our plan."

"But, Nell, if Mr. Carstairs really knows it to be dangerous—" said Kit anxiously, who was rather given to shift with every wind.

"We have already discussed that, Kit, and I fancy Tessier as competent to judge as any one," replied her sister.

"But, Miss Orford, won't you—won't you give it up as a favor? Won't my wishes have any weight with you?"

"I don't understand why they should, Mr. Carstairs, any more than mine have with you. You hardly began the subject by putting it in the light of a favor. But really it is not worth while discussing, is it?" With a complete change of tone, and a most charming smile, "I hear my mother calling and I must go to her," and she quietly left the room.

The seigneur was not slow to take his dismissal.

Nell did not return, so very shortly Kit turned out the lamps, and went up to her sister's bed-room. She found Nell sitting on the edge of the high bed brushing her hair vigorously, as she always did when not at rest in her mind.

"What always makes you so rude to Mr. Carstairs, Nell?" said Kit, leaning against the door and surveying her sister seriously.

"Well, I'm rude to Mr. Carstairs because it's his habitual manner to me. How dare he come and lay down the law to me, and treat me like a naughty little school girl!"

"Oh, he didn't do that."

"Most certainly he did. 'What's all this nonsense?' he said, before he'd shaken hands. You needn't come if you're afraid, but go I shall, if only to show him I mean what I say."

"If he'd come and told me it was dangerous, and asked me not to go, in a nice way, I might have yielded, but now—"

"You wouldn't have, Nell. If Mr. Carstairs had from the first begged you on his knees, you wouldn't have given in. Why? Simply because he's Mr. Carstairs, whom from the first, for some reason, you've always treated in such a horrid, ill-bred way, that you've made me ashamed," and Kit's eyes flashed.

Nell was completely aghast. The idea of her little sister taking her to task in such a summary manner.

"I think you had better go away, Kit, until you recollect yourself," she said with dignity, though her lips trembled.

Then she spoilt the effect by saying:

"I hate cowardice, especially in a man."

"He's not a coward, but he certainly is a fool to bother his head about you," and Kit fled from the room, banging the door behind her.

IV.

The following morning dawned bright, and freezingly cold. The inmates of the seigneurie were up betimes; for Carstairs had returned the previous evening and announced that the plan was to be carried out, and all arrangements were completed.

Campbell, surprised and delighted, thought that Miss Nell must have been very charming to win over the seigneur so easily; and only Davies saw that his host's careless and good-natured indifference was but assumed.

"No, no, my friend, you did not get the best of it," he thought, as he watched Carstairs' gloomy face.

It was half-past nine to the minute when the two buckboards rattled up to the cottage, and found the two girls waiting at the gate. They were both dressed in heavy tweed suits and "gillie" capes, and looked, as they always did, decidedly well-bred.

Carstairs merely lifted his hat, and laughed in response to a greeting from Kit; but he did not move from his place beside Michel in the one-seated vehicle.

"There's sure to be a discussion if I get out," he thought, "and I'm not going to spoil her pleasure by inflicting my society upon her."

So Campbell and Kit, Captain Davies and Nell, with many jokes and much laughter, clambered into the double buck-board, and followed the lead given by Tessier and his sturdy pony, which galloped up all the hills and walked on the level places, after the manner of the horses at Des Nuages.

It was a long drive to the point of the river where they were to embark, and it was almost twelve o'clock when they reached there.

Pelletier was lying on a rock half asleep when they arrived, and he did not seem to have yet recovered from the surprise he had experienced at their attempting such a fool-hardy feat.

"Parbleu!" he said, "Ces Americaines, zey will do anyt'ing. I have spe'k all I can, but it was just as good if I not spe'k at all. This river, she's trop dangereuse; et je veux bien clat I nevaire brought these canoe. Eh bien, you'll mind what I tell you, if you all get drown'."

"Why, Pelletier, you said yesterday it was quite safe," said Kit, laughing.

"Ah, well, you can laugh, mees, but the blacksmith 'e tell me c'est bien dangereuse, and 'e's a good scholar, for sure," and he strolled off to look after the horses.

They had a very merry luncheon, and, to do him justice, the seigneur behaved

exceedingly well. He was pleasant and obliging to all, and Nell, as she watched him from the comfortable seat he had found for her on a big brown rock, felt her conscience prick her more than was agreeable.

The meal finished, all left their seats except Nell to inspect the canoes. She remained to pack the basket, and Carstairs, to his discomfiture, was left behind also, for he was rinsing the plates in a small pool close by.

Neither of them spoke, and then, at last, Nell called out in a hesitating voice:

"Mr. Carstairs!"

He looked round and came toward her at once.

Poor Nell, all composure fled! and she began, her face flushing:

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs, I want, at least, I ought—I mean I have something to say to you."

Carstairs felt his heart thump like a sledge-hammer, but he would not help her out.

"I am, indeed, surprised," he said, in his most freezing manner, "that you should have anything whatever to say to me. I need hardly tell you how flattered I am."

And Nell, who that moment had meant to humble herself and ask his forgiveness, threw all thoughts of it to the wind.

"Yes," she said, "and it would be better not to diverge from the beaten track, and to leave it unsaid after all." And she joined the others, her hands clinched firmly under her cape, and her cheeks burning with humiliation and anger.

And Carstairs, who had meant her to have her say when he had made it sufficiently disagreeable for her, found that again he had decidedly taken the wrong tack.

"Look here," said Davies presently, "if we're ever going to start, we'd better do so at once. The fine day is departing, and those dark clouds don't look encouraging."

Pelletier protested there was going to be a storm, and that they had better drive home. Campbell and Kit, however, laughed him to scorn; and the former said, in his best French, which was indeed limited:

"Oh, fermez votre bouche, you old Johnny!"

In less than five minutes everything was packed, and the two Frenchmen departed with the three horses, to meet the party when they should disembark.

Campbell had already pushed out into the stream, with Kit seated comfortably in his canoe.

The seigneur was lifting his into the water.

"Miss Orford, you will come with me," he said, in a low tone.

"I am going with Captain Davies," she said, and called out, as if to convince him of her intentions:

"Do hurry, Captain Davies, or we shall be left behind."

Carstairs still waited.

"Miss Orford," he said, with a determined ring in his voice, "I don't trouble you much. Please get in at once."

Nell bit her lip, and frowned at his persistency.

"I have promised Captain Davies," she said, and stepped into his canoe.

The seigneur looked her straight in the eyes for a second, until she dropped hers in her confusion; then, seizing his paddle, shot out before them through the sullen looking water.

Numbers of crows in the old pine trees cawed unmercifully, and Carstairs almost shuddered as he listened to them, and glanced from the heavily clouded sky to the dark water.

It certainly was not a very cheerful scene; but Kit and Campbell, some distance ahead, did not seem depressed by it. They laughed, shouted, and sang songs, and were a decided contrast to the gloomy Carstairs, and even to Nell, who, though she had got her own way, did not seem in the best of spirits.

Captain Davies was as usual, for he was not the sort of a man one expects to be the life of a pic-nic. He shone more in the smoking-room, at a quiet gathering together of extremely well-balanced minds, all on an equality with his own.

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast; The rapids are near, and the daylight's past," floated to them in Kit's clear voice, and then Gobang shouted:

"You'd better look out, for we really are just there."

A minute after they turned a bend in the river, and in an instant were well into the tossing, swirling waves. The

water was, as Carstairs had said, very low, and the rocks reared their crowns ominously above the foam.

Insignificant as the rapids of the St. Stephen river are popularly supposed to be, they certainly needed a master-hand at the paddle.

Campbell was already well through them, and Kit had off her hat and was shaking the spray from her curly hair, like a water spaniel.

"Ugh," said she, "I wouldn't go through that again for a good deal—no, not even with you, Mr. Campbell."

The seigneur had dropped behind, and Davies was really doing splendidly, for a man of so little experience in canoes.

"Well," he said, "are you enjoying it, Miss Orford?" and he laughed, for Nell looked decidedly white and nervous.

"Yes," she said, "I'm glad I came, I think. It certainly is a new experience, though it is a little terrifying." Then, with a touch of asperity:

"I wish you wouldn't paddle in such a jerky way. It makes me quite nervous."

"Oh, come, now," said Davies, laughing, "you need not criticise me. You should have gone with Mr. Carstairs, for you know I didn't want you, and I told you so."

"Yes, I know; and oh, I wish, too, that I had taken your advice, for now Mr. Carstairs is so angry with me!" and her eyes filled with tears.

"Well, of all funny mixtures, commend me to this girl," thought Davies, as he watched her. "A moment ago she was ready to annihilate Carstairs for asking her, and now she's almost crying because she did not go with him."

"Jove! I'm glad we're through those rapids," he said aloud, as they reached the swiftly running stream once more; for it must be confessed he had felt nervous himself; and the seigneur, too, breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the black rocks, with their turmoil of surging water, left behind.

"Now she is safe," thought he; and calling out to Davies, complimented him on his skill.

Just at that moment a vindictive gust of wind seized upon Nell's sailor

hat, bedecked with many flies and a sprig of heather, and whirled it off into the stream. She felt it lose its moorings, and, with a quick movement, turned to catch it as it floated away.

The next moment she and Davies were both struggling in the water and clinging to the upturned canoe.

Almost instantly there was another splash, and the seigneur, who was a bold swimmer, was striking out to their help.

He knew how swift the current was, and also knew what they did not, that the river, though not deep, was full of treacherous holes.

"Hang on till I come," shouted he; but the next moment came a shriek from Nell:

"Captain Davies has sunk! He struck his head on something and let go."

Though Carstairs would fain have placed Nell in safety first, he knew the necessity of instant search for Davies.

"Stick to the canoe and you'll be safe," he cried, and then plunged down under water at the place indicated by Nell.

In another moment he had brought the senseless form of Davies above water, for he had not, as Carstairs was afraid, got caught in one of the terrible holes. It needed, however, all his strength to get his friend to shore, as the swift current threatened to drag them further on and dash them on the rocks. It was a stern battle, but he struggled on, and Campbell, who by this time had landed, was just in time to relieve the seigneur of his burden.

Nell, meantime, still clung manfully to the drifting canoe; but she felt her strength ebbing away. Her heavy skirt dragged her down; the icy water numbed her arms until she felt she must relax her hold.

It is said that when one is drowning one reviews almost every incident of one's past life. Nell's thoughts, however, seemed to turn back no farther than the past six weeks, and it was of the seigneur she thought. All her self-will, her foolish pride and childishness loomed before her, and she felt she was to have no chance of requital.

In another minute she must let go.

"Oh, Conrad! if you only could know

how sorry I am!" She felt her power of thought leaving her, a loud singing was in her ears, her chilled fingers loosed their hold, and then—

She felt a strong arm around her, and heard a shout of joy in the distance, and she knew no more.

* * * *

When Nell awoke she was lying in the high four-post bed in her little room, and the morning sun was streaming in. Her first thought was that it was the morning of the pic-nic. Then the presence of hot-water bags, a pile of blankets, and other objects foreign to her room, brought back everything, and she lay back on her pillows and cried passionately.

Kit, who had been at the door, eager for any sounds, now crept in, followed by Mrs. Orford; and these three, as they clung together and wept and laughed in turn, realized what they were to each other, and how near to one of them the Great Unseen World had been.

"Oh, mamma," sobbed Nell, as she lay in her mother's arms, "to think what might have happened, and all through my self-will and obstinacy."

The little French doctor had not forbidden his patient to get up, when she felt inclined; and, as the sleepy sun sank lazily down behind the purple hills,

Nell was sitting alone in the big arm-chair by the window.

Her mother and sister had gone for a brisk walk, and she was looking out for their returning figures.

The small gate clicked; a firm step strode up the gravel, and Nell knew now whose approach she had been watching, half unconsciously.

A moment more and the seigneur entered the room.

He carried a large bunch of heliotrope, plucked ruthlessly from the small conservatory, and, without a word, he laid it quietly on the table beside her, and stood looking at her. "Oh, why could he not speak?" thought Nell. Then she recovered herself, and in a dangerously trembling voice she told him all she had meant to confess the day before.

* * * *

And the best of it all is that Jack Campbell is thoroughly convinced that everything is due to his wily machinations; while Mrs. Elmsly lays the flattering unction to her soul that it was her urgent letters which really prompted her brother to take the final step.

But Conrad Carstairs and his wife, as they sit before the blazing fire in the cozy drawing-room at the seigneurie, never cease to look back with tender recollections to that shooting party and the happiness that came of it.



FOX HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.

By Mary Gay Humphreys.



IN portions of Virginia and Eastern Maryland the pursuit of the fox is considered to be the sport of sports. One of its best features is that it may be enjoyed by men and women together, for the true Southern woman is a lover of noble horse and deep-voiced hound. The most glorious fox-hunts are by moonlight.

The nature of the country hunted over, while it forbids enjoyment of the sport *a la mode*, has encouraged a form of fox-hunting which is at once peculiar and exciting enough to satisfy whoever will attempt to see a run through. In these hunts, as a rule, only the master and a couple of men are mounted, for the fox haunts the wood and bracken, and nobody wants to lose time by having to cut down reckless Absaloms from low-hanging branches of beech or pine.

The moon is not yet up, and the procession of riders, carriages, men and dogs winds along the silent lanes, and through mysterious avenues of poplars and pines.

The hounds enter the woods through the ram-shackle fence, Dancer, Trinket, Music, Vixen and the rest. The carriages file along, piloted by the master of the hounds. He rides like a centaur, and believes that horses, hounds and good whiskey are the best subjects for thought and conversation, and pursues them with an amiability that nothing can disturb.

The foolish young dogs start up the rabbits, giving tongue on every side to which nobody hearkens. The procession enters the dim recesses of the wood, and follows the trail of an old corduroy road. Straggling beams of the newly-risen moon find their way through the tree tops, and now and then light up an open space like a fairy circle in a pantomime, throwing the rest of the wood into deeper gloom.

Suddenly, the far-away bay of the rabbit-chasing pups is broken by a deep note. It comes from wise old Maryland, who has been attending strictly to business. The fox is scented. The master gives a bugle blast.

The truant hounds turn on their tracks, every throat sending forth its music. Horses, carriages, dogs are off pell-mell through the underbrush. The horses run, with eyes like owls, duck the branches, jump the mud-holes without drawing rein. The carriages leap from the corduroy rails into the middle of the mud-holes, and the horses scramble out and pull after them the dripping carriages and their mud-besprinkled inmates. The springs clash like cymbals over the intermittent logs, and the tree branches rake the carriage tops and thrust themselves inside like stinging whips.

But there is no let up; now on his knees, and now from an indiscriminate heap the driver plies his whip, and, unmindful of bruises and regardless of smarts, the crowd presses on.

Then Maryland's deep note fails. The riders draw up, the carriages slacken, and the panting horses take breath. The scent is cold. The women shake out their skirts and restore their hair-pins, give an extra twist to their back knots, while the men look to harness and saddles.

The round moon has risen, and lights up the situation. The air is full of the fragrant, earthy smells of the wood at night. Trinket and Music have gone rabbit-hunting. Dixie and Dancer trail after Maryland.

At last the music of the old hound's throat rings out. "To-horse! Hark-over! Hark-over!" the master shouts, "Hark to Maryland," and the truant hounds dash by.

The fox has doubled. The horsemen are off, but the carriages must make the circuit of the tree trunks and logs and turn again to the corduroy. Away they all go again, rocking, creaking, every bit of metal crashing, and harness strained to the last buckle-hole.

The fox makes for the open, with

hounds in hot pursuit. Out of the dark wood he can be seen skimming over the short-tufted meadow. The horsemen take the fence, but the farmer, with a warm heart for the chase of the marauder, leaves the gate open. The carriages take the shortest cut over the ploughed ground, through the stubble, across the irrigating ditches, and over buried trees.

The carriages cover the ground, every fellow for himself and the de'il take the

hindermost. The fox turns, doubles. The pursuit draws round him; hounds and men in full cry. An unlucky rider sends a row of tin pans clattering from a cabin wall.

There is a wild hurrah; the fox is run to earth; the dogs caper; the carriages hurry forward. The chase is over. At four o'clock, by the light of the descending moon, the tired, bruised, but jubilant procession turns its nose toward home.

"THE ONE THING LACKING."

BY CLAUDIA STUART COLES.



FOR years I have been in search of two things, a perfect climate and a contented man. These two objects have added zest to many journeys, and though the buffets of fate have been hard, they have never made me relinquish my search.

In the matter of climate my doubts have often been dark, but experience has taught me that with a knowledge of localities and a frequent change of base, one can almost find perfection, and once I even thought the contented man had been found. It came about in this wise:

Every one knows that from May to December the climate on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains is perfection; but September is enchantment. Day follows day, crisp and sunny, the blue of the mountains is entrancing, and through the mellow golden haze the peaks melt into each other, and every vista unfolds a fairy-land, full of invitation and serene content. Bag and baggage, I traveled down to enjoy again what had been for years only a memory.

Alighting from the train, my bag fell into the hands of an old negro, whose respectful greeting inspired me with such confidence that I gave him my checks also, and, oblivious to their fate, turned to watch the train as it wound its way up the steep grade.

Before me was the sunny slope of a mountain; had it been January I might have said, "it loomed above the track;" but in September, with the maples ablaze, and every hollow steeped in sunshine, I looked up at its lofty summit and was glad.

From this mood I was called by a very pertinent remark. "You's de lady I was gwine to meet," said an old negro, handing me a note. "I'se John, mam; don't you 'member John, who toted you when you was little?"

"Why, John," I exclaimed, "how good it is to see you again; the beard changed you so, I did not recognize you at first; I do now—how are Ricie and the children?"

"Dey's all well, thank you mam; yes mam, dat'll git me some lin'ment. I'se obliged to you—thank you mam," and grinning all over as he tucked away a coin, the old man, hat in hand, bowed low, and then went to bring up his vehicle.

The horses had been unhitched and tied out of sight of the train: so with John as master of ceremonies, who, as I knew of old, scorned hurry, I settled myself to wait as placidly as I could.

The note explained the failure of my cousin to meet me, and after reading it, I paced the platform and gazed about me—each land-mark stirring pleasant memories.

As I passed the ticket window I caught sight of a placard headed, "Lost."

Reading it with the idle interest of a time-killer, my eyes wandered below to the window, and there, gazing through the narrow slit between the painted window and the shelf, was a pair of

merry brown eyes. Evidently their owner was seated by the window, for the chin and nose were covered by a tweed-clad arm, and the window cut off the rest of the face above the eyes. They were so bright and brown and merry, that unconsciously my eyes answered the mirth in them, and I am afraid a bona-fide smile would have been the result if John had not called, "Is you ready, Missy?" Being a woman, and young, as we drove off, I could not resist a backward glance. There, on the platform, was a figure in tweed, and I felt sure, though I was too far to see, that the owner of the brown eyes had been moved by a similar interest to my own.

By the time I had reached my destination, I had gleaned all the neighborhood news, for John was observant and loquacious, and only required judicious questioning. How good it was to hear the old familiar names in the same old accent! There had been some changes and a few gaps that could never be filled, and some additions that were new to me.

"Dere's Marse Sidney—he cum back arter you lef'. He's de jolliest gen'mum in dis country," said John.

"What does he look like?" I said, "jolliest" suggesting brown eyes that were merry.

"Well, mam, he's middlin' tall and some thick, an' when he go down de road de very hoof of his hoss sound cheerful-like; an' when you see him—why, Lawd, missy, you jest 'bliged to grin—you can't help it."

John's grin was catching. I laughed, too; the description was graphic, but certainly not definite.

"What colored hair and eyes has he?" I queried, as my laugh died away.

"Dark hair, mam—dark, like a black hoss, whar sunburned. It's laughin' hair, mam, an' it crinkles up around his ears and just smiles all over—dat is, when he'll let it grow. Generally he crops it short; but you know dat hair would des natchelly curl ef it had a chance; and dere's his lashes—dey curls right up, an' dey's black an' long an' sof'."

"Now, missy, hol' on; dis piece of road mighty rough, an' dem brakes make it rougher." And John interrupted his conversation to lock the hind wheel of the carriage.

He had not told me about the color of "Marse Sidney's" eyes, but his opinion of the road was well founded, and I held on for dear life as we joggled down the mountain side.

But all the joggling could not mar my delight in the view unfolding, for we were winding along the edge of a forest, and, like a panorama, before us was a fertile valley, dotted with fine old homes among their clustering trees. Everything was bathed in a wonderful yellow light, the air was like wine, and as the horses carried me rapidly along, I felt it in every fibre.

Through a gate we turned into a road winding along under an avenue of maples, at the end of which another gate let us into a great lawn. John's "whoopie" had caused a little ebon, who had been watching from a gatepost, to set open the gates and fly; so, when we drove up to the door, the household had been warned, and friends near and dear gave me hearty welcome. Of course, when the first flush of meeting was over, we reverted to the commonplace. Why, when one's heart is touched and warm with new meeting, must one talk about the weather and dilate on the vicissitudes of the journey, when the undertone of each moment is throbbing with what is deep and tender? After the manner of my kind I rattled on, and, in the course of my flippant talk, mimicked old John's description of "Marse Sidney."

"Well, he's about right," said my cousin. "Sid's the jolliest man in these parts, and I am sure he ought to be, for he has everything he wants."

"Everything?" said I, skeptically. "When will I see this fortunate mortal? Have I lived my life through to find my quest ended here?"

My cousin laughed, but added seriously: "I'm not joking; he is the most contented man I've ever seen. He has youth, health and competence. He rides well, straight as a die, and shoots to a dot; his home is 'a house full of books and a garden of flowers;' there is literally nothing to worry him, and he would not worry if there was. Every one is glad at his coming, and no one bores him. Whom do you know like him? After you meet him one of your fads will go by the board. You

will seek no further for a contented man."

I smiled, but I said nothing. Every one who knows me well enough to know my fads considers it a pleasant duty to help me to success. I appreciate this kindly help, so I do not pain them with doubts. I smile sweetly and await results. It is much the best way, if experience counts for anything.

When I started for church the next morning I could not help a quiver of curiosity as to the connection between the pair of brown eyes and "Marse Sidney."

When the carriage rolled up to the church several of the gentlemen gathered there sprang forward to greet us and to help us out. I looked in vain for the owner of the brown eyes and felt distinctly disappointed; but I soon found myself busied returning cordial greetings. Then, as the organ began, we filed in. The little church was so sweet—roses climbing up on the southern side, and the breezes stirred their petals and stole in at the windows, scattering perfume.

On the northern side was ivy so old that in the spring time it made nesting places for the birds, and to-day, as they fluttered about it, they praised God too.

I looked at the earnest, refined faces about me, and saw through the open windows the inspiring mountains; the soft air fanned me, the twitterings of the birds blended with the services, and I felt, with a mighty rush, the meaning of the command, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

How spontaneous it is with all life save man! We mean to do it, but this world presses, and we do not grasp that it is our daily life that should be a song of praise. Trouble embitters, where it should refine and ennoble us. How easy it is to succumb to the waters of Marah, and in that rushing flood we lose sight of the utter selfishness of such bitterness. With our heads bowed, we brood in gloom, and think that it matters not. It is our own grief. Let us alone.

Why can we not take trouble bravely and make our lives a song, and so scatter sunshine, not gloom?

I preached this little sermon to myself while the service advanced, and when in the offertory a magnificent baritone

chanted those wonderful sentences, I prayed for strength to let my light so shine before men that in joyous living I might be full of such good works that would brighten others and help them onward to joy.

I was thrilling with solemn feeling as the service ended, and the thought of the chatter that would ensue outside clashed upon me. That was the first trial. Would my sermon bear putting into practice? Should I wet-blanket all those merry faces and kindly hearts because I felt silence and solitude would suit me best? I was soon able to respond heartily to the kindly welcoming.

How wonderful it was driving back over the bright red roads! The sky was unclouded blue; the gorgeous maples flung their banners amidst the golden chestnuts; here and there the sombre green of a cedar broke the riot of color, and the eye swept on, eager to enjoy to the full this glory that was but for a season.

As we turned into the outer gate I noticed behind us a horseman riding fast. "Who is that?" I asked. "Oh, that's Sidney," said my cousin. "He's coming here. We always expect him on Sunday. Your being here will be a surprise, for we did not tell him a word about it." And cousin Jeff laughed at his idea of a situation.

"Just hold the gate open, Sam," he said to the negro boy who had dismounted to open the gate. "We'll wait for Marse Sidney."

The hurrying of a horse's hoofs came nearer, and soon a mellow voice hailed my cousin. In a moment a tweed-covered arm was doffing a hat, and a pair of merry brown eyes smiled into mine as their owner said:

"You can't imagine my disappointment when I saw who was John's passenger too late to speak to you; but I did not know you were expected, or I would have met you, as Jeff couldn't."

I smiled back my answer, and then the horses, waxed impatient by the delay, dashed off for home, and he rode ahead.

His stalwart figure, sitting his handsome horse to perfection, made a picture of graceful manhood that was good to look upon, and at the turn of the avenue seemed surrounded by a glory. It was only the yellow light sifting through

the trees, but for the moment a real halo seemed hovering around him; then he disappeared, and I had food for thought until we met again.

All that day I noticed Sidney closely, and after that I had ample opportunity for studying him, as he lived at the next place, and came over almost every day. I saw that his joyousness was not frolic, but soul. It was as if it irradiated his body and created a bright atmosphere that influenced all who came into his presence. I saw the cheery smile and pleasant word bring a look of happiness to the aged face, and the puckered frown of a child expand into a laugh; and as to myself, I answered his mood and smiled *with* him (no one ever smiled *at* him). His happiness was infectious, and it was not so much that he tried to make people happy as that he shed happiness; because he was so full of it that some bubbled over to all with whom he came in contact. I was interested, as I had never been before, and I began to suspect that my interest in the man himself was becoming stronger than in his contented state. For my thoughts ran rather in a circle those perfect days, and when he did not come the day was not less beautiful, but it lacked the zest of the others.

Oh, those days, when I arose each morning full of delight and spent every moment absorbing the magic of the day, so that when even fell I dropped to sleep, weary from very joy.

How the sun flung his rays over everything and penetrated each nook as if in one last long revel, in defiance of the winter that creeps on so slowly and struggles so hard for the supremacy it never attains, until so-called winter is almost gone!

I stayed on, and when the equinox brought its autumnal storms, I philo-

sophically concluded that if "into each life some rain must fall," the best time to stand it was now, when a man like Sidney Allen enlivened the hours. He came over to dine with us, and the rain made music as we fell under his influence. I looked at him in wonder and tried to solve the secret of his charm. He was gentle, because he was strong; and tender, to even the least, because his soul was mighty. Tact was his in perfection, and he was joyous because he was happy and loved his kind; and it came to me that his joyousness had come through pain, and I wondered what had been the fire that had tried his soul and made it noble. What had broken the bonds of selfishness and given to him this sympathy with others? Had his checkered past taught him what was worth while, and learning that lesson, had his fine mind grasped the secret of content? It seemed so. He was "one man in a thousand," but—

The storm had ceased, and the curtains of fog were lifting, and the sunlight, piercing through, tore them into banners, rainbow-colored, and presently they were gone and the earth was fairer than before.

Everything was glad. The birds poured forth their melody, the wet leaves danced, the blue of the mountains was so clear, so deep, so entrancing, that surely "the hills clapped their hands." I know *I* did, just from the sense of joy about me, and I burst into a song, sunny as the slopes themselves. A deep baritone joined in the refrain, and we sang on and on as we paced the veranda; then we talked, and as the sun dropped behind the mountains, and the wonderful, mysterious mountain twilight crept about us, I had found "one man in a thousand." I loved him; but had I found a contented man? *For this one wanted—me.*



ON AND IN THE OTTAWA.

By W. Thompson.



THE Ottawa river, at Point Fortune, is some five hundred yards wide, and for the most part very deep. Immediately above the village is the great Carillon dam, near which are many great rocks, some wholly submerged and some rising above the surface. In the eddies among these rocks numbers of pike, black bass, pike-perch, eels, gar-pike, and various other kinds of fishes, including the lordly muskallonge, find congenial haunts. *Esox nobilior*, however, is rarely taken here, he, as a rule, preferring the more placid, weed-fringed waters further down stream and the quiet lagoons and bays. Nevertheless, after spawning time is well past, an occasional monster will make his lair in the lee of one of the huge boulders below the dam; and woe betide the unwary sucker, mullet, big chub or wriggling eel which ventures to invade his domain!

The local angler casts anchor in any selected spot, and still fishes with worms, minnows, frogs, crayfish or any favorite line bait from his boat, using either a rod or handline, as his fancy may dictate.

At one part of the river the water is fifty feet deep, and in it is the most delicious little fish that I know of. It is silvery white in color, formed somewhat like a bass, and runs up to about one pound in weight. I do not know its proper name, but the French *habitans* here call it *poissons blanc* (white fish). It undoubtedly belongs to the herring family, and yet is no more a herring than a bass, being infinitely superior as a pan-fish to either. I know of no other water in Canada where it is taken.

Very early one morning my friend Ned and I caught a pailful of minnows; then took a small flatboat and paddled out to a broad rock which rose several feet above the surface, about one hundred yards from shore. We climbed to the top of the rock and, creeping

across it, peered cautiously over its streamward edge. For some little space on that side of the rock the water was smooth as a mirror, singularly clear and about twelve feet deep. Ned drew a piece of dark colored cotton over our heads, and we lay, cheek by jowl, with only foreheads and eyes projecting beyond the angle of the rock. After a moment we could see quite distinctly over a considerable area of the river's bottom—and a most interesting sight it was. Numbers of fishes, of various kinds and sizes, occupied the quiet pool. Some lay motionless among the stones at the bottom; some, with slightly quivering fins, hung at irregular depths, and others swam unceasingly to and fro, as if on patrol. From an adjacent miniature maelstrom erratic visitors flashed ever in and out.

By-and-by a monstrous sturgeon sailed slowly in without exciting the least alarm, and after a turn or two sank to the rocky floor and lay still as a log. But the next moment we observed a frantic skurry among a shoal of well-grown fry. A long, dark streak dashed into their crowded ranks, and a great pike seized one of the luckless youngsters and retreated behind a boulder to gorge the prey at his leisure.

And now occurred a curious thing. A little school of large suckers, or mullets, emerged from the outer depths and swam peacefully along the bottom, feeding as they went on such slugs and snails as lay in their way, when this same pike darted out from cover, and, closing his jaws upon the head of the leading fish—which was probably eighteen inches long and about three pounds in weight, attempted to regain his hiding-place, while three-fourths of the body of the struggling captive still protruded from his mouth. He was not, however, to bear off the prize so easily, for, even as he strained to gulp it down, another and much larger pike shot into the arena and seizing it crosswise, in the middle, savagely tried to wrench it from the hold of the lawful owner. The latter, even if he would, could not relax the grip of his backward-pointing

teeth so long as there was a strain in front, and the enraged combatants tugged and tore with furious jerks until, finally, they actually separated the unfortunate sucker into two parts and each of the water-tigers retired with his portion.

During this battle royal, the other fish had darted away, and at its conclusion only the unexcitable sturgeon was to be seen. But as we knew they would soon return, we stepped well back from the edge, put our rods together, bent on salmon gut leaders baited with large minnows, and, keeping always out of sight ourselves, began to fish. When we went in to breakfast at eight o'clock we were almost ashamed to exhibit our catch, for we had seven pike, twelve black bass and nine large pike-perch. However, as we found plenty of people in the village glad to take the surplus off our hands, there was no waste.

That same evening, about an hour before sundown, I went out to the rock again, this time alone, and putting the bait tip on a ten-ounce split bamboo, I tied a spoon and a flight of swivels to the line and began to cast about, keeping the lure at least three feet beneath the surface.

I caught two nice bass and one chunky pike-perch, and then sat down, and in mere idle play kept sinking my spoon to the bottom and letting the automatic reel retrieve it, for a number of times in succession. I was drawing the spoon rapidly toward the surface, when it was taken midway with a heavy surging rush, and then, after a momentary pause, borne straight away into the seething caldron beyond the placid pool.

Now, although this adjacent rough water whirled about in many a mad gyration, the actual current was not so very strong, and I knew that, barring the fouling of some sharp rock, I could, in due time tire out my quarry. Meantime the reel was flying around at a furious rate and nearly forty yards of line had run out before I dared to check my customer at all; then I put on the pressure and in less than thirty feet further turned him about and began to bring him slowly back.

At this moment my host strolled

down to the shore and called out: "Hello, T——, what luck?" "Ah, Ned, you're just in time," I replied. "Jump into your skiff and bring the long-handled gaff. It's going to be a job to get this fellow in."

In two minutes my friend was on the rock beside me, and by this time the fish, despite many a sidelong sweep and boring plunge, had been brought within twenty feet of where we stood.

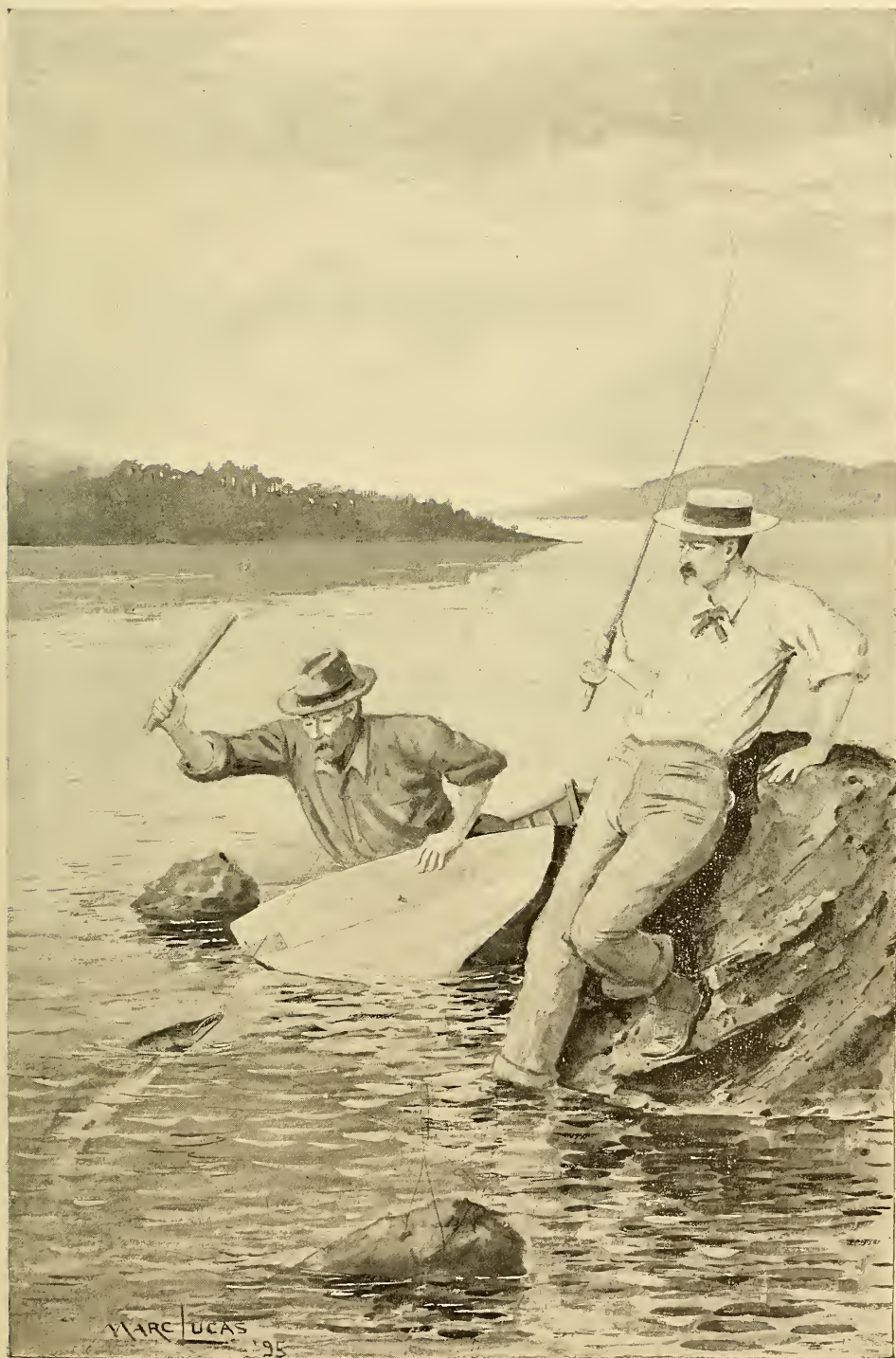
"Look out! Ned, I'm going to make him show up," I cried—and I did so. "By George! it's the great-granddaddy of all muskallonge," excitedly shouted Ned, as a long, glistening form, with steel-gray back, silvery, black-dotted sides and enormous wide open jaws; floundered slowly to the surface and lay, for a second, quite still.

"It will never do," he continued, "to gaff this fish. I'll paddle around to the other side and knock him properly on the head when you bring him up to me."

I had no time to answer, for just then the fish dashed off into rough water, and my hands were full of business. But the old giant's course was nearly run. I forced the fighting and in less than ten minutes he lay within reach of Ned's hickory club, one heavy blow from which, delivered far back on his monstrous head, completely stunned him. He was lifted into the skiff, and his spine was at once severed. He was in prime condition, and at the house the tape line and scales gave the following record: Length from tip of snout to end of tail, fifty-six and a quarter inches; greatest girth, thirty-two inches; weight, forty pounds five ounces—the largest "musky" taken in the Ottawa that season; one of thirty-eight pounds, captured below St. Andrews by Prof. Robertson, of Montreal, ranking next in size.

One morning, some weeks after the capture of the big fish, I took the scow, and a box of worms, and went to the deep hole to catch a mess of "*poissons blanc*."

My boat had no regular anchor, but carried, as a substitute, a large stone, tied to a common clothes line. It was no easy task to handle this hundred-pound clumsy makeshift. I had never tried to do it alone, but thought I could



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

TOO BIG FOR THE GAFF. (p. 432.)

manage it: so, when I arrived at the proper place, I took a half-turn of the rope, close to the stone, around my right hand and lifted the ponderous weight high enough to clear the gunwale, intending to lower it slowly to the bottom as the line should pay out gradually. But, unfortunately, in making my half-hitch, that part of the rope nearest the stone overlapped what should have been the upper part of the loop, and when I sought to swing the anchor off, its weight, and my own, caused the boat to careen at a sharp angle, the cord jammed tight on my hand, and I was dragged unceremoniously overboard and down, down, down, down, for what seemed to me about fifteen minutes!

I had presence of mind enough to

keep my mouth shut, so that when I finally touched bed-rock, after a journey of, apparently, several miles, I still retained perfect consciousness, and, though suffering horribly from the effort of holding my breath, easily freed myself, and, with a few vigorous kicks, rose to the surface. I had been immersed about a minute, and ten seconds more would have finished me.

Luckily the anchor-rope was not tied to the scow, this being always done after we had payed out sufficient length of it. If it had been so secured, the straining pull of the flat-sided craft would have kept the cord taut, and I should not have been able to disengage my hand. As it was I soon swam to the boat and paddled off homeward—a wiser and very much wetter man.

PAW DUCKET'S COON-HUNT.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



HAVE I been there? Well, rather! Before I ever attained the dignity of a full-fledged sportsman, while yet the complete outfit of cords and canvas, high-priced breech-loader and well-broken dogs, was a fascinating dream of the future, I knew the coon. And, let me confess it, long after I could down my quail and break my own dogs, I have sneaked away of an August night to join a crowd of "brack niggers" for a good old-fashioned coon-hunt.

"Yoo-pee-whoopee-la! Wow!!" what fun it was, to be sure.

And let me confess further, it is "roastin' yere an' coon-time now," and could those black rascals of the olden time get their thick lips near my ear and whisper of "de coons dat am breakin' down de snake-fence roun' Paw Ducket's co'n-fiel' an' a-actin' scanlus dese nites," etc., I'd leave "Del's" rarest and sow the dark woods with fragments of claw-hammer and patent leathers, and yell the core out of my Adam's apple, for one wild mill with a game old he coon.

Ah, those old nights! What jollifications, what carousals of boisterous, harmless savagery were they! I feel like having another, but I doubt if I could stay the pace, or run pell-mell through an unknown and pitch black forest without coming to grief. I have said above "a game old he coon." I apologize to the entire tribe of coons. They are all game. They are about as game as any known animal. This small bear, for the American raccoon (*Procyon lotor*) is practically a bear, is a fighter. He is a plantigrade, and particularly does he put his foot flat down upon proposals to evade a "scrap." Why, if he could, he'd cheerfully jump into one, or all, of the rings on his own tail, and fight all the



Painted for OUTING by Marc Lucas.

PAW DUCKET'S GLORY.

champions of the animal world, and he'd do it, too, without troubling the newspapers with his intended movements. If a lion jumped on a coon, the said coon would probably be dead in the sixteenth part of a second, but he'd have sworn once before he died, and his curious little paws, like baby hands, would show lion-fur in all four of 'em, and his sharp teeth would have found time for one snip. There is lots of "Tabasco" in a coon's circulation, and his red-hot fighting quality furnishes the real excitement of coon-hunting.

He will flee from dogs while he can, but when the climax comes he asks no questions, but flops over upon his fat back and fights. There he lies, like a fur pillow stuffed with cussedness, electricity, pepper-sauce, steam—anything that can sputter and burn whatever touches it. At one end of the fur pillow a pair of restless jaws click and snap like busy shears, and from each corner of the pillow extends a claw-armed paw that quivers with keen desire to get a rake at something. "Gad, but he's handy wid his fut," as an Irish friend of mine once remarked. Now, the coon is a mighty tough customer in the matter of taking punishment. Not infrequently he will give two or three dogs a remarkably lively set-to, and he must be killed to stop his wrathful defense. Green dogs are pie for him, and they generally learn caution from their first experience. I have seen a big he coon fairly thrash a large dog that was rated no small potatoes as a fighter, and I have seen a small coon, no larger than a half-grown cat, release all the yelp that was in a heavy hound pup, by merely running its paws once over the hound's stops and keys. That hound pup was forever spoiled as a coon dog, in fact it shivered half through the winter before it got its coat mended.

After testing the musical capabilities of the pup, that same young coon remained upon its back and sizzled about like an enraged bumble-bee, till we let an old dog at it. It was killed by the veteran in short order, but I fancy that even the old dog imagined that particular young coon was full of fish-hooks and dynamite.

Now a glance at the habits of *Procyon lotor*. Most of his habits are bad. He

is an "all-nighter" and a "rounder," a robber of hen-roosts and nests, and a destroyer of game birds and their eggs. Like the larger bears he eats flesh, fish, berries, mast, etc., but the things he most delights in are shell-fish and Indian corn, when the ears of the latter are in the "roastin' yere" stage. During the colder months, he and his family sleep mostly, rolled in a big furry ball, deep inside some hollow tree. In summer he rocks all day long upon some high tangled bough, or in a pleasant cradle of vines. At night he stirs himself and prowls about in quest of such dainties as he can find.

If he lives near the sea, or a lake, the beach or shore has strong temptations for him, and he paces along, locating many a tid-bit by means of his sharp nose and bright eyes. He has a curious habit of sousing his food in water when he can, sitting up like a squirrel, holding the food between his forepaws, and gravely rinsing it in the water before eating. When so occupied, he presents a comical suggestion of a small, fat, furry washerwoman working over the old-fashioned board.

He loves oysters and clams and seeks the former at low-tide. His quick forepaw is strangely clever at whipping an oyster from its open shell; but there is occasionally another story—one in which the paw forgets what it is doing and the shell closes abruptly upon it. Then the tide creeps in, and at last the moon-beams dance upon a gleaming expanse of ripples which bear no sign of the drowned coon held so fast and so far below.

If his home be inland, he haunts the muddy borders of creeks and marshes, and leaves, for the cock and snipe-shooter, funny little prints of his wandering feet. When the ears of corn are sweet and milky he cannot keep away from them, and many mutilated ears tell tales of his deft work. The half-tended fields of the negro squatters are favorite resorts, and his "sign" is eagerly looked for. A coon-hunt bringeth joy to the African soul, for is not the African heaven simply a corner on coon, 'possum, chicken, sweet 'taters and corn pone?

Now for a hunt. The last week in August found me trying to fill the chair

of an editor friend who manipulated the thunder upon a thriving country paper. Foolishly, I had promised to do his chores for a week, while he went away to get married. The weather was sultry in the extreme, and before that week had ended I had realized that it was a — of a time for a man to wed.

One day the stairs gave forth sounds unmistakable, which were followed by a thump on the door. The sounds hinted of a heavy intruder, and before I could make up my mind as to which of my readers had called to thump me, a black, shiny head was thrust in and I heard an old familiar grunting chuckle. Lo, it was Paw Ducket.

"M-m-mawnin', Marse Ned; hope yo ain't po'ly?"

"Hello, Ducket, come in. What special devilry are you bent on?"

"Nuffin', dat is nuffin' but coons."

"Coons? Now you get out—I'm too busy and it's too hot for any tomfoolery."

"Marse Ned—yo hear me—yo's a-kummin right ternite. Dat co'n-fiel o' mine's chuck full o' coons—dey's a-sailin' all ober de place."

"Ducket, I won't go, confound it, I *can't* go, so there's an end of it."

"Wha's dat? Yo wunt an' yo *cawn't* go! Wy, Lord lub yo honey, yo *got* to go! Wy, dey's ruin me for sho; dey's dun shucked de co'n, dey's busted de melons, an' dey's dun tramp't de po ole fawm 'recknizable. Las' nite dey dun bruk down de fence, an' a ole bull-coon he wickker me in de yere wile I'se sleepin', an' I lows I'se get Marse Ned to see 'bout dish yer nite's doin's. Yo ain't gwin' back on de po ole man, am yo, honey?"

The crafty, insinuating whine through the last speech almost convulsed me, but I steeled myself, looked at him and queried: "Say, are there any genuine liars in your district?"

This sealed my fate. At once another voice sounded from outside the door, in high feminine tones.

"Luk-yar honey—doan yo gwi call my ole pop no liar—I'se 'sulted!—He's liar all right nuff, cotch 'im 'tousand time, but I'se takin no sech truck dis day. Heah me? Now yo jest gotter kum up to squar yo'self!"

I exclaimed "Great Scott! Ducket, is Maume outside?" "No she aint,

she am a-gettin right inside!" remarked good old Maume as she entered, "an' what's mo, yo am comin dis nite. Wy Pop's bin a-worryin an a-fussin, till I'se 'fraid—" but why continue? There was lots more of it, and, as usual, they thumped triumphantly away, holding my solemn promise to be on hand by nine o'clock that evening.

Later on I trailed the white sand road through the gloom of a heavy, cloudy evening and in due time reached Ducket's log cabin. An uproar of fierce dog-voices greeted my approach and I promptly scaled the handiest panel of the snake-fence. In a moment three big dogs were snapping and roaring about me, and I whickered as like the "ole bull coon," as my somewhat shaken nerves would allow. At once arose an uproar at the cabin and Maume screamed lustily—"Fo lan's sake!—yer, Pop! Jim! Zeke!—dem fool-houns eatin Marse Ned down de road! Run yo black niggers, ur I'll swinge yo!"

I could hear the great cow-hide boots pounding the dust in mad haste, and just as one dog struggled to the top of the fence, somebody shot head-first through the dark, gripped the dog, and the two crashed end over end into the field. Jim nailed a second dog and the old man got the third and for a space the language of men and dogs was carelessly chosen and punctuated with the thud of sole leather against gaunt ribs. When the dogs had been finally reasoned with, we sought the cabin where Maume was waiting in sore anxiety. "Did dey tar yo, honey?" was her first query, and upon being told that I had treed in time, she was soon all smiles again. I was formally introduced to each dog, Maume assuring me that if I once patted them they would never trouble me again. This was comforting, for the trio were great, savage looking creatures with only a cross of hound, and I had been figuring upon how it would be if they should take a notion to tackle me again after we had scattered in the woods.

"Ole Buffer," a bristly black and white, was Ducket's special pride. In the old man's words, "Dat dog nebber lied on a track." "Pup," a smaller canine, nearer the fox-hound type, be-

longed to Jim, while Zeke claimed "Hunter," a vicious looking, fawn-colored brute, apparently part hound, part bull, and part devil. Duckett ignored Pup and Hunter, but the boys claimed that there was little choice among the dogs for actual merit.

The boys got their axes, the old man secured a big stable lantern, and we moved down the road about half a mile to a large cornfield. We had no firearms, for my comrades did not approve of shooting coons.

The dogs climbed the fence and vanished in the corn while we leaned against the rails and waited, smoking and chatting meanwhile. In fifteen minutes I had learned a lot about coons; then the talk subsided and everybody listened. It was very dark, and the heavy air felt almost oppressive. Now and then a slight crash told that some dog had struck a cornstalk, or a wheezy snort suggested the whereabouts of the trailers. But for these faint indications we might have fancied ourselves alone in the unlighted whence.

"Ow-wow-oo-oo-oo!"

The cry almost startled us, but there was no mistaking the voice—Pup's fox-hound blood was fairly good. Jim mounted the fence exclaiming, "I'se got yo, ole man. Pup's de fust to find. Whar's yo Buffah now?"

Duckett grunted contemptuously and replied—"Shet yo face, yo fool niggah. Buffah's dar, or dar'bouts. He aint spoke none yet, and we aint a-gwine till he do—heah me?" Jim subsided.

"Ow-wow-oo-oo! Ow-wow-oo-oo!"

Pup had opened in earnest, and his clamor echoed far and wide, but still the old man waited, though we all climbed to the top of the fence.

"Ow-wow-oo-oo!"

"Yurp-yurp-yurp!"

"Dat's Huntah! He's wid um! come on," exclaimed Zeke.

"No, hole on dar—wait fo de good dawg!" said Duckett, and I heard him swear under his breath, for he was very jealous for his favorite.

"Ow-woo-oo-oo!"

"Yurp-yurp-yurp!"

For an instant there was silence, then a great mournful voice arose, drowning the others and waking echoes from far distant woods. It was beautiful.

"Whoo-woo-oo-oo-oo-oo! whoo-woo-oo-oo-oo-oo!"

"Dar he! dar he! ole nebber lie—now we'se gwine!" roared Duckett triumphantly, and ere he left the fence he let a yell out of him—"Whoop-pe-la—Pushum-bo-o-y!" which could only have come from an African throat, and which was almost as musical as the dog's grand voice. The dog heard and understood, for, like an echo came back a trumpet challenge:

"Whoo-woo-oo-oo-oo!"

The combined din they made was indescribable, but our chase had not yet begun; for before we had covered ten yards, Duckett sung out, "Hole on a minnit!" His trained ear had detected something wrong in the music, and he soon explained his doubts.

"Dat ar's no coon—deys' runnin' too fas', git back to de fence an listen. I bin puzzlin 'bout Buffah bein so slow to open."

Jim and Zeke kicked in undertones about the old man's (as they termed it) attempt to rob their dogs of the honor of finding first, but we perched again on the fence. The dogs were certainly running very fast. We could presently hear them crashing through the cornstalks, and judging from the tonguing, Jim claimed that Pup was leading.

"Pup's a-leadin," said Duckett; "but dat's no coon—mos' likely it's a fox."

Almost as he spoke we heard a chorus of short fierce barks. Whatever the quarry was it had treed a short distance away.

In a brief time we reached the dogs and found Pup and Hunter leaping about a small ash tree, while Buffer sat some distance away whining earnestly.

I fancied that I heard Duckett chuckling to himself as I volunteered to climb the tree and shake down the game. When I had got half way up he remarked, "look out dat coon don't scratch yo." As I prepared to shake, something sailed over my head and struck ground many feet away; there was a rush of dogs, a tremendous scuffling, then high and ear-splitting in its intensity of mingled rage and agony arose:

"Mi-i-a-a-yow! Mi-a-a!"

That was all there was of it. Hunter's bull-jaws had closed once and the game had nothing more to say.

"Reckon dat's wile-puss" (wild-cat) feebly remarked Zeke, but in his heart he knew better. Ducket was grunting and wheezing, and exploding with gulping laughter which sounded like molasses running out of a bung-hole. At length he managed to say—"Light'n match, Marse Ned; les see dish yer wile-puss. O, Lawd, I'se dyin! Dey dawgs foun fust too—dey best trailers, an ole nebber lie he aint no good nohow. Ef ole Maume hap to heah dat squallin, she done bed-slat yo young fool niggers. O, me, I'se *bustin!*" and the old boy laughed till I feared he might injure himself.

He was right too, for the game proved to be none other than Maume's tabby, run into while prowling after mice or quail.

There was no more talk about the relative merits of the dogs, for Pup and Hunter had disgraced themselves enough for one night. The boys shouldered their axes and sullenly led the way along a line fence to another cornfield. Ducket trudged behind me, and every few minutes I heard him chuckling to himself. "Yep, deys de bes dawgs—deed dey is—atter all dat blow fo' Marse Ned too."

Again we halted and waited in the darkness while the dogs worked through the corn. Ten, twenty minutes passed, and I was beginning to regret my apparently wasted time, when a faint short bark sounded from far ahead. Ducket at once climbed to the top of the fence and sent his wonderful cry ripping through the black atmosphere—"Yoo-pe-la—Push-um-bo-o-oy!"

"Did yo heah Buffah, Pop?" ventured Zeke, meekly.

"Shet yo big mout an lissen!" was the polite reply.

"Whoo-woo-oo-oo-oo!"

"Dar he! he's a-talkin coon, shuah—Push-um-bo-oy!" roared Ducket, and I noticed that Zeke and Jim were much keener to start than they had been in the first case, despite their boasts about their own dogs.

"Whoo-woo-oo-oo-oo!"

"Ow-wow-oo-oo!"

"Yurp-yurp-yurp!"

"Dar dey goes—deys followin ole nebber lie, now we *has* got a coon," remarked Ducket in such an exasperat-

ingly patronizing tone that I burst out laughing. Meantime, the dogs were going it furiously, and between the gusts of music we could hear cornstalks crashing at a great rate.

Zeke and Jim were for making chase, but the old man advised that we should wait till the dogs treed. As he said, "Dey won't run far wid de woods so handy, an' if he's fat coon, he tree mighty quick."

A louder crashing presently told that the dogs had scaled the ramshackle snake-fence, and at once the sound of their tonguing changed. They had made noise enough while in the open, but when they got among the timber their din was simply astounding. A block of forest half a mile square, made the grandest of sounding-boards, and the yells and echoes of yells made the air quiver. It seemed as though at least fifty dogs must be running and howling in concert.

On and on, they sped—the booming voice of Buffer marking the time for Pup's long howl and Hunter's gruffer effort, while our pulses thrilled with growing excitement. Once the tumult dwindled strangely, and Ducket exclaimed "Dey's down in the crick—I hope dey don't cross." In a moment the sound rose again louder and clearer, and he said "Dey did'nt cross, dey's comin' dis way!"

The quarry must have been a good coon, for the run was a long one. At last the tonguing increased so plainly that it was evident that the chase was heading steadily in our direction. While the dogs appeared to be yet about three hundred yards away, their clamor ceased. For a moment silence reigned; then we heard a deep, fierce bark, repeated twice and thrice.

"Treed!"

The three negroes spoke the word together and Ducket added "Now, we'se got um, come on yo fellers." As we started he yelled to his dog "Speak-to-um, bo-oy!"

A volley of savage barks from Buffer, a howl from Pup and a roar from Hunter, testified that the instructions had been heard. The pent-up excitement broke loose now. Ducket led the way, brandishing his lantern and yelling at every jump. I chased the light, banging

against stumps, crashing through burrs and briars and stumbling over fallen logs. Jim and Zeke took a line of their own—they knew the woods well.

All I could see of Ducket was his lantern dancing about like a will-'o-the-wisp, and when we at last reached what seemed to be a grassy opening, I let out a link, intending to pull up in the light. All this time Buffer had been barking steadily, to guide us. I had got within two strides of Ducket when he suddenly gave a whoop. I heard a splash, and man and light disappeared!

Left in sudden, utter darkness as I was, I could only guess that a hole opened in the ground almost under my feet. I jumped as high and far as I could, struck soft, crumbly soil, tottered an instant, yelled vigorously—then toppled over backward into a hole, at the bottom of which I landed on Ducket, who was floundering about in four feet of slimy water.

There was some rare old conversation down in there for about a minute. We pawed each other vigorously, and at last struggled to our feet. To our relief we found an easy slope, up which we climbed. Ducket was half scared and half mad, and fiercely demanded of me:

“What kine o’ d—d fool cut his ole bush-well dar?”

I didn’t have the faintest idea; but suddenly the absurdity of the adventure struck me, and I shrieked with laughter. But the old man kept on whining, and presently I tumbled to what he wanted. First I told him it was in the well, though I could feel it in my hip-pocket. Then I drew it forth and we each sucked long at its metal neck.

Buffer was still barking at his tree, and a hail from Zeke told us that the boys were with the dogs. When we reached them Jim was starting a fire of brush. Zeke at once asked for the lantern. “I done los’ it,” growled Ducket. The fire blazed up and Zeke eyed us curiously; then he stepped over and laid a hand upon each of our soaked clothes.

“My! Whar yo’—” then he laughed as only a darky can, and after a bit he gasped out, “De ole well-hole, de well-hole! Jim! Pop’n Marse Ned done fell in de well-hole!” And Jim, of course, had to laugh like an idiot, too.

But the old man cut their fun short

by gruffly demanding a fire-stick from the pile; and something in his voice warned the boys not to go too far. Buffer was standing reared against a beautiful, slim red-oak; his bristles were all erect, and every now and then he’d seize the bark with his teeth. The other dogs pranced about, occasionally leaping up the trunk as far as they could and biting at the bark. Every now and then they’d break out in a burst of excited barking. Ducket took his fire-stick and examined the tree. Then he brightened up a bit and said, “Coon up yer, shuah nuff! Pile up yo’ fiah, boys, an’ git to work!”

In five minutes the fire was flaming high, and Zeke’s and Jim’s axes were rising and falling and eating their way through the hard wood.

Ducket and I crouched near the fire, he having Pup pinched between his knees, and his arms around the necks of Buffer and Hunter. Far sooner than I expected the tree gave a warning creak, and Zeke exclaimed, “She’s a-coming! Freeze onto dem dogs.”

Jim dropped his axe and took hold of Hunter. Ducket took a fresh grip on Pup and shoved Buffer toward me, saying, “Claw him by de nek an’ git straddle o’ he’s back an’ hang twill ’um wen she ’gins to fall. He won’t bite, but doant let him git loose!”

I fastened my fingers in the loose skin of the dog’s throat and got astride him. Again the tree creaked as Zeke wielded his axe carefully. Buffer never stirred—he was stiff as a pointer on game, but I could feel him quivering all over. I sat right down on him—and I’m no light weight—but his powerful back did not yield a particle. Then I realized how strong he was, and I took a fresh grip with my hands and tried to work my heels well into the ground, for I knew that Buffer and I would have fun together whenever Buffer chose to try to get away.

Zeke hit the tree a final blow and ran away for a few yards; then came a trembling, a mighty creaking and squeezing, followed by a breathless pause. Buffer was shuddering like a poisoned thing now, and his ears stood straight on end with excitement. My heart was thumping and I put my weight full on the dog and squeezed him with my knees, but he gave no

sign. He was strung to rigidity ; he knew what was coming and he kept his eyes glued upon the trembling tree.

That scene, with all its intense strain, with the glowing fire and surrounding blackness, would be a masterpiece if put upon canvas by the proper hand.

The climax came quickly. The tree gave another creak, then crack after crack resounded like rifle-shots, a whishing filled the air, it increased to a dull roar—then came a thundering crash which jarred the earth for rods around. A monarch had fallen.

I was busy with Buffer. His business was to get upon the butt of the tree the instant the top touched earth ; my business was to hold him till the butt settled from the first wild rebound, otherwise Buffer would be killed. We both attended strictly to business ! The air shook with fierce expostulations from excited human and canine throats. Buffer reared and plunged and raved with rage as though he would say : "*You blank fool, get off and let me go !*" In three whirls he had me almost into the fire, and as he turned and tried to bury his fangs in my hand—I let him go !

With one glad yelp he was away like a bit of suddenly released elastic. Luckily the butt had settled before he reached it. In one bound he was upon it, though a dying flip from the trunk raised him two feet in air. Then he rushed along the tree, yards ahead of Pup and Hunter. We snatched brands from the burning and sped to the fallen top. Amid the tangle of broken branches and matted twigs, a maelstrom of fight was whirling. There was not so much noise—rather a strain of savage effort and one deep, muffled snarl of rage. We waved our fire-sticks and yelled encouragement.

Presently Buffer came backing from the branches, heaving and tugging at some resisting weight, at once he spun about and had his prey in the open. We could see something wrapped around his head, and could hear the click of

teeth and the steady rip-rip of flying claws. Yet the good dog made no sound beyond his labored breathing. He was fast to a great he coon, and had not yet got his favorite hold. We forgot Pup and Hunter—we forgot everything except the mill to the death. We swung the fire-sticks and war-danced wildly around the fight, beseeching the dog to "stay with him!" to "eat him up!" and so on. Nobody appeared to sympathize with the coon, which, by the way, seemed to have a bit the best of it for a moment.

But the battle was too hot to last long. The dog gathered himself for desperate effort; he made a series of powerful lunges, as though he were trying to force his nose into the earth ; we heard a cracking of bones, followed by a hiss like the air from released brakes, and Buffer straightened up and shook that coon till its body beat a tattoo against both sides of his head.

His nose, ears and throat were red with his own blood, when he finally let go of his victim, but he was satisfied, so were we, and so, no doubt, was the coon.

Hunter and Pup were still hanging about the tree-top, and as Duckett found blood on both of them, we made a search and found another and smaller coon, dead.

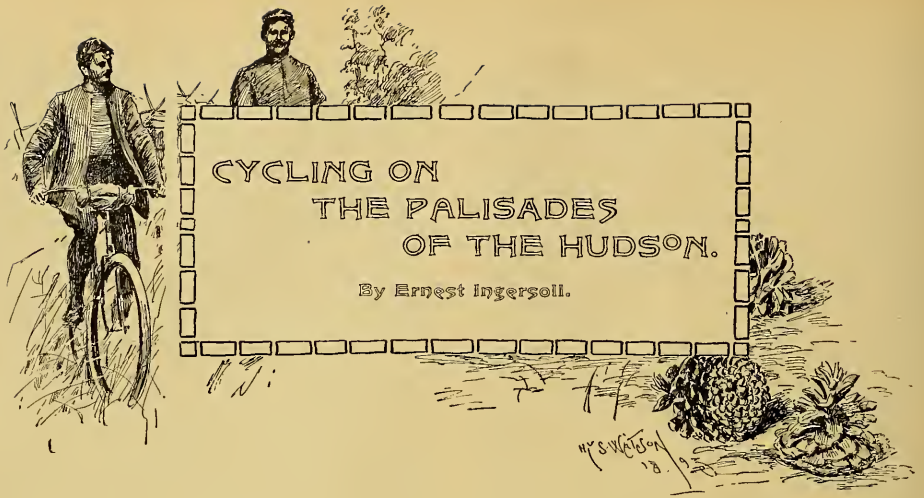
Then Zeke went to the corn-field for some "roastin' yeres," and we sat by the fire and made merry. Before the roasted corn had given out, Buffer raised his head and uttered a rumbling growl.

The effect was electrical. Each negro seized a dog by the nose and promptly crept beyond the ring of fire-light. I followed, though I did not quite understand. In the darkness of the woods I whispered to Duckett to learn what was up. He replied—

"Muffle yo' mout'—Dish yar's ole F—'s woods; he's a scoutin' for us, an' 'taint good fur niggah to git cotched fallin' *his* red-oak tree. Les sneak!"

We sneaked!





PALISADE Avenue, to whose river-extremity on the brow of the Palisades "my first bicycle tour" from Fort Lee had brought us, is a broad, splendid road, running straight through Englewood, one of New York's prettiest suburbs.

Leaving our cycles by the fence we strolled over the grass and among scattered trees to the brink of the cliff, and sat for some time gazing upon the panorama spread out before us. The naked rocks upon which we sat dropped some 300 feet almost vertically to the water's edge, where a few little boats and frail landings for the convenience of fishermen alone disturbed the primitive wildness of the river-bank. These cliffs were seamed and cracked into projecting towers and pediments, one of which, quite separated near its top from the mainland, supported a single gnarled little tree, and made a most effective bit of foreground for the expansive and brilliant panorama. The broad Hudson lay placid and silvery white, with a few lazy sails dotting its plain, and one tug creeping upstream, followed by a row of barges as silent and slow and solemn as if they were a funeral train instead of vehicles of grain and coal and merchandise; and beyond it stretched the upper part of the city, so bordered with brushy bluffs, so hidden behind the hills from Fort Washington to Yonkers, and so buried in trees, that it was hard to realize that that was New York.

It is astonishing and hard to explain why these splendid heights have been left so wild and unoccupied. Here the

winds, sweeping up and down the great river-course, keep the air always sweet and cool; the outlook is magnificent, the back country is full of interesting roads, and the means of access are by no means difficult.

The eastern extremity of this fine street overlooks the river just at the head of a ravine permitting a descent to the river's edge; and the authorities of the town, or some good soul among its citizens, have arranged a pretty little park, with rustic railings and seats, inviting us to halt and feast our eyes upon the picture.

This point of view is just opposite Inwood, and it commands the New York shore from the dim hills of Tarrytown down to Washington Heights,—a mass of foliage, with here and there a steeple, or the gables of a house, or a dash of dull red suggesting a brick block, to indicate the thousands of centres of busy life pulsating out of sight among those groves. Beyond all are the blue hills of Westchester, and Long Island. Again, as we gazed, the curious contrast between our quiet rural surroundings and that great rushing city, so near geographically, yet so distant in sentiment, was forced upon us, and this inability to rid our minds of a sense of remoteness was, indeed, one of the strongest impressions of the whole ride.

Here, as has been said, is a small river-landing, where fishermen go and come, and where barges can land coal and other heavy freight. It finds room in the mouth of a ravine, up which a road has been led by a long and

circuitous grade. The other side of this ravine is a castle-like cliff, reared upon a forested slope; and the contrast made this day by the profile of this lofty bank of verdure and its citadel against the glistening river-plain, where cloud-shadows of softest blue are drifting, is one of the finest effects of color I have ever seen.

At this point, in September, 1778, landed Lord Cornwallis and his 5,000 men. Imagine the interest and bewilderment with which the redcoats, winding up through the green trees, would have contemplated such vehicles as our wheels could their prototypes have been there to meet them; and the scorn of their sneers when told that a hundred years later a regular detachment of her Britannic Majesty's troops would be mounted upon such "toys," and for regular field-service! Well might they have sneered, for the roads in those days would hardly let a horse pass at a decent pace.

So we dreamed as we lay on the rocks in the sunshine; but no soldiers came—only a couple of pretty girls who had walked out from town; whereupon we abandoned the scenery to these new admirers, and, remounting our steeds, turned toward the centre of Englewood.

The grade was always descending, and after a short run we began to coast, whereupon all that was needed was to keep your fingers on the brake and go ahead for a mile or so. It was a source of great satisfaction to me that I did not need to return that way; yet they say that there are plenty of members of the Bergen County Wheelmen who climb this grade from end to end. To a beginner, it seems a feat worthy of the highest admiration, but the B. C. W.'s affect to think little of it.

All the way down wide and charming prospects succeeded one another in glimpses, caught through the trees, of the great gardens that surrounded each house; for the hillside upon which Englewood is built surveys the meadows at the source of the Overpeck creek, that eastern branch of the Hackensack river, which flows along the base of Bergen Ridge. Across these meadows lay streaks of the old brown grass, intermingled with points and patches of the new-starting rushes, green as

emerald; and through them, bending here and there in serpentine windings, ran the stream, reflecting the light as if from polished steel, and finally blending into the southern horizon. The scene was a picture of the simplest elements and one that we contemplated for a long time with undiminished enjoyment, yet it did not depend upon form at all, or only slightly, but almost entirely on color and the poetic impression made upon our senses and intelligence by things more suggested than seen.

Englewood is the centre of a district of admirable roads, and great numbers of riders of all ages and sexes, trundling wheels of all descriptions, are daily to be seen in and about this village. A fine macadamized road traverses the valley north and south. Southward a run of two miles along the busy highway to Jersey City would take us back through Nordhoff to Leonia.

Northward, Tenaflly is only two miles away, and the distance is worth the making for the sake of a glimpse at the grounds of the Athletic Club, and for the long, sinuous coast down the hill near the Tenaflly station. Two miles farther is Cresskill, another pretty village; and so on up to Tappan and Nyack—good, hard road all the way.

If you are interested in a glimpse of something more thoroughly rural, and in the old houses and churches and burying-grounds that go back to Colonial times, cross the railroad-track at Tenaflly and keep straight west along Clinton avenue. There is a hill or two to walk up, and some sand, but the major part of the way to the West Shore railway is fair riding. Then turn northward on the road between Tappan and Teaneck, and take a run across to the fine old Dutch church at Bergen Fields—one of the most interesting and pretty spots in all that pleasant part of New Jersey.

Half a mile or more above that is the ancient Dutch four-corners of Schraalenburg (now pronounced Skraw'ln-burg), as good a sample as you can find anywhere of a country village as it appeared a century ago. This region was the scene of repeated campaigns in the Revolution, and every hamlet has its traditions of army movements and

cowboy raiding. From Schraalenburg a beautifully macadamized road runs straight away two miles to Cresskill. It rises through fields and pretty woods to the top of a ridge overlooking the Cresskill vale—a place for painters. At that point, settling yourself in the saddle, you put up your feet and rush to the bottom like a ten-pin ball sent spinning down its alley.

We did not explore these pleasant paths that day, but after an hour spent at the dinner-table, resumed the saddle and, crossing the Overpeck, took the homeward course on the western bank of the creek. This road, also, was as smooth and hard as a floor. Soon leaving the border of the meadows, it ran between farms and orchards, whose shade-trees had been allowed to grow for many years along the fences, and was always cool and pleasant. A charming old mill, beside a little pond, which set my artist-companion into exclamations, was only one of the tempting bits of rural scenery that constantly waylaid us and invited a halt for sketching.

Now and then some elegant house and carefully cultivated lawn or garden would show the country home of men of means and taste, and the influence of these, together with the prosperity of all the people, was apparent in the trim and well-kept appearance of all the cottages and farm houses; and a mile or so below Englewood, the road curved and wandered like the drive-way of a park, and hedges took the place of fences on each side. A private park it is, the lordly domain of the late William Walter Phelps, the ruins of whose great house, burned some years ago, could be seen among the trees—a sad reminder of the stately hospitality which was wont to be dispensed there.

After that, the road came out upon high ground overlooking the meadows, and showing us the long face of Bergen Ridge, with its crowding orchards and groves, and its hundreds of dwellings set all along the slope; the white bridges crossing the tidal entries, and two or three schooners holding their sails almost motionless above the reeds, as they floated lazily upon invisible channels. It was a pretty sight, and we sauntered lazily on, studying the moods of the landscape and talking of them, till we

came to the Hackensack road, and were speedily at home.

Yet another day we made Fort Lee our starting-point, winding southward down a rough and tortuous hill-path to the river-road and landing; and it behoves a man to keep his eyes open and his hand firmly on the brake here, for he is likely to meet many carriages, and to have little room to manœuvre in.

It is a very queer little place in the hollow of this ravine that leads up from the landing. Not only are the sheds and beer-gardens of the Fort Lee picnic-grounds nailed to the rocky walls, as it were, and often of extraordinary appearance, but the cottages, packed snugly among neat little gardens under the bushy brow of the hill and reached by flights of steps or narrow trails, remind one of a village in the Alps.

In my opinion no spot within easy access of New York approaches this locality in native beauty, and in the opportunity it presents for making an altogether delightful recreation-ground for the city; if only it can be rescued from the vulgar associations that now degrade it.

Once past the ferry-landing, a capital road—for one going south—runs along the narrow strip of low ground between the river and the heights, which here lose their palisaded character, and present a steep and rough but well-wooded front. There is first a little rise, whence a fine view is obtained of the bold headland and pleasure-grounds, and after that we spin down the further slope, between a double row of queer old houses, as fast as our wheels can roll, and go swinging on across a depression to the top of another gentle rise, where there is room for a considerable estate between the river and the bluff. An imposing gateway, with a queer iron staircase for a stile over the high fence, admits to this demesne, but all the house we can perceive is a fanciful little structure surmounting a well in the middle of a pasture. Presently we come out upon the very edge of the river, and thereafter the road is level and close along the shore all the way to Weehawken. A tiny cape of rocks, exposed by the low tide, tempts us to scramble out upon it, and “see what we can see.”

The shore of the river all along here is rocky, and great trees grow densely against the low bank between the roadway and the tidal-limit, bending far out toward the sunlight. It is the primitive strand, strewn with broken shells and clothed with kelp, that grows luxuriously under the protection of two huge pile-breakwaters, that ward off the force of southerly gales. Half a mile further south another low cape, terminating in a small wharf, reaches out into the current.

As we resume our course and approach this latter point, we perceive that in the past some fine estate has occupied all the available space between the river and the crags. Stone walls and the remains of rustic fences line the road, which is shaded by a double row of fine old elms, while the slope is elaborately terraced, and other evidences of landscape gardening are visible. On the end of the little point is a wharf, fast falling into decay, littered with old boats, broken lumber, heaps of stone, and the nets and apparatus of shad-fishermen; and at its heel stand the heavy pillars of what once, no doubt, was an imposing gateway.

This ruinous relic of the past is the old Pleasant Valley landing, where once stood a large summer hotel and a group of cottages. It was destroyed by fire many years ago, and its ruins, at the foot of the hill just opposite the old wharf, are overgrown with vinery and bushes, while the luxuriant grass has long held possession of and obliterated the graveled walks and driveways once crowded with just such loiterers as now throng hotel-piazzas farther up the Hudson.

One of the buildings spared by the fire is a long, low structure of brick which stands sideways to the road, has a steep roof, lancet windows and a door at the end, protected by a Gothic porch. This attracted our attention and aroused our curiosity. It reminded one, at first, of a church, but surely no chapel would be so low and narrow; yet no other purpose to which it seemed suitable suggested itself. So, while Eaton sketched an enormous dovecote that towered picturesquely above this puzzling building and an adjacent group of old stables, I started to investigate the structure,

and soon discovered it to be inhabited. A pair of chubby-checked youngsters came to the door, then a fresh-faced buxom woman, and over her shoulder soon peered the face of the husband—a hearty young fisherman. A very pretty picture the group made in the shadow of the quaint doorway under the elms.

Presently two or three others came out, and leaned on the fence and talked, while the wife and children drew near and examined me and my machine with that kindly curiosity and interest which one notes in those who live remote from the city and its philosophy of selfish indifference. One could see at a glance that these were not workmen from the city who had drifted across the Hudson, so that I was not surprised to learn that they came from the southern part of the State—"South Jersey," as they called it, and were living here two or three months while fishing for shad. This they do each spring, many families from the Delaware Bay shore coming with them, and stationing themselves at various points along the Hudson.

Wonderfully peaceful and remote from the roar and excitement of that big town just across the blue interval of North River seemed this place, as we sat under the trees of the old hotel-lawn and chatted with the fishermen while they mended their nets. The cool river was heard lapping gently under the mossy wharf, bees swept murmuringly through the tree-tops, and sunlight sifted down to play hide-and-seek with the shadows on the dusty road and on the soft grass, but was never too warm to be avoided. The quiet was broken only by the singing of birds, happy with their love-making and nest-building, or by such sounds, faint and far, as the whistling of tugs and locomotives far up or down the river, which added to our enjoyment by their suggestion of the contrast. No one came along the road, no boat approached the grass-grown pier, no rude reminder of our nearness to New York disturbed the serenity and sense of rural remoteness which made the place so delightful. Eaton would have been content, I think, to have stayed there all summer, and done nothing but study in color that curving avenue of elms, the ruins so

prosaic in history, so romantic in suggestion, and the landing, which had seen its own youth disappear with the departure of the merry feet that had long ago flitted back and forth across its warped and grimy planks.

But this indulgence was against our programme, and bidding the fishermen farewell, we whirled on with many a backward glance.

A small tidal inlet penetrates a little nook in the river just below, and the road crosses a patch of salt meadow where an artist like Ranger or Bruce Crane would find excellent material at low tide for half-a-dozen paintings *à la Hollandaise*. All this river-front under the cliff is called Edgewater.

Edgewater, however, is a modern name, going back only a few years. Formerly the place was called Bull's Ferry, and it was well known before Revolutionary times as one of the routes between New York and the Hackensack valley. If we had gone up the ravine we should have found a road leading us straight over to Fairview, or English Neighborhood, as it used to be called; and this we intended to do, but while we were at luncheon a wheelman dashed up, who was no less than Mr. Henners, captain of the Bergen County Wheelmen, the local club.

Captain Henners and his brother are both enthusiastic roadmen, acquainted with every nook and corner of these hills, and we gossiped like three old women about roads and hill-climbing, riders and wheels all over the country.

By the advice of these hospitable brethren we abandoned our idea of taking the road up from Edgewater or Bull's Ferry, and ran on down the river-bank to the next landing, half a mile below. This is Shadyside, and here we jumped off and began to push our machines up a long slanting road occupying a deep ravine.

A pretty little stream comes cascading down this ravine, which is as narrow and full of fallen rocks and as wild and green with trees and climbing vines as any glen in the Catskills. On the right, between us and the Hudson, the ridge rose in a narrow, triangular headline, which has been known since 1779 as Blockhouse Point; it was the scene of one of the most interesting

fights of the Revolutionary War, and the occasion of André's celebrated poem, "The Cow Chase."

At the top of the hill we turned to the right on the turnpike, a beautifully macadamized road running from Union Hill to Fort Lee through almost continuous woods, and continued westward until we struck the old road along which Wayne's troopers drove their cattle. Turning to the right, so as to leave behind us the ragged edge of the town to which we had come, we ran smoothly on northward, within sight of the Guttenburg race-tracks, past the terminus of the horse-car line, and so along the western shoulder of the ridge for a mile or more, until it brought us out at the head of a hill overlooking the whole Hackensack valley; and here, turning into an orchard, we lay down upon the grass to rest and enjoy the prospect.

Along this road, in the summer of 1779, came Light-horse Harry Lee on his brilliant expedition to capture the strong British post at Paulus Hoeck (Jersey City). Leaving his supporting infantry near Hackensack, he had taken three hundred picked men, and in the night made his way as well as he could along the country roads, of which this was one. Wrongly guided for a time, it was three in the morning before he reached the ditch of the fort, dashed through the loosely-barred gate, and in a moment was in possession.

All this side of the hill at that time was full of phlegmatic Dutchmen and English loyalists, and was called English Neighborhood. Here Cornwallis and Clinton marched and remarched; and here Washington and Rochambeau executed that series of brilliant skirmishes which deceived the British and led to the capture of that same troublesome Cornwallis at Yorktown. Soldiers were coming and going all the time in those days.

Refreshed by the cool fragrant breeze from the meadows, where the grass was yellowing with buttercups and buds of the iris were swelling till streaks of purple showed between their bursting sepals, we remounted and picked our way down the stony declivity of a side road into the orchard-hidden centre of Fairview.

It was the first time I had been there since my ignominious days of practicing, and as I sat up straight and ran swiftly through the village, past the quaint old tavern and little shops, down the slope and over the bridge at the head of old Van Horne's mill pond and through the queer little toll-gate at the other end—as I swung steadily along here, I say, I caught sight of a familiar face now and then, and my mind was evenly divided between shame at the recollections I may have aroused and pride in my present facility.

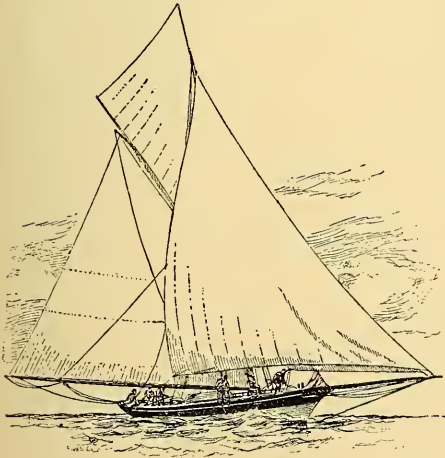
Between Fairview and Ridgefield the road is in beautiful condition and bounded by well-kept estates, among which one sees a few examples of the old Dutch farm-house. Not many of these, it is true, go back beyond the Revolution, but they are fair examples of the Colonial Dutch style, for rural

cottages, and are typical of the solidity of mind which belonged to that period. They are generally of stone, with low eaves curving outward and over the front, and the gables—rarely if ever turned to the road—are more often hipped than pointed, while the huge size of their chimneys tells of the hospitable hearths within.

Ridgefield occupies a little sandy tongue of ground jutting out into the meadows.

From Ridgefield out for nearly a mile a piece of road, very soft in some places and newly metaled in others, gave us a hard pull; thence to Leonia the road was hard and almost as level as a floor, so that the last mile of our tour was a race in which, for a beginner, I think I did fairly well; and so I bid my reader farewell with a self-complacent feeling which I fear he is unable to share.

A SEA SONG.



A white-capped sea and the smell of the spray!

Ho, boys! ho!

With scudding clouds and a crispy day;
And a fearless hand on the wheel to lay;
A daring hand at the wheel, I say!

Ho, boys! ho!

A streaming deck and a slanting mast!

Ho, boys! ho!

With an eye to the course and all made fast;
And the Wind-God blowing a singing blast;
And the rocks that threaten a long way past!

Ho, boys! ho!

The jolliest life is a life at sea!

Ho, boys! ho!

With the wet well over the rail in the lee,
And a perch on the uppermost rail for me;
That is the life that is keen and free!

Ho, boys! ho!

GEORGE ALBERT BURDETT.

A LEANING deck and a straining sail!

Ho, boys! ho!

A boiling wake and a hissing rail;
A flying breeze that does not fail;
And a craft that can catch a dolphin's tail!

Ho, boys! ho!

A MOUNTAIN VIGIL.

BY ARTHUR P. STONE.

ON the eastern border of New Hampshire there is a chain of mountains, the northernmost peaks of which are little known and rarely visited. At the southern end of the chain, it is true, the far-famed Kearsarge rises from the Conway inter-vales and summons numerous visitors yearly to enjoy from its conical crest what is, perhaps, the finest view in the White Mountains. But how many of these visitors who, looking northward past the twin summits of Double Head see the precipitous ledges of Baldface and Royce frowning at them, realize the strange charm that surrounds these desolate peaks? How many know that between them and those defying cliffs are valleys and ravines whose only denizens are the bear and deer that wander up and down the mountain brooks, and that there at their feet is a region where Nature holds her court unmolested?

Yet occasionally a few hunters wander into these forests in search of game, or summer visitors climb these mountains to find the solitude an overcrowded hotel makes a most precious boon. But how many even of these few have ever strayed through these forest aisles alone, and how many have sat alone under the lofty spruces and watched the shadows fall from the mountain tops until the day darkened into twilight, and the twilight into night? Not very many, surely, but to them has been opened a revelation. They have solved the secret of the forests and the mountains, the secret that few can know and none can reveal. And who in all that number will ever forget the first night when he slept or tried to sleep in the shadow of the hills?

One afternoon early in the month of August, I plodded slowly up through the mountain pastures of Chatham, along a path but little worn, to the foot of Mount Baldface. The sun beat down fiercely upon me, and when at last I reached the edge of the woods I stopped to say good-bye to the open country and the settlements. Ahead all was to me an undiscovered country whose greatest charm was its uncertainty. It was as strange to me as if the foot of man had never penetrated its fastnesses.

Properly speaking there is no path up Mount Baldface. The summit is not often visited, and although it is always approached from the same side there is not enough travel to make a discernible trail. At the base an old logging road conducts one for about half a mile, and after that a line of blazes wanders erratically back and forth up the side of the mountain, dodging "blow-downs" and ledges with unfailing accuracy until finally it emerges at the timber line and promptly loses itself on the bare ledges beyond.

Up this apology for a path I climbed, thinking every moment that the woods at the right or left seemed much clearer, but finding when I accidentally wandered from the path that whoever ran that old line of blazes understood the topography of the mountain, if he did have a strange predilection for underbrush.

At one time a tempting bit of open induced me to wander from the trail, and in a few minutes I was receiving my first lesson in tramping through a "blow-down" or "windfall." To appreciate one of these freaks of nature you must get into it. High above your head trunks and branches are piled in chaotic confusion. Underneath rotting trees you crawl in abject fear lest some unwary movement shall dislodge a decayed branch that hangs threatening over your head. Then a smooth tree trunk seems to offer you an easy path for a few yards and you walk calmly along it until you find that you have been gradually ascending and are some twenty feet from the ground, which you can hardly see through a net-work of fallen logs. And then when you turn round to note your progress and see the landmark you left half an hour ago within easy gun-shot, you begin to realize why the old lumbermen always tell you "ter go 'round a blow-down ef it takes yer all day."

Let no man pride himself on his good nature or equanimity until he has been lost in one of these tangles. I was once taking a short cut with a party of four through one of them. We had a theological student with us, dubbed the Parson. He was one of the best tem-

pered men I ever saw. I have watched him circulate around a wood fire with a frying-pan full of fish while the smoke pursued him with relentless vigilance, and all the time his language would not have offended a kindergarten. He once crawled on his stomach through a quarter of a mile of marsh to get a shot at a flock of wooden ducks, being a little near-sighted, and remarked after firing both barrels that they were excellent decoys.

On the memorable occasion to which I refer, we were walking along a fallen spruce, while ten feet beneath us a little mountain rill was pushing its way through the chaos of logs. The Parson was hot and tired. A convenient spruce knot had caught the shoulder of his new flannel shirt and he had left a piece of it to mark our path through the blow down. He was just remarking how good the cool breeze felt on his shoulder when the bark under his feet slipped and he disappeared through a convenient hole in the logs. We heard a fall, a rattle of tinware, a slight splash, and all was quiet.

"Are you hurt?" we anxiously said.

"No!" came the answer very short and very sharp.

"Well then," a tyro at woodcraft sweetly asked, "would you mind handing me up a drink?"

And then from the dim darkness we heard the voice of the Parson, and we hurried on.

When he caught up with us he eyed us anxiously and apologetically. But it was no use. The illusion was gone, never to return.

On my present trip I made all haste to get out of the blow-down and struggled on up the mountain. The hardwood gave way to spruces that raised their lofty arches high above my head. I tramped up through these until they began to grow smaller and became mingled with the crooked branches of the mountain birch. Then these grew stunted and took strange curves away from the summit, a sign of the unwilling obedience yielded to the winter snows. And then I came out on the low ledges and looked up on the bare slopes beyond. These were devastated now by a fire that swept over the eastern face of the mountain many years before and consumed everything but the granite ledges. It was from the peculiar

appearance of this eastern side that the mountain derived its name.

Here the way was open, and in a short time I had come to the summit and stood alone, thirty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea and nearly three thousand feet above the nearest habitations in the Chatham valley. To the north stretched away a sea of mountains, most of them swelling waves of darkest green, while here and there bare granite peaks flashed out in the afternoon sun, like whitecaps in a rising storm. On the east lay the peaceful valleys of Western Maine, studded with glistening lakes, while far beyond the broader expanse of Sebago shimmered in the sunshine. At the south Mount Kearsarge rose from the intervalles of the Saco, four hundred feet below its loftier neighbor, and yet, such are the illusions of distance, seeming much higher than where I stood. And on the west the wilderness of the Wild River valley was shut in by the sullen, threatening wall of the Carter Mountains, while far beyond rose the summits of the Presidential Range, and towering high above them all the crown of all New England, Mount Washington.

Two years before, so a lumberman had told me, a "lean-to" covered with spruce bark had been built in a clump of spruces not far down in the ravine on the south-eastern side of the mountain. I proposed to spend the night in this, if I could find it, and if I could not I intended to build a brush camp.

I started down the ravine and soon came to where huge sheets of bark had been stripped from the spruces to furnish the roof and sides of the lean-to. I struck a little mountain brook here, and after a short search, on the very edge of the timber, I found the camp, or its remains—for a dead hemlock had fallen across it and flattened it to the ground.

However, the roof looked fairly whole and it did not take me long to chop away enough of the hemlock so that I could raise it. As I had supposed, one end was pretty badly smashed, but the other was still whole and there was plenty of room for me and my belongings. As I examined it more closely, however, I found that in the middle of the fir boughs which had been placed there for a bed, and which were now matted closely together, some animal

had dug a nice round hole. It was certainly too large for a snake, even if snakes dug holes, which I was inclined to doubt, and it was too small for a bear. But there was room for considerable choice between these two, and however harmless the occupant might naturally be, it might be irritated to find a stranger had taken such liberties with its dwelling-place. At any rate it was not very pleasant to think of waking up in the middle of the night with any beast crawling over you. Suddenly an inspiration burst upon me, and running to the brook I picked up a large flat stone and placed it carefully over the hole.

Then I went to work chopping firewood for the night. I had not been out of the city long and my hands were tender, but I persevered, and when the last rays of the setting sun tinged the top of the mountain I had a pile of mingled green and dry wood sufficient to last me through the night. I built a little fire of dry sticks and made a cup of coffee. Upon this, some crackers and some deviled ham, I made a luxurious repast, though the coffee was without milk and the deviled ham was very peppery. It reminded me of the old woman's butter—"It was good enough what there was of it, and there was enough of it such as it was."

Then raking the embers of my fire together, I piled on the green logs I had cut, and soon a camp fire was roaring before the open front of the lean-to.

It was twilight now, and the deep woods were already dark. I could see a faint tinge of pink in the eastern sky, the reflection of the sunset on the other side of the mountain. But as I watched it, this echo of the sunset faded and the sky grew dark. The stars one by one twinkled down at me through the feathery tops of the spruces and hemlocks that stood around the camp. The nearer trees stood out in the firelight clear and distinct; but all was black beyond. A lonely bat wheeled in and out among the tree trunks, while from far down the valley was borne the mournful hooting of a solitary owl. I listened as the darkness deepened around me, and gladly surrendered myself to the spell of the mountains.

I wrapped my blanket around me, and propping my head with my pack gazed into the fire and then out beyond the

fire into the darkness. Above me the mountain kept watch in the darkness and silence and gazed down on the lights twinkling in the valleys below. It had looked down for so many, many nights. It had seen the woods give way to broad fields and well-tilled farms. It had seen a race of men vanish and leave scarcely a trace to tell their history. It had seen another race come and bring with them all the virtues and vices of civilization. It had watched the generations of men rise and fall, and had instilled in their hearts, as they wandered around its base, a knowledge of all that was beautiful and brave and grand. It had welcomed yearly the toilers from the city and sent them back with memories they will never forget. And yet to-night it stood in unmoved grandeur as it stood for ages before I had come to it and as it would stand for ages after I had gone. Then above it all I could see the stars watching the birth and death of the mountains, as the mountains watched the birth and death of the children of men. And is there not a guardian for the stars?

Then my puzzled brain turned to lighter thoughts, and I could see the people in the valleys below me. The lowly farm buildings, where hardy men sought their rest early that they might rise with the sun and renew their battle with the soil, drifted before my eyes in the circle of the fire.

Then a crowded hotel that seemed so very far away rose in my vision. I could see fair faces and light forms glide merrily to and fro in the reveling crowd, while the stirring cadences of the waltz seemed to wander to my ears. The music seemed to grow slower and softer, and the great trees to join in a solemn waltz and swing back and forth in the flickering light. Then all faded gradually and went away, and I was asleep in the shadow of the hills while the solemn trees and the mountain kept watch above me and the camp fire roared and crackled at my feet.

When I awoke nothing was left of the fire but a bed of coals and the charred ends of the logs. I looked at my watch and found that it was after ten o'clock. A fire of green logs lasts from two to three hours, and I had built this one between seven and eight o'clock. I pulled on my shoes and crawled out. My wood pile looked smaller than it did in

the daylight. I mentally divided it into two parts. That would give me a good fire until four o'clock, and by that time I knew I could see to pick up wood to finish out the night with. I put half the pile on the coals and stood to one side. The green wood smoked and smoldered for a while and then burst into a blaze that caught the loose bark on the birch logs and roared lustily.

Suddenly I heard a slight sound as if something was scratching in the boughs very near me. I glanced at the flat rock I had brought from the brook. Was it in my imagination, or did it move? I listened and all was still. Then I heard the sound again, and this time the rock moved beyond a doubt. It was evident that something must be done and done quickly. It is said that a truly brave man always rises to the occasion. I am proud to say my presence of mind did not desert me. With the courage born of despair I dashed into the fray. That is, to be less euphemistic and more accurate, I crawled into the lean-to and sat down upon the rock. The danger was averted for a moment, but as the rock was very hard and cold, I realized it was but a temporary expedient. As I pondered over the problem I became convinced that there was but one solution—a bigger rock. I made my way to the brook as rapidly as possible, and seizing a rock as large as I could carry, I hurried back, to find new developments. The rock had been pushed aside, the hole was partly open, and crouched in one corner of the camp was a very small and very badly scared rabbit!

I dropped the rock I was carrying in astonishment. The rabbit evidently construed this as a renewal of hostilities, for he jumped straight at me. Involuntarily I ducked, but it was not necessary. I saw a gleam of gray fur as he passed between me and the fire, and turned around in time to see a pair of yellow legs vanish behind a tree-trunk. The bushes swayed and rustled as he bounded through them, and then all was still, and I realized that I was the hero of a real adventure with a wild beast in the wilderness.

I awoke once more during the night, put on the rest of the wood, and then tumbled sleepily back and rolled into my blanket to sleep until morning. My hopes of a fine sunrise from the

summit disappeared when I next opened my eyes. The sky was overcast with dull, gray clouds. A chilling wind was blowing from the north, and the branches of the trees swayed and creaked drearily before its blasts. Everything indicated a most disagreeable day, and I speedily gave up my intention of spending it on the mountain. Hastily getting my *impedimenta* into my pack, I started for the summit, not forgetting, however, to extinguish my smoldering camp-fire—which, by the way, is a precaution no camper should overlook.

On the summit the wind was blowing fiercely, and I crouched behind a convenient rock while I glanced rapidly around the horizon. The Presidential Range had disappeared entirely, and a heavy fringe of white clouds obliterated the summits of the Carter Mountains. At the north dull masses of sullen clouds were rapidly rolling over the crests of the mountains toward me. In the farthest valleys in that direction I could see the rain falling in fine, straight lines, through which the woods and fields showed dim and indistinct. A few wandering clouds swept by me, bending and swaying like ghosts, along the mountain side. An unwary sparrow fluttered here and there in fruitless endeavor to escape the fury of the wind. The air was full of the mutterings of the rising storm. A vague sense of terror came over me. I realized my loneliness, and instinctively, with scarcely more thought than the fluttering sparrow, I fled from that scene of desolation.

A few big pattering rain-drops hurried me on. A new fear of actual discomfort and danger came upon me. Unless I wished to spend that day and very likely the night, either in cowering before the storm on the mountain or wandering through the dripping woods, I must reach the timber line before the clouds closed around me.

A last glance at the top of the mountain, before the second peak hid it from view, showed it shrouded in clouds that seemed to be angrily rolling down its sides after me. But they had no terror for me now, for not far in front of me a little heap of gray stones showed the beginning of the trail that would lead me from the haunts of storms and tempest back to the habitations of men.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

By Robert Sale Hill.



THE trip proper began at Helena, Montana. My friend, Andrews, after closing the business which had brought him West, decided to have some sport in the mountains before he took the long steel trail for New York. It did not take us long to get together a proper outfit, and so it came to pass that mid-afternoon of a glorious day found us halted among the foothills some distance from

Helena. Our destination was the Bear Tooth, an irregular pile of rock which showed sharply distinct against an almost Italian sky.

But the Bear Tooth was not to be reached in a day, and we intended passing our first night out at McLeod's ranch, where a hearty welcome awaited us. The finding of McLeod's was no easy task. Sunset found us bewildered by a multiplicity of trails; gray dusk found us as nearly lost as we wished to be, but at last we met a man driving a light cart. In reply to our hail he informed us that if we were from Helena on a hunt and friends of Wilson's that he was looking for us. He proved to be "Ole," a young Swede whom Wilson had engaged to act as our guide the next day, and sent out to pilot us to his ranch that night. Ole led us to a big log house consisting of two rooms, and after seeing that our horses were properly cared for, we settled down to a very appetizing meal.

Our host Wilson, a brawny Scotchman, owned a prosperous chicken farm,

and with horses to ride, some congenial companions, and game within easy range, he certainly had not much to complain about.

We were aroused at daylight and, reversing the usual order of things, started in search of our guide, who we presently descried galloping along to meet us on a cayuse, which he had been looking for since daybreak. His plan was to go to his ranch, which lay almost at the foot of the Bear Tooth, and after lunch climb to the top, where we proposed either to camp for the night, or else, having located our game, return to camp and begin hunting in earnest at daybreak.

Had we followed out the first idea, and to use the Western phrase, "camped on their trail," we would doubtless have slept better and returned with several horned trophies; but the vote of the majority ruled, and so we concluded to clamber up Bear Tooth, take a general survey of the surrounding country, and, if possible, locate some deer, with the hope that there would still be daylight enough left for a shot. If the light failed us we would know just about where to strike into the mountains the next day.

In over a year's experience in some of the wildest country in Africa, I never remember anything to equal that afternoon's climb to the summit of the Bear Tooth. Andrews, J. Wilson and myself are heavy men, and with winchesters, leggins, ammunition, and the thermometer in the seventies, even ordinary climbing is a little tedious. Ole, with his long, swinging mountaineer's gait, seemed to delight in picking out the most precipitous portions of the ascent, and the loose shale and boulders which every step disturbed only served to re-

mind us in their headlong descent that one false step meant disaster.

The only game we encountered was far up on the mountain side in a thickly wooded gulch, where we disturbed some mountain grouse without endeavoring to stop them, because, as Ole remarked, the next ridge might disclose something worth wasting ammunition upon. I have since concluded that this was simply a dodge of the astute Ole to keep up our spirits, for he made the same remarks when we neared the ridge of any steep declivity, and invariably discovered fresh deer track near the roughest ascents.

However, we finally succeeded in reaching what Wilson cynically termed the upper crust, and here, on a bare spot surrounded by stunted firs, we spread ourselves out, Ole in the meantime scouting in the vicinity in search of more fresh tracks.

After a time we heard a low whistle from Ole, and a series of signals very soon assured us that game of some sort was in sight. In a few minutes he joined us, crawling through the underbrush on all fours, and conveyed the news that after following the tracks of some mountain sheep he had finally located them within one thousand yards of our position. Following his direction we proceeded to skirt the mountain side, Wilson and Andrews taking the lower route, while Ole bade me follow him. This resulted in my finally being compelled in self-preservation to hand him my rifle and hold on to mother earth with every grip known to professional wrestlers, nor did I care to look behind me more than once when it seemed to me there was only one very dilapidated pair of boots between myself and eternity.

In about ten minutes, which seemed an age, I found myself lying beside Ole on a narrow ledge from which we were able to command an almost unobstructed view of the smaller ravines. Wilson and Andrews were about fifty feet below us.

At first I saw no sign of life on the gray-coated fir-topped ridges, but finally, aided by Ole's whispered directions, I discovered four white-tailed objects which were the mountain sheep he had spotted from the other side of the cañon. They appeared to be quietly

browsing among the loose shale; the distance must have been fully one thousand yards from our position. In the absolute quiet which prevailed we could hear the rattle of shale behind them as they scrambled to the top of one of the smaller ridges.

Suddenly the leader, an old ram, stopped short, and then turning quickly started off at a sharp run in our direction followed by the rest. Ole whispered an admonition to me to keep quiet and not to fire unless he told me to. Soon the cause of the sheep's scare came to us in the sound of voices, and in another instant a perfect fusillade was opened from the top of a ridge, fully fifteen hundred yards from the game.

Mountain sheep travel very fast, and it was soon apparent, to even a novice like myself, that they were almost within range. My finger played nervously with the hammer, and twice I raised my rifle only to be deterred from pulling the trigger by a somewhat forcible admonition from Ole. At the same time I could see Andrews' shoulders and head, and intuitively knew he was settling himself comfortably to fire as soon as the first fair opening presented itself. Ole now stepped away and I could see him skirting the rugged side of an over-hanging precipice, evidently bent on heading the sheep should they attempt to cross the bottom of the gulch. In the meantime the other hunters, who had approached from the river, were pressing on rapidly, and firing whenever they caught a glimpse of the sheep, which were now hidden in a ravine, although the rattle of their hoofs on the loose shale still indicated they were coming our way.

My suspense did not last long. The head and shoulders of the ram loomed up on a ridge within easy range of where Andrews was lying. I saw him rise and at the same instant a huge boulder went crashing down from under his feet, while, like a flash, the ram turned tail. The sharp crack of Ole's winchester rang out, and the old ram plunged forward and fell down into the ravine with Ole in full cry, dashing down the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. The other sheep, now thoroughly scared, started helter-skelter

toward the river. We knew that another shot was impossible, and a more disgusted trio never confronted each other. Had that unfortunate boulder not given way we would have had a fair chance to show our skill, but as it was we were compelled to be content with the result of Ole's fine ram.

We afterward heard that the other hunters had killed a sheep, but this was

small consolation to us, for we knew that we had lost the chance of our lives to secure the much-sought quarry. Next day we made another attempt and failed to locate game. Mountain sheep are too wary to allow novices to redeem mistakes. Eternal vigilance is their motto when once the tell-tale bark of the winchester has stirred the tongues of Rocky Mountain echoes.

INTERNATIONAL TRACK AND FIELD CONTESTS

OF 1895.



NOT until the eighties had track athletics in America developed sufficiently for American amateur runners to pit themselves against English rivals with any hope of success. During the decade 1880-90

American performances on the track and field began to approach the English standard. The mother country was invaded by numbers of our athletes, both singly and in teams, who captured a few of the British records. The pioneers of them all were the great Myers and E. E. Merrill, in 1881, and they were followed by a stalwart host whose names will live long in the annals of American athletics. Among these men were, in 1883, W. S. Hart; in 1884, Myers, A. Waldron, H. E. Fredericks, F. P. Murray and W. H. Meek; in 1885, Myers, L. P. Smith and A. A. Jordan; in 1887, E. D. Lange, H. S. Young, W. Byrd Page, F. B. Fegg and E. C. Carter, who had now become an American citizen; in 1888, C. M. Smith, A. A. Jordan, W. C. Dohm, H. M. Banks, E. Koos, E. C. Carter, G. R. Gray, F. Westing, W. C. White and T. P. Conneff, who had become an American athlete; in 1890, C. H. Sherrill; in 1891, L. H. Cary, H. L. Dadman, M. W. Ford, H. L. Hallock, E. D. Lange, V. Mapes, C. L. Nicoll, M. Remington, E. L. Sarre, C. A. J. Queckberner, E. Van Schaick, H. S. Young, J. S. Roddy,

A. B. George and W. T. Young, George and Young having become American athletes.

In 1891 the Manhattan Athletic Club sent over a team of athletes which, after defeating most of the English and French cracks in everything save the distance runs, ended the season by taking four English championships—Cary winning the hundred-yard dash in 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.; Remington, the quarter mile in 51s.; Queckberner, the hammer at 129ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. (he had previously established an English record at Manchester of 134ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.), while Ford tied with Bulger in the broad jump at 20ft. 4in.

For years it had been a cherished plan with certain Yale graduates to have an international meeting between Yale, as winner at the intercollegiate meeting here, and the winner in the meet between Oxford and Cambridge. In 1894, when Yale won at the intercollegiate meeting in May, a challenge was sent and promptly accepted by Oxford. In spite of her home victory, Yale was not well fitted to compete against Oxford, owing to the lack of a champion sprinter. In 1893, Richards did even time in both dashes. In 1894 he could not beat 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ s. In the season just passed Richards, who has regained his form, has shown ability to do even time in several trials. One crack sprinter would have sufficed to turn the scale for Yale in that dual meeting of 1894, as the Oxford sprinters that year were none of them better than second rate. The games are too recent to require any detailed description. The schedule of events included the hundred-yard dash,

the quarter-mile, half-mile and mile, the high hurdles, broad jump, high jump, shot and hammer. Of these Oxford won all the runs, the high hurdle, and tied in the high jump with Yale, losing only the weights and broad jump. The total score was Oxford— $5\frac{1}{2}$ points; Yale, $3\frac{1}{2}$ points, first place alone scoring. Below is appended a table showing the names of the winners and the times or distances of the different events :

EVENT.	WINNER.	SECOND.	TIME OR DISTANCE.
100-yd. dash,	Fry (Oxford),	Jordan (Oxford),	10 2-58.
16-lb. hammer,	Hickok (Yale),	Brown (Yale),	110ft. 5in.
120-yd. hurdle,	Oakley (Ox.),	Scott (Oxford),	16 3-58.
1-mile run,	Greenhow (Ox)	Morgan (Yale),	4m. 24 4-58.
Broad jump,	Sheldon (Yale),	Fry (Oxford),	22ft. 11in.*
440-yd. run,	Jordan (Ox.),	Sanford (Yale),	518.
16-lb. shot,	Hickok (Yale),	Brown (Yale),	41ft. 7 1-2in.
High jump	{ Sheldon (Yale),	{ Cady (Yale),	5ft. 8 3-4in
	{ Swanwick (Ox)		
Half-mile run,	Greenhow (Ox),	Rathbone (Ox.),	2m. 4-58.
Score	{ Oxford, $5\frac{1}{2}$ firsts ; 4 seconds.		
	{ Yale, $3\frac{1}{2}$ 4		

* English measurement.

Numbers of British athletes have competed for their home clubs in athletic meetings on this side of the water. Prominent among them were, in 1880, S. A. Miles; in 1882, the famous W. G. George; in 1885, H. Whyatt and an Irish team consisting of D. D. Bulger, O. D. Christian, J. E. Hussey, E. J. Walsh, J. Purcell, M. J. Hayes, W. J. M. Barry, and O. Harte; in 1887, an English team, consisting of C. G. Wood, C. W. V. Clarke, T. Ray, and W. A. Bowen; in 1888, an Irish team, including J. Mooney, J. H. McCarthy, J. Connery, J. J. Cullen, T. M. O'Connor, T. Power, T. J. O'Mahoney, M. J. Curran, W. Phibbs, W. McCarthy, D. Shanahan, P. Looney, P. Keehan, M. Connery, J. S. Mitchell, J. S. Daly, W. Read, and P. Davin; in 1889, S. Thomas and E. S. Stones; in 1890, an English team, including E. W. Parry, W. H. Morton, N. P. Morgan, T. L. Nicholas, and G. H. Morris. Other good men have drifted here from England, joined American athletic clubs, and subsequently done brilliant work for the clubs of their adoption. Among them are such men as J. T. Tivey, W. C. Davis, H. W. Macauley, E. C. Carter, J. J. Austin, T. P. Conneff, A. B. George, W. T. Young, C. H. Coughlan, and H. L. Curtis. The deeds of these men and the athletic events of the years referred to were full of interest to athletes on both sides of the water, and it

remains to be proved if this year will not demonstrate that a new era of international sport has commenced, and that six days of ocean travel is no more a bar to international athletics than to international business.

There have been this year three international challenges. The first in point of time and importance was that from the New York Athletic Club to the London Athletic Club. The most important because it is in reality Great Britain against the United States, as by mutual agreement each club is at liberty to enroll any amateur athlete in its respective country as a member.

The challenge has been accepted by the London Athletic Club, and the following details have been agreed upon: The match is to take place on Manhattan Field, New York City, on September twenty-first. The London Athletic Club team will be guests of the New York Athletic Club, the latter bearing all expense. The schedule of events is as follows (first place only to count, dead heats to count one-half, and the number of competitors in each event to be limited to two from each club)—100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, quarter-mile run, half-mile run, mile run, three-mile run, 120-yard hurdle, high jump, broad jump, hammer and shot.

The English team will be composed of the following men: Bradley, Downer, Bredin, Lutyens, Horan, Bacon, Fitzherbert, Monroe, Oakley, Ryan, Horgan, Fry, Williams, Shaw and Barry.

Horgan, who won the English championship in 1893, 1894 and 1895 at putting the shot, has a record of 46ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. He is the only living athlete that can compete against Gray with any chance of success. Williams, on June eighth, won the high jump at the Civil Service Sports, at Stamford Bridge, with a jump of 5ft. 11in., and then cleared 6ft. in an exhibition jump. Ryan won the English championship in 1893 for the high jump, clearing 6ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., and a few weeks later cleared 6ft. $3\frac{1}{8}$ in.

A bit of biography concerning these men who will represent England on track and field against America, may not be amiss.

C. A. Bradley made his first try for championship honors June 30th, 1891, when he was beaten a foot by Reming-



Photo. by Pach Bros., N. Y.

YALE TEAM.

HILL.	RICHARDS.	BROWN.	_____	BURNETT.	_____	CADY.	CRANE.
HATCH.	CHADWICK.	HICKOK.	MORGAN.	SHELDON.	THOMAS.	CROSS.	THRALL.

ton, M. A. C., in his trial heat of the 100-yard championship, in $10\frac{3}{4}$ s. In 1892 he won the 100-yard dash at the English championships, in $10\frac{1}{4}$ s., and won the championship this year in even time. He is a member of the Huddersfield Cricket and Athletic Club.

A. R. Downer has been the triple champion of Scotland now for three years, having won the 100-yard, 220-yard dashes and 440-yard run in the years 1893, 1894 and 1895. He is a member of the Scottish Pelicans.

E. C. Bredin is another man who is well along in years for a runner, being nearly thirty years of age. He was born in Gibraltar, educated for the army and spent several years in traveling before settling down in London. He is almost six feet in height, long legged, of light weight and runs with a long stride. He made his first try for a championship July 2d, 1892, winning his trial heat of the quarter-mile run in 52s., but was beaten half a yard in the final in $50\frac{3}{4}$ s., having set too fast a pace in the first 150 yards in an attempt to establish a new record. Kilpatrick, who will meet him in the middle distances on this side, is only twenty-one

years of age, and most of the American runners are younger than their rivals.

W. E. Lutyens is twenty-two years of age, and entered Sidney College, Cambridge University, in 1891. In 1892, at the Oxford-Cambridge Sports, he won the mile in 4m. $24\frac{3}{4}$ s. At the London Athletic Club-Cambridge match in 1893, he won the mile in 4m. $20\frac{1}{4}$ s., and in March, 1894, at the Oxford-Cambridge Sports, won the mile in 4m. $19\frac{1}{4}$ s., which stands as the inter-university record.

F. S. Horan, president of Cambridge University Athletic Club, is twenty-five years old. At his preparatory school he became noted as a runner as far back as 1887. He entered Cambridge in 1892, after an absence of three years in Ceylon. He signalized his entrance into university track athletics the following spring by winning in his college games the two-mile run in 9m. 53s., and on the following afternoon the quarter in $54\frac{1}{4}$ s., the half in 2m. $02\frac{1}{4}$ s., and the mile in 4m. $36\frac{3}{4}$ s.—a very creditable string of victories for a freshman. He is a "repeater" of the first rank, such performances as winning two three-mile races in the same day in 14m. 52s., taking the half in 1m. $58\frac{3}{4}$ s. and the mile in 4m.

29½s. in the same afternoon, seeming easy for him. His best record for two miles is 9m. 43½s., and for three miles, 14m. 44½s.—an inter-university record.

G. B. Shaw is one of the oldest men on the team, having essayed his championship in 1886, where he won his trial heat in the high hurdles in 16¾s. He is a wonderful strider, having occasionally taken two instead of three steps between the hurdles. Shaw is especially strong in that branch of hurdling, so little known on this side—the 440-yard, and holds records at that distance.

C. B. Fry, of Wadham College, Oxford University, is one of England's best all-round athletes, and has at different times been selected to represent his university in four branches of sport—cricket, Rugby and Association football, and track and field athletics. He has been president of the Oxford Athletic Association, captain of the Cricket and Association football teams, has taken high honors as a student, and is a valued member of the Oxford Dramatic Club. He holds the English record in the broad jump, and has a record of 10½s. in the hundred-yard dash.

R. Williams, the only high jumper at present in the London Athletic Club, was formerly a member of Edinburgh University. Until this season, 5ft. 9¼in. was his record, but this year he has already cleared 6ft.

W. J. M. Barry is an Irishman by birth, and the largest man on the team, being 6ft. 4¼in. tall, and weighing over 250lbs. He is well past his thirtieth birthday, and commenced to break records in 1885. In 1887 he visited the United States, and became a member of the New York Athletic Club, competing under its colors in all the principal club and championship meetings. Barry has held at various times several records with the 12lb. shot and hammer, the 16lb. hammer and 56lb. weight.

The New York Athletic Club team has not been entirely decided upon, but the following men will certainly wear the winged foot at the meet on September 21st: Lee in the sprints, Kilpatrick in the middle distances, Orton and Conneff in the distance runs, Chase in the hurdles, Sheldon in the broad jump, Baltazzi in the high jump, Mitchell in the hammer, and Gray in the shot. Like the London Athletic Club team,



Photo. by Stearn, Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE TEAM.

the American team has some weak spots which will be strengthened before September. The quarter-mile is one of them. Kilpatrick has done $50\frac{1}{8}$ s., and Allen, who won the quarter-mile at the American championship in 1893, when in form is probably good for about 50 seconds. But neither of these men are in the same class with Bredin, who has beaten 49 seconds in competition, and is a marvelously consistent performer. The only man at present in America who would seem to have a chance against the Englishman is Burke, B. A. A., who, at the spring games of the New York Athletic Club, June 15th, won the quarter-mile from scratch in $49\frac{1}{8}$ s.—a performance which has not been duplicated since the days when Downs was in his prime. The high jump is another place which the American club will probably strengthen. Baltazzi is better than 5ft. 11in., but he is a school-boy and hardly seasoned enough to bear the entire brunt of an international competition. Payne, the Harvard champion for this year, is a possibility. He has done 6ft. $\frac{5}{8}$ in., and is a very consistent performer.

It is, of course, impossible to foretell with accuracy what athletes will do by their past performances. This is especially the case with the English team, for a foreign climate and track and the American custom of racing with the pole on the left may handicap them. But an approximate idea of the strength of the teams may be obtained by a comparison of the best performances and present condition of the American and English representatives.

With Downer and Bradley, the Englishmen are very strong in the sprints. Bradley has won more than fifty races within the last three years. This year Downer has beaten him three times in the hundred. In 1893, at the English championship meeting, he won the hundred-yard dash in 10s., and has, on several occasions, done even time. In 1894, he won a 120-yard handicap race from scratch in $11\frac{1}{8}$ s., which is a world record for that distance, and on July 6th, at the English championship, he won the hundred in 10s. Downer has been running in record-breaking form this season, having covered 150 yards in 15s. (Scotch record), and 300

yards in $31\frac{3}{8}$ s. (English amateur record), and 120 yards in $11\frac{1}{8}$ s. (world record).

He is probably a better man than Bradley at the long dash, as his practice in the quarter-mile, which he has covered in $50\frac{3}{8}$ s., gives him better staying powers. He has run 250 yards in $25\frac{1}{8}$ s. Bradley seems to have gotten back into form, and Downer is going in wonderful shape. Against them the New York Athletic Club will have T. I. Lee, C. W. Stage, B. F. Wefers and J. V. Crum. Lee has, at present writing, not been in training long enough to judge of his performances, but in 1894 he won the American championship in the hundred yards in $10\frac{1}{8}$ s., and a week later the Canadian championship in ten seconds flat. His last five performances in the 100 yards in 1894 were as follows: 10s., $10\frac{1}{8}$ s., $10\frac{1}{8}$ s., $10\frac{1}{8}$ s., 10s.—showing him to be when in form a most consistent performer. In the 220-yard dash last season he far outclassed any other American runner. In the American championships he ran the distance, around a sharp curve, in 22s., and at the Canadian championships, on a straightaway, tied Cary's world record of $21\frac{1}{8}$ s. With Lee in form the long dash ought to go to America. On form, the 100 might go to Bradley, Downer, Lee, Crum or Wefers.

In the middle distances, Bredin has few equals. In the English championships of 1893 he won the half-mile in 1m. $55\frac{1}{8}$ s., and after a rest of 1 hour and 10 minutes, the quarter in $49\frac{1}{8}$ s.—a double performance that shows his wonderful repeating powers. He has been in magnificent form this season, having tied Tindall's world record of $48\frac{1}{8}$ s. for the quarter on a circular track, established a British record of $58\frac{3}{8}$ s. for the 500-yard run, and covering the 1,000-yard run in 2m. $16\frac{1}{8}$ s., only a second slower than Pollock-Hill's British record. His last performances, at present writing, were winning the English championship at 880 yards in 1m. $55\frac{1}{8}$ s., and losing the 440 yards to Fitzherbert.

Bredin holds the world's record of 1m. $11\frac{3}{8}$ s. for 600 yards jointly with Myers and Downs, and the quarter-mile record of $48\frac{1}{8}$ s. jointly with Tindall. He has done 1m. 55s. in the half this season. It certainly seems, unless he goes

stale before September, that he will win whichever of the middle distances he enters first. Whether there will be time for him to recuperate enough to win the second remains to be seen. Kilpatrick will be pitted against him in the half-mile, and possibly in the quarter, as he has a record for 50 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. for that distance. His best time for the half is 1m. 55 $\frac{1}{5}$ s., while Bredin, on May 11th, 1895, ran the distance from scratch around a large field in 1m. 55s., only $\frac{3}{5}$ s. slower than the world's record. Kilpatrick's half-mile at the Yale spring games in 1m. 58 $\frac{3}{5}$ s. is his best performance this year. In 1894, Bredin's last three races in the half-mile were run in the following times: 1m. 56s., 1m. 56 $\frac{1}{5}$ s., 1m. 56 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.; while Kilpatrick's were: 1m. 56 $\frac{3}{5}$ s., 1m. 55 $\frac{1}{5}$ s., 1m. 58 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Burke, who has done 49 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. this season in the quarter, seems to be the only American runner capable of giving Bredin a rub at that distance. Bredin's last three performances in 1894 were made in 50s., 49 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. and 51 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. respectively.

In the mile run, if Bacon should come over, England will have a slight advantage. He has already beaten Conneff's best time for the distance, while it is doubtful yet whether Conneff will ever fully regain his past form. The latter did 4m. 17 $\frac{4}{5}$ s. August 26th, 1893. Since that time he has been out of training. This year he has bettered 4m. 26s. Orton's best record is 4m. 21 $\frac{1}{5}$ s., and at the intercollegiates this year he covered the distance in 4m. 23 $\frac{3}{5}$ s. Lutyens' best time for the mile is 4m. 19 $\frac{4}{5}$ s. He may be a starter in the half, as he has a record of 1m. 56 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. for that distance.

In the three-mile run England has a decided advantage. Horan has covered the distance in 14m. 44 $\frac{3}{5}$ s., which is some seconds better than anything that either Orton or Conneff has done.

America should take the hurdles with Chase, who holds the world's record of 15 $\frac{3}{5}$ s. for that event, and has done 15 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. this season. Shaw, of the London Athletic Club, has done 15 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. in competition this year, and in 1893 did a trial against time in 15 $\frac{3}{5}$ s. Chase is probably the better man, especially as the event will be run American fashion on the cinder path with movable hurdles.

The broad jump is another event that should go to the New York Athletic Club. Fry, of the London Athletic Club, in 1893, covered 23ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. But this is a record made under the English system of measuring to the first imprint. Under American measurement, to the first break, it would be shorter by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Fry has never equaled this jump since, and was beaten by Sheldon, of the New York Athletic Club, with a jump of 22ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (American measurement) in the Oxford-Yale games last year. This season Sheldon has cleared 23ft., and is jumping in excellent form. Rogers, the Princeton record holder, who will be New York's second string in the event, has done 22ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

In the high jump the London Athletic Club has secured Ryan, while the New Yorks have secured W. F. Sweeney, holder of the world's best record. These selections have put a different complexion on this interesting event than that which had been contemplated whilst the contest apparently rested, as it did until recently, between Baltazzi or Payne, with only the probability of Ryan or O'Brien against them.

In the shot, the competition between Horgan and Gray should be very even. The latter's best put is 47ft., whilst Horgan has a record of 46ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Mitchell should win the hammer, although he does not seem to be in form this year. He has a record of 145ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in., while Barry's best performance is 137ft.

America appears to have the best chance of winning in September. Our men should take the hammer, the broad jump, the high hurdles and the shot. The Englishmen should take one, if not both, of the middle distances and the three-mile run. The chances in the sprints seem even, while the high jump and mile are uncertain events. As the London team is now made up, the chances favor England but our climate and methods and a strange track may handicap the Englishmen considerably. That such elements affect performances was apparent in the Oxford-Yale games when Woodhull, who had a record of 1m. 59 $\frac{1}{5}$ s., could not secure a place though the race was run in 2m. 0 $\frac{4}{5}$ s.; Cady and Hatch were shut out in the hurdles in the poor time of 16 $\frac{3}{5}$ s., and Pond and Sandford in the dash in 10 $\frac{3}{5}$ s.

Below are given the most recent performances in which the American and English candidates have competed.

The times made in the runs at the English meeting prove the wonderful abilities of the Englishmen. No championship meeting in any country has ever seen such performances.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

(HELD JULY 27TH.)

EVENT.	WINNER.	TIME.	SECOND MKN.
100-yard run,	T. I. Lee,	10 4-58.	D. E. Coville.
220-yard run,	T. I. Lee,	23 3-58.	E. W. Seidler.
440-yard run,	G. Sands,	52 2-58.	G. H. Peet.
880-yard run,	C. Kilpatrick,	2m. 63-58.	G. Hollander.
1-mile run,	T. P. Connett,	4m. 44 2-58.	A. T. Walsh.
120 hurdle race,	S. Chase,	188.	J. Cosgrave.
Running h. jump,	M. F. Sweeney,	6ft.	J. Cosgrave.
Running h. jump,	L. P. Sheldon,	2ft.	M. F. Sweeney.
Putting shot,	J. S. Mitchell,	40ft. 6in.	G. Wuttrich.
Throwing ham'r,	J. S. Mitchell,	129ft. 9in.	G. Wuttrich.
5-mile run,	G. W. Orton,	29m. 45 3-58.	G. Hollander.

These performances were made on a track ankle deep in mud.

ENGLISH A. A. A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(HELD JULY 6TH.)

EVENT.	WINNER.	TIME.	SECOND.
100-yard dash,	Bradley,	108.	Downer.
440-yard dash,	Fitzherbert,	49 3-58.	Bredin.
880-yard run,	Bredin,	1m. 55 4-58.	Horan.
1-mile run,	Bacon,	4m. 178.	Lutysens.
120-yard hurdle,	Shaw,	15 4-58.	Oakley.
High-jump,	Ryan,	5ft. 11½in.	Williams.
Broad-jump,	Oakley,	21ft. 6½in.	Mendelson.
Shot,	Horgan,	44ft. 3¼in.	Gradwell.
Hammer,	Barry,	132ft. 11½in.	Kiely.

Since the championship meeting, Bradley and Downer have competed frequently, and in their last race, July 6th, they ran two dead heats at 100 yards, one of them in 9½ seconds.

Beside the challenge from the New York Athletic Club to the London Athletic Club there have been three other challenges for international matches this summer. The first was from the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, inviting a competition in track and field games, in England, between a team composed of the firsts and seconds in this year's intercollegiate championship games and a representative team of university athletes of Great Britain, selected by the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Yale, Princeton, and Columbia voted against the challenge, while Harvard declined to vote. After some correspondence, Oxford and Cambridge declined the challenge, owing to the attitude of Yale and Harvard. The re-

fusal of the Englishmen was accompanied by a formal challenge to Yale and Harvard for an athletic competition, to take place in America some time in the autumn. This attempt, too, fell through, as Harvard refused to accept the challenge.

Yale, after receiving notice of Harvard's decision, offered to meet the combined teams of Oxford and Cambridge Universities singly. If this was not deemed advisable by the English universities, Yale formally challenged the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge meet. Cambridge, the winner, has accepted the challenge, and the teams of the two universities will meet October 5th, on this side. The Yale team will, probably, be made up only from those men eligible to compete at the intercollegiate meeting this last June.

The list of events will include the following: 100-yard dash, 300-yard dash, 440-yard run, one-mile run, 120-yard hurdle, American style (*i. e.*, light movable hurdles, set on cinder path), 120-yard hurdle, English style (*i. e.*, fixed hurdles on grass), high jump, broad jump, shot and hammer.

The Cambridge team will be composed of the first and second strings which competed for the light blue at the Oxford-Cambridge meet, on July 3d, and F. W. Jennings in the high jump. This would include Williams and Wilding in the dash, Fitzherbert in the quarter, Lutysens and Horan in the mile, Pilkington in the hurdles, Mendelsohn and Hemingway in the broad jump, Lubbock and Jennings in the high jump, and Watson in the weights.

Richards, Burnett, Gerrard and Byers, will probably be Yale's representatives in the 100 and 300 yard runs, and Richards, Gerard and Burnett in the quarter-mile, Wadhams and Crane in the half-mile, Morgan and Wadhams in the mile; Cady, Perkins and Hatch in both hurdle races; Thompson, Sheldon, Cheney and Fewsmith in the jumps, and Hickock, Brown, Gross and Chadwick with hammer and shot.

In a comparison of these men by their past performances and present form Yale, with the advantages of an American climate and track, should win. Richards is in the pink of condition this year. Mayne, Cambridge's best sprinter,

was second to 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. at the Oxford-Cambridge meet. The 440 should go to Cambridge. Fitzherbert has twice beaten Bredin, the joint holder of the world's record for that distance, the last time in 49 $\frac{3}{4}$ s., and won the event at the Oxford-Cambridge meet in 50s. Richards, the best man at Yale, unless he shows marked improvement, will be outclassed by the English crack. The 880-yard run will assuredly go to Cambridge. Horan has a record of 1m. 56s. and a fraction, and ran sec-

second to 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. on July 3d. Lubbock, the Cambridge high jumper, is good for about 5ft. 8in., while both Sheldon and Thompson, of Yale, have bettered that height. In the broad jump, Sheldon of Yale should win easily. He has a record of 23 feet, while Mendelsohn, Cambridge's best jumper, has done 22ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the other side, or about 22ft. 4in. by American measuring. The one of her five weight throwers could weight, of course, will go to Yale. Any beat the best man at Cambridge some



NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB TEAM.

COURSEN.	MURPHY.	LEE.	HALPIN.	LETSON.	R. T. LYONS.	JARVIS.	ALLEN.	WEEKS.
		BOWMAN.	SCOVILLE.	BAXTER.	GRAY.	CHASE.		
MITCHELL.		KILPATRICK.	ORTON.	SMITH.	H. F. LYONS.	SANDS.		

ond by four yards this year to Bredin's 1m. 55 $\frac{1}{4}$ s., while Lutyens can beat 1m. 58s. Crane, Yale's best man for the distance, is not better than 2m. 1s. The mile is another gift to Cambridge. Lutyens has done it in 4m. 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ s., while Horan can better 4m. 25s. Morgan, the best distance runner that Yale has, is not better than 4m. 30s. Cady or Hatch should take the hurdles, both English and American style. The former has done 16s., while Hatch is good for about 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Pilkington, Cambridge's best man, was

feet in both the hammer and shot. Yale should win the 100-yard and possibly the 300-yard dash, both the hurdles, the broad jump, high jump, hammer and shot, while England should take the quarter, half and mile.

Whatever be the result, whether London or New York, Cambridge or Yale, England or America win, the year 1895 will always be remembered on both sides of the ocean as the year that made the representatives of American and English manliness acquainted with each other.



TRUE CANOEING.

By R. B. Burchard.

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither!"

IT was at Daly's Theatre—a theatre party after a two-hour dinner in which there had been an opulence of everything but enjoyment; this, in turn, preceded by a working day unblessed by a minute worth living or worth remembering.

The stage was set with a piece of scenic forest, a camp and a group of foresters too clean and too well dressed for anything rougher than a canoe-camp on ladies'-day. I have never heard the note of the English sky-lark, but have felt the thrill of Shelley's poem, which must be a reflection of it. Shakespeare's song, now voiced at the theatre by a clear baritone and the music of soft strings, filled me with a longing for the woods as I have known them—the canoe-man's woods, not necessarily remote or ideal, but here, right around us, and within an hour's ride. At that moment, shrouded in night and snow, they might as well have been as distant as England or Shakespeare, so far as any vernal realization of them were possible. I suppose it is a part of our tantalizing

nature to want a thing just when we can not have it. That trait is not wholly feminine. Had I been camping in the mud on the St. Lawrence, with the prospect of a bacon-and-egg supper of my own cooking, I suppose a course-dinner followed by the enjoyment of Ada Rehan's *Rosalind* and Lewis's *Touchstone* would have been quite to my liking. But as the refrain "Come hither, come hither!" melted away in the orchestral cadence, the waves and the branches began to beckon and call me with their familiar utterances. I seemed to sniff the odor of hemlock boughs and burning fagots, and to hear the "lap, lap, lap" of the water under my canoe. Does my materialistic friend suggest that my dinner-party may have been too much for me? Ah, my friend! You know the lesson of "Thanatopsis":

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she
speaks

A various language."

You don't have to be a poet or a sentimentalist, but, once you get that smell of burnt wood and the sound of that "lap, lap, lap" in your head, they will come to your mental senses at times when you can't get them; and they may vex you, even as that chestnut curl and those jeweled fingers of *your Rosalind* there.

If the canoe had served no other purpose than to drag fellows like myself





SLIDING SEATS GREW LONGER.

out of the city and set them on their feet for a time face to face with nature, it would have had a good reason to be, and "Commodore" Alden and "Rob-Roy" Macgregor would have earned a place in the "scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind."

When I speak of the canoe I mean the generic canoe in all its hundred forms, even including that torture-rack consisting of a large plank and a small boat fixed together crosswise in clumsy and unnatural juxtaposition, and known as the racing canoe. But I don't limit it to that monstrosity any more than I would the yachts to the fin-keel type, or vehicles to sulkies.

A few seasons ago, when the "association" and the clubs had idolized the winners of races, and emulation among them ran high, these young men gained the idea that the "true canoeists" were the racers, in fact, that the "racing men" were the only canoeists. They began to own the camp in just about the way the football men do the town after a match, and were really just about as much the *camp* as the athletes are the *university*. Club events began to consist of regattas and races, and then again regattas, and those delightful little expeditions up or across the river o' moonlight nights were omitted. Responding to the racing tendency, the cock-pits of boats were gradually reduced from seven feet to two feet (this is actual fact); no one talked of how to stow sails below deck, how to reef them, or, indeed, of how to lower them. Sails were "nailed to

the mast" like the national ensign on a sinking vessel. Canoe-tents, comfortable and picturesque as they are, became antique as the foot-stoves of our grandmas. "Sliding-seats" began to get longer and longer, until the champion sailed, not in his boat, but stretched entirely outside of it, with nothing but a plank between him and the rushing water beneath; and as the planks grew longer and longer the club lists grew shorter and shorter. The club treasurers, missing their social (?) support, began to follow up their neglected members, only to be told "the club is no longer of any use to us; we want to cruise." The racing men began to bewail the decline of canoeing, and now, because there have been a few races, the journals are talking of the revival of canoeing.

There has been no decline and no revival. All the canoe builders say that their business has increased steadily, especially in open and cruising canoes. The fact is the canoeman is, like all good (naturalist) sportsmen, of a retiring disposition, and, except in his reports of game killed and fish caught, modest. He sneaks off with his canoe like a truant with his fishing-rod, or, perhaps, he conspires with a few kindred truants who prefer the same books, the same music, and, perhaps, the same harmless beverages. He is striving for nothing but comfort; he has nothing to advertise; he shuns the reporters and the hotels, and disappears into the forest like the birds, "untalked of and unseen."

Would I say that "true canoeing" consists in cruising? By no means. "Well, you certainly infer that it isn't racing," some one may suggest. It



THE MODERN TORTURE-RACK.



THE HORDES MOVED UP THE RIVER.

isn't camping? No! Well, what is it then? Well, now, my friend, I would rather say what it is *not*. What is art, or truth, or any other ideality? What I do say is, that a large number of that portion of the canoemen who write and talk have tried to make people believe that canoeing consists in sailing on the end of a sliding-seat, and, of course, these people don't see any particular fun in that. Ask a Maine woodsman what a canoe is. Ask a South Sea Islander. Ask an Alaskan, etc., etc., and then come back and ask an Englishman on the Thames. This tour will be lengthy and expensive, and you will get a different description in every place. But all are canoes, and one cult should not limit the *genera* to his special *species*. Definition is difficult; illustration is easier. As the boat itself varies, so does the sport.

A quarter of a century ago Mr. Alden, who was then the popular but hard-worked writer of the humorous editorial column of the *New York Times*, sought for himself a new and inexpensive means of exploring remote and picturesque water-ways. He wanted a means of locomotion without toil, or tramping, or paid attendants, and with

the surety of food and a good bed. The planning of the American Shadow Canoe by himself, and the invention of the handy canoe-tent by his friend, Colonel Norton, was the result. Then followed that ideal cruise down the then unfrequented Richelieu, whose course lay among Acadian farms, picturesque French ruins and quaint villages, changed but little through two centuries. The party itself was ideal; Alden, Colonel C. L. Norton, John Habberton and, I believe, the late G. L. Morse—three of them writers by profession, and all men of early university training and continued culture. Above all, they each were blessed with those rare qualities, indispensable to the "true canoeist," patience, generosity and good humor. This story is old and known to every canoeist, and has been perpetuated in the charming book, "Canoeing in Canuckia." I cite the cruise only to recall the fact that canoeing started in the right way, before there were any clubs, or prizes, or offices to strive for.

Canoeing need not, however, be all rest and laziness.

When Kirk Munroe, amid danger and hardship, and deserted by his Indian guides, pushed his canoe *Psyche* through

the matted sword-grass and swamp-forests of central Florida, it was true canoeing. He earned fame as an explorer and as the first man to penetrate that country; but that was an incidental sequence. The *Psyche* was no "duffer" of a boat, for all her hard cruising. I have not seen a prettier one among the later craft, nor have I witnessed more exciting races than the ones in which *Psyche* competed, during the days before Vaux had invented the deck-tiller or Butler had evolved the sliding-seat. I think few of Munroe's friends knew that he had seen real Indian fighting in the far West; nor that he was one of the first explorers of the cliff-dwellings of Zuni, and had been honorably mentioned in the United States Senate report for his services there.

It was true canoeing, too, when Julius Chambers, another editor, explored the upper Mississippi and first located its true source. Another man got the credit for it, but Chambers did not care much for that; he was a true canoeist. It is true canoeing, too, when the artist Seavey, the genial Hiawatha

of the A. C. A., packs his big, open *Peterboro* full of tents and camp duffle, raises his little terra-cotta colored sail, and glides off Indian fashion, with his charming family, to enjoy uninterruptedly their society amid surroundings which the love of nature has taught him how to find.

But true canoeing is not limited to cruising and exploring. A few years ago a young architect, Gibson by name,—all true canoeists know him,—had out-sailed everybody on the upper Hudson. The son of an older and more distinguished architect, Vaux by name, had made canoe races on New York Bay monotonous by always carrying away the prize. Then the hordes from New York Bay, from Staten Island, Manhattanville, Sing Sing and Newburgh, moved up the river, and the friendly tribes from Albany and Rondout, and even from Lake Champlain, floated down the stream, and tents were raised and camp-fires lighted in the crumbling revolutionary earth-works below Newburgh. There was true canoeing then, day-time and night-time. Day after day



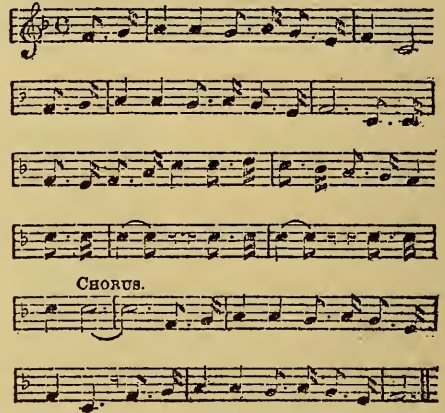
THE FRIENDLY TRIBES CAME DOWN THE RIVER.

the champions sailed. The result was so even that in the end they exchanged private burgees in token of mutual courtesy and esteem, and let the lesser men compete for such prizes as there were.

It was true canoeing when Baden-Powell and Stewart came all the way from England, only to suffer defeat on the racing courses, but to gain the esteem of all American canoeists, and to unite the English and American clubs in friendly relations.

It is true canoeing when the shadows have fallen over the camp, when the great fire has been lighted, and when the sparks shoot upward and dance among the overhanging branches. Then faces which we meet from year to year at the camps, and which we have learned to associate only with happy scenes, gleam through the surrounding darkness; the most abstemious of parents or pastors may partake of the harmless beverage then passed and feel no shame; argument runs high, stories are exchanged and the soul of the ardent woodsman is voiced in song,—song sung with a rapture that would suggest

ette," whose rollicking refrain breaks out from different corners long after the camp-fire party has dispersed.



Alouette, gentil Alouette!
 Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le tête
 A la tête, a la bec, a la cou
 Alouette, gentil Alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai!

Finally, there is one type of true canoeist which I should not omit. A noteworthy and well-known example of it *sends* to the meet every year a large old-fashioned canoe, which is deposited on the bank and *never touched*. The owner appears in full canoeing regalia, and no one is more cordially received. Throughout the meet he is always ready to lend a hand at any work to be done; he will always rush into the water to save a canoe coming in with too much speed; he is always genial and happy, no matter what petty disappointment is disturbing the others. He is a true canoeist, and his absence from a camp is the occasion of comment and regret.

In these scattered illustrations, I hope it may be observed, that there are certain manly sentiments that constitute a fundamental of true canoeing. Possessing these, one without wealth, without an unusual degree of leisure, and above all, without any unusual aquatic skill, may find in the canoeman's paddle a divining-rod, which will open nature's treasure-house to him, and introduce him to the companionship of kindred spirits. To him the canoeman extends the greeting:

"Who would ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i' the sun,
 Come hither!"

LIEUT. W. BADEN-POWELL, R.N.R.

the inspiration of some lofty sentiment, but generally a medley of outlandish nonsense. Old war songs are revived, the college medleys of the day run their usual gamut, and then the veteran canoeists, who have long remained under cover, bring out some old Acadian ditty like "En Roulant" or "Alou-



LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

CAWNPORE TO AGRA.



THE SNAKE CHARMER.

WITH a lunch, and my canteen filled with tea, I started out of Cawnpore, on the Delhi road, for Agra, on the morning of October 24th.

The excellent road ran along the fence of the narrow gauge railway through the towns of Sheorajpoor, Pura, Kanouj to Gursaingunge, a distance of sixty-four miles. Sometimes it was higher than the railway, and at times lower, but always within a few feet of the track. As the trains dashed by, filled with natives, they would hang out of the windows dangerously far in order to see me riding along.

A large family of monkeys again made their appearance, but cleared the road and climbed the trees at my noiseless approach. These had short tails, and were quite fat-looking animals. The natives consider the monkeys as "holy," and in consequence do not annoy or kill them. This accounts for their being so tame. Camels were becoming more numerous on the road and were heavily laden. Some of the cruel drivers had actually torn the flesh off their nostrils, through which the guide line is passed.

The country was now quite productive. Hundreds of men and women were carrying bales of cotton to the towns to sell. Many of the women, who all the year round wear light

cloth over their heads, would turn their heads and cover their countenances, it being their custom not to let strangers see their faces. Some had small bells on their toes, every step producing a jingle. At Gursaingunge, where I stopped for the night, the road forks, the right following the Ganges River to Furruckabad, while the Grand Trunk road turns to the left away from the river.

I left the Trunk road at Bhougoon and wheeled over the splendid shaded highway to Mainpuri, a large district town. Camels were hauling small wheeled double-decked wagons, filled with passengers. Many of the long-necked, clumsy animals were quite alarmed at the small iron horse. I wheeled on to Gihror for the night, but missed the Government bungalow, and rather than go back I put up at a native "Serai," or inn for travelers. This was the first time I put up at a native inn in India. A "Serai" covers a space about 150 feet square or larger, and is built around a quadrangular court with a continuous veranda. The building material is mud and straw. The apartments are small dingy rooms, six feet square, with no windows, and a low door, which makes one stoop in passing. I imagined myself scrambling into an artificial cave. The quadrangular open court is reserved for carts, horses, camels or elephants, which tramped up the earthen floor into a regular composite during the rainy season.

As soon as I entered a native cook made his appearance, and at once proceeded to prepare some chicken and eggs, so highly seasoned with pepper and chillies that it was with difficulty I ate it, even in my hungry state. My knife, spoon and fork, plate and cup I carried came in very handy, as the natives would not allow anyone outside of their caste to touch their cooking utensils. These natives cook anywhere on the ground, or in a little oven built of bricks or mud. In this way, it may be said to their credit, they prepare first-class food for the Europeans. No tables are supplied in native inns; they

eat, as they cook, on the ground. Their beds, called *charpoys*, are merely oblong wooden frames, with ropes stretched across to answer the purpose of a mattress. I preferred to sleep on the veranda of the hut with the rest of the travelers, the bed being much too short

miles away. The Jumna river is crossed at this point by a combination railroad and wagon bridge.

Agra itself covers an area of eleven square miles. The population includes over 160,000 natives, of which about two-thirds are Hindus. The city is

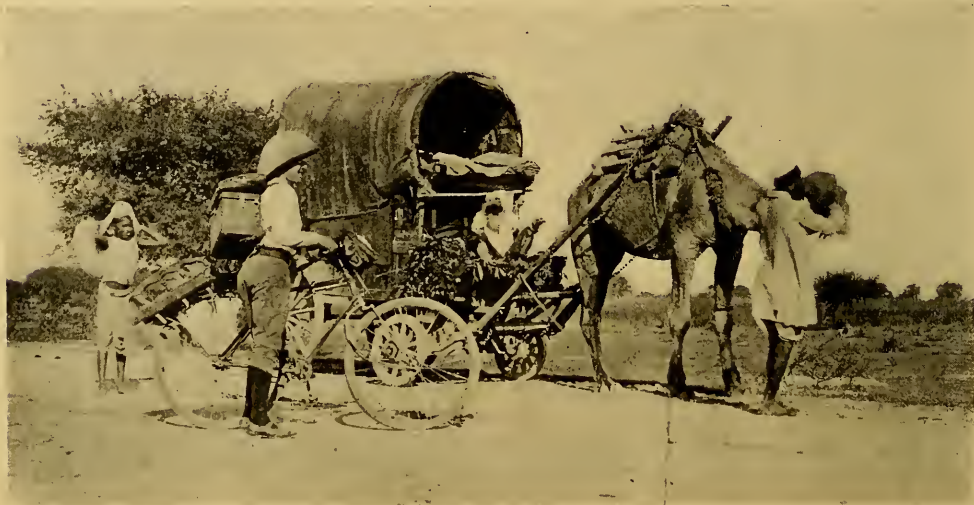


Photo. by Lenz.

THE TWO-DECKED CAMEL WAGON.

even for myself. Even then my rest was broken. A crowd of beggars came about with a few figures on sticks to show and sing for *baksheesh*. Their howling song irritated me under the circumstances, and I promptly ordered them off. Then a *gharry* or carriage arrived. The owner brought his possessions and laid them before me. Then he commenced rubbing and currying his pony with his hands. The tired creature finally objected and began to kick and snort, a pull of the ears and a jerk of the tail ending this rather amusing performance.

Amid a din of voices and occasional loud coughing the morning dawned. I was up and off at once with only a few "chapatties" or hand cakes, made of unleavened flour, to eat along the road. I rolled along in the cool morning breeze through *Shekohabad* to *Ferooabad*, on the line of the East Indian Railway. The large amount of traffic and tramp of pilgrims made the road quite dusty to *Toondla* and the *Jumna* bank. The great "Taja" at Agra was distinctly visible when more than five

densely populated along the river front, where the religious Hindus bathe daily in the *Jumna*. The city first assumed importance about 1566 A. D., when Akbar, a Mohammedan, and descendant of Sultan Babur, of the Chaghtai Turks, succeeded to the Mogul throne. These Mohammedans came into India in the twelfth century and defeated the Afghans, then in possession. In 1530 Sultan Babur died ruler over all Hindustan and the country from Kabul to the borders of Bengal. This was known as the Mogul Empire of Hindustan.

Humayon, son of Babur, proved inferior to his father as a ruler. It was through his marriage with a Persian lady that the Persians began to figure in India. Akbar, the son of Humayon, built the magnificent fort enclosing ten palaces, which stands to-day on the banks of the *Jumna* River at Agra and is now occupied by British troops. The walls and paving inside are of red stone, all of massive proportions, while a deep water trench surrounds the whole. Shah Jahan succeeded to the throne in 1627, and it was he who built the "Taj

Mahal," or tomb, for his wife and self, in which they are both now buried. The "Taj" once seen is never forgotten: it is truly one of the wonders of the world. Built of white marble, inlaid with colored wreaths and flowers, of different colored precious stones, it has a white crystal appearance from the distance, and, surrounded by beautiful gardens and artificial water basins, the "Taj Mahal" presents one of the finest pictures in the world. It is now being preserved by the English Government, and to-day the "Taj" looks as if finished only yesterday, though really over 250 years old. Many fine Mohammedan mosques and palaces were also built by King Shah Jahan, and these, with the large amount of coin and jewels accumulated during this reign, show that this was probably the most prosperous period of Indian history.

The "Taj" is supposed to have cost thirty million rupees, nearly ten million dollars. It represents seventeen years of labor by 20,000 men. The "Taj" is surmounted with a large dome, inlaid with passages from the

laid with black. The square pedestal on which this magnificent work of architecture stands is built above the high-water mark of the river. Two three-domed mosques, built of red sandstone, are situated on either side of the "Taj," while a massive and ornamental gateway stands in front. All the gardens and buildings are enclosed by a quadrangular red stone wall. It was learned from a Spanish monk, who was in Agra in 1641, that the plans and estimates for this monument were prepared by a Venetian named Geronimo Verroueo, who died at Lahore before the "Taj" was finished. Some believe he was murdered. An inscription on the large gateway in Arabic, dated A. H. 1057 (A. D. 1648), marks the completion of the "Taj."

The four sons of Shah Jahan now began to fight for the succession to the throne of their aged parent. The fourth son, Aurangzeb, finally vanquished his brothers, entered Agra, and pretending that he believed his father to be dead, gained admission to the fort and imprisoned him. The deposed



Photo. by Lenz.

THE FORT—AGRA.

Koran and artistic designs of floral work. The tombs are surrounded by fine carved marble screens. Below is the sepulchre where rest the remains of the old King and his wife. The entire exterior is of spotless white marble in-

laid with black. The square pedestal on which this magnificent work of architecture stands is built above the high-water mark of the river. Two three-domed mosques, built of red sandstone, are situated on either side of the "Taj," while a massive and ornamental gateway stands in front. All the gardens and buildings are enclosed by a quadrangular red stone wall. It was learned from a Spanish monk, who was in Agra in 1641, that the plans and estimates for this monument were prepared by a Venetian named Geronimo Verroueo, who died at Lahore before the "Taj" was finished. Some believe he was murdered. An inscription on the large gateway in Arabic, dated A. H. 1057 (A. D. 1648), marks the completion of the "Taj."

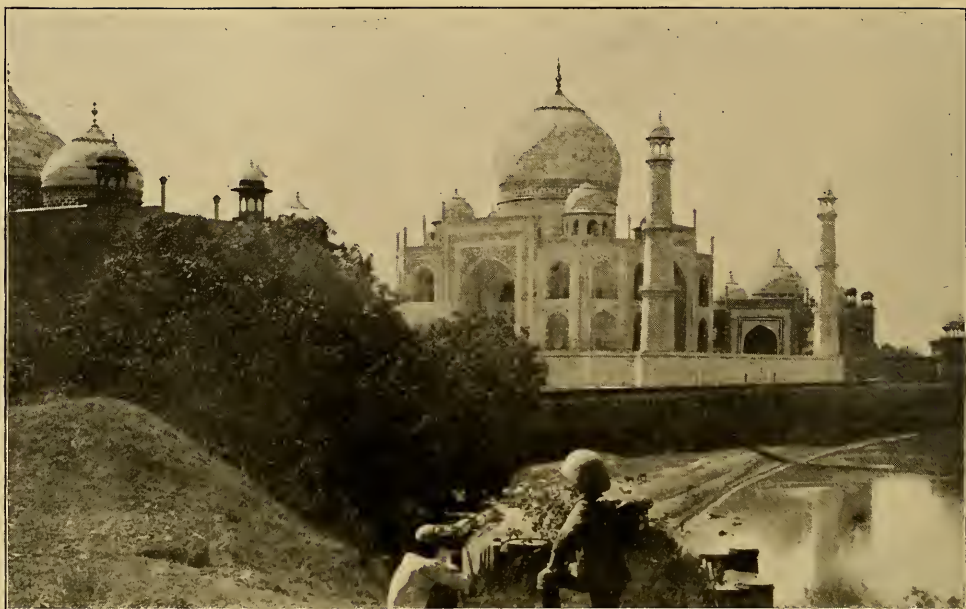


Photo. by Lenz.

TAJ MAHAL.

ment of both Mohammedans and Hindus finally caused the once famous Mogul Empire of India to fall at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

There was a beautiful moonlight on the night of October 28th, when I paid a

second visit to the "Taj Mahal." The silvery moonbeams fell softly on the white marble cheeks of this fairest of India's monuments. I stood for a moment in silent wonder. It seemed, as it were, like a dream or a glimpse into fairyland.

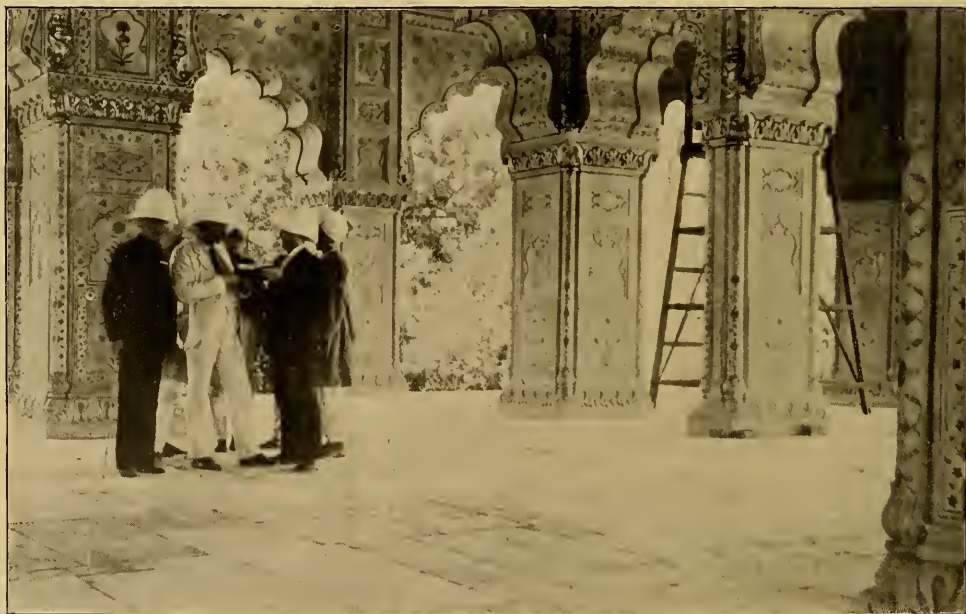


Photo. by Lenz.

THE PALACE OF SHAH JAHAN.



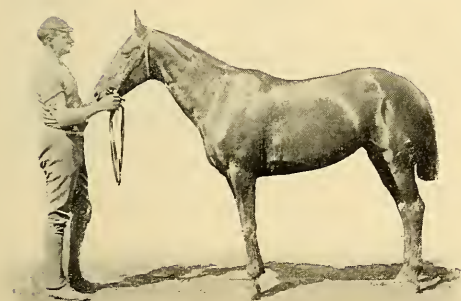
RIVERSIDE AND SANTA MONICA POLO TEAMS.

R. BETTNER. G. L. WARING. E. GORHAM. C. E. MAUD. J. MACHELL. J. B. PROCTER. W. H. YOUNG.

POLO IN THE WEST.

By J. B. Macmahon.

[CONCLUDED.]



W. H. YOUNG AND SHEILA.

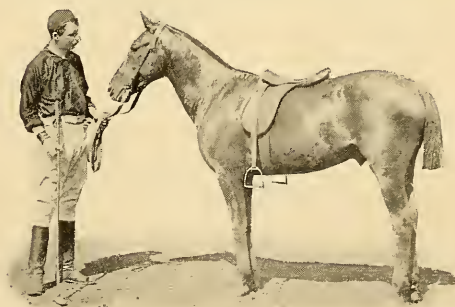
THE Colorado Springs season proper begins about the first of January and goes through April. These four months are supplemented by three more months, August, September and October, when the players go to Glenwood Springs, in the western part of the State. They ship their ponies the first of August. This arrangement gives the Colorado men one of the longest polo seasons in America.

The Glenwood ground, which was laid out in 1892, is beautifully situated in a valley surrounded by mountains. Several thousand dollars have been spent on the field; water-pipes have been laid to it, and the ground receives the greatest care from skilled attendants. There are first-class stables and

all necessary polo equipments. In fact the Glenwood grounds are second to none west of New York. Games are played three times a week. After the game the players all ride back to the hotel, take a dip in the mammoth pool, and dine together at a large table.

Mr. Harvey Lyle, who resides at Glenwood, inaugurated this delightful portion of the Colorado polo season. The Colorado Springs Club always finds additional members at Glenwood on its annual visit, but the clubs of the two places are practically one and the same, and never match each other.

Prominent among the Colorado players may be mentioned Messrs. Leonard, Devereux, Gilpin, Hagerman and Edsall. The best four men who could be got together to represent



J. B. PROCTER AND REX.



G. L. WARING ON KING PIN.

Colorado would be Mr. A. M. Baker, No. 1; J. S. Stevens, No. 2 and captain; Mr. F. Braggiotti, No. 3, and H. Lyle, No. 4.

Owing to its great distance from any other club, Colorado Springs has never

future the crimson and the white should be a dangerous competitor for that rag of glory, the polo pennant.

Some hundreds of miles north of Colorado Springs, in Wyoming, is located another interesting group of clubs. Here again we find the Anglo-Indian incentive to polo. The Sheridan



E. G. WOODHOUSE ON MISS JUMMY.

Polo Club, of Sheridan, Wyoming, was founded in June, 1893, by Captain G. G. Stockwell and Captain F. D. Guisel, late officers in Her Majesty's service. Both have enjoyed a varied polo experience, as they have taken part in the game in England, in India and in Canada.



R. BETTNER ON WONDER.

tested its strength in any true contest. For matches they have resorted to such devices as Married vs. Single, Tall vs. Short, East vs. West, etc. One Rabelaisian wit reported that a favorite game is One-lungs vs. Two-lungs. A day when every one turns out is when picked teams strive for the Ladies' prize.

The Colorado Springs colors are crimson and white, and in the near



W. R. WARD ON JORROCKS.

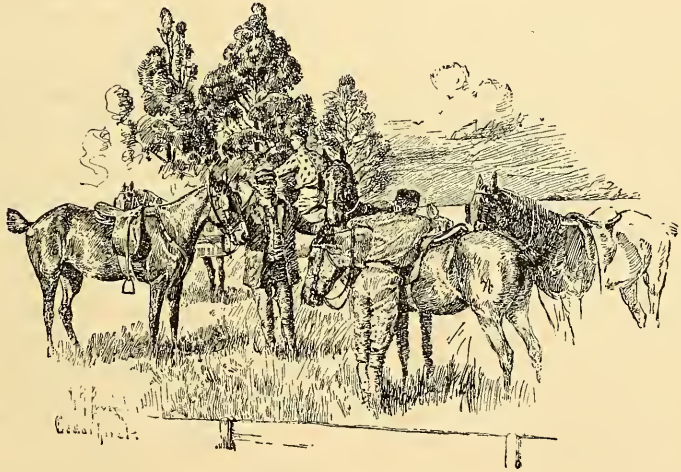
The suggestion of polo was eagerly taken up by the Sheridan sportsmen, and a club of thirty members was formed on short notice. Play, under the captainship of Stockwell, was entered upon at once, and some exciting games resulted that season, though none of the players save the two already named had ever been in the game before. The active members of the Sheridan Club are P. H. Jones, R. E. Brown, W. C. Burnet, A. Sickler, R. Nix, George Bentley, S. Corolet, George T. Beck, S. Peeler, Capt. G. G. Stockwell, George Leach, Capt. F. D. Guisel, Dr. Newall and David Lee.

The most promising players of this young club, aside from the veteran Britishers, are P. H. Jones, whose reckless riding makes him an aggressive No. 1; S. Corolet, who has the making of a brilliant No. 2; A. Sickler, a good all-around player, making a useful No. 3; and R. E. Brown, who is a promising back.

The marvelously cheap horse-flesh, of which so much is heard in the East, is to be found no more at Sheridan than at Colorado Springs. Sound bronchos were picked up by the polo men at an average of \$40; those showing an aptitude for the game by the end of the first season were held at \$100 and \$150. The time has been too short for any phenomenal developments in Sheridan mounts, but it is perfectly safe to predict that the Wyoming clubs will show in time a pretty string of ponies.

The organization of the Sheridan Club was immediately followed by the forming of clubs in the neighboring towns of Beckton, Big Horn and Buffalo. All these clubs play the straight Hurlingham game, and are the only American clubs adhering in all respects to the English rulings.

There is a myth prevalent among polo men that a great deal of polo is played in New Mexico. This is probably due to the fact that New Mexico and Indian Territory are favorite stamping grounds of the polo pony in the raw; for the mustang herds of these southern plains supply a large percentage of the Eastern stables. A rude sort of polo has been attempted on some of the pony ranches in these territories, though rather for the purpose of testing ponies for the Eastern markets, than as a means of recreation. However there are signs of polo awakening. It seems that the sparsely settled condition of the country and the pressure of pioneer existence, are all that have prevented a genuine polo outbreak. The climate is espec-



GROOMS IN WAITING.

ially favorable and another season will in all probability see regular clubs at several points in the two Territories. Kingston in New Mexico should start the ball a-rolling. Here there are a number of Scotchmen and Englishmen who have played the game in Great Britain, and who play now with outside clubs whenever the opportunity offers. It is only surprising that they have not already instituted regular games.

It has long been the impression that the game must find its chief promoters and staunchest adherents in the regular army. That is the case in Great Britain and in all the British depen-

dencies. Each crack English Regiment now has its polo representatives. Amongst the cavalry the polo standing of the respective teams is jealously watched. In fact Hurlingham is to the British military, what Henley is to the British oarsmen. On the continent too, especially in France and Germany, polo has attracted first of all the military.

For some reason or other the game has not heretofore received that attention from American officers which it merits; but during the last year there has been a stirring in its favor. Officers are awaking to the fact that there is no better light cavalry exercise than an hour in the saddle chasing the bounding basswood ball. Individuals of the United States army have played polo; some indeed as far back as in the '70's; a number of officers are at present included in the lists of civilian clubs; but until very recently there were no regular army clubs.

The officers of the 4th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Washington, will be honored in future histories of polo as the founders of the first regular regimental club.

It was Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt who suggested to the officers at Walla Walla, the idea of playing. None of the men had ever played. They formed a club about March 1, 1894, and chose as governing committee, Captain James Lockett, Lieutenant R. A. Brown, Lieutenant Gordon Voorhies and Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt.

Walla Walla turns out to be that elusive spot where the polo pony may be had for the asking. The officers had no trouble in picking up any number of capital cow-ponies, called in Washington cayuses, at fifteen dollars a head.

Lieutenant Brown has a dun three-year-old named "Dixie," which is the most promising of the ponies. Lieutenant Voorhies treasures a cream-colored pony, which, although not very fast, is steady and reliable. Lieutenant Cassatt has two mounts; gray ponies, regulation height and capital players, already taking a keen interest in their business. This speaks volumes for the Washington cayuse; so short an acquaintance with the game does not always develop even one fair animal.

The army men went in very thor-

oughly for training before attempting games. For instance they prepared a practice ground: they set up ten or fifteen posts at intervals of seven yards, then rode their ponies zig-zag between the sticks, first at a walk, then at a trot



and canter, finally fast as they could go. This old-fashioned but excellent exercise was conscientiously practiced. When they could go along very handily knocking the ball was begun.

Men who start out in this methodical manner, are going to make formidable antagonists.

All the young officers at the post played regularly during the spring of 1894; but in the summer, many of them being sent away on detached duty, the game was necessarily dropped for a few months.

In play, the American Association rules are strictly followed. The Fourth Cavalry have adopted no polo color, having had no occasion to flaunt themselves in the face of the foe. The Walla Walla men are, however, looking forward to meeting, some time during the current season, the officers of the Fourth at another post. Captain Lockett, who has recently been transferred from Washington to the Presidio of San Francisco, has busied himself in getting up a team of the officers there, and the Walla Walla squadron will go down there to play.

In California, San Francisco readily yields polo supremacy to the southern resorts. Santa Monica has one of the most enterprising and energetic polo clubs in America, and is regarded as headquarters for the sport all along the Pacific Coast.

The Santa Monica, or Southern California Polo Club, was organized in 1889. Mr. Edmonds, of Los Angeles, was its founder. The sport was entered into with zest, and interest has never relaxed, though, as pioneers must, the players met with many discouragements. An incident in its first season, which Mr. George Waring, historiographer of the club, tells with evident glee, almost nipped it in the bud. The club attempted to give an exhibition on the Los Angeles fair grounds, with a

view to popularizing the game, and a good deal of money was spent in preparation. But the people did not gather in thousands, as was expected, to witness the match. The spectators were chiefly stable boys, who were rather inclined to gully the game.

But all that is now changed, and spectators do assemble in thousands, and are, if anything, more enthusiastic than the players themselves.

The active members of the Southern California Club are: E. Gorham, president; H. A. Winslow, vice-president; G. L. Waring, secretary and treasurer; J. B. Proctor, captain; W. H. Young, J. E. Hoy, Captain Bolton, R. P. Carter, J. A. Parker, J. Machell, W. R. Ward, P. Martin.

Practically, these men were all novices at the beginning of California polo, Mr. Proctor, an Englishman, alone having had experience of the game in the East.

In April, 1892, a second polo club was organized at Riverside. C. E. Maud, R. Allen, G. Allen, R. Bettner, G. L. Waring, J. McConnochie and C. Walton were charter members; Mr. Waring, who coached, was the only man with experience. To these seven were soon added H. Maud, T. H. Woods, F. E. Hughes, H. Thompson, F. W. Fox, G. Godfrey, H. Wright and Arnold Hatson.

Mr. Hatson is president of the Riversides, Mr. C. E. Maud, secretary, and Mr. Waring, who also plays in season with the Southern California, captains the matches.

The Santa Monica ground is charmingly situated with a west boundary shade of gums and pepper trees. The field itself leaves something to be desired. The turf has not yet been brought to perfection, and, like the soil and climate, is exceedingly dusty, necessitating a considerable outlay and ceaseless vigilance to keep it tolerably wetted down. Its length is only one hundred and ninety yards.

The Santa Monica and Riverside clubs play identical games, and in some respects their game is unique. Matches are played three a side only; the theory is that a No. 1 is an expensive luxury, liable, unless top form, to impede rather than assist the game; that three on a side, though hard on the ponies, makes

a fast and good game. On one hundred and ninety yards ground that is undoubted the case. Hooking mallets and off-side are in the California game, which is, on the whole, more the English than the American style. Ponies are, however, required to measure the American standard.

The Southern California clubs have beautiful stock; for the greater part well-bred animals. In this matter also they are unique amongst Western clubs. Indeed they express a positive dislike for bronchos, cayuses, cow-ponies and prairie rangers of any and all sorts.

J. B. Proctor has a chestnut horse, "Rex," which has played about six years. He is a wonderful little horse, without a fault. His adaptability for the game is remarkable, inasmuch as stallions are not usually considered available for polo.

At Riverside, R. Bettner's "Cigarette," of unknown breed, is perhaps the most remarkable animal in the field. She has played since the commencement of the game in Southern California, and is still going strong and well. She is perfectly true and fearless; is not fast, but makes up by her ability to turn and to start quickly.

G. L. Waring has an exceptionally good string; his favorite mounts are two beautiful mares, both thoroughbred, high-class racers, winners of some of the most important hurdle and running events on the coast. "Santa Clara," by Sacramento, a beautifully shaped brown animal, too small for class A on the turf, but standard for polo, is docile, fast and agile in the field, though, being mettlesome, shy of a scrimmage. For six years she has carried a hundred and ninety pounds in the polo field; the edge is taken off her speed, but she is still sound. Waring's "Kittiwake," by "Jim Polk," is also brown and well-shaped. She is true and fearless enough, but hard to manage.

The season of the Santa Monica Club is from June first to November first; of the Riverside Club from November first to June first.

The Riverside and Santa Monica clubs have played a number of interesting matches. That which attracted the widest attention was the match in April, 1894, at Santa Barbara, during

the flower festival. The Riverside team, Bettner, Maud, Waring, defeated the Santa Monica's, six goals to nothing. This bald statement gives no notion of the fast and altogether excellent game played by both teams.

Before concluding this review of polo in the West, a glance at the needful paraphernalia and at the financial side of the sport may prove both interesting and instructive. Too many people labor under the delusion that polo is a recreation for the wealthy alone—an aristocratic rather than a democratic sport. That this is not necessarily the case may be gleaned from the table of expenses given. Several of the advantages are peculiar to the West, especially the cheapness of ponies, which usually cost an Easterner a pretty penny.

While a very moderate estimate of an association man's expenses may foot up to \$800 per season, yet it is possible to play polo three times a week at an average cost of \$80 to each member for a season. The estimates are drawn from the Lemars Club, which is a reliable exponent, as it defeated an American Association club (of St. Louis) in October, 1893.

When a club has been organized, the following items may be reckoned upon as necessary in the first outlay, viz.: the rent of a field; clipping and occasionally rolling same for the season; the rent or cost of a weather-proof building for storing playing requisites and a case of balls. In addition to his share of the above expense, each member must provide his own mounts, sticks and playing costume.

A level field must be secured. All question of cost aside, a made polo ground is unsatisfactory. More than one club has wasted money upon making a ground and then abandoned the attempt in disgust. A soil which is soggy or sandy, and vegetation which is sparse or poor in the sense of being weedy, are to be avoided. A good wiry grass, sending its tangled roots deep into the earth, is what the horses must have.

The play-ground is seven hundred and fifty feet long by five hundred feet wide. The length should extend north and south, players preferring north and south positions to east and west. The

association requires that a ten-inch guard—that is, a ten-inch plank—extend from end to end of the grounds on the sides only. The guard, which was introduced at Hurlingham, is not, however, a necessity, excepting in association tournaments. The Indian method of marking the ground answers the purpose, and is, in fact, preferred by some very good players. It has the advantage, too, of being much the cheaper. This boundary is simply a shallow ditch some four or five inches wide. The ditch marks the entire length of the sides; the ends are marked from the corners to the goal-posts. The goals occupy the middle of the shorter lines. The goal-posts are twenty-four feet apart and "light enough to break if collided with." Further, they should be as conspicuous as possible, six to eight feet in height, painted white and flying little flags.

But the question of grounds is comparatively easily settled. The staggering cry is, "Where shall we find polo ponies? They cost fabulous sums; so now what becomes of your economically administered club?"

Polo ponies exist in the rough in every herd driven about the country by itinerant horse traders. The best ponies in the association clubs to-day are from the herds (or out of animals from the herds) of Texas and New Mexico. The mustang, or broncho, makes a most satisfactory player, being hardy, of good staying qualities and intelligent. Every one knows the market value of this animal before he is dubbed "polo pony." After the magic qualifying "polo" is applied, his price is whatever the caprice of his owner dictates. The way to circumvent fancy prices is to buy a "raw" and make him over into a "trained."

It is true that many polo men have strings of from six to twenty animals; but one pony can play three times a week, and that is as much time as the average man cares to give to one recreation. For tournaments it is desirable to have two mounts; one for the first and third periods, the other for the second; though I have seen a number of sturdy animals play a satisfactory game from beginning to end.

The method most in vogue with the

larger clubs, for providing polo cattle, is for the club to purchase raw ponies, put them in training, and then either let them or sell them to members. But the method best adapted to a modestly inclined club, is for each individual to own his animal, thus reducing the financial responsibilities of the club to a minimum. As a polo pony is of necessity the most useful year-around animal imaginable, if one can afford a horse at all, he can afford a polo pony. If the club, or several members, can share stable expenses, the season's outlay may be still further reduced.

In buying, the Association gives this rule for a guide: "The height of the ponies must not exceed 14 hands, 1 inch." The British Regimental Rules add to the height prescribing clause, "and they (the ponies) must be free from all vices." It is a little hazardous, I admit, to buy a "raw," even though he measures right, for the reason that not every pony can play polo. In fact an average of one out of five only become useful in the game. However the money risk is not great, as the pony, if bought by a fair judge, can usually be got rid of at his cost, should he prove undesirable.

Polo playing presupposes good horsemanship; a firm seat, light hands and presence of mind. The training of a pony for play requires good judgment and great patience. The first aim should be to make him bridle-wise; that is, to respond, as cow-herding ponies do, to the touch of the reins on his neck. Not that in the heat of play one relies upon this bridle-wisdom; but it is astonishing how such training helps out a game. In fact the cowboy style of riding seems best adapted to polo.

Begin at once to accustom the animal to the stick, by simply carrying it with you. When he exhibits no alarm at the sight of it, begin the use of the

ball. If he is nervous, walk beside him, tapping the ball. When he ceases to start at the tap, mount him and continue the lesson, quietly. Make haste slowly in these first lessons. A pony frightened or hectored at this point will never make a polo player. When he shows himself indifferent to ball and stick, practice on your own account. Begin giving long forward strokes and galloping your pony after them. When he understands that he is on a chase, that he has always to follow the ball, the fever of the play will get into him, and he will not mind now and then a crack on his flank, limbs or nose. It is well that this part of his education (to bear little misadventures with fortitude) begin soon as possible, once he knows what is required of him. Practice intricate

shots until he twists and turns instantaneously. When he does fairly well—in from three to six weeks—try him with one or two companions. If he stands the crucial test of company he is ready to go into the field for a game, though it is necessary in the early games to guard against the mutual exciting of galloping horses.

Coming now to polo implements, what does your mount require?

First, it is taken for granted that, before a pony appears in the polo field, he is to be trimmed and cropped. Since it is the fashion, cropped he will be, though it seems a pity that sportsmen should indulge in this mutilation. On the other hand, it is a fact that the natural tail interferes with the handiness of the horses; but it is a far cry, from simply cutting away the superfluous sweep of hair to chopping in half the bony part of the tail.

The gear consists of a light saddle (the English hunting saddle is best), the bit which best governs the animal, and martingale or no martingale, according to his head habit. Blinders are entirely out of place on the polo field.



The polo player's dress consists of riding boots, riding breeches, a blouse or loose shirt, and close-fitting cap. It is becoming a custom to have the whole blouse and cap of the club color, thus making it much easier to follow the play, and thereby adding greatly to the pleasure of spectators. Spurs, like blinders, should be banished from the polo field; and, as a matter of fact, they are not in favor with first form players.

The regulation polo-ball is of bass-wood, three inches in diameter, and painted white. Lightness and toughness are necessary. The polo "stick" consists of two parts, the head and the handle. There are several varieties of heads. The one most generally in use is of close-grained wood, cylindrical in shape, about two inches in diameter and about nine inches in length. The handle is of cane, wound with leather, and of the length most convenient, so that, when properly grasped, the head just clears the ground. The best handles are slightly flattened, not round. A strap hangs from the top of the handle, for the purpose of attaching the stick to the wrist, but this strap is not used by first form men.

Polo sticks are expensive, especially with new players, who are sure to break many in a season. When the Lemars Club was organized there were no sticks regularly on the American market, so these players made their own mallets. Heads of the required shape were turned at a local factory, and a case of malacca cane was procured. A transverse hole at the proper angle was bored through each head the cane was wedged in with

leather, the parts were secured with stout twine and the handle was wound with strips of soaked and seasoned leather. Thus very strong, very light and very good polo sticks were made at a low cost. I am under the impression that some of these players still have sticks made in this way. Before a game the mallet heads are soaked in water or oil, as a dry stick is not supple and is liable to breakage. Such treatment, however, increases the weight.

Captain G. C. MacLagan, founder of the Northwest clubs, gives the following items of expense: Club house, for storing sticks, etc., \$30. Annual club expenses: rent of ground, \$20; keeping of ground, \$25; forty dozen balls, \$50; advertising, flags, etc., \$5; total, \$100.

As the club which furnished these items has ten members, the individual annual expense is as follows: Club dues, \$10; one dozen sticks, cost and repairs, \$12; keep, care, etc., of one horse for season of six months, \$60; total, \$82.

With a fuller knowledge of the noble game; with the figment of "bottomless purses a necessity" dispelled; with the splendid example of the Western clubs brought to the notice of sport lovers, we may confidently look forward to a polo "boom." And the American Polo Association had better look to its laurels. Another season like the last, of sluggishness in the East, of rousing in the West, and association teams will not need to wait for transatlantic foes worthy of their bamboo. They may be called upon to defend their title to the polo championship of America by knights nearer home.



COLORADO SPRINGS—READY FOR THE LADIES' PRIZE.

FAMILY CAMPING.

By Emily H. Palmer.

FEW people, comparatively speaking, entirely appreciate the benefit to be derived from camping for a time through the warm season. To many the idea of life under canvas suggests all sorts of inconveniences and hardships. There are people, especially women, who could not be induced to live for a few weeks in the simple fashion necessary to camp life.

But those who camp find a pleasure beyond anything to be found at fashionable resorts. Happy the home where father, mother and children can gather together their needful belongings, betake themselves to the shores of some lake or stream, and raising their temporary home of white tents, find their best pleasure in being together and leaving behind them the care of conventional life.

The sense of freedom begotten by breathing fresh air for a few weeks, with nothing between one and the sky but a thickness of canvas, is alone worth the effort necessary to make such an outing possible. New life is born to the soul, and to the body. The man feels it, and with rod and gun, takes long tramps that would have seemed to him entirely beyond his strength a short time before. The woman feels it and finds congenial occupation in her watchful care for others, and is happy in the pleasure and well-being of her children. The little ones revel in the delights of running barefoot, in and out of the water, building sand houses, learning to swim, gathering berries or flowers. Fresh wonders meet them at every turn. The pollywogs in a marshy pond; the great bass swimming about a deep pool; the kingfisher, calling his warning note adown the river, all fill young hearts with joy. Every moment is full of interest to the children, and full of profit as well.

Washington Irving beautifully expresses the state of mind that seems to grow upon the camper. He says, "Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves, over the sunny landscape, and we live abroad and everywhere. The song of the bird, the murmur of

the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue, and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute, but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation."

Camping out can be made either expensive or economical, as one pleases. There are all the grades of doing the thing, from the way of the poor berry-picker who gathers his brood under one small tent, which in all probability is old and leaks furiously, to the way of the man who is able to provide separate tents for the members of his party, large sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen tents besides, and much of the paraphernalia of town life.

There is a happy medium between these two, suitable for ordinary mortals, in which a family can be happy and comfortable, without any great outlay. If one goes for a short time every season, one adds gradually to the camp kit, and feels the expense not at all.

The best rule, when providing for such an outing, is to leave at home everything one can possibly do without, "Be happy for a short time, with little;" and *how* little one can get along with in the woods is surprising.

Comfortable beds are a prime necessity in camp. The true woodsman, when young, cares little what sort of a bed receives his weary frame, but as age creeps on the bed becomes a great factor in human happiness.

Brush beds are fine, if properly made, but it takes time to make them, and *brush* is not always procurable. Rubber beds are liked by some. Cots, canvas or woven wire covered, are good in warm weather, but if the nights turn cold, *cots* are a delusion and a snare. Then one is quite apt to gather up the blankets, and try to find a soft spot upon the ground, whereon to make a shake-down, and keep warm.

A number of cotton ticks, prepared before leaving home, and a bale of hay to fill them, will furnish beds that will be

at once warm and comfortable. These can be shaken up every day and put out in the sunshine to air. They are handy for transportation and the children like nothing better. A folding woven wire spring is the most comfortable of all beds; packed in a wooden rack, it is light to move; and the rack can be fitted so as to form the sides and ends of a bedstead. Raised a little from the ground on stakes, with plenty of blankets, this forms a bed good enough for camp or anywhere else.

What one should take on camping trips depends so much on the length of stay in camp and the means of transportation to the place selected, that the person who plans the trip must necessarily depend largely upon his own judgment. It is well to camp, when there are children in the party, within a couple of miles of a railway station, or near to some point easily reached by boat.

Another important feature of family camp life is the cooking. A few men can do their cooking over an open fire; but where the party is large, the inconvenience of this method is at once evident. A camp stove is a great convenience. It is a simple affair composed of sheet iron, the top and sides are made to come apart and pack flat, and with the bit of pipe, necessary of carry off the smoke, make but a small and not heavy package. There is no bottom to the stove. It sits directly upon the earth. The hot sand about its base makes a grand place to bake potatoes, fish rolled in brown paper, or the jar of pork and beans. The latter can bake all day and all night, without detriment, and is an excellent standby in camp where there are many hungry little mortals to satisfy. An oil stove is also good.

A tin oven can be provided which will bake bread, cookies, pies, muffins, gingerbread, etc., nicely. A book filled with recipes for various kinds of puddings, cakes, etc., that can be made without eggs or fresh milk, is a desirable thing for the cook to possess.

A small cellar adds greatly to comfortable living in the woods. A good way to make one is to dig a cavity, six feet by six, in the north side of some little hillock. Line up the sides, and floor with bark. Cover over with bark and brush, thick enough to defy the sun.

A bark door and shelves complete the little storehouse, where a quantity of provisions can be kept for a length of time. The making of the cellar is good work for the boys. It is well for them to learn, also, the proper way to arrange a camp fire, so that the people who sit about it in the evening may enjoy the enchantment there is in it without getting their eyes filled with smoke. In camp, as elsewhere, there is a right way to do things, as well as many wrong ones.

Subjoined is a list of supplies, tents, etc., used by a family of twelve, consisting of men, women and children, encamped for five weeks beside an inland lake. The camp was within two miles of a railway station, where milk, eggs, oil for stove and other things were procured as needed. Trout, perch, bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike were provided in plenty by the fishermen of the party. That this family was endowed with camp appetites, is evidenced by the quantities of provisions consumed.

Among prime necessities were:

Two row boats. Tents: one wall duck, 12x12; one wall duck, 9x9; one wall duck, 8x10; one wall drill, 12x18; one wall wedge, 7x9; one wall wedge, 6x6; one wall wedge, 7x7; sixteen pairs blankets and 8 quilts.

Provisions—Milk, 72 qts; potatoes, 3½ bush; onions, ½ bush; bacon, 26 lbs; ham, 75 lbs; pork, 17 lbs; sugar, c. l., 15 lbs; sugar, gran., 30 lbs; sugar, pulv., 5 lbs; sugar, ex c., 15 lbs; rice, 2 lbs; bread, 15 lbs; coffee, 25 lbs; tea, 3 lbs; soda crackers, 2 lbs; ginger snaps, 10 lbs; corn meal, 25 lbs; raisins, 1 lb; currants, 2 lbs; lard, 10 lbs; butter, 32 lbs; flour, 150 lbs; cheese, 6 lbs; salt, 10 lbs; baking powder, 2½ lbs; prunes, 2 lbs; chipped beef, 2 cans; condensed milk, 6 cans; Boston baked beans, 4 cans; pepper, 4 cans; corned beef, 4 cans; cherries, 4 cans; peaches, 2 cans; pears, 4 cans; rolled oats, 6 pkgs; yeast cakes, 3 pkgs.; lemons, 1 doz; pickles, chowchow, 1 qt; pickles, sweet, 2 qts; vinegar, 1 gal; tongue, 2 cans; sardines, 4 cans; mace, 1 can; eggs, 7 doz.

Sundries: Red table cloths and napkins; tableware of bright new tin; two wooden pails, broom, cooking utensils; knives, forks and spoons; oil for oil stoves, 14 gal; soap, 12 bars; candles, 2 lbs; nails, 2 lbs.

THE CUP CHAMPIONS AND THEIR CREWS.

By R. B. Burchard.



CAPTAIN HANK HAFF.

"O, for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high."

SO runs a stanza of Allan Cunningham's famous sea song, and a like refrain, without rhythmical adornment, will probably arise from the deck of the *Defender* during the days preceding the great contest. It is a strange reversal of tradition and precedent that brings the Briton to our shores in a vessel built to ride lightly on the surface of a glassy sea and prepared to spread acres of airy canvas to a summer breeze; it is strange, too, that the American champion, the representative of our native fleet of pleasure-craft, which have been dubbed, the world over, skimming-dishes and centre-boarders, should be a powerful craft, built to hold its towering mast against the gale almost as though it were rooted in native earth. The course of American yachting has, like all things American, been filled with sudden changes and surprises. First, the fleet, but dangerous, skimming-dish, then the reaction caused by the cutter importation, the *Harvey Kitten*, in 1876, followed by *Muriel*, *Oriva*, *Ileen*, the little *Yolande*, *Bedouin*, *Clara*, *Madge*, and the ballasted plank *Delvin*. Then the revulsion of feeling in the

Burgess compromise boats—deep boats, with cutter-rigs and outside ballast, but retaining the centre-board; some of them housing the board under the cabin floor. Then the centre-board giving place to the fin-keel; *Gloriana* in 1891, *El Chico* (vulgarly called "the cheater") and *Wasp* in 1892, followed by the great bulb-fins *Jubilee* and *Pilgrim* in 1893. And, finally, the deep-keel type of 1895, evolved independently, on two sides of the Atlantic, by two designers, each working in secret and each expecting to spring a surprise on the other. The surprise must have been mutual, for *voilà!* there are the two boats, enough alike to be twin sisters.

A curious feature of the whole thing is that not one of the ideas embodied in all these changes is new. The principles of the centre-board and the fixed keel; the ballast on the side of the boat, on the bottom of the keel, or suspended below the keel, have been common property for generations. The question of where to put ballast to make it do most good has been an hitherto unsolved problem. The modern canoeist puts it, in his own weight, on the end of the plank extended thwart-ship to windward; the modern yachtsman carries it far below the keel. Both derive the benefit of increased leverage by having the ballast placed as far from the boat's floating body (as far from the centre of buoyancy) as possible. The cutter-man appreciated the virtue of deep lead; but, in building his boat down to his lead, while he acquired increased head-room in his cabin, made for himself too much boat to drag through the water. The up-to-date designer whittled away the sides of his block till he left nothing but a fin with just enough buoyant power above to float it. Of course the resulting craft is of little use for carrying, or even living, purposes; but utilitarian motives cut no figure in the sport of kings. The building of these airy butterflies, each costing enough to endow a hospital, will go on until the controlling clubs shall enact rules



THE CREW OF THE DEFENDER.

which will result in the requirement that yachts shall be vessels.

The *Valkyrie* and the *Defender* are, in fact, huge canoes, built with as little weight as possible, to glide lightly like a canoe on the surface of the water. If they were to be propelled by steam, or, as were the triremes of old, by oars, their construction would probably stop here. To prevent the craft from being blown over when its sail is raised, a weight is suspended at some distance beneath the boat. The space between the weight and the vessel is filled in with a supporting plate, which also serves as a fixed centre-board. When this portion is actually a plate, as in *El Chico*, *Jubilee*, *Niagara* and a host of others, the construction is obviously weaker than where the top of the fin is widened; therefore, in our champions, the fin widens at the top gracefully into the curves of the bottoms. In the *Valkyrie* it is widened less than in the *Defender*: in the former the fin-keel is more like a *fin*; in the latter it is more like a *keel*. In the *Defender* the weight is six or seven feet from the floating body of the boat;

in the *Valkyrie* it is more. The body of the *Valkyrie* is, therefore, shallower than that of *Defender*, and its bottom is more nearly flat. Because of the lack of stability shown by the *Valkyrie* during her first trials, it is said that twelve additional tons of lead have been added to her keel.

Her owners seem to be confident that she is now all right in this particular. The *Defender* was correct in ballast and trim from the beginning, which would show that her designers are not deficient in the scientific accuracy of their calculations. The long, overhanging bow and stern displayed by both yachts serve a double purpose: First, the boats are measured, while at anchor, on the water line, in either case, 90 feet. When the vessel heels over, under sail, the actual length is increased to 100, 110 or more feet, according to the degree it is heeled over, the length increasing as it is needed to meet the increased pressure. Second, the overhangs greatly increase buoyancy in rising to the seas.

If the issue were to be decided only upon the superiority of design, the con-

test would be solely between Mr. Watson and Mr. Herreshoff. The other elements are the rig and the handling.

The officers and men of the *Defender* are heart and soul in the contest. The crew have already become famous from the sentiment through which they were chosen, rather than because of anything they have yet accomplished. The officers, on the other hand, are the most experienced and successful in their line, and all are American born and bred. Captain Henry Haff is known the world over for his victories with General Paine on the *Volunteer* and the *Mayflower*, and with Mr. Gould on the *Vigilant*. In 1893 Captain Haff was sailing-master for the Rogers syndicate boat *Colonia*, while to Captain Hansen belonged the honor of sailing the *Vigilant* against *Valkyrie II*. Captain Haff is a native of the Great South Bay on Long Island, his home being at Islip. Every South-Bay man learns to handle a cat-boat almost as soon as he can walk.

Associated with Captain Haff, as his assistant, is Captain Norman W. Terry, a native of Moriches, also on the Great South Bay. His early years were spent

on the coasters and he finally became the owner of a schooner. His first yacht was the old *Enterprise* from which vessel he went to the *Grayling*, and he has been in the employ of Mr. Latham A. Fish ever since. He was aboard the *Mayflower* to assist Captain Haff in the defeat of the *Thistle*, and on the *Vigilant*, with Captain Hansen, during the great races of that vessel. He is noted for the quickness and accuracy of his judgment during the exciting moments of a race.

Captain James H. Berry, the mate of the *Defender*, is another South-Bay man and a native of Islip. He served his apprenticeship as a boy in the West India trade, and at eighteen made his first trans-Atlantic voyage. After a few years at sea he took to yachting and has been sailing-master, at various times, of the schooners *Clio* and *Comanche*, and the sloops *Regina*, *Mischief*, *Katrina* and *Wasp*. It is said that no one can make a crew run up light sails like Captain Berry. He is a good disciplinarian and a good leader.

The selection of the crew of the *Defender* was a bold and original departure from custom. It was probably insti-



THE VALKYRIE'S CREW.

gated by practical motives, but, from the circumstances of the case, it could not fail to excite a patriotic sentiment. In the absence of any neighboring villages of trained yachtsmen who live in clans, as they do in England, it has hitherto been necessary to pick up a miscellaneous crew, generally of Scandinavians. These men are glad during the summer to exchange the hard life on the traders and the steam liners for the better living and lighter work on the yachts. Some of them make excellent crews, but they scatter over the globe in the winter and can with difficulty be kept together from year to year. Even if they had equal alertness with the American and the English sailors they would be at a disadvantage through ignorance of the language. There is no denying that the Swedes are splendid sailors; they climb like cats, swim like seals and work like beavers. The disadvantage, however, in the employment of mixed, foreign crews is obvious, and the wonder is that no one has thought of Mr. Iselin's excellent scheme before. Down on the coast of Maine are a race of American sailors, whose grandfathers sailed all around the Englishmen in 1812, and before. When they chose to, they chased and overhauled the fleetest of the enemy; when they thought it more prudent, they sailed a race for life, and generally won. These men have been sailing boats all their lives, just as the best English racing crews have done, as fishermen.

The fisherman's life is continued racing. It's get out with your seines, make your haul and scurry to port before the increased supply has lowered the price of the catch. Never was keener racing than that between the fishermen of Wivenhoe, on the Clyde, or our own Gloucester. The fishing schooners of the latter place are built for speed as well as carrying power, and some of Mr. Burgess's best work was expended on them. And so, Mr. Iselin sent Captain Haff down among the "thorofares" of the Maine Islands, to cast about to see what he could secure in the way of a brand new American crew. The Captain found what he wanted and did not have to go far from Rockland to get it. And he didn't have to ask twice.

Would a coast of Maine man decline a chance to race an Englishman at sea? Would a coast of Maine boy refuse blueberry pie? It is quite likely that Captain Haff could have had the whole male population of the islands. He wisely did not go picking around. He went to one place, Deer Island. This is a large island at the mouth of Penobscot Bay, sheltered somewhat from the ocean tempests by the surrounding islands, Vinal Haven, Isle au Haut, Swan's Island and numerous smaller rocky islets. Like all the islands of the main group, it has raised a stock of men such as heroes are made of when opportunity offers. It was town-meeting day, and he said to the people, "I want men from among you to sail the new cup defender!" Well! He owned the place.

He set up his headquarters in a venerable mansion, a hundred and six years old, and now the leading boarding house of the island:

"Built in the old Colonial day
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality."

Here, before a blazing log fire, the famous skipper of the Great South Bay, supported on either hand by two of the magnates of the place, Captain Weed and Captain Conant, received the aspirants to fame and sport who lined up before him—the best blood of Deer Island—always ready for sport or struggle on the deep. The successful candidates were selected, with the advice of the local fathers, after much secret deliberation, and the result announced.

According to the *Herald* the speech-making was brief and business-like. Captain Haff is recorded as saying:

"I have been told that some of you have been mates and even masters of vessels, but you will not be either during the service for which I have come to Deer Island to ship you. You will be in the forecabin, and the work on the yacht will be hard, and there will be plenty of it, night as well as day sometimes. There has been a great deal said about an American crew, if they were got together, not wanting to obey orders, of jealousies arising, and that all hands in a short time would want to be the captain. If there are any of you here who have the faintest suspicion that they will feel so in the future, I don't care to go any further with such, but if you come with me and help me, as you know how, to keep the old cup, you'll never regret it. You will be treated like men, and next fall, if we are successful, we'll have some fun."

Then the Nestor of the island, whose words bore the authority of a patriarch and a leader on the sea, addressed the young men as follows:

"I have known every one of you since you were children, and have followed you in your various ventures at sea. All of you have good reputations, and it is my wish and that of your fellow townsmen that you maintain them. We think that Captain Haff has honored Deer Island in coming here for his crew for the cup defender, and you should feel that it is an honor for you to help keep that old prize. Every true American values it. The wealthy gentlemen who are building the yacht that is likely to defend it are true patriots—they have that kind of patriotism we like and praise up here in Maine, where every man is a sailor, and knows what the old flag means.

Now, I will follow you boys this summer very closely. So will every other Deer Islander. If any of you should prove unworthy of your place, and are discharged for bad conduct, we don't want to see you again. But we know that you will be men, that you will obey orders cheerfully and willingly, and work for the good of the cause. Do this and we'll welcome you heartily upon your return."

The wintry wind of ocean beat against the old house, and the flames roared up the great colonial chimney; but the minds of the young were on the sunny, summer sea around the capes. They were filled with visions of lofty sails, spinnakers and balloon-jibs such as they had heard tell of; and the chance, oh, the chance, to give a friendly twist to the lion's tail which had winced under the strong grasp of the old heroes who lie asleep all along the coast from Castine to Cape Cod, and some of whom themselves had seen laid away in the churchyard over there. Can such men fail?

If they do it will not be through lack of vigor and intelligence. Perhaps this beginning will lead to the establishment, in this country, of yacht-racing crews, whose members reside in the same locality and who will sail together year after year. American crews would then be second to none.

The English racing crews have hitherto been unrivaled. The best come from the Colne or the Clyde. They are clans of sailor-men of the best type. Local pride, a sea-faring life for generations and the generous encouragement of the yacht owners, have fostered and developed the highest degree of discipline and skill. In the English races the fact that the prize

money is divided among the crew of the winning yacht is a forcible incentive to the best work.

The crew of *Valkyrie III*, come from the neighborhood of Wivenhoe, near Colchester, on the Colne. The people of this locality pass their winter months in the fisheries off the coast of Essex, and it is fish and race to market day in and day out. In the summer the best of them go in groups upon the big racing yachts, and many scatter through the yachting fleet as skippers and sailors. They are bound together by ties of kindred and mutual interests. Because of a real or supposed grievance the whole crew of a yacht will sometimes strike and take French-leave of a vessel, to the extreme embarrassment of the owner. Only recently we heard of the *Ailsa's* crew leaving because, after being defeated by *Britannia*, the owner was not willing to take the added lead off of the yacht's keel, when its weight appeared to be prejudicial to success. There may have been other causes leading to the strike, but this was the reason given out; and it shows how earnest the crews are in the success of their craft.

Captain William Cranfield, the skipper of the *Valkyrie*, is a Wivenhoe man. He is as well known on both sides of the ocean as our own Captain Haff. He gave evidence, while here on the first *Valkyrie*, that a more clever skipper never held a tiller. His assistant, Captain Sycamore, is also a native of the banks of Colne, and he also has a great reputation as a skipper. He began as a young man on the Marquis of Ailsa's schooner-yacht *Lady Evelyn*, under the famous skipper Ben. Harris, of Itchen Ferry. His last commands have been the racing yachts *Corsair*, *Vendetta* and *Carina*.

The work of the New England crew on the *Defender* is closely watched in comparison with that of *Scandinavians* aboard the *Vigilant* and *Colonia*; and the new champion will be raced energetically with the old to bring out and eliminate her weak points.

The first flights of *Defender* with *Colonia*, near Bristol, July 7th, and with *Vigilant*, off Newport, July 14th, demonstrated nothing, excepting the initial facts that she was an able boat, not lacking in stability on the wind, and that her trim was correct from the start.

The first real tests of speed were made on the Sandy Hook course, in the special races of the New York Yacht Club, July 20th and 22d, and on the first squadron run of the annual cruise of the same club, from Glen Cove across the Sound and back to Huntington Harbor. The first two races were for cups offered by the club, and the third was for a cup presented by Commodore Edward M. Brown. A comparison of *Defender* with *Vigilant* is of unusual interest, because through *Vigilant* and *Britannia* is the only possible means of making any calculations upon the chances between *Defender* and *Valkyrie III*. The relative speed of *Vigilant* and *Britannia* being roughly known from last season's races, and that of *Britannia* and *Vigilant* being estimated, a comparison is sought for between the two international contestants. Such an estimate, however, from the unsatisfactory data in hand, must be vague and worthless, unless *Defender's* superiority over *Vigilant* should prove very marked. *Defender* in these three races proved herself faster than *Vigilant*, of course; but the margin is not sufficiently wide to give any assurance of *Valkyrie's* defeat.

The uncertainty of the comparison is augmented by reason of the alterations which *Vigilant* has undergone since last year. Every effort has been made, without remodeling the hull of the old champion, to reduce her sluggishness in stays caused by her long, flat keel. About twenty tons of inside ballast have been removed, and an equal amount added to the bottom of her keel. Both ends of the keel have been rounded in order to soften the hard angles under the forefoot and heel. After a trial of the boat in her altered condition, about six feet of the aft end of the added lead was removed and replaced with oak, because the change had thrown the yacht out of trim. With an entirely new suit of sails and spars, and an altered sail-plan, and manned by a different skipper and crew, the *Vigilant* can hardly be considered to be the same as she was last year. How much she has improved in speed is a matter of conjecture. The improvement in stays is very slight.

Neither boat had been measured prior to these races, so that the allow-

ance and corrected time and the actual result of the race, in case it should be very close, could not be given out until later in the season. *Defender* will probably allow *Vigilant* at least a minute for the thirty-mile courses. In the first race of 30 miles *Defender* won by 2m. 45s.; in the second, of 30 miles, by 9m. 17s., and in the third, of 21 miles, by 1m. 49s. In the three races between *Valkyrie III*. and *Britannia* the results were as follows: in the first, *Valkyrie* beat *Britannia* on 50 miles, 1m. 49s., but lost on time allowance; in the second, *Britannia* beat *Valkyrie*, on 50 miles, 3m. 8s. finishing, and 7m. 10s. corrected time; and, in the third race, over a 40-mile course, *Valkyrie* was 18m. 26s. ahead at the finish, and won by 14m. 24s. corrected time.

Although the record of *Vigilant's* races abroad shows that out of nineteen starts she won only seven firsts, it must be remembered that she was in bad trim and sailed generally on inland waters.

In the only satisfactory race on open water between *Britannia* and *Vigilant*, off Cowes, on August 4, 1894, over a 48-mile course, the American yacht won by 6m. 31s. actual, and 4m. 29s. corrected time.

In the first three races between *Defender* and *Vigilant* the conditions were as follows:

First race, July 20th. Fifteen miles from Scotland Lightship to windward and return. The wind was light, about eight knots, and from the south; the water smooth. *Defender* threw away about four minutes in an extra tack, the last to windward, through mistaking the mark. *Vigilant* lost considerable time through the wash of surrounding steamers on the home run.

Defender tacked nine times in going to windward to *Vigilant's* four, because it was necessary to take up the stretching of her new rigging at intervals.

The official time was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Defender . . .	11 30 25	2 49 05	3 18 40
Vigilant . . .	11 30 50	2 52 15	3 21 25

Difference, 2m. 45s. in favor of the *Defender*.

The outer mark was reached by the *Defender* at 1h. 34m. 30s., and by the *Vigilant* at 1h. 36m. 34s.

Second race, July 22d. Course: A

thirty-mile equilateral triangle, starting from Scotland Lightship S. E. half E. The wind was W. N. W. at the start and light and variable, less than ten knots an hour. It fell to flat calm while the yachts were on the windward leg of the triangle, *Vigilant* getting the worst of it. It breezed up on the last leg to twelve knots, giving the yachts a fine chance to show themselves on a close reach to the home mark. Both yachts carried all light sails.

Vigilant set her protest signal immediately after the start. She had been bowling along inside of the crossing line with the wind on the starboard beam. *Defender*, who was to leeward, suddenly bore away and came down running free under a balloon jib-topsail, and compelled *Vigilant* to round up to avoid a collision. *Vigilant* undoubtedly had the right of way.

After running before a quartering wind for about a quarter of an hour both yachts set spinnakers to starboard. Both bore away a trifle and got ready to set spinnakers at the same time, 11h. 37m. *Vigilant* had hers sheeted home in three minutes, and *Defender's* was drawing forty seconds later.

The time was as follows:

Start: *Defender*, 11h. 25m. 30s.; *Vigilant*, 11h. 26m. 1s.

First Mark: *Defender*, 12h. 57m. 1s.; *Vigilant*, 12h. 59m. 8s.

Second Mark: *Defender*, 2h. 50m. 11s.; *Vigilant*, 2h. 57m. 50s.

Finish: *Defender*, 3h. 45m.; *Vigilant*, 3h. 54m. 48s.

Defender winning by 9m. 17s.

Third race, July 29. The course was from the Matinecock buoy to and around a mark one mile south by west from bell-buoy on Green's Ledge, Norwalk Island, Connecticut side of the Sound, leaving it on the port hand, then return five miles over the same course to and around a mark, leaving it to the port, and finishing over a line between the committee boat and a stake boat, one mile west from

Eaton's Point light. Distance, twenty-one miles.

The wind was moderate from the S. W. at the start, and blowing strong from the S. S. W. while the last leg was being sailed. The first leg was a quartering run to leeward. At the start the yachts reached along shore to keep out of the tide for about three-quarters of an hour, and then bore away and set spinnakers for the run across the Sound. The second leg was a five mile beat to windward, and the last leg a close reach.

It was agreed that this race should be sailed on actual time.

The time was as follows: Start, 1h. 35m. P. M. First mark, *Defender* 3h. 31m. 10s.; *Vigilant* 3h. 31m. 40s. The elapsed time to this mark was, *Defender*, 1h. 43m. 36s.; *Vigilant*, 1h. 44m. 18s.; *Defender* gaining 32 seconds.

Second mark, *Defender*, 4h. 17m. 45s.; *Vigilant*, 4h. 19m. 5s. *Defender* covered the windward work in 46m. 35s., and *Vigilant* in 48m. 25s.; the *Defender* gaining 1m. 50s.

Finish, *Defender*, 4h. 42m. 56s.; *Vigilant*, 4h. 44m. 43s.; the *Defender* gaining 27 seconds on the short leg.

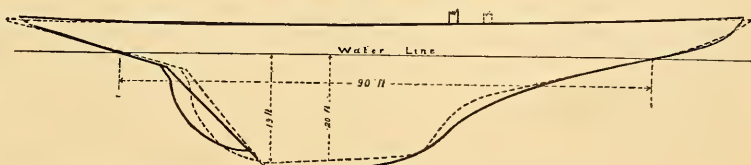
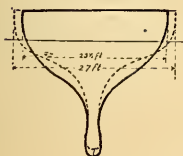
The elapsed time for the 21 miles, of which only five miles consisted of windward work, was as follows: *Defender* 2h. 55m. 32s., and *Vigilant* 2h. 57m. 21s., the *Defender* winning by 1m. 49s. actual time.

The prosaic narrative of these races, if studied, will show that the chances between the champions are very close. There are many generous-minded yachtsmen on this side who almost hope that Lord Dunraven's persistent efforts may be crowned with success and that the international racing course may, for a time, be transferred across the Atlantic.

Our only desire, in that case, would be that we might compete on the open ocean, and not upon the Solent or the Clyde.

APPROXIMATE
CROSS SECTIONS.

APPROXIMATE SHEER PLANS.



SOLID LINE DEFENDER

DOTTED LINE VALKYRIE III.

A SMALL-CLASS INTERNATIONAL RACE.

ANOTHER international race which will excite the interest of the sailors of small-class yachts will be sailed this month, under the auspices of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club.

Early in the spring, word was received by the members of the New York Canoe Club that Mr. J. Arthur Brand, one of the most successful sailors of small boats in England, would be glad to challenge for a race with an American half-rater. As such a boat was not within canoeing limits, the Canoe Club referred the matter to the Seawanhaka Yacht Club. This club has taken up the matter and offered a prize for the half-rater class, although such boats have hitherto been practically unknown here. The average size of these little racers is 15 feet water line, 25 feet over all, and 5 or 6 feet beam.

The rating for racing in England is obtained as follows: multiply the load water line, crew aboard, by the sail area, and divide by 6,000.

Spruce III, Mr. Brand's boat of last year, is 15 feet 6 inches on the water line, 25 feet over all and 5½ feet wide. She has a loaded centre-board weighing 300 lbs. She was first rigged with a balance-lug sail, which was subsequently replaced by a sharpie sail and jib.

Mr. Brand was one of the founders of the Minima Yacht Club, which is devoted to small-class racing. He is one of a number of prominent prize-winners, and has owned several yachts, including the 8-ton yawl *Cornavia* and the 20-ton cutter *Tina*. The latter is his present boat. He is the son of the Hon. John Alexander Brand, comptroller of London, and he is an architect by profession.

The proposal to establish a class for boats of this size to meet the English challenge has met with unexpected favor, no less than seven having been built. Vice-Commodore Rous, of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, placed an order with the Herreshoffs in the beginning, and the result is a very speedy boat with plate centre-board, and rigged with mainsail, jib, jib-topsail and spinnaker. Mr. C. B. Vaux, the famous canoeist, has been appointed to sail the Seawanhaka boat. The Herreshoffs have also built another boat of the

same class with a fin-keel for Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt. She is 22 feet over all, 15 feet on the water line, with 4 feet beam and 3 feet 6 inches draught.

The Indian Harbor Yacht Club are also building to enter the race. Their boat is being built in Newark, and is of lap-streak construction, with a dagger centre-plate. It is to be sailed by Messrs. Frank B. Jones and Richard Outwater. The Riverside Yacht Club are building a fin-keel at City Island, to be sailed probably by Mr. Geo. I. Tyson, owner of *Vorant II*.

Mr. W. P. Stephens, yachting editor of *Forest and Stream*, and the designer of the successful *Scarecrow* class, has designed a half-rater, which is being built at Clayton for Mr. C. J. Field, the former owner of *Gee Whiz*. This boat, which is to be named *Ethelwynn*, will be 23 feet 4 inches over all, 14 feet 6 inches on the water line, and with 6 feet beam on deck, and 4 feet 9 inches beam on the water line. Her draft will be 7 inches, and she will carry a dagger plate of $\frac{3}{16}$ bronze. She will carry about 200 square feet of sail.

The *Trust Me*, which was built by the Herreshoffs, and is the duplicate of the English *Wee Win* will be eligible to enter. She is 16½ feet on the water line, and carries a 600 pound fin, and 150 square feet of sail. Mr. Huntington's *Question*, which has been racing Mr. Clark's *Trust Me*, will also enter. She is 14.60 feet on the water line and carries 220 square feet of sail.

Arthur Dwyer is building a half-rater at Boston for Mr. H. J. Burton. Dwyer is the builder of many famous small racers, including the *Onawa*, also owned by Mr. Burton. The *Onawa* beat the famous *Alpha*, and the *Kite*, which was built by the Herreshoffs to beat the *Alpha*, at Lake Minnetonka, last year.

The sport between these little boats will be keen. The trial races between them will bring to the front a number of small-boat sailors who have not been prominent as canoeists, but who have for years been known as skillful sailors of mosquito craft on Long Island Sound. These little boats should be encouraged, for they develop the highest skill at the least expense. R. B. B.,



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport
Please address all communications to "The Editor of

THE LATEST VICTORY OF THE WHEEL.

It is a pleasant phase in cycling to notice how people of the upper grade of society and professional men and women are changing their minds in regard to cycling as a sport. Gradually the sport is working its way into favor with those who once scorned cycling from the bottom of their souls. There is a moral to be learned from this change of front. It shows that cycling as a recreation and as a practical means of transportation is bound to work its way into favor with the most conservative. The advantages and the health giving properties are too strongly in evidence to be sacrificed for mere notional prejudice. Everything should be done to encourage this new trend of public opinion, and that nothing shall be left undone will be the duty of those who have the true interests of cycling at heart.

Apropos of this a most interesting lecture by Robert L. Dickinson, M. D., on "Bicycling for Women from the Standpoint of the Gynecologist" was lately delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y. The doctor is an earnest believer in the use of the bicycle for women, and he compares the exercise of horseback riding with that of cycling much to the advantage of the latter. In detail and by profuse illustrations he shows wherein the special organs of woman are greatly benefited when clad in proper costume and the sport is indulged in with intelligence and moderation. He says: "In cycling it seems we have found at last a form of outdoor muscle work which attracts women and induces them to spend many hours in the open air. It possesses all the advantages of walking or climbing with the additional advantage of the shake-up of horseback riding. . . . It exercises a large number of muscles far more than any one who has never tried it supposes. . . . It seems to be probable that there is no single exercise that will so efficiently develop muscle tone in the pelvic floor as cycling. . . ." He insists, however, that proper dress should be used, corsets must be discarded and the waist be free from pressure. He cites quite a number of cases of cure of diseases peculiar to women by the proper and intelligent use of the cycle.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN GOLF.

Golf will this year enter into a new phase of life. The fitful and ungoverned period of its youth in America has passed into the ordered system of authorized control, and under the auspices and direction of the experts and enthusiasts who happily have been chosen as the first officers of the United States Golf Association, we may look forward with confidence to a future which will not belie the promise of its vigorous youth. The advent of golf is a boon of inestimable value, alike to those who participate actively in it and to those whose pleasure is

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derived from it merely as spectators; indeed amongst all the outdoor sports which are laying up for our people a fund of active health, golf stands pre-eminent in this regard, that no spectator can follow it without, even unwittingly, participating in the exhilaration which comes from tramps afield in the open air. The one pitfall ahead, that golf should deteriorate from its primal importance of a field sport into a society function, could not be better safeguarded against than by the fact that those who will control its destinies in the new association are men who are aware of this very tendency. The peril is half past when the captain knows the shoals.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

The match between London Athletic Club and New York Athletic Club is now definitely arranged and will be contested September 21st, in the vicinity of New York City. The events will be 100 yards, 220 yards, quarter-mile, half-mile, one mile and three mile runs; 120-yard hurdle race, running high jump, running broad jump, putting 16-lb. shot and throwing 16-lb. hammer. Although nominally a club match, each party has been allowed the privilege of strengthening its team by recruiting from other clubs, and the affair is likely to assume representative international proportions. London A. C. has already borrowed athletes from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Huddersfield Cricket and Athletic Club, and the Pelicans of Scotland; while New York, although making no announcements as yet, will no doubt elect several athletes before next September. The London team, as far as now known, will include W. J. M. Barry with hammer and shot, C. A. Bradley, 100-yard run, E. H. C. Bredin, quarter-mile and half-mile runs, A. R. Downer, 100 yards, 220 yards and quarter-mile runs, C. B. Fry, broad jump and 100-yard run. F. S. Horan three-mile run, W. E. Lutyens, one-mile run, A. Ovendon, 100-yard, 220-yard and quarter-mile runs, G. B. Shaw, 120-yard hurdle race, and R. Williams, high jump. The composition of the New York team is as yet a matter of conjecture, but among those certain to compete are G. R. Gray, J. S. Mitchell, T. I. Lee, C. Kilpatrick, S. Chase and L. P. Sheldon.

The Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America have also decided to open negotiations with the athletic authorities of Oxford and Cambridge Universities for the purpose of arranging a match in which the placed men at the intercollegiate games, next May, shall be sent to England in July, and there compete against a team of University athletes. This would be the grandest of all international contests, but the Englishmen have not yet been consulted, and until their answer is received the match must be considered probable rather than actual.

SUBSTITUTION OF A CUP CHALLENGER.

There has been considerable misunderstanding even among yachting journals of the best authority as to the right of the English club to substitute another yacht in case *Valkyrie III.* should prove slower than the existing boats. This question should be definitely set at rest. Under the stipulations for the coming race the Royal Yacht Squadron are permitted to withdraw their present challenge and substitute another, naming a different boat, providing she complies with the description of the boat first named. This provision is obviously necessary because it would be unfair for us to build to meet a length named by the challenger and then have another class substituted. The only description in the challenge was that the English boat would be a sloop of 89 feet water line. This is the most important of the concessions made, and in view of *Ailsa's* phenomenal speed may be the lever by which an English victory may be effected. Of course the deed of gift does not provide for any such arrangement; but the justification lies in its absolute fairness.

FACULTY CONTROL OF COLLEGIATE SPORT.

Every succeeding day makes it more and more manifest that the time is near when control of collegiate and intercollegiate sport will be transferred from undergraduate students to faculty and graduate committees. It is equally evident that the first work of this new management will be to institute fundamental reforms, with the purpose of transforming collegiate athletic competition from a business to a pastime. Last month we published resolutions adopted by the professors and presidents of colleges and universities in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and further significance will be found in the action of the faculties of many colleges in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois. This action, taken thus simultaneously in widely separated sections of the country, points toward rigid restriction or total suppression of intercollegiate competition, and students would do well to assist promptly and voluntarily in a work of reform which will be speedily accomplished, either with or without their co-operation.

ATHLETICS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Instead of the three winter meetings of former years, Harvard this year held but one, February 16th, in the Hemenway Gymnasium, before a small assembly.

Putting the shot; invitation handicap.—E. Klein, H. U., 5ft. 6in., 32ft. 5½in.; F. W. Eddy, Newton A. A., 1ft. 3 in., 36ft. 7½in.; H. R. Johnstone, H. U., 4ft. 3in.

Parallel bars.—E. Staab and J. Staab tied, and E. Staab won by a toss.

Running high jump; invitation handicap.—W. D. Rising, Newton A. A., 6 inches, 5ft. 5in.; P. C. Stingel, B. A. A., scratch, 5ft. 9¾in.

Potato race.—Final heat, E. H. Clark, 34s.; W. L. Garrison, Jr., 2.

Tumbling.—J. Staab, 1; W. E. Putnam, Jr., 2.

10-yard run.—Final heat, E. H. Clark, 1½s.; J. W. Edson, 2.

Spring-board leaping.—W. E. Putnam, Jr., 8ft. 6in.; E. Alden, 2.

Pole vault.—W. W. Hoyt, 10ft. 4¼in.; N. P. Hallowell, 2.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

Their Midwinter indoor games were held February 16th in the gymnasium.

The score of points by classes was as follows: Seniors, 77; Juniors, 47; Freshmen, 20; Sophomores, 9.

30-yard run.—Final heat, Thompson, '96, 3½s.

440-yard run.—McChesney, '98, 1m. 6½s.

Running high jump.—Harder, '95, 5ft. 3in.

Half-mile run.—Price, '96, 2m. 43s.

One-mile run.—Price, '96, 6m. 9½s.

Standing high jump.—Thompson, '96, 4ft. 6in.

Pole vault.—Thompson, '96, 9ft. 5in.

Standing broad jump.—Raun, '98, 9ft. 6in.

Putting 12-lb. shot.—Fisher, '96, 43ft. 4in.

Putting 16-lb. shot.—Fisher, '96, 39ft.

Boxing.—Stieren, '98, beat Lighter, '98; Newell, '98, beat Pepper, '95.

Wrestling, 140 lbs.—First bout, Zentmeyer, '97, threw Glosser, '96, twice in 49s. and 4m. 3s.

Second bout, Brown, '98, threw Darragh, '9, twice, in 2m. 4s. and 57s. Final bout, Brown threw Zentmeyer once, in 1m. 6s.; Zentmeyer threw Brown twice, in 3m, 4s. and 2m. 56s.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

Their second annual Winter games were held February 23d in the gymnasium.

The class score was; Sophomores, 24 points; Seniors, 18 points; Freshmen, 17 points; Juniors, 13 points.

Bar bell drill.—J. B. Leeds, '95, 1.

Horse.—M. Brooke, '98, 1.

Hitch-and-kick.—V. Gilpin, '98, 8ft. 6in.

Parallel bars.—F. B. Jacobs, '97, 1.

Spring-board jump.—F. H. Conklin, '95, and J. H. Scattergood, '96, tied at 7ft. 1in.

Club swinging.—J. B. Leeds, '95, 1.

Horizontal bar.—F. B. Jacobs, '97, 1.

Tumbling.—F. B. Jacobs, '97, 1.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Their annual indoor entertainment was held February 22d in the gymnasium.

Exhibitions by the gymnastic team on horizontal bars and suspended rings and in tumbling.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap.—S. G. Craig, '95, 4 feet, 33ft. 8in.

Rope climbing.—G. G. Blackmore, '96, 6½s.

Light-weight wrestling.—J. P. Wheeler, '97, threw H. Hall, '98, in 3m. 10s.

Flying trapeze.—By E. B. Turner, '96, and T. Browne, '97.

Pole vault, handicap.—A. C. Tyler, '97, scratch, 10ft. 1in.

Double trapeze.—By W. H. McColl, '95, and G. G. Blackmore, '96.

Middle-weight wrestling.—N. Poe, '97, threw H. R. Reiter, '98, in 3m. 31s.

Balancing trapeze.—By F. M. Paul, '96.

Running high jump, handicap.—S. G. Craig, '95, 6 inches, 5ft. 3in.

L'Echelle.—By G. Goldie, C. Kellerman, '95, and C. Browne, '96.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR ATHLETES OF AMERICA.

The retiring Executive Committee held their final meeting February 22d at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, those present being, G. A. Crompton, Harvard, as substitute for H. M. Wheelwright, President; S. M. Kendrick, University of Pennsylvania, as substitute for H. A. Mackey; G. K. B. Wade, Yale; F. M. Crossett, University of the City of New York; E. A. Rundquist, College of the City of New York; L. C. Baker, Union, and E. P. Andrews, Cornell.

A. G. Mills, New York A. C.; Julian W. Curtiss, University A. C.; Julius Harder, North American Gymnastic Union, and W. B. Curtis, New York A. C., appeared before the committee to propose an alliance with the Amateur Athletic Union. After a conference of two hours satisfactory terms were arranged; the Committee decided to report in favor of the alliance, and invited the representatives of the A. A. U. to address the Convention at 5 P. M. next day.

The annual meeting of the Association was held February 23d, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City.

In the absence of President Wheelwright, Mr. J. E. Walscheid, University of the City of New York, was chosen chairman.

The roll-call showed that delegates were present as follows:

- Brown University—A. G. Call.
- College of the City of New York—H. J. Curtis, W. E. Strobel, F. B. Vermilyea.
- Columbia College—F. L. Pell, H. J. Chatain, G. T. Kirby.
- Cornell University—G. W. Rulison, W. C. White, E. P. Andrews.
- Fordham College—L. L. Tracey, J. D. McCarthy, H. Fisher.
- Georgetown University—F. McDermott.
- Harvard University—G. A. Crompton, N. W. Bingham, Jr., A. H. Bullock.
- Lafayette College—R. A. McCullough.
- Princeton College—T. S. Hunting, D. R. James, Jr., E. B. Turner.
- Rutgers College—G. S. Hobart, R. Van Arsdale.

- Stevens Institute—J. F. Hunter, J. P. Kennedy.
- Swarthmore College—E. Lippincott.
- Trinity College—F. M. Goddard.
- Union College—M. A. Twiford, L. C. Baker.
- University of the City of New York—B. G. Phillips, J. T. Featherston, W. P. Hadwein, Jr.
- University of Pennsylvania—G. M. Coates, F. S. Ellis, S. M. Kendrick.
- Wesleyan University—H. A. Sutton, A. C. Pomeroy.
- Yale University—G. K. B. Wade, W. O. Hickok, S. Day.

There were also present many graduates, who availed themselves of the privilege given them by the constitution to speak and make motions but not to vote.

Applications for membership were made by Dartmouth College, Syracuse University, University of California, and State University of Iowa. The first three were admitted by unanimous vote, while Brown, Harvard, Lafayette, Princeton, Swarthmore, Wesleyan and Yale voted against Iowa.

It was voted that those of the newly elected colleges which would pay their initiation fee at

once should be entitled to voice and vote in the meeting. To this Dartmouth and Syracuse promptly responded, A. G. Bugbee and S. A. Chase qualifying for Dartmouth, and F. L. Richards and F. L. Rooney for Syracuse.

The report of the treasurer shows receipts of \$3,283.40, expenditures of \$2,023.09, and a cash balance on hand of \$1,260.31. The report was received and referred to an auditing committee, consisting of S. M. Kendrick, University of Pennsylvania, and G. K. B. Wade, Yale.

The Association declared a dividend of \$10 to each college whose athletes competed last year.

The books of the clerk of the course at last year's games did not show that any athlete from Lafayette competed, but affidavits were forwarded proving that H. Smith started in the half-mile run, and it was voted to credit his college with an actual competitor.

The secretary read the report of the retiring executive committee, which was accepted, and its recommendations taken up in their order.

Some documents submitted in support of certain claims for collegiate and intercollegiate records had been mislaid, and it was voted to refer the matter to the new executive committee.

Hobart College and University of Vermont were expelled for non-payment of dues, and a like penalty voted on University of Michigan unless nine years arrears of annual dues shall be paid before April 1.

The report of the executive committee recommended the formation of an alliance with the Amateur Athletic Union, and debate was starting when some one remembered that the committee of the A. A. U. had been invited to attend at 5 P. M., and the matter was postponed until that hour. When the committee arrived and obtained an audience, the matter was again postponed, and referred to a special committee of graduates, consisting of J. P. Lee, Harvard; C. H. Sherrill, Yale; G. Richards, Columbia; P. Vredenburgh, Princeton, and H. L. Geyelin, University of Pennsylvania. This committee will investigate the subject and make a report which will be submitted to the associate colleges for ratification or rejection by a mail vote.

It was voted to amend the final clause of Article IX. of the Constitution so that it would read:

"The annual field meeting shall be held on the afternoon of the last Saturday in May in each year; but the preliminary heats of the 100-yard, 220-yard and quarter-mile run, 120-yard and 220-yard hurdle races, the bicycle race, and half-mile run, when the number of entries shall make it necessary, shall be run on Friday, beginning at 2 o'clock P. M. The field events shall be started at the same time, and shall be continued until not more than five men are left to compete in each event on Saturday."

It was voted unanimously to change the final paragraph of Article II., Laws of Athletics, which prescribes the duties of the clerk of the course, so that it will read:

"He shall assign to one assistant the duty of getting out the contestants for the hammer and shot events, to another the contestants for the high and broad jumps, to another those for the pole vault, and to two others those for the track events. Each of these assistants shall be responsible if there are not enough of their respect-

ive contestants present to start the events promptly at the appointed time."

By unanimous vote, Rule VIII. of the Laws of Athletics, was amended by adding to it the following clause:

"There shall be six measurers, two for the hammer throwing and shot putting events, two for the high and broad jumps, and two for the pole vault. These measurers shall be responsible for commencing their respective events promptly at 2 o'clock P. M., and for their continuance without unnecessary delays. They shall excuse a contestant from a field event in which he is taking part for a period long enough to contest in a heat in a track event, and allow said contestant to take his missed turn or turns in said field event within a reasonable time after the track heat. They shall see that reasonable opportunities are given to contestants who desire to try in two field events that are being contested at the same time."

"It was also voted unanimously to amend Rule III. of the Laws of Athletics, which defines the power of the starter, by adding to it these words:

"He shall be responsible for starting the track events promptly on time. He shall also be responsible for any unnecessary delays in the continuance of said events."

Among the amendments of which the requisite 20 days' notice had been given, Swarthmore offered the following:

"No person shall compete in the meetings of the Association who has been trained the previous summer by an athletic club."

When this was reached the secretary read it, and the representative of Swarthmore formally moved its adoption, but no one could be found to second the proposition, and it was dropped.

Propositions to drop the 1-mile walk and to add a 3-mile run were defeated, Brown, Cornell, Harvard, Lafayette, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Stevens, Trinity, Wesleyan and Syracuse voting to retain the walk, while Brown, Columbia, Fordham, Harvard, College of the City of New York, Princeton, Stevens, Swarthmore, Union, Yale and Dartmouth put themselves on record against the 3-mile run.

After a long debate it was decided to alter Article VI. of the By-Laws, so that the order of competition in Saturday's meetings will be as follows:

1. 100 yards dash, semi-final.
2. 220 yards hurdle race, semi-final.
3. Half-mile run.
4. 1 mile bicycle race, semi-final.
5. 120 yards hurdle race, final.
6. 100 yards dash, final.
7. 1 mile walk.
8. Quarter-mile run, final.
9. 220 yards hurdle race, semi-final.
10. 220 yards dash, semi-final.
11. 1 mile run.
12. 2 miles bicycle race, final.
13. 220 yards hurdle race.
14. 220 yards dash, final.

The new arrangement differs from the old chiefly in placing the half-mile run before instead of after the 1 mile run.

Several typographical and clerical errors in the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules were corrected.

By vote of 15 to 3 the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the executive committee be instructed to address the proper authorities of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge with a view to inviting a competition in track and field games in England during the coming Summer between a team composed of the firsts and seconds in the intercollegiate championship games this spring in such events as may be agreed upon, and such a representative team of University athletes of Great Britain as may be selected by the said authorities of Oxford and Cambridge. The executive committee to have full authority to represent the I. C. A. A. A. in making all necessary arrangements for the contest.

"Resolved, That this meeting make the following suggestions expressive of the opinion of the meeting to guide the executive committee in arranging for the contests, but leaving the whole matter fully in the power of the committee to alter and modify as in their judgment the circumstances may demand:

"First—The expenses of the trip shall be paid out of the treasury of the I.C.A.A.A.A., and shall include only the actual expenses of the journey to England and return, and necessary board and traveling expenses while in England.

"Second—The manager and trainer shall be selected by the executive committee.

"Third—The events recommended are the regular events of the annual Oxford-Cambridge competition, with the half-mile run, 220-yard dash, 220 yard hurdle, and pole vault added.

"Fourth—The substitutes of the team shall consist of the third, fourth and fifth men in the respective events. The committee shall choose these in the order named to fill all vacancies.

"Fifth—The month of July is recommended as the time most suitable for holding the contest."

The three negatives were from Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, while Harvard declined to vote.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—S. M. Kendrick, University of Pennsylvania.

Vice-President—F. M. Goddard, Trinity.

Treasurer—H. J. Curtis, College of the City of New York.

Secretary—F. Van Arsdale, Rutgers.

Executive Committee—J. E. Walschild, University of the City of New York; J. G. Kirby, Columbia; G. R. Swain, Princeton, and G. A. Crompton, Harvard.

In addition to the four elected members as listed above, the president, S. M. Kendrick, University of Pennsylvania, and last year's secretary, E. P. Andrews, of Cornell, are *ex-officio* members of the executive committee.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Their annual indoor games were held March 2, in Bissell Hall, before a large and appreciative assembly. The Freshmen class won the greater number of points, with Juniors second.

Exhibition on parallel bars by J. H. W. Pollard, H. Tabor, H. P. Patty and H. W. Clark.

15-yard run—J. E. R. Hayes, 2½s.; T. C. Ham, 2.

Fence vault—J. E. R. Hayes, 6ft. 6in.; T. C. Ham, 6ft., 1in.

Running high jump—F. F. Bennis, 5ft. 1in.; E. F. Riesz, 2.

Heavy-weight boxing—E. H. Joslyn beat J. C. Moulton.

High dive—J. C. Moulton, 5ft. 3in.; J. W. Pollard, 5ft. 2in.

Rope climb—J. E. R. Hayes, 6½s.; I. J. Cox, 7½s.

Potato race—T. C. Ham, 1; W. F. Kelley, 2.

3 standing broad jumps—A. W. Clark, 29ft. 6in.; J. E. R. Hayes, 2.

Running high kick—S. Wesson, 8ft. 4½in.; H. W. Clark, 2.

Obstacle race—W. H. Ham, 1; B. C. Taylor, 2.

Standing hop, step and jump—H. W. Clark, 25ft. 11in.; J. E. R. Hayes, 2.

Rope jumping—J. P. Leahy, 306; F. P. Bennis 292.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Indoor games held March 1, in the gymnasium.

Putting 16-pound shot, handicap—Knapp, 3ft. 6in., 32ft. 1½in.; Shipman, 2ft.; 33ft.; Beers, scratch, 34ft. 1¾in.

Pole vault—Smith, 9ft. 6in.; Caswell, 8ft. 7in.

Running high jump, handicap—Burke, scratch, 5ft. 6in.; De Young, 3in., 5ft. 3in.; Harrison, ½ in., 5ft. 4in.

Standing broad jump—Burnside, 9ft. 10¼in.; Hynes, 9ft. 7¼in.; Shipman, 9ft. 6¼in.

BERKELEY SCHOOL.

Their fifth annual indoor interscholastic games were held March 2, in the 22d Regiment armory.

This meeting, open to the pupils in all private schools within fifty miles of New York city, attracted entries from thirty-four institutions, the list including: Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn; Barnard School, Berkeley School, Blake School, Brooklyn High School, Brooklyn Latin School, Bryant & Stratton's Collegiate School, Columbia Grammar School, Columbia Institute, Condon School, Cutler School, De La Salle Institute, Drisler School, Flushing Academy, Halsey School, Hamilton Institute, Harlem Collegiate School, Harvard School, Irving School, Lawrenceville (N. J.) Academy; Moore's School, Morse School, Mt. Morris Academy, Newark (N. J.) Academy, Oxford School, Pingry School, Polytechnic Preparatory School, Sachs School, Stevens Preparatory School, St. Paul School, Trinity School, Wilson & Kellogg School, and Yale School.

Although the afternoon was stormy, more spectators attended than the armory could comfortably accommodate, and many were compelled to stand throughout the games. School rivalry and enthusiasm ran high, and the vociferous cheering frequently suggested Bedlam. Several of the performances would have been creditable for older and stronger athletes.

The prize cup was awarded in accordance with the system or scoring adopted by the Amateur Athletic Union—5 points for a first place, 3 points for a second place, and 1 point for a third place. The tally was as follows: Barnard, 13; Harvard, 9; Wilson & Kellogg, 8; Berkeley, 8; Brooklyn Latin, 6; Condon, 5; Cutler, 5; Lawrenceville, 5; Moore, 5; Newark Academy, 5; Pingry, 5; St. Paul, 5; Yale, 5; Adelphi, 3; Columbia Institute, 3; De La Salle, 3; Flushing Academy, 3; Drisler, 1; Polytechnic Preparatory, 1; Trinity, 1.

The summary of the sport is as follows:

70-yard run, boys under 15 years—Final heat, A. Rockinson, St. Paul School, 8½s.; D. M. Armstead, Berkeley S., 2, by 2 feet; W. Wilson, Barnard S., 3, by half a yard.

70-yard run—Final heat, T. H. Hall, Jr., Yale S., 7½s.; F. Stevens, Brooklyn Latin S., 2, by a foot; C. W. Dibble, Lawrenceville (N. J.) Academy, 3, by half a yard.

220-yard run—Final heat, S. A. Syme, Bar. S., 26½s.; J. Jewell, Adelphi A., 2, by a yard; H. Washburn, Bar. S., 3, by a few inches.

Quarter-mile run—Final heat, J. A. Meehan, Condon, 56½s.; F. Steven, B. L. S., 2, by 8 yards; H. Howland, L. A. S., 3, by 4 yards.

Half-mile run—G. C. Pier, Berl. S., 2m., 14½s.; W. T. Clark, Cutler S., 2, by 6 inches; W. S. Turner, Cut. S., 3, by a yard.

1-mile run—R. L. Eaton, Pingry, 5m., 2s.; J. Hollis, Columbia Institute, 2, by 2 yards; L. Tappan, Cut. S., 3, by 5 yards.

70-yard hurdle race—Final heat, S. A. Syme, Bar. S., 9½s.; A. F. Beers, De La Salle S., 2; H. Van Bauer, Bar. S., 3.

1 mile walk—J. W. Crooks, Newark (N. J.) A., 8m. 29½s.; E. A. Ware, Wilson and Kellogg S., 2, by 3 yards; F. Hackett, Trinity S., 3, by 5 yards.

1-mile bicycle race—Final heat, A. Thomson, Moore S., 2m. 57s.; J. D. Bickerton, Harvard S., 2, by 10 yards; M. Baird, Har. S., 3, by 4 yards.

Running high jump—S. A. W. Baltazzi, Har. S., 5ft. 8½in.; B. W. Wenman, Drisler S.; T. R. Pell, Flushing A., and J. D. Pell, Cut. S., tied at 5ft. 2in., and in the jump off T. R. Pell won, with Wenman second.

Putting 12-lb. shot—R. Bigelow, Wilson & Kellogg S., 39ft. ¾in.; J. Cadwalader, L. A., 38ft. 10in.; J. Slocovitch, Polytechnic Preparatory S., Brooklyn, 37ft. 2½in.

W. B. CURTIS.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

February 16th the University of California held a field day at Berkeley. C. Morse threw a baseball 328ft. 9½in., and C. W. Edgren threw the 16lb. hammer 123ft. 7½in.

A LONG TRIP FOR ATHLETIC HONORS

The University of California proposes to send a team of athletes to the East to compete against Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, and other colleges and universities. The University of Pennsylvania and Princeton have already accepted the challenge. To provide funds for the trip the Pacific Athletic Association will turn over to the University Club the receipts, less expenses, of the next annual Coast championship day. Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania have agreed to give the traveling team 75 per cent. of the gate money. The Californian team is to leave in May.

James Scroggins has done the 100yds. in 10s., and F. W. Koch, the captain of the team, has covered half a mile in 2m. 1½s. Brown's time for 1 mile is 4m. 42s.; Dyer has run the 120yds. hurdle race in 16½s., and Hoffman in 16½s., and Blake should win the 1-mile walk. C. W. Edgren, with about a week of training, threw the 16lbs. hammer 123ft. 7½in. on Washington's Birthday in contest, and in practice has thrown 124ft. 7in. William Patterson has jumped 5ft. 11½in. in contest, and over 6ft. in practice. At the last Stanford University vs. University of California games Woolsey made a running broad jump of 22ft. G. Hoffman has made a pole vault of 10ft. 4½in. Even if the Californian athletes should not win first places, the second places won by them might change the relative positions of some of the older colleges.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

FACULTY INTERFERENCE IN INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORT.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

At a meeting held February 5th, the Faculty of the University of Illinois adopted the following preambles and resolutions:

WHEREAS, A meeting of the presidents of several universities of the Central West was held in Chicago, January 19th, 1885, for the purpose of considering measures for the elimination of professionalism and other evils from college athletics and for the better management of the same; and

WHEREAS, As a result of that conference, certain resolutions were adopted and recommended to all college and university authorities for adoption; and

WHEREAS, The wide publicity given these resolutions has called public attention still more closely to the subject of college athletics; and

WHEREAS, These resolutions, while containing recommendations of great value, still fail, as we think, to adequately provide for existing evils; and

WHEREAS, The conference introduced as a standard for an amateur one far below that generally recognized by the students as well as the athletic amateur associations of the country; and

WHEREAS, No limit was placed by said conference on the time a person should be eligible for college teams; therefore, having in view the elevation of the standard of college athletics and the banishment of professionalism in all its forms, be it

Resolved, By the Faculty of the University of Illinois:

1. That so far as said rules place any limitations upon professionalism in athletics we give them our approval, and will exact the observance thereof.

2. In our judgment the aim of college athletics should be the physical development and the growth of a manly spirit among all the students. We should encourage sport for its own sake. To this end contests between universities should be confined to *bona fide* students in good standing, and every possible safeguard should be taken to prevent students going from one college to another for the purpose of becoming members of athletic teams. We think the interests of pure sport and healthful physical development would be promoted if intercollegiate contests were confined to undergraduates, or if post-graduates were admitted, it being understood that no player be eligible for more than four years as a member of any team; and further, that no person who has received pay for his services in athletics should be eligible for any college team.

3. That we recognize the wisdom of the movement leading to the conference and the high motives that prompted those who participated in the same in their endeavors to eliminate professionalism, and to place athletics on a high plane, and we trust that at some future conference of the same body it will seem wise to adopt still further regulations to the same end.

AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting held February 8th, the Faculty of Cornell University adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the faculty deems it desirable to limit all

intercollegiate football contests as far as feasible to college grounds; and it is of the opinion that no student who is markedly deficient in his University work should be allowed to play on the team. It believes further that the number of absences from town should be reduced, and reiterates its action of October 5th, 1894, viz:

We do not regard any person as qualified to be a member of the University team who comes to the University without the intention of remaining at least one year, or who receives any remuneration or consideration of any sort whatever.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

A meeting of the college presidents of Western Pennsylvania was held at Pittsburg, Pa., February 26th, those present being Rev. A. B. Miller, Waynesburg; Rev. W. P. Johnston, Geneva; Rev. R. G. Ferguson, Westminster; Rev. Dr. J. D. Moffatt, Washington and Jefferson, and Rev. I. C. Keil, Grove City. It was agreed to arrange uniform rules for college athletic contests. Football was unanimously indorsed, but proper restrictions demanded.

IN INDIANA.

The presidents of seven Indian colleges met in Indianapolis, Ind., March 1st, to discuss college athletics. They reaffirmed their former decision to permit no football playing, and also decided not to permit students to play baseball with professional or semi-professional clubs. Most of the colleges had already made arrangements to play exhibition games with the Indianapolis professional club, and all of these dates must be canceled.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Faculty Conference Committee on Athletics of the University of Pennsylvania, met March 2d, those present being Dr. J. W. White, Professor S. N. Patton, Dr. H. C. Wood, Professor G. W. Pepper and Dr. J. Adams, representing the Faculty; J. C. Bell, of the Football Committee; L. C. Madeira, of the Base Ball Committee, and F. B. Ellis, of the Track Athletic Committee.

At the close of their meeting the committee furnished for publication a memorandum which commented freely on the present condition of collegiate athletic sport, and gave in detail their reasons for adopting the following resolutions:

"*Resolved* (1), That the secretary of the Faculty Conference Committee be instructed to request a conference with a committee of the Board of Trustees with a view to considering the adoption of regulations upon the subject of the restriction of organized preliminary training of football candidates, the confining of the playing of college games to college grounds and the limitation of admission charges and gate receipts in connection with intercollegiate football contests.

"*Resolved* (2), That the committee recommend to the Board of Directors of the Athletic Association the calling of a convention of the universities and colleges for the purpose of considering the advisability of amending the football playing rules by adding to the number of field officials; by increasing the penalties for foul play, and by the adoption of such other practical regulations as will tend to the improvement of the game and the elimination of its objectionable features."

RACQUETS.

THE AMATEUR RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP.

The annual tournament for the award of this honor was held February 11th to 16th, in the courts of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, West Forty-third Street, New York City. The rules governing the challenge trophy are as follows:

"The cup will be held each year by the club whose member has won the tournament for the year, but will never become the absolute property of any person or club.

"Should the cup be won at any time by a player belonging to no recognized club, it will remain in the custody of the club holding it the year before.

"The winner of the championship each year

will receive a cup, to be his absolute property, and to be given annually by the club holding the tournament. The summary is as follows:

February 11th E. La Montagne, Jr., New York Racquet and Tennis Club, beat E. L. Perkins, same club, 15-6, 15-11, 2-15, 15-6.

February 12th J. S. Tooker, Boston Athletic Association beat J. S. Hoyt, New York R. and T. Club, 15-9, 15-5, 15-7.

February 13th J. S. Tooker beat E. L. Perkins, 12-15, 15-6, 10-15, 15-10, 15-6.

February 14th E. La Montagne, Jr., beat E. L. Perkins, 15-6, 15-11, 2-15, 15-6.

February 15th J. S. Tooker beat E. La Montagne, Jr., 17-15, 16-18, 18-14, 15-3.

February 16th Match for second place, J. S. Hoyt forfeited to E. La Montagne, Jr.

CANOEING.

A SPECIAL CLASS.

In order to revive an interest among canoeists who are good sailors, but not athletic enough to "hike" out on a six-foot sliding seat built on a 30-inch canoe, according to regulations, three prominent canoeists, William S. Elliott, Marine and Field Club, Schuyler Schieffelin, N. Y. C. C., and William J. Stewart, Ianthie Canoe Club, have formed themselves into a committee to encourage a class of boat which was at one time looked upon with great disfavor by the canoe-men. The type of boat is that which has been hitherto roughly classed as "cruisers," viz., a canoe of greater beam than the A. C. A. rules allow. The plan of these gentlemen is to persuade a considerable number of canoe-men to build boats, not only of this type but of identical lines and dimensions, so that "freaks" and "cheaters" will be barred, and all boats reduced to an absolutely equal footing.

This plan would produce good sport, as did the building of three identical cat-boats in the Seawanhaka Y. C. some years ago. The practical difficulty will be encountered in the fact that most canoe-men can afford but one boat, and each one wants that boat his very own. It is in his boat's special differences from all other boats that any sailor-man takes pride, and very frequently the peculiar build, lines or fittings, from which he derives special satisfaction, are thoroughly disapproved of by everybody else. It seems that one might as well try to legislate a uniform type of wives or sweethearts as to create any large class of identical canoes.

We believe in this class of canoe as a great help toward the revival of canoeing, but suggest that limitations could be made which would allow scope for individual preferences and still exclude the freaks.

The three boats are now being built by the St. Lawrence Canoe Co. from following dimensions: length over all, 15 ft.; water-line, 12 ft. 6 in.; beam, 36 in.; draught, $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.; overhang forward, 2 ft. 6 in.; aft, 1 ft.; cockpit, 4 ft. by 20 in.; well, 4 ft. 6 in. between bulkheads. Centreboard, 4 ft. long, of which 3 ft. 6 in. is under boat in normal position, with greatest length of board fore and aft. The board is, however, arranged to drop vertically when a change in trim of sails makes the change desirable. This board is of

$\frac{1}{4}$ in. brass and weighs 40 lbs. The canoe is built of white cedar, with mahogany deck and hatches, and trimmings of quartered sycamore. The bows are full and almost of "spoon" type. The stern-post is straight, with brass drop-rudder hung on stern-post. The cock-pit is pointed forward and rounded aft, with pointed flaring coaming. The sail-plan is practically the improved Stoddard rig, with stiff vertical yards, containing 75 feet in the mainsail and 35 in the mizzen, there being one batten in each sail toggled to foot of yard. The masts are hollow. The sliding-seat has a length of 36 in., or just equal to the beam of the boat. A cross-deck tiller is used. There is one foot of space between deck seat and the aft end of centreboard trunk. The trunk prevents sleeping in the boat, but it is claimed that this disadvantage is compensated for by ample storage-room for tent and stores. The boat is essentially a canoe, as opposed to the *La Gloria* class, in that it may be transported in wagon or baggage-car and readily handled by two men.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

RED DRAGON C. C. OF PHILADELPHIA.—Commodore, A. S. Fenimore; vice-commodore, H. W. Fleischmann; purser, Omar Shellcross; quartermaster, J. E. Murray; fleet-surgeon, Dr. F. O. Gross; correspondent, M. D. Wilt.

PURITAN C. C. of BOSTON.—Commodore, James W. Cartwright, Jr.; vice-commodore, George B. Underwood; rear-commodore, Howard L. Rogers; secretary, Charles T. Dodge; treasurer, L. Hedge; board of directors, the above officers and James Bragdon and E. S. Gilmore.

IRONDEQUOIT C. C.—Commodore, H. M. Tease; vice-commodore, F. L. Smith; purser, George J. French.

HOBOKEN C. C.—Commodore, Charles Ahnke; vice-commodore, Theodore Forst; secretary, P. Muller; treasurer, L. Kretzmer; captain, J. Warnecke; lieutenant, P. C. Gottschalk.

ROCHESTER C. C.—Captain, Harry V. Backus; mate, Al. T. Brown; purser, Charles A. Bruff; measurer, Robert Minnick; executive committee, William N. Burtis, George Herzberger, Milton H. Smith; regatta committee, Harry S. Stewart, C. F. Wolters, Will H. Martin.

ROWING.

THE NATIONAL REGATTA.

The Regatta Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsman have decided to hold the National Regatta of 1895 on Saratoga Lake, New York, July 17th and 18th. Oarsman who wish to enter can obtain all necessary information by addressing F. R. Fortmeyer, Secretary, P. O. Box 740, New York City.

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NOTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

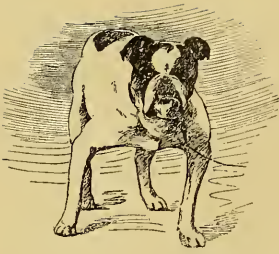
The interest in rowing shows some signs of revival. In the spring a four-oared race is to be rowed between the Boating Association of the University of California, and the Columbia Rowing Club, of Oakland, Cal. Each club is to build

a single-streak four-oar, 40ft. in length, with a coxswain's seat. The crew of the University of California will be coached by E. M. Garnett, of the Harvard crew of 1887, and a contributor of some articles on rowing at Harvard to OUTING. The race is to take place over a 2-mile course April 27th. The officers of the Association are: S. Colt, president; C. L. Cory, vice-president; M. R. Gibbons, secretary; and W. G. Morrow, treasurer. The death of Senator Stanford has proved disadvantageous to the interests of rowing at Stanford University, for shortly before his death the Senator had promised the club new boats and increased accommodation. It is to be hoped that an inter-collegiate contest may be an outcome of the newly-awakened zeal for rowing.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

KENNEL.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB SHOW



KING ORRY—BULLDOG.



SISTER—DACHSHUND.

James Taylor, E. M. Oldham, Jos. Lewis, R. F. Mayhew and J. H. Matthews.

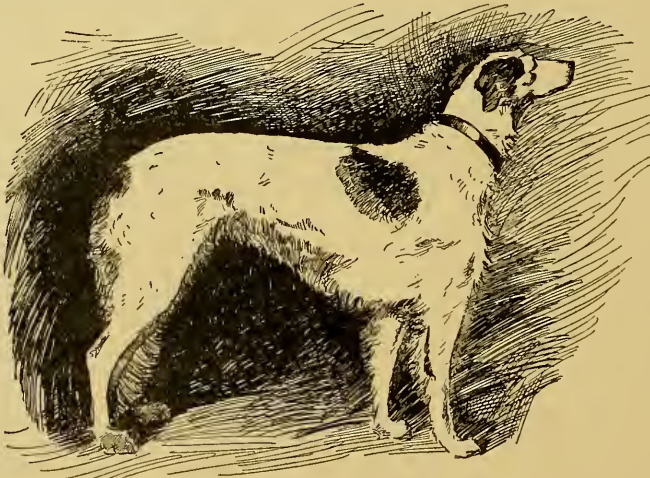
Among the new exhibitors of pointers was Mr. George Gould, who last year seemed to have pinned his faith to Borzois. Mr. Gould should prove a most valuable addition to the rat-tailed confederacy, for he has started with some good dogs, and he has the means and apparently the inclination to do much for this grand old breed. He certainly took the short cut to success

when he purchased last fall the cream of Davey's crack Canadian team, and he has since strengthened his hand by purchasing Chan-

cellor from the Rinada Kennels. Pointers from the Gould Kennels should in future be almost as sure winners as those of the late head of the house bred for other use. The quality of the exhibits, as a whole, was above the average, and the principal winners in the sporting classes were:

Greyhounds—Challenge, dogs: Gem of the Season, Lord Neverstill, Imperator. Bitches: Bestwood Daisy, Southern Beauty, Wild Rose. Open, dogs: Southern Rhymes, Norway Star,

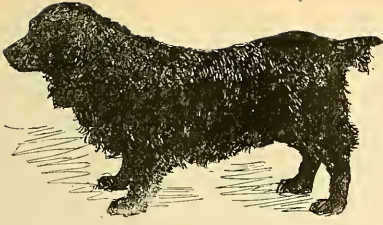
The judges were: Miss A. H. Whitney, Messrs. Chas. F. Leland, Chas. Heath, John Davidson,



GROUBIAN—RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND.



POOBAH—BROWN POODLE.



BLACK DUKE—COCKER SPANIEL.

Jack of Clubs. Bitches: Wild Lily, Southern Gay Girl, Bed of Stone. Puppies: Lucy.

English Foxhounds — Challenge: Vexation, Rosemary. Open, dogs: Songster.

American Foxhounds — Challenge, dogs: Bow-spirit, Com-mo-dore. Open, dogs: Duke, Clay, Jack. Bitches: Flirt, Glenwood Belle, Sunmaid.

Borzois — Challenge, dogs: Colonel Dietz. Bitches: Princess Irma, Vinga. Open, dogs: Ataman, Sorvanets, Trajan. Bitches: Zlobellis, Zmeika, Dagmar. Puppies: Leekhoi the Great, Alma, Inkerman.

Deerhounds — Open, dogs: Lochiel, Stag. Bitches: First withheld; 2d, Kelpie.

English Retrievers — First, withheld; 2d, Hempstead Jet; 3d, Physician.

Chesapeake Bay Dogs — Deacon, Pride, Mary II. Pointers — Challenge, dogs, 55 lbs. and over: Lad of Kent, Sandford Druid. Bitches, 50 lbs. and over: Woolton Game, Lady Tammany. Open, dogs, 55 lbs. and over: Sir Walter, Prince Regent, Ridgeview Bow, Lord Bracken. Bitches, 50 lbs. and over: Lass of Kent, Devonshire Pearl, Springside Nell, Kent's Belle. Champion, dogs, under 55 lbs.: Duke of Hessen, Netherwood Tenny. Bitches, under 50 lbs.: Miss Rumor, Hempstead Pearl. Open, dogs, under 55 lbs.: Ridgeview Comet, Chancellor, Springside Tr. Ridgeview Prince. Bitches, under 50 lbs.: Springside Lady, Springside Jill, Lady J. cken, Brighton Faustina. Puppies, dogs: Young Americus, Prince's Boy, Beaufort of Kent. Bitches: Phryne, Brighton Flossie, Trudie Howell. Novice, dogs: Sir Walter, Springside Tammany, Ridgeview Prince. Bitches: Springside Lady, Springside Jill, Brighton Faustina. Field Trial Class: Sandford Druid, Duke of Hessen, Woolton Game.

English Setters — Challenge, dogs: Cactus,

Glendon. Bitches: Spectre, Albert's Nellie. Open, dogs: The Earl, Dad Monarch, Albert Ranger, Harry L. Bitches: Countess Joe, Maid Marion, Furness Maid, Nellie Breeze. Puppies, dogs: Larkspur, Allister McAllister, Brighton Prince. Bitches: Albert's Daisy Queen, Lady Platt, Vic Hollymere. Novice, dogs: Count Beaufort, Rockland, Cincinnati Pride. Bitches: Furness Maid, Lady Gathmay, Wild Rose. Field Trial Class: Roi d'Or, Brighton Tobe.

Irish Setters — Challenge, dogs: Kildare, Fin-glas. Bitches: Queen Vic, Norna, Delphinne. Open, dogs: Shamrock O'More, Bob, Jr., Hen-more Shamrock, Cappelquin. Bitches: Lady May Swiveller, Mona, Eudora, Rosamond. Puppies, dogs: Kenmore Shamrock, Glennar, Brian. Bitches: Miss Ruby, Eudora II, Biddy Finglas. Novice, dogs: Shamrock O'More, Cappelquin, Killane. Bitches: Lady May Swiveller, River Roe, Nancy Finglas. Field Trial Class: Finglas, Edna H., Bedford.

Gordon Setters — Challenge, dogs: Heather Lad, Leo B. Bitches: Highland Yola, Heather Bee. Open, dogs: Highland Kent, Dick Noble, Heather Bruce, Prince D. Bitches: Dwight Pearl, Princess Bonnie, Sally Beaumont, Maid of Waverly. Puppies, dogs: Can, Argus, Count Noble's Boy. Bitches: Princess Bonnie, Dwight Sarah, Janet II. Novice, dogs: Dick Noble, Prince D., Nero II. Bitches: Dwight Pearl, Princess Bonnie, Lady Maud.

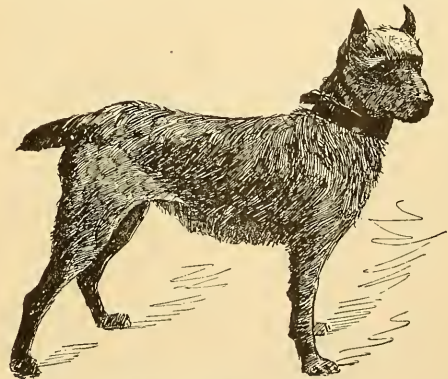
Field Trial Class: Count Noble, Flomont.

Irish Water Spaniels, dogs: Dennis, Musha. Bitches: Marguerite, Belva, Venus.

Cumber Spaniels, dogs: Friar Boss, Glencoe, Albert. Bitches: Glenwood Greeting, Susie, Nicta. DAMON.



ORMSKIRK SUSIE—COLLIE.



DUNMURRY—IRISH TERRIER.

LOFT.

THE COMING SEASON.

The season of 1895 will open early in April, the first birds having been fairly on the way in their training when March began.

As usual the Bellevue Club of Philadelphia has the lead, the individual members with their journeys against time being in advance of the club competition. The Bellevue dates are :

SPRING SERIES.

Date.	Station.	Distance.
April 14.....	Bennings, D. C.....	120 miles
" 20.....	Barboursville, Va.....	210 "
" 27.....	High Point, N. C.....	387 "
May 11.....	Easley, S. C.....	540 "
" 25.....	Pensacola, Fla.....	960 "

AUTUMN SERIES.

Sept. 29.....	Bennings, D. C.....	120 miles
Oct. 6.....	Barboursville, Va.....	210 "
" 13.....	High Point, N. C.....	387 "
" 27.....	Easley, S. C.....	540 "

These distances were chosen by the club three years ago and for even old birds were considered extreme, whereas for youngsters, usually making up the entry in the Autumn flying, no one believed there would be a return from beyond the 200 miles' stage. But, both old and young, as if they felt they were upon their mettle, did better from the extreme tests than from the lesser distances, and the rule has become somewhat general that fewer journeys and greater distances show the best speed and least loss.

Up to the 120 miles' station the birds are flown many times, each journey being from a slightly increased distance. Some speak of this as "teaching them the way," forgetting that in their schedule after the first or 120 miles' fly the birds have no use for this knowledge, the distance and dip of the horizon placing them so far beyond the way they have been taught to know, that they might as well have been sent at once from the loft, that is, if this preliminary flying is only for teaching the birds to find sign-posts.

The third journey, 177 miles, is even worse than this, while the fourth and fifth, with the surroundings of a semi-tropical character, render useless all previously gained knowledge and experience so far as location is concerned.

The birds have proven the theory all wrong, and by coming with better speed when started in unknown territory, have refuted the testimony of the scientists that they are guided by sight, and have established the existence of a faculty of which man is not possessed.

This fact has made a change in the work preliminary to the racing season; more journeys than formerly being now the rule, with the purpose of getting the birds into working condition and teaching them that, when taken away and liberated, they are to hurry home. With this the idea, and that good work is impossible unless atmospheric conditions are favorable, the rule, the losses are very few.

The journeys for the *Republic's* Charm last year, all from off the steamer when in the river or bay, were an unusual experience, the birds being

liberated day after day in all sorts of conditions and from greater and lesser distances. Sometimes the weather proved to be unfavorable after the birds were placed in the starting cage on the boat's deck, and they made the round trip to Cape May several times before the air cleared sufficiently for the start to be safely made, traveling several hundreds of miles by boat and less than a hundred by wing. Every rule and every tradition of training was broken, and prophecies were plenty that the birds would be ruined for record work. But in all the autumn racing none did better than these youngsters of the "boat flying." As a result many are counting upon the boat work as preliminary to the best record work, and the *Republic's* Cup is likely to have a large competition.

The winners of the prizes in 1894 were:

For the best average speed, *Blue Cloud*, of Louis A. Mehler, of Philadelphia, the speed 1,584 yards for 100 miles.

The *Record's* Charm for two distances, to Harjes of the same loft with 1550.2 yards from 103 miles and 1307.3 yards from 209 miles, or 1,428.7 yards for the 312 miles.

The Graeber prize for best speed from four distances to *Rex* of Henry G. Thurston, Fall River; the average 1,061.7 yards for the aggregate distance of 1,383 miles.

The greatest distance in the day to *Rex* for 510 miles.

Another prize offered for four journeys, one to be from 540 miles, was awarded to *F. L. Glosser*, of E. Senderling, Philadelphia, for 1,374.1 yards per minute, three of the journeys being from 100 miles, the fourth from 540 miles. The average speeds were 1,554.1, 1,497.6, 1,377.5 and 1,067.4 yards.

The honors in the world's record for 1894 for each distance of the series are:

Distance, Miles.	Bird.	Owner.	Home.	Speed. Yds. per min.
100	<i>Blue Cloud</i> ..	L. Mehler.....	Philadelphia..	1584.4
125	<i>Fritz</i>	T. Hunsberger	Chestnut Hill.	1375
200	<i>Barbara</i>	S. P. Bowman..	Berlin, N. J..	1317
250	<i>Gillam Faith</i> ..	H. G. Thurston	Fall River....	1246
300	<i>Dummy Rex</i> ..	H. G. Thurston	Fall River....	1026
400	<i>Six J's</i>	T. P. Green....	Woodbury, N.J.	1382
450	<i>Rex Dummy</i> ..	H. G. Thurston	Fall River....	1083
475	<i>Consolation</i> ..	L. Mehler.....	Philadelphia..	1128
500	<i>Rex</i>	H. G. Thurston	Fall River....	1161
540	<i>F. L. Glosser</i> ..	E. Senderling..	Philadelphia..	1067
950	<i>Carter</i>	T. P. Green....	Woodbury, N.J.	19 1/2 days

Greatest distance in the day, 508 miles, from Amherst, Va., to Fall River, by *Rex*.

Greatest distance from one station, 950 miles, from Pensacola, Fla., to Woodbury, N. J., by J. Carter.

Best winter record for distance, *Trainer* of C. Mehler, Phila., from 540 miles, next day.

E. S. STARR.

ROD AND GUN.

SPRING SHOOTING.

"Honk-onk-kronk!" No, I must have been nodding, but I did think I heard it. However, they have arrived, and such of us as are fortunate may see

those old familiar black wedges, which every spring since Noah let them go have split the atmosphere from Georgia to Oonalaska. I like them—the big, crafty honking rascals, and per-

chance I may sneak away to the old grounds, there to flatten tight at gray dawn and hear one, or perhaps two, hiss down and strike the sodden ground with that sounding "whop" which passeth understanding. The wild goose is the one variety of our water-fowl which may be shot, or shot at, in the spring without any great damage resulting to our stock of web-footed game. And, to the man who is out shivering when the sun peeps over the marsh, I wish more success than falls to the average mortal in this uncertain sport; to him also I would address the following words: Geese are large, *very* large—far too large to be mistaken for anything but what they are; they *don't* have green heads; their wings *don't* whistle, and they *don't* quack. You can't blame the uncertain light and expect to be believed. The day for that yarn to pass is not now; latter-day sportsmen have agreed that the man who plugs mallard or black-duck and claims that he thought it was *goose*, or indeed the man who shoots duck at all in the spring, is a vandal.

TRAP SHOOTING.

Among recent notable amateur work was the hundred bird race at Larchmont, February 22d, between that consistent performer George Work and the new "fatalist," who fatals under the name of J. K. Palmer (Knapp). Work had defeated his opponent by three birds in a previous match, but this time the result was exactly reversed. The birds used were strong flyers, and a sharp breeze across the traps helped many a hard hit one over the boundary. Palmer won, killing 89, losing 11, dead out of bounds 5; longest run 19; first barrel 15, second 74. Work killed 86, lost 14, dead out of bounds 3; longest run 20; first barrel 25, second 61. Under the conditions this was excellent shooting. A number of sweeps were shot off, and in these the majority of scores were high. The last event, "battery rules," was interesting. The men shot at three birds each; shooter to lie flat on his back till trap was pulled, and to shoot from sitting position. The rise was 28 yards, and Palmer, Harold and Moore tied with 3 straight each. This "battery," and other novel positions at the score, deserve more attention from gun clubs throughout the country. To stand in a set position and pound away at bird after bird, does not necessarily improve a

man's all-round performances with the gun; but a certain amount of practice under "battery" rules, and the many other novel conditions which may easily be devised, should certainly greatly increase a man's quickness and handiness and add considerably to his averages, especially when shooting water-fowl from punt or blind.

Another interesting race was the second match between George Work and L. T. Duryea (Davenport), which was shot at Larchmont, February 18th. As in the first match (see *OUTING* for March), the conditions were: 100 birds per man, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary; men to use one hand only on first 50 birds, both hands on last 50. The weather was favorable to good shooting and a lively lot of birds were trapped. Work won the race by 1 bird, and the scores are worth noticing. Work, shooting one-handed, killed 44 of his first 50, to Duryea's 42. Shooting ordinary style, Work graced 46 and Duryea 47. Totals—Work, 90; Duryea, 89. Verily, there are *bad* men in Gotham.

Some of our amateur trapshooters might improve their work in cover by practice at one-handed shooting with a "twelve" of reasonable weight. Many a cock and quail is lost in baffling cover, which might be secured by a quick one-handed shot.

FISHING.

Those lucky fellows, who are privileged beyond ordinary mortals, may bring forth dainty wand and silken string and kill their mess of trout before this month slips away. But I'll lay the odds that the majority of my readers (country lads, don't all speak at once!) have their minds fixed upon humbler quarry. Now pussy-willows, frogs, hylas and other joys of our younger days assert themselves; lake, stream and pond are ringed by the "strikes" of shovel-nosed pickerel; the nights are warm enough for comfort, and the old "jack" casts its wavering light where the many-boned, supple rascals lurk. It may not be aristocratic angling, but it is no bad fun to drift noiselessly over waveless water and to jab the sharpened tines through a mottled varlet, who is ready to dart away at the first incautious movement. What was fun in the by-gone days is fun for our growing lads, or I've lost the heart of a country boy.

ED. W. SANDYS.

FENCING.

THE NEW RULES.

There is little doubt that the rules adopted last autumn by the A. F. L. A. are unsatisfactory in their practical working. A prominent New York fencer describes them as follows: "They irritate the competitors and make the judges ridiculous." A meeting of fencing authorities was called soon after the Central Division handicap, for the purpose of deliberating on the rule situation. The decision reached will be made public later.

AT THE COLLEGES.

Last year the Harvard team won the challenge cup representing the inter-collegiate fencing championship. Columbia, the defeated college, has challenged the winners, and the annual contest will take place soon, probably at the Boston Fencing Club. Unfortunately, no other college is likely to enter, as Yale is crippled, and both Union and Cornell consider themselves as yet too

weak to cope successfully with their more experienced rivals. Mr. J. W. Durant, the secretary of the fencing club at Cornell, writes that his club will probably challenge Union. Cornell's best blades are Messrs. Luckenbach, Durant, Fitchener, Vergaussen and Rathbun, and as the Ithacans never do anything by halves, we may expect to see some fine fencers developed at Cornell. The make-up of the Harvard team this year is uncertain. Mr. Parker, whose right hand was mutilated by a shooting accident, is showing a great deal of dexterity with his left, but his presence on the team is as yet a question. Mr. Thacher is always an uncertain quantity, being afflicted with sprains and bruises at the most inopportune times. Were he a surer man physically he should make the finest swordsman in America. Mr. Hoffman seems to be the only man quite sure of a place on the team. At Columbia great reliance is put in Mr. Townsend, a confidence not misplaced, for this fencer has

OUTING FOR APRIL.

improved in every way over his form of last year, and while he has neither the lunge nor the quickness of Thacher, he greatly excels the latter in steadiness and strength.

IN THE WEST.

The St. Paul, Minn., Fencing Club is in a flourishing condition, thanks to its enthusiastic and efficient organizer, Mr. Arthur B. Mallette, who is called the "Champion of the Northwest," although I fancy Mr. Ringeling, of Phillipsburg, Montana, who is "Champion of Montana," might have a word to say about this, as well as some other champions in the neighborhood of the Rockies. These championships, like the territories claimed in the sixteenth century by the different European nations, often overlap each other sadly. *N'importe* so long as they make fencing popular.

THE HANDICAPS OF THE AMATEUR FENCERS' LEAGUE. CENTRAL DIVISION.

The principal fencing event of March was the annual handicap of the Central Division, held in New York, March 2d, at the rooms of the Fencers' Club, ever courteous to lovers of the foil. There seems to have been an agreement between the older fencers to leave the field to the second-class men, for the names of no medalist appear in the list of contestants. Mr. Allaire, though present as usual, was not quite able to overcome the handicaps of his competitors. Mr. Cunningham, at one time perhaps the strongest blade in the navy, received the highest handicap and won second position in good style. The gold medal was taken by Mr. Noel, of the New York Fencing Association. It must be confessed that the fencing, as a rule, was not good, and it may therefore be dismissed with the usual regret that competition, under any rules, should be so far below the ideal shown us by our masters. The new A. F. L. A. rules were pretty generally condemned by both contestants and judges. The score was as follows:

Name.	Handicap.	Points.	Total.
1. J. V. Noel.....	3	39.50	42.
2. A. C. Cunningham.....	10	24.00	34.
3. G. Bettini.....	5	24.50	28.50
4. W. Whitlock.....	8	18.25	26.25
5. G. A. Lawrence.....	10	14.00	23.50
6. John Allaire.....	Scratch	23.75	23.25
7. H. Claus.....	5	13.25	17.75

The apparent discrepancies in the score are accounted for by fines for overstepping the boundary lines.

United States Golf Association.—The championship tournament will probably be in September, as it would be inadvisable to interfere with the big yacht races, the tennis championship or any of the other important events held annually at Newport.

Two tournaments will be held—one for amateurs only, for the amateur championship, and a second, open to all comers, for the open championship of the country, when amateurs and professionals will meet on even terms. Big cash

NEW ENGLAND DIVISION.

The New England Division held its annual handicap in the rooms of the Boston Fencing Club February 27th, and developed into a fencing club house party, not one of the out-of-town members of the League appearing in the lists. Mr. Cabot won the gold medal from scratch, showing some really beautiful fencing and considerably more initiative than he usually displays in competition. If he continues to improve at this rate he should prove a strong rival to the New York men at the coming championships. That the handicaps were well distributed is proved by the fact that two new men, Messrs. Rogers and Nickerson, took second and third places. Mr. Howard showed up strongly, but Dr. Breck, who, on account of lack of practice and a lame leg, was not above accepting a small handicap, proved an easier mark than usual. Here, too, the rules were more or less fiercely execrated. The score was as follows:

Name.	Handicap.	Total.
Cabot.....	Scratch	51.71
Rogers.....	25	50.26
Nickerson.....	25	49.14
Howard.....	Scratch	45.36
Breck.....	3	40.45
Thayer.....	25	34.18
Elkus.....	13	33.43

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The annual championship contests in foil, sabre, and dueling-sword will take place this year at the New York Fencers' Club, April 27th, at 8 o'clock P. M.

THE BOSTON CLUB.

Their February club handicap resulted in Mr. Howard taking first prize and Mr. Clapp second. It was Ladies' Night, and a miscellaneous programme followed the competition. The Fencing Club has very ambitious dreams, the most modest of which is the acquisition of an independent club house with a *café*, billiard room, bowling alleys, handball and racquet courts, besides the fencing floor, which, of course, will always remain the *raison d'être* of the club. The precise date of the realization of this dream is at present represented by *x*, but no one doubts that there is room for a swagger athletic club, exclusive in character, and which shall admit ladies to membership.

EDWARD BRECK.

GOLF.

prizes will be given in the latter event to induce the best professionals to enter. It is understood that Mr. Havemeyer will offer a valuable silver championship trophy for the amateurs.

St. Augustine, Fla.—A golf club has been formed at St. Augustine, Fla., and temporary links laid out. The officers chosen for the season are: Edmund Pendleton, of Bar Harbor, Me., president; Mrs. Alexander B. Coxe, of Drifton, Pa., secretary; Colonel J. J. Upham, U. S. A., treasurer, and Major MacConnell, U. S. A., manager.

St. Andrew's, Yonkers.—True to its position as the pioneer club, St. Andrew's, Yonkers, is the first out with a complete schedule for the coming season, as follows:

May 11—First monthly club handicap.

May 30 (Decoration Day)—Club handicap for silver pitcher, presented by H. O. Talmadge, sec.

June 15—Second monthly club handicap.

July 4 (Independence Day)—Club handicap for prize valued at \$50, presented by officers and governing committee of the club. Entrance free.

July 13—Third monthly club handicap.

August 17—Fourth monthly club handicap.

September 2 (Labor Day)—Club handicap for prizes presented by club.

September 14—Fifth monthly club handicap.

October 10—Open tournament for amateurs.

October 11—Open long driving for amateurs.

October 12—Open tournament for professionals.

October 19—Sixth monthly club handicap.

October 26—Final club handicap, for silver cup presented by W. D. Baldwin, vice-president. Open only to winners in previous club handicaps.

November 5 (Election Day)—Seventh annual match for the championship of the club.

November 28 (Thanksgiving Day)—Handicap club sweepstakes. Winner to receive 75 per cent. of stakes and loser 25 per cent. Entrance fee, \$2.

The waiting list of applicants for membership now numbers 150.

A recent interesting and interested guest of Mr. Robert Lockhardt at the St. Andrew's Club, at Yonkers, was Willie Park, of Musselburgh, Scotland. He has twice held the golf championship of Great Britain, and this fact added much

to the interest of his visit. Mr. Park is a great player. He gave a very enjoyable exhibition of his style of play with Samuel Tucker, the club's professional, and several of the members of the club tried their chances with him.

Richmond County Club.—The first club to apply for allied membership to the United States Golf Association was the Richmond County Country Club, of Staten Island, N. Y. The links of this club are the most accessible from New York, and a fine new nine-hole course has recently been laid out. On the grounds is an old club-house which is nicely fitted up. The membership is nearly full and the limit is likely to be reached soon.

Other clubs throughout the country are holding meetings and will soon send in their application for membership to the association. The outlook for a rapid and healthy growth of the association is very encouraging. A meeting of the Executive Committee will be held in New York early in April for the purpose of acting on the applications for membership, either as associate or allied clubs.

* * *

The protracted spell of inclement weather and the presence of snow upon the various links in this section have prevented golfers from enjoying their favorite pastime. In this respect golfers in England and Scotland have not fared any better, for exchanges state that golf has been practically at a standstill throughout these countries, and many club fixtures have been postponed and some have been abandoned entirely.

C. TURNER.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHING IN WINTER.

Although many of the large army of amateur photographers lay aside their cameras at the approach of winter, there are not a few who work all the year round; and some account of my winter's experience may be of use to them.

The only means of heating my dark room is by an oil stove, with a circular wick three inches in diameter, and it does its work well. The room is 8x10 feet and 8 feet high, and five pints of kerosene will, with an outside below zero temperature, keep it at 65° F. for twelve hours. Intending to make a full size copy of a cabinet portrait, I lighted the heater, expecting the dark room to be warm enough by the time I had arranged for and made the exposure, which was done in an ordinary dining room lighted by a large bay window. The stop marked F 16 was employed, but as the lens in copying to full size is working at twice its focal length, it really was F 32, and the image on the screen was sufficiently bright to indicate an exposure of ten seconds. From a stock solution of metol, a developer of metol 4 grains, sodium sulphite 10 grains, and potassium carbonate 15 grains to the ounce, was made and poured over the plate. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed without the appearance of an image.

A second plate was exposed, this time for thirty seconds, and with exactly the same result. The solution was poured off, the plate washed, and flooded with water four ounces, sodium sulphite forty grains, and dry amidol

twenty grains. This was a little better, as at the end of fifteen minutes a faint image appeared, and after twenty-five minutes the details generally were visible. But it would go no further; had apparently gained nothing after an hour on the rocker; and on removal from the fixing bath had so far disappeared as to be visible only at certain angles to the light.

It looked just like a case of very much under-exposure, but I knew that it could not be so, and that another cause must be looked for; nor was it far to seek. Although the heater had tempered the atmosphere of the room, it had only partially thawed the frozen stock solutions of metol, sulphite and carbonate, and the water, just drawn from the well, stood at 46° F., resulting in a temperature of 35° F. for the mixed developer. Here was the clew to the mystery, as was abundantly shown by the next experiment. A third exposure was made, this time only six seconds, the light having become stronger. The water employed to dilute the developer was heated to an extent that gave a solution at 65° F., just the temperature to which the atmosphere of the room had been raised. In about four minutes the shadows began to appear, followed in satisfactory sequence by the various gradations, and in a little under twenty minutes it had reached full printing density.

The moral of the story is clear enough. Those who, in cold weather, cannot keep their dark rooms always uniformly warm, should by any convenient means raise the temperature of the developing solutions to between 60° and 70° F.

TIMING DEVELOPMENT.

The only novelty worthy of mention is the alleged possibility of so timing development as to make that hitherto rather uncertain operation one of absolute certainty, and that too without the necessity of even looking at the negative after the process has fairly started. There have always been those who regard photography as a merely mechanical operation, and Alfred Watkins, of England, has a good claim to be considered their high priest. He first patented an exposure meter which, by the blackening of a strip of paper and the turning of several rings, takes the place of brains and experience in indicating the exposure required for any particular subject. And now he has invented, and of course patented, a clockwork arrangement which he calls an eikonometer, and which, when properly set, will enable the merest tyro to stop development in the very nick of time, much more certainly than can be done by the most experienced photographer with nothing but that experience to guide his judgment.

Mr. Watkins bases his theory on two fancies which he takes for facts—that the gradation of a negative is absolutely fixed by the exposure, and that it cannot be altered by any modification of the developer; and that development, no matter how the developer be constructed or how restrained, proceeds at a regular pace, and if we can ascertain the rate of speed the exact time for the completion of the operation is simply a matter of calculation. He takes the time that elapses

between the pouring on of the developer and the appearance of certain middle tints or half-tones as a basis, and although different developers, different strengths of the same developer, and developers differently restrained have different multiplying factors, he asserts that each has a fixed number by which, if that basis be multiplied, the result will be the actual time required to complete the development. Thus, if pyro be the developer and the half-tones appear in two minutes, 4 being its multiplying number, all that is necessary is to rock the tray for the remaining six minutes, and, without looking at the plate, transfer it to the fixing solution in perfect confidence that it will be just right. (?) The following are the multiplying numbers given by Mr. Watkins: hydroquinone 3, eikonogen 5, metol 16, glycin 8, amidol 10, and velox 7.

A correspondent of one of the photographic journals, a believer evidently in both the exposure meter and the eikonometer, says of a batch of negatives that he had just developed on the Watkins principle, that for evenness they surpassed anything he had ever made. Just so. The characteristic of mechanical work is uniformity, but photographers who aim at the production of artistic pictures will prefer to put their individuality into their work, and by the exercise of judgment, guided by experience, will expose and develop so as to get what they want, rather than be satisfied with what they can get by merely mechanical operations.

JAY SEE.

WINTER SPORTS.

CANADIAN AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The seventh annual championship races of the Amateur Skating Association of Canada, were held February 2d, on the grounds of the Montreal, Que., Amateur Athletic Association. Weather fine; wind light; ice smooth and hard; course an oval, a quarter-mile in circuit; management good; attendance about 5,000.

220-yards, final heat.—H. Davidson, Toronto, Ont., 21s.; J. K. McCulloch, Winnipeg, Man., 2 by two yards; H. Moshier, Storm King, N. Y., skated into a bank of snow.

220-yards hurdle race.—W. P. Irwin, Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, 27s.; R. T. R. Holcombe, M. A. A. A., and F. B. Irwin, M. A. A. A. fell.

Half-mile backwards.—J. K. McCulloch, 1m. 41 2-5s.; H. Routh, M. A. A. A. 2 by twenty yards.

Half-mile.—H. Davidson, 1m. 24 1-58s.; J. K. McCulloch, 2 by a yard; H. Moshier, 3.

One-mile.—J. S. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn., 2m. 42 4-5s.; J. Nilsson, Minneapolis, Minn., 2 by a yard; H. Moshier, 3.

Three-minutes.—J. Nilsson, 8m. 48 2-5s.; O. Rudd, Minneapolis, Minn., 2.

Five-miles.—J. S. Johnson, 15m. 11 1-5s.; J. Nilsson, 2 by two yards; O. Rudd, fell.

THE CARNIVAL SKATING RACES.

Several races were contested at Ottawa, Ont., January 24th, in connection with the Winter Carnival. The weather was cold, wind strong, and paths in fair condition.

Trials against time, 100 yards, straightaway.

—G. Paris, Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, 11 4-5s.; E. J. Paradis, M.A.A.A., 12s. 100 yards, final heat.—E. J. Paradis, 12s.; E. Moffatt, M.A.A.A., 2 Paris broke his shoe.

440 yards.—G. Paris, 1m. 9s.; H. Carson, Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club, 2.

Obstacle race, 220 yards.—G. Carson, O.A.A.C., 53s.; T. Matthews, Argyle Snowshoe Club, Montreal, 2.

1 mile.—H. Gowan, Jr., Quebec, 5m. 58 1-2s.; S. Finiay, M.A.A.A., 2.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, SNOWSHOE CLUB.

Their thirty-fifth annual races, open to all amateurs, were held February 9th, on the grounds of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association.

100 yards, best 2 in 3 heats.—E. J. Paradis, M.A.A.A., second and third heats, in 14 2-5s. and 12 4-5s. G. Moffatt, M.A.A.A., first heat in 13 1-5s.; T. Matthews, Argyle S.S.C., 3.

120-yard hurdle race.—E. J. Paradis, 21 1-5s.; E. McMahon, Montreal Garrison Artillery, S.S.C., 2; T. Matthews, 3.

220 yards.—E. J. Paradis, 34s.; D. Sweeney, Crescent S.S.C., 2.

Quarter-mile.—T. Matthews, 1m. 27s.; E. J. Paradis, 2.

Half-mile.—S. A. Finley, M.A.A.A., 3m. 6 4-5s.; F. Noseworthy, M.G.A.S.S.C., 2; E. McNider, M.A.A.A., 3.

One mile.—S. A. Finley, 6m. 42 3-5s.; F. Noseworthy, 2.

Two miles, Club Cup.—O. Brodie, 13m. 38s.; G. Stephens, 2.

ICE YACHTING.

The recent cold weather occasioned lively sport on the Shrewsbury River between the North Shrewsbury and Burlington clubs.

On February 20th the weather was clear and cold, the ice in good condition, wind fresh from N. W. In the race for second-class yachts, 12 miles, on a four-mile course laid between Guyon's Point and Locust Point, Robert D. Chandler's *Get There* defeated Charles Allen, Jr.'s, *Edna M.*, the time being 47m. and 49m. respectively.

After the race the *Get There* was sold by Mr. Chandler to William McMahon.

Entries for the race of third class were as follows: *Daisy*, Edward Asay; *Zip*, Charles Burd; *Owl*, Charles Allen, Sr.; *Mamie*, William McMahon; *Icele*, A. Haviland. *Daisy* won in 1h. 1m.; *Zip* second, 1h. 1m. 30s.

February 21—Races for club pennants in second and third classes were begun. Course 12 miles, same as yesterday. Fresh south wind, ice good.

Second Class—William McMahon's *Get There* won in 29m., beating Charles Allen, Jr.'s, *Edna M.* by 4m.

Third Class—Entries: Charles Irwin's *Georgie*, Edward Asay's *Daisy*, Charles Burd's *Zip*, William McMahon's *Mamie*. *Georgie* won in 32m.

February 22d, *Edna M.* and *Get There*, of the second class, sailed an exciting race in a light nor'west gale. Charles Burd sailed the *Get There* and the *Edna M.* was handled by her owner, Charles Allen, Jr., each boat carrying a mate. The course was straightaway from the club house to Oceanic and return, sailed over twice, making 15 miles. The boats kept together most of the race. Time: *Get There*, 26m. 35s.; *Edna M.*, 26m. 47s.

February 23d, the North Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club sailed races for second and third class yachts. In the morning the pennant race was called, with fine ice and a good breeze. There were four starters: second class, Charles Allen's *Edna M.* and William McMahon's *Get There*; third class, Thomas Riddle's *Baby Ruth* and Edward Asay's *Daisy*. The sailing distance was 15 miles, one-half to windward, the course being straightaway from Red Bank to a point near the Oceanic draw-bridge, 3¾ miles long, sailed over four times. The race in the second class was closely contested, *Edna M.* winning by only 12s.; time, 30m. 38s. In the third class, *Daisy* dropped out on second half; *Baby Ruth* won in 32m. 5s.

During the afternoon of the same day the race for the silver prize was sailed. Entries, the same boats as above, with the addition of James B. Weaver's *Kittie* in the second class and Charles Burd's *Zip* in the third class. *Baby Ruth* led at the finish of the first half, followed closely by *Kittie*. *Get There* was 23s. after *Kittie*. *Get There* got a happy fluke of wind, forged to the front and won in 36m. 2s. *Baby Ruth* was second, 37m., and *Kittie* third, 37m. 25s. *Baby Ruth* is a lateen-rigged boat of the third class, and won the second

prize in the second class against *Kittie* (lateen), and *Zip* (sloop-rigged).

The State challenge pennant races for the third class began February 25. The contestants were the *Vixen*, owned by Mr. T. Daniels, of the Burlington Club, and the *Georgie*, owned by Charles Irwin, of the North Shrewsbury Club. The distance was 20 miles over a straightaway 2½ mile course. The *Vixen* was sailed by Capt. James C. Doughty and Walter Sutphen, and the *Georgie* by her owner and Charles Burd. The *Georgie* has held the pennant for several years, and a close race was predicted. The ice was excellent, with a piping nor'wester blowing at the start. The *Vixen* outsailed the *Georgie* and slightly increased her lead at every turn. The weather runners of both boats were in the air most of the time. The *Vixen* finished the 20 miles in 1h. 15m. 9s., beating the *Georgie* 38s. As this was 9s. over the time allowance the race was declared off by the regatta committee.

In the 10-mile race for third class yachts for silver prizes given by Commodore S. W. Morford, *Georgie* won in 1h. 2m. 17s., defeating *Zip* by 3m. 1s. The other starters were *Vixen*, *Mamie*, *Baby Ruth* and *Daisy*. *Daisy* and *Vixen* capsized, and *Baby Ruth* and *Mamie* dropped out.

February 26th the struggle between *Vixen* and *Georgie* was renewed. The wind blew half a gale and came in heavy gusts. The lateen sail of the *Zip* was rigged out on the *Georgie* and the *Vixen* turned in a double reef. The course was 20 miles, one-half to windward. *Georgie* won in 42m. 12s., beating *Vixen* 1m. 36s.

The second and decisive struggle between the third class flyers *Vixen* and *Georgie* for the State pennant was sailed on the morning of February 27th, the ice being hard and wind fresh from the west. The course, 20 miles, as before. The *Georgie* won in 1h. 4 m. 40s., beating *Vixen* 1m. 25s.

The second race for the second class club pennant was sailed over a triangular course, 5 rounds, 12½ miles in all. Entries and time as follows: William McMahon's *Get There*, 36m. 50s.; Charles Allen, Jr.'s *Edna M.*, 37m. 50s., and James B. Weaver's *Kittie*, 40m. 35s.

The third race for the third class club pennant was sailed on the afternoon of February 27th. The ice was soft and the wind strong and puffy. Course, 20 miles. Three starters—Thomas Riddle's *Baby Ruth*, Edward Asay's *Daisy* and Charles Burd's *Zip*. *Daisy* withdrew at beginning of second round. *Baby Ruth* won in 28m. 32s., with *Zip* 2m. 58s. behind.

The third and last race for the second class was sailed in a lively little gale, which caused the yachts to rear and spin dangerously. *Baby Ruth* of the third class entered against the larger boats *Get There* and *Edna M.*, but had no chance against them and withdrew. *Get There's* throat-halyard parted in the early part of the race and she dropped, leaving *Edna M.* to finish in 23m. 50s.

R. B. BURCHARD.

CYCLING.

The members of the National Assembly have met and dispersed. A few of the points discussed and settled demand our attention.

The showing of the secretary was rather a pitiful one so far as the membership roster is concerned, as compared with a year ago. The report brought forth the fact that as against a total membership in '94, a year ago, of 36,979, the League's membership to-day numbers only 26,140. In all of the larger and more important divisions a tremendous falling off is shown. Massachusetts heads the list with 5,337 as against 6,297 last year, a loss of 960 members. Connecticut loses fifty per cent. of her membership, while New York with a membership of 4,532 in '94 shows but 3,149 in '95, a loss of 1,383. Pennsylvania also loses 1,204. Massachusetts of the larger divisions, loses smaller percentage than any other of the big States. Many causes are responsible for this falling off, the principal one and the one generally accepted being the loss of the free *Bulletin*. The total loss is figured by the Secretary to be about thirty per cent. The League now rejoices in the fact that it has 690 lady members, Massachusetts being in the lead with 250 of the fair sex.

The financial exhibit of the League was no more encouraging than the membership, showing a total cash on hand of \$943 with liabilities due of \$5,190; this is certainly a rather blue outlook in that direction. The League numbers among its assets \$3,846 Good Roads old accounts on which it is doubtful whether ten per cent. will be realized.

The fight for the locality of the League Meet was conducted in a gentlemanly and dignified manner by both parties. The result was not only a surprise to the Boston men but also to the friends of Asbury Park. It is easy enough to explain how it all happened, but the old-fashioned reason is the best and the most logical, and that is that Boston did not get enough votes. Excuses are not in order.

A sigh of relief went up from the members when Mr. Jaquish announced his intention to withdraw his proposed amendment whereby the word "white" would be eliminated from the Constitution. It was feared that if this question was raised at this particular time a bitter fight would ensue, and it was the sense of the Assembly at large that it would be better to let the matter rest for the present. Of the wisdom of this action people will judge according to their proclivities and sympathies.

The amendment suggested by President Spalding of the National Cycle Board of Trade, recommending that it should co-operate with the League of American Wheelmen in controlling the class B men who are under pay from manufacturers, met with unanimous favor at the hands of the delegates, and action will be taken whereby the suggestions of Mr. Spalding will take concrete form. In the report of Mr. Raymond, the action of the Racing Board in connection with controlling Class B men and acting as arbitrators in cases of alleged broken contracts, was but a step in this direction. The coalition between the two national bodies cannot but result in the greatest amount of good to the racing interests.

A very business-like move on the part of the

League was the accepting of Mr. Raymond's amendment which provides that hereafter clubs praying for and being granted sanctions should pay for such privileges on the following basis: Ten dollars each for the National Circuit; two dollars each for open race meets; one dollar for each additional day; one dollar each for athletic meets scheduling two events; and that the revenue thus derived shall be used to defray the expenses of the Racing Board, and the employment of a national referee who is to be appointed by the chairman of the Racing Board. I am a bit sorry that Mr. Raymond did not go a little further and also embody in his amendment the appointment of official time-keepers for the circuit events. With an official referee and official timers, the League would be equipped with officials who would forever lay at rest the insinuations made by our transatlantic cousins as to the slipshod manner in which we run our National events. Hereafter sanctions will not be granted to any race promoting club or individuals who have events for women riders on the programme, or who desire to run their races on Sunday. In the name of decency and order we commend this rule.

Another common sense amendment was that which now proposes to allow members who join the League to enjoy their membership for one year from the day on which they are admitted. Furthermore, in matters of renewal, delinquents will be charged the sum of fifteen cents per month or fraction thereof for all time they are overdue from the renewal date.

It was supposed that the matter of the *Bulletin* would be settled at the National Assembly just held, but as on former occasions when the matter has been brought up for discussion, it was found that those particularly interested and in charge of the matter were unable to suggest a way whereby this most knotty problem could be solved. The meeting was adjourned to consider this question until March 6th, and on that occasion the following decision was reached:

It was voted that the dues be reduced to 75 cents, of which 40 cents would be retained by the National body and 35 cents be given the Division. In cases where the *Bulletin* is desired the sum of 25 cents will be charged as a subscription. It remains to be seen whether the Divisions will accept the re-apportionment without a murmur. I fear that dissatisfaction will be expressed, and yet it was the only thing left that could be done; it was "Hobson's choice," i. e., that method or no *Bulletin*! Mr. Willison's announcement that he desired to tender his resignation was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. He based his action on the fear that unless a 35,000 membership was reached during the fiscal year the L. A. W. could not pay its present debt and running expenses on the basis of the new apportionment. He was, however, induced to reconsider his intention and withdrew his resignation.

As to the personnel of the officers elected, it is a pleasure to speak in praise. Mr. Willison is a man of undoubted ability, earnest in purpose, and unsparing in his endeavors to bring the League to a high plane of success. Mr. Geo. H. Perkins, of Massachusetts, is probably one of the best known men in good roads work in the

country, thoroughly conversant with road legislation; connected with the Massachusetts Board of Highway Commissions, a most responsible and honorable position, and is thoroughly competent to look after the League's interests. Mr. Morrison, of Michigan, is a new man, but not unknown in the section from whence he comes. The impression which he made at the Assembly was favorable. In debate he showed ability to quickly grasp the situation, and when he spoke it was with a fluency which indicated clearness of thought and directness of purpose. He is the youngest man on the Board.

Is it not a strange thing that the National Assembly should vote to overrule the findings of the Racing Board when the Board has found racing men guilty of misdemeanor and expelled them in consequence? The Constitution and By-Laws of the League distinctly state that a man after being expelled from the League shall be re-instated only by vote of the Assembly upon a competent showing of error on the part of the Racing Board. Now, justice and mercy may be all right, but the by-laws should be lived up to, and in not one single instance of the re-instatements made at the last Assembly was it shown that the Racing Board was in error. This is a bad precedent to establish, and there is no knowing to what end the abuse may be carried.

A word as to the future of the League: there are one or two thoughts which those who are at the helm must take closely to heart or the League will have seen its most prosperous days. There has been a tendency on the part of League officers from the local consul up to the highest official in the organization to induce membership by offering, for the paltry sum of \$1, advantages and material returns which represent in dollars and cents a sum five times that paid by the member. Thus it is that not only the League members, but the wheelmen at large, have come to look upon the League as possessed of peculiar powers whereby they can make the 100 cents, annual dues, produce tangible results which can be produced by other organizations only by the expenditure of a much larger sum. I insist that the time is not far distant when the League will realize this fact, and the National Assembly will "take the bull by the horns" and raise the dues to a sum of from \$2 per year to \$5, though I must say that \$5 would perhaps be the other extreme. At first the result would be a general desertion from League ranks, but I believe that with a nucleus of 12,000 members paying \$2 or \$3 per year, the League would be in a better position financially. At first the membership would drop off, but with a reasonable sum in hand, the officers would be able to do the work and furnish a paper which would be an honor to the League. The trouble seems to be that the thinking men of the League with whom I have talked, while they realize the logic of the above argument, have not the moral courage to insist upon its adoption. They are fearful of the first cold sickening thud of the thousands who would drop from the membership roll. Just so long as they stick to their "seven-by-nine policy" in this matter, just so long the League will hobble along, struggling for bare existence, and, as the years roll by, getting more and more decrepid through lack of the necessary financial nourishment to keep life in its veins.

The appointment of Geo. D. Gideon as successor to Howard T. Raymond, ex-chairman of the Racing Board, has the approval of everyone familiar with the qualifications of Mr. Gideon. He is a rider of the very earliest date, connected closely with cycling since it became a sport and a pastime, and a man who has always given a large share of his attention to racing, and in fact a man who once indulged in that branch of the sport. Mr. Gideon is a man of strong personality, just and firm, and the racing interests of the League of American Wheelmen will prosper under his administration.

France is undoubtedly the home of the motor cycle or power carriage. There are no people who have taken the steps in this direction with so much vigor. America has waked up to the fact that there is something in the motor cycle, while England on this point seems to have taken no steps excepting to comment on the experiments and trials made in France. A mistaken idea seems to impress the minds of a great many cyclers that it is the intention of the manufacturers of the motor cycle to supplant the ordinary safety by the power machine. Nothing is further from their intentions, and the results will prove this to be true. The element of exercise so enjoyable in the easy and light modern safety can never be replaced by any motor carriage. The latter has a mission of its own and will occupy an entirely distinct field. For the professional man who is compelled to keep a horse and carriage, a practical motor cycle will prove a boon, and this can also be said of those who are engaged in light express business. There is a future for a practical motor carriage, and there is not the least doubt that among those which will be produced in this country and abroad, several will be found to be eminently practical in every way. The use of electricity, however, as a means to furnish motive power, is not at present practical. It must be either kerosene oil or some other fluid which is easily obtained, inexpensive, and devoid of danger. The use of these fluids has already been proved to be perfectly practical, and we welcome the advent of the motor carriage, not as a rival of the safety, but as an auxiliary.

There seems to be a tendency on the part of leading manufacturers to abandon the maintenance of a racing team. One of the largest manufacturers in this country, who for the past few years has maintained one of the strongest racing teams in the United States, has frankly come out and said that he has had enough of that class of advertising. The lot of the manufacturer who maintains a racing team "is not a happy one."

But there are others who are not ready to learn by the experience of anyone else, and next year there will undoubtedly be as many racing men in Class B as ever before, although they may appear in different colors from those in which they rode last season. The Class B element is a popular one amongst the patrons of cycling races.

In the field of military tactics the cycle has made an important step. A corps of cyclers has been organized in the conservative and aristocratic Seventh Regiment of New York. It is only a question of time when the cycle will be an important adjunct to every regiment in the States. Military experts and common sense alike decree it.

THE PROWLER.

YACHTING.

N. Y. Y. C.

CLASSIFICATION.



NAT. G. HERRESHOFF.

A special committee, consisting of A. Cass Canfield, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., John Hyslop, ex-Commodore S. Nicholson Kane and J. Frederick Tams, have made a new classification of racers for the N. Y. Y. C. In their report the committee say:

"Your committee were unanimous in their opinion that the

time had arrived when the club should adopt as the basis of its system of classification racing length in place of load water line length.

"The present basis, load water line length, apart from other reasons, presents the inconsistency of using one factor for determining the classification and another for determining the time allowance; that is, the classification is based on the load water line and the time allowance on the racing length."

The following are the proposed classes:

SLOOPs, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

Class 1—Soft. R. L. and over. Three men for every 5ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 2—Not over 80ft.; over 70ft. R. L. One man for every 3ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 3—Not over 70ft.; over 60ft. R. L. One man for every 4ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 4—Not over 60ft.; over 55ft. R. L. One man for every 4ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 5—Not over 55ft.; over 50ft. R. L. One man for every 4ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 6—Not over 50ft. R. L. One man for every 5ft. of R. L. or fraction.

SCHOONERS.

Class 1—Over 95ft. R. L. One man for every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 2—Not over 95ft.; over 85ft. R. L. One man for every 3ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 3—Not over 85ft.; over 75ft. R. L. One man for every 3ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 4—Not over 75ft.; over 65ft. R. L. One man for every 4ft. of R. L. or fraction.

Class 5—Not over 65ft. R. L. One man for every 5ft. of R. L. or fraction.

The publication of this classification has innocently but quite naturally been the occasion of more misunderstanding, especially in England, in connection with the agreement with Lord Dunraven that the cup competitors should be measured with crews on board. The English papers contend that a crew of sixty men, allowed under this classification on a 90-footer, is wholly needless, a third of that number being only live ballast, etc. The fact is that the rule does not require so many men, but fixes a maximum limit to their number. The agreement as to measurement with crew on board holds good. The Boston *Herald* points out that 27 men are allowed on an 80-footer and 51 on a boat one foot longer, and remarks: "Fair rule, that!"

THE INTERNATIONAL RACE.

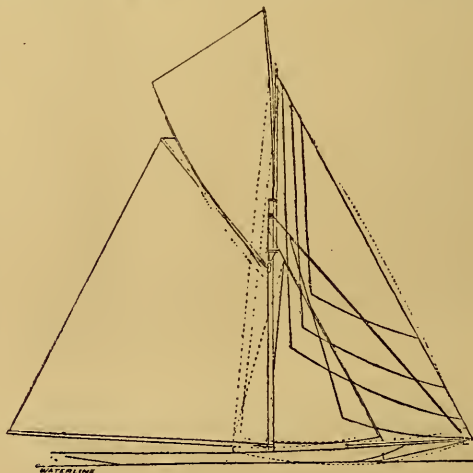
The lead keel of the new defender has been cast, and all question as to centreboard set at rest. The American yacht will be a keel boat, whose model below water will probably be something between the Herreshoff fin type and the latest cutter bottoms. This, of course, is very indefinite, but the cautious reader will be skeptical of any definite description at this time.

[Since the above was written the Boston *Herald* has published the approximate sail plan, which we give below, and midship section, which we give on p. 20. The same authority states that the new defender is a fin keel boat, having a length over all of 125 feet, and slightly under 22 feet 6 inches beam, with a lead keel, acorn-shaped in cross section and fish-shaped in its fore and-aft length. The wetted surface is stated to be not far from 2,500 feet, and the area of the lateral plane not far from 900 feet.—ED.]

There are some people who, from the long series of American successes in centreboard boats, have begun to consider the centreboard as a necessity to an American contestant, a sort of national insignia which can be dispensed with only at a sacrifice of patriotism. These troubled spirits may be comforted by the reflection that the *America* was a keelschooner. Further, unless Mr. Herreshoff departs from the theories which have been the foundation of all his successes, the new model will be of a type which may be called distinctly American.

The American boat will be in good hands and there will be no conflict of authority. Should Nat. Herreshoff recover his health in time, as every one hopes, he will be in absolute command during the tuning-up prior to the trial races. He will then turn over the boat, complete in build, trim and rig to Mr. Iselin, who will be sole representative of the owners and the challenging club.

Captain Norman Terry, who was in command of the *Atlantic* and sailing-master of Mr. Latham A. Fisk's famous schooner *Grayling*, and who had charge of *Vigilant's* canvas, will be the skipper.



APPROXIMATE SAIL PLAN OF THE NEW CUP DEFENDER.



G. L. WATSON, DESIGNER OF THE VALKYRIE AND BRITANNIA.

yachts, beginning on the Marquis of Ailsa's schooner *Lady Evelyn*, and Ithen Ferry skipper, Ben Harris. His last commands have been Admiral Montagu's 40-rater *Corsair*, in which he took 25 prizes, 13 being firsts, including the Queen's cup in 1892; the *Vendetta*, in which he won 19 prizes, 11 firsts in 1893, and the *Carina*, in which his list was 31 prizes, of which 24 were firsts, including a Queen's cup during the last season.

Dunraven - Watson - Cranfield - Sycamore. England's chivalry or England's navy never sent out a better combination.

The conditions of the coming race are practically these: The two syndicates begin at the beginning of the year to build yachts of a certain water-line length to be raced during the succeeding fall in open water under racing rules, which, if not ideal, are as good as any, and which are perfectly plain to both parties. After these yachts are built they are to be tried in a number of races against the best of their own type and country. If either yacht should prove unsatisfactory its owners may substitute the best yacht available. No matter what has been said of other races, there is no ground for the most carping or cranky critic on either side to find fault with this arrangement.

In justification of the simple statement of the conditions of the race in our editorial columns, especially in regard to the widely misunderstood question of substitution, we quote from Lord Dunraven's letter to Secretary Oddie, dated October 24th, 1894:

"It appears to me somewhat unfair theoretically that a challenging club should be confined to one vessel, while the challenged club can select a champion from an indefinite number. In practice, if a challenger should be inferior to another vessel of his nationality, a contest for the *America* cup would have no interest or import-

ance as an international test. I would therefore suggest that both parties should have equal rights of selection."

Lord Dunraven will in like manner be sole representative of the English syndicate. The famous Captain William Cranfield, who was in charge of *Valkyrie II.* in all her great races, will be in command, assisted by Capt. Sycamore, who was skipper of the 40-rater *Carina*, and whose racing record is perhaps second only to Capt. Cranfield's. Capt. Sycamore has served all his life on racing

ance as an international test. I would therefore suggest that both parties should have equal rights of selection."

To the above the cup committee, in their letter of November 15th, answered fairly and definitely as follows:

"In regard to your last suggestion, the feeling of the club is that the name of the challenging yacht in the challenge is necessary.

"In order, however, to meet your views in this matter, and secure the best and fastest yacht as a challenger, the committee would agree, should you desire to substitute later another vessel, to recommend that the club consent to the withdrawal of an original challenge and the simultaneous acceptance of a new challenge without change of racing dates, from another vessel, provided she complies with the terms of the original challenge."

This action was subsequently ratified by the New York Yacht Club. In fact every suggestion in Lord Dunraven's letter, above quoted, has been adopted, excepting two, viz., that of giving the sailing-length instead of L. W. L. length, and

that of changing the course from New York to Marblehead. The latter Lord Dunraven suggested merely as a means of avoiding the fleet of accompanying steamers. The suggestions of the challenger, far as they were, necessitated the practical construing out of existence of certain restrictions in the deed of gift; their adoption is indicative of the survival of ancient spirit of the American sailor as he was described by the late Commodore Stockton in his famous speech against whipping in the Navy: "He asks for no odds, he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to the fight."

The possible substitution of

another yacht directs notice to those available on the other side, including *Britannia*, the Prince of Wales's splendid cutter which defeated *Vigilant* until the latter got into fighting trim and open water, and Mr. A. B. Walker's new 90-foot *Ailsa*, which has just been launched and which will have settled conclusions with *Britannia* in the Mediterranean before this article is published.

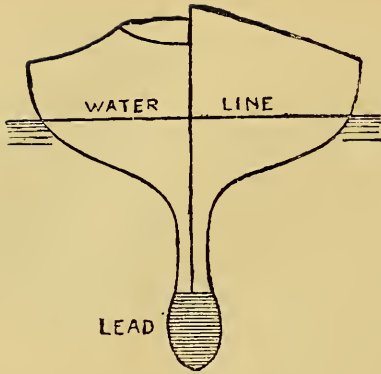
The record of last year's racing shows how formidable a rival *Britannia* would be to-day. She started in 48



LORD DUNRAVEN.



CAPT. WILLIAM CRANFIELD OF THE VALKYRIE.



MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE AMERICAN CUP DEFENDER.

races and won 36 firsts and 2 seconds. She beat *Valkyrie II.* at the Royal Largs and the West of Scotland Y. C. regattas. On the day that *Vigilant* appeared *Valkyrie* was sunk. *Britannia* subsequently defeated *Vigilant* in seven successive races, and *Vigilant* won once. In a private match at Cowes, which was the best race of all and sailed in a hard wind, *Vigilant* defeated *Britannia*, and in luffing and reaching showed herself superior to her English rival.

The *Ailsa* is said to be the raciest looking craft in England; she was designed by Will Fife, whose *Minerva* and *Clara* are well-known here, and whose *Cal-luna* is famous abroad, and she was built at Glasgow by the Messrs. Ingliss. Having a spoon bow and long overhang stern, she is not unlike the Herreshoff boats in her appearance above water. Her sail-plan is enormous, and her dimensions are said to be as follows; Length over all, 127ft.; water-line, 89ft.; beam, 25ft. 6in.; 16ft. extreme draught, and with about 160 tons displacement. Captain Tom Jay is in charge, with a Colchester crew, most of whom have served on *Ivorna* and other large yachts.

On this side, should the new defender prove slower than *Vigilant* our chances will be pretty slim unless *Valkyrie III.* and *Ailsa* are both inferior to *Britannia*. We have *Colonia*, which many experts believe, if properly trimmed and rigged, would be superior to *Vigilant*. *Jubilee* may possibly undergo alterations and then would be an untried factor. Reports concerning the chartering and racing of either of these boats are so far without foundation. *Navahoe* is a splendid vessel, but probably not superior to *Vigilant*.

CANNES RACES.

Britannia, after easily defeating *Valkyrie I.* and *Corsair* in the opening races at Cannes, was compelled to lower her flag to *Ailsa* after the new cutter's maiden race on March 7th. The contestants were *Britannia*, *Ailsa* and *Corsair*. The course was three times over a 10-mile triangle. The

wind, light, making almost a drifting match at the start, but it freshened at the finish. The first leg was a beat to windward to a mark off St. Honoriat; the second a reach to Buoy 2, northward of Pointe d'Aiguille, and the third a broad reach to the starting point. *Ailsa* proved quick in stays and carried more sail than *Britannia* with ease. *Britannia* kept the lead until near the middle of the race, but was passed to windward by *Ailsa* on the beat to St. Honoriat during the second round. After this she increased her lead throughout, beating *Britannia* by actual time 3m. 18s., from which she deducts a time allowance of 1m. 15s.

The second of *Ailsa's* races was sailed March 4th, for the Bennett-Goelet cup. The wind was very light and all kites were set. The course was the same as the first race. *Ailsa* beat *Britannia* on all points, leading throughout, with *Corsair* far astern, winning by 13m. 13s. actual and 12m. corrected time. *Ailsa* proves much faster relatively than *Vigilant*.

The American-built 10-rater *Dakotah*, built by Herreshoff, and owned by Mr. Harry Allen, on March 4th won the Ogden Goelet and Bennett challenge cup No. 2. The course was three times over the 10-mile triangle. The wind fairly strong. Six yachts entered, of which *Bebelle* finished second and *Rolla III.* third.

On March 8th a special match between *Dakotah* and *Saint Martial* was sailed, the French boat being handled by Mr. Philip Percival, a member of the sailing committee, R. Y. S., and manned by an English crew. The *Saint Martial* beat the *Dakotah* in a light wind by 1m. 30s.

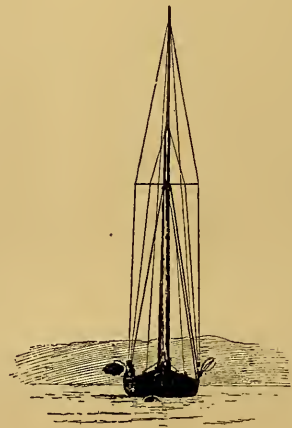
ANOTHER CHALLENGE.

In addition to the race in the largest class of sloops, we are to have a contest in the smallest class. Mr. Arthur Brand, of Royal C. C., who owns the famous little ½-rater *Spruce III.*, would like to bring his boat over for a series of races.

R. B. BURCHARD.



WM. FIFE, JR.
DESIGNER OF AILSA.



AILSA—BOW ON.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport.

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FOOTBALL AT HARVARD.

COLLEGIATE football players are just now much harassed by actual or threatened interference with their favorite sport, but more than an equitable share of these tribulations are visited upon Harvard. The annual report of President Eliot, made public a few days before his escape into Egypt last winter, denounced football in no measured terms, claiming that its play was brutal, its publicity undesirable, and its training methods at variance with the best interests of undergraduate life. This was followed in February by a request from the faculty that the athletic committee would withdraw Harvard from all future intercollegiate football contests. After duly considering this appeal the athletic committee made reply, pointing out that the thing which needed suppression was not the practice of football but its abuse, and suggesting several changes which would tend to remove the objectionable features and leave the game worthy of existence and encouragement. This statement drew from the faculty a reiteration of their prior request that no Harvard student should be allowed to participate in intercollegiate football. And finally, the overseers, at a meeting held April 10th, decided that the continuance of football was within the powers of the athletic committee.

The first announcement by the faculty seemed to daze the football captain, who immediately discontinued preliminary training, disbanded his team and mourned the death of the sport; but a few days of reflection stiffened his resolution and his flock was again summoned to the field, although no one knew or even pretended to know what would be the ultimate decision or who would make it.

The proclamation of the overseers filled Harvard's students with rapture as unwarranted as was their previous despair, for the subject is still practically unsettled; and if the faculty remain inflexible they could easily, by direct prohibition or by interference with hours of training and with leaves of absence, prevent the students from participating in intercollegiate contests.

To those lovers of the game who look on from outside the University it seems that President Eliot's report was more of a special plea than a judicial review; that the faculty leans toward stubbornness; that the statement of the athletic committee was well considered and sensible; that the overseers fairly represent Harvard's best interests; that the faculty would act unwisely in continuing to oppose the opinions of the corporation, the overseers, the athletic committee and the students, and that no good reason exists why the students of Harvard should not continue to play football under such legitimate restrictions as will eliminate abuses and make the game both manly and gentlemanly.

OUTING," and NOT to any individual member of the staff. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents do not receive attention.

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LET THE PROFESSIONALS FLOCK BY THEMSELVES.

The daily journals and cycling press are just now filling whole pages with argument as to whether it would be advisable for the League of American Wheelmen to assume control of professional racing. As the necessary changes in the constitution and rules could not be adopted before next February, and as the opening season furnishes many timely and important subjects for discussion, such vigorous stirring of the professional pot at this time seems sadly inopportune.

The L. A. W. has already too much rather than too little professionalism, and would do well to purge itself of existing defilement instead of wallowing deeper in the mire. During the past year the League assembled a band of wheelmen who had heretofore been called amateurs only by great stretch of courtesy, as it was well known that all of them, while claiming to be amateurs, were actually in the employ and pay of manufacturers. The League took this flock of mercenary wheelmen, put them into a pasture by themselves, authorized them to openly receive the salaries which had been previously handed to them behind the door, compelled the promoters of race meetings to arrange special races for the new class at all important tournaments, permitted them to compete for prizes far more valuable than are awarded to genuine amateurs, allowed them to accept extra pay, in cash, for record-breaking, gave them a chance to earn from \$2,500 to \$10,000 each year by riding their wheels, and then capped the climax of absurdity by calling them amateurs. The only possible apology for this burlesque is the truth that it has been a shrewd move from the gate-money standpoint, as the innocent public swallowed the advertisements without investigation, failed to discriminate between real amateurs and plated professionals, and flocked to see these salaried wheelmen ride behind the thin gauze of amateur wheels.

This Class B is a travesty on amateur legislation and an outrage on amateur sport, which could not have been carried through elsewhere than in America. The English Amateur Athletic Association has already officially announced that it will treat these Class B wheelmen as professional athletes, and this salutary example will soon be followed in other countries.

There may be honest argument about the minor detail of amateur definitions, but their fundamental principles are rock-rooted, and no amount of special legislation can make an amateur out of a man who, in addition to what prizes he may win, receives a salary for his services as a racing wheelman.

Class B racing has been popular, and no doubt will continue to be, but nothing in the

history of American professional cycling warrants the belief that it will be attractive to the general public. The people seem to care little for the ordinary professional wheelman, and less for his races. Professional cycling has recently been made a trifle more respectable and popular by the personality of A. A. Zimmerman, but actual experiment last season proved that while thousands assembled to see him compete when he was actually a professional, but ostensibly an amateur, only hundreds gathered to see him ride faster as an avowed professional. The public do not crave professionalism, the League has no use for it, and it never can be made successful as long as its exponents are of low degree, and all its fastest men are riding as Class B amateurs.

Under existing circumstances, when the L. A. W. is annoyed by internal dissensions, squabbling office-seekers and financial difficulties, it would act wisely in "letting well enough alone," but as soon as the sun shines brightly again, and it feels strong enough to be honest, it will no doubt do its plain duty, which is to scratch off the lying label from its Class B and compel these masquerading professionals to march under their own flag. When these fellows, the cream of American professionalism, are forced to compete as professionals, it may be possible to make professional racing good enough and clean enough to merit public patronage, but until then the League might wisely ask itself the old question, "Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled?"

AMATEUR AND INTERCOLLEGIATE ROWING.

Despite the late and inclement spring, reports from all sections of the country indicate increased activity, and the races already announced would, of themselves, make a successful season. All of the college crews have been transferred from their rowing machines to their boats, and the oarsmen of the metropolis were afloat long before the traditional opening day—April 1. With their usual lack of wisdom the Harlem and Passaic River Rowing Associations have selected Decoration Day for their annual spring regattas. If one had taken May 30, which comes this year on Thursday, and the other had chosen the following Saturday, June 1, each would have had more oarsmen, better competition, and less unfriendly feeling. Decoration Day has also an open amateur regatta at San Francisco, Cal. The Schuyllkill Navy holds its annual regatta, June 22, and the Cup and People's regatta follows, July 4, at or near Philadelphia. The National regatta is announced for July 17 and 18, on Saratoga Lake, and in the same week, clear across the continent, the Northwestern Association of Amateur Oarsmen will hold their annual races at Esquimaux, British Columbia.

Among the regattas and match races sure to be contested, but whose dates or courses have not yet been announced, are the regatta of the Southern Amateur Rowing Association, probably in June, on Lake Pontchartrain, followed in the same month by the Yale-Columbia-Harvard Freshmen match, and Yale-Harvard University match, at New London, Conn. July will probably bring the regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association, the Cornell-Columbia-University of Pennsylvania match, near

Philadelphia, the regatta of the Middle States Regatta Association, at Newark, the regatta of the Long Island Amateur Rowing Association, at Flushing, the regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, the regatta of the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association, and the regatta of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Amateur Rowing Association. In August there will probably come the annual regattas of the Missouri Valley and Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Associations, and the Kill Von Kull Rowing Association; while September will bring the fall regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association, and possibly an eight-oared race for the Staten Island Cup.

Add to these the closed regattas of almost a hundred clubs and colleges, and it will be seen that rowing still maintains its accustomed place in the front rank of American amateur sport.

HINTS FOR COLLEGIATE OARSMEN.

The recent fifty-second inter-University race between Oxford and Cambridge brings again into prominence three points worthy of notice by our somewhat perfervid contestants. First: the Oxford boat was coached by a Cambridge man, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, a graduate of Kings College, Cambridge. In the next place every item of practice was in the open on the Isis; the Cam, or the Thames, and daily chronicled and timed up to the last moment by scores of newspaper correspondents whose knowledge and experience enabled them to compile tables of comparison and contrast of so reliable and accurate a nature that all the world might judge the respective merits of the rival crews, who, further, often passed each other in their daily practice. And last, but not least, it demonstrated that thrice proved truism, that an intelligent and persistent application to athleticism is not inconsistent with the highest scholastic honors, for amongst the Cambridge crew was the *Senior Wrangler*, the first mathematician of the year.

NO MORE INDOOR BICYCLE RACES.

Experience has abundantly proven that bicycle races cannot be safely ridden on a board floor, around a course whose corners are not graded. Where bicycle races are included in the programme of indoor meetings, it is rare to see a heat without a tumble, and severe injuries are by no means uncommon. The new Armory of the Thirteenth Regiment, in Brooklyn, furnishes a track larger and with easier corners than any path heretofore used for indoor sports in the vicinity of New York city, yet at the games of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Preparatory School, held in this Armory, March 30, five of the six heats in the bicycle race were marred by accidents, several wheels were ruined, half a dozen lads were cut and bruised, and one was carried to the hospital with a lacerated head, a bruised shoulder and a broken collar-bone. At a meeting of the New York Interscholastic Athletic Association, held April 4, it was decided to amend the constitution by inserting the following clause: "This Association will sanction no indoor games of any school if said games contain a bicycle race in its list of events." The Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen might well follow this good example and refuse to sanction bicycle races on smooth board floors.

SKATING WHEELMEN AND CYCLING SKATERS.

Students of athletic science have lately interested themselves in debating whether or no skating and cycling are such cognate sports that men expert at one are reasonably certain to become champions at the other. The supporters of this proposition do not lack for either facts or theories.

The annual meeting for the decision of the amateur skating championships of the world, under the auspices of the International Skating Union, was held this winter at Hamar, Norway, February 23d and 24th. J. J. Eden, of Haarlem, Holland, finished second in the 500-meter race, and first in the three other contests, thus earning the amateur championship of the world. He is also credited with the world's best amateur records at the four distances which make up the championship programme. Hardly less noteworthy are his exploits in cycling, at which game he has won the championship of Holland, and been selected to represent his country in international competitions. England had this year an unusually long skating season, and its chief honors were shared by such well-known amateur cyclers as A. E. Tebbitt, H. A. Palmer, A. A. Chase and A. Brown. Several of the fastest Norwegian and German skaters are hardly less expert in cycling. The fastest American skater is undoubtedly J. S. Johnson, although interference by ruffians, and his own perversity, combined to prevent his winning technical championship honors. He is still better known as cyclist than as skater, and has achieved many wonderful performances on his wheel. Among other American wheelmen who have won skating honors may be mentioned H. Davidson, B. B. Bird, H. Moshier, E. R. Pannell, and A. D. Smith.

Turning from fact to theory it is stated that the positions of the skater and the cyclist are almost identical—legs nearly perpendicular and body bent forward from the hips, almost if not quite at right angles with the legs. The muscles used in skating are almost the same as those upon which cycling calls. Hence it is argued that the cyclist, being accustomed to severe and prolonged exertion, with his body bent forward at right angles to the legs, becomes so accustomed to the unnatural position that he suffers no inconvenience from that cause when he changes from cycling to skating. Concerning this point opinions differ. A. E. Tebbitt, amateur champion of England, says that continuous cycling during the year improved his skating form and speed, and that cycling is the best possible training for skating. On the other

hand, J. S. Johnson states that he does not think his cycling helps his skating, and that he had as much trouble getting into good skating condition this winter as if he had never seen a bicycle.

There are also several points which tend to traverse cycling's claim as a specially valuable preparatory school for skating. Cycling is now the most popular of all manly sports, and attracts a majority of those young men who have a taste for such recreation. Consequently its experts are the pick of the country's youth—strong, healthy, active, temperate, and well qualified to excel in any athletic game. If the same cyclers who have won skating honors had chosen differently, and turned their attention to running, or rowing, or lacrosse, or football, they would no doubt have reached the front rank as speedily as they did in skating, for their physical superiority and their experience in cycling make it easy for them to become proficient at any other sport which requires similar qualifications.

When frost and snow compel oarsmen, runners and wheelmen to abandon their favorite games, they naturally turn to some more seasonable sport, and take up skating. And as there are so many more wheelmen than oarsmen or runners it follows necessarily that more of them try skating and are successful.

Training and competing at any athletic game are good practice for any other branch of manly sport, in so far as they improve the athlete's health and strength and endurance, and enable him to sustain severe and prolonged exertion without injury or even excessive discomfort. It is true that a man who has ridden his wheel from April to December would be in fine condition for skating, and likely to excel at that game with far less than the usual amount of practice. But it is also true that if he had rowed or run or played ball all summer he would also have been fit to skate with little training.

Soon after the beginning of any but the shorter races, and before heart and lungs have reached that happy condition commonly known as "second wind," there comes a period of extreme distress, lasting but a few seconds, but as severe as it is brief. At this time the coward quits, the novice thinks he is about to die, the athlete of more experience wishes he was miles away, and the veteran grimly endures what he knows will be but a short struggle. A skater who practices no other game must gain this experience on skates, while his opponents, who have run or rowed or ridden many hard races, suffer little annoyance from a trouble which they thoroughly understand.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR FOOTBALL REFORM.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION.

Early in March the secretary of the Intercollegiate Football Association sent to each of the principal colleges a copy of the following circular:

NEW YORK CITY, March 2, 1895.—*Dear Sir:* At the annual meeting of the advisory committee of the I. F. B. A., it was voted that the secretary send you and others a copy of the enclosed letter in the hope that you would lend us your assistance.—Very truly yours,

WALTER CAMP, Secretary.

NEW YORK CITY, March 2, 1895.—*Dear Sir:* Last year the advisory committee adopted *in toto* the football rules proposed by the University Athletic Club, and regret that

this club has not taken up the matter further, some revision of rules having been called for annually since the introduction of the game.

The signed and published statements of the captains of some of the most prominent teams offer, however, an indication of the general desire and are therefore appended.

The committee begs to ask your co-operation in securing a consensus of opinion upon these points, and has adjourned the annual meeting for a period of two weeks. You are earnestly requested to forward your views regarding the effect and proper wording of such rules, as well as any other suggestions regarding the play.

Very truly yours,

ADVISORY COMMITTEE, I. F. B. A.

Address Drawer 71, New Haven, Conn.

OUTING FOR MAY.

The statements mentioned above are as follows:

HARVARD.

It stands to reason that a heavy guard or tackle running from a point five yards back of the line will hit the line hard enough to injure more or less severely a lighter man, and any man whether light or heavy, against whom such a style of interference is repeatedly directed, is sure to be rendered totally unfit to continue playing before the game is finished. Therefore, it would seem advisable to allow no men to start before the ball is put in play, and only the three backs to stand behind the line. It certainly seems that this ought to do away with the cry raised against the game on the ground of the many injuries received this year, and would not hurt the game from a scientific standpoint.

The only other rule which could be changed to advantage is that relating to the fair catch. At present if the man catching the ball does not hold up his hand he can be thrown, and if he holds it up he is compelled to make a free kick from the catch, and this free kick is frequently very disadvantageous. Therefore it would seem advisable to adopt the English rules and allow no opponent within five yards of the man making the catch. The two rules would do away with all the objectionable features of the game and at the same time make it a fairer sport.

CHARLES BREWER,
Ex-Captain Harvard Eleven, 1895.
PRINCETON.

I think that the duties of the linesman should be increased. He should have power to take official notice of unnecessary roughness, such as slugging, piling up, etc., and have the offender ruled off by the umpire. Some way of protecting the full back while catching would undoubtedly

be beneficial to the game. I would favor doing away with all plays in which the forwards are brought back and grouped behind the line for the purpose of forming a mass play on any position. This could be accomplished by allowing none of the players to leave their positions till after the ball is put in play.

LANGDON LEA,
Captain Princeton Football Eleven, 1895.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The present rules suit the Red and Blue, but if the general public demands a change we will accede to their wishes. To place the matter in a nutshell, give the officials full power and let them know exactly how the rules are to be interpreted, and the need of changing them can be easily obviated.

CARL S. WILLIAMS,
Captain Pennsylvania Football Team, 1895.

YALE.

I think that the present rule might well be changed so as to allow the side making the fair catch to have the ball on a down at the point where the catch was made.

It seems to me to be very practicable to clothe the linesman with the power of the umpire, and between the two it would be very difficult for any unfair work to go unpenalized.

As to the regulation about piling up upon the man after he is downed, I do not think this need to be changed at all, but it should be strictly enforced.

The two changes above suggested and the strict enforcement of the "piling up" rule seem to me to be about the only improvement possible on the code as drawn up last Winter.

S. B. THORNE,
Captain Yale Football Eleven, 1895.

ATHLETICS.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The captains of the athletic teams at all the institutions that took part in the intercollegiate athletic meet at Chicago last June, have large numbers of candidates in training; especially is this so at Wisconsin and Michigan, and it is evident that Michigan intends to acquit themselves with more honor than they did last spring. C. M. Lewis, of the University of Illinois, president of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association, has taken a mail vote on the following resolution:

Resolved, That the championship meeting of the W. I. C. A. A. of 1895 be held under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic Association, in Chicago, under the same conditions that prevailed at last year's meeting.

Thanks to the efforts of Harry Cornish, last year's meeting was a most flattering success, and the colleges of the association have decided wisely in giving the management of the next meeting to him and the Chicago Athletic Association. The games will be held on Saturday, June 1, and the meeting should be as successful as the one last June—it couldn't well be more successful unless in the matter of records.

It is stated that the (minor) Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association which held a meeting in St. Louis, Mo., last spring, and intended to hold another at Terre Haute, Ind., this season, has collapsed. This was expected on account of the success of the Chicago meet, as all of the members of the minor league went into the major organization.

HARRY F. KENDALL.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The semi-annual field day of the Academic Athletic League was held on the Olympic Club grounds, San Francisco, March 16. The competitors represented the San Francisco Boys' High School, the Oakland High School, the Alameda High School, the Alameda University

Academy, the Berkeley High School, and the Berkeley Gymnasium.

Two-mile bicycle race—C. Gooch, O. H. S., 5m. 59³/₅s.

100-yard run—L. Lippman, S. F. B. H. S., 10⁴/₅s.

120-yard hurdle race—W. E. Dawson, O. H. S., 20¹/₅s.

One-mile run—W. B. Jackson, O. H. S., 5m. 5³/₅s.

Open 100-yard handicap run—T. Barnes, University of California, 1¹/₂ yds., 10³/₅s.

880-yard run—F. Russ, O. H. S., 2m. 20³/₅s.

220-yard hurdle race—W. E. Dawson, O. H. S., 31³/₄s.

220-yard run—L. Hanford, O. H. S., 25¹/₅s.

Pole Vault—R. S. Woolsey, B. H. S., 9ft. 2in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—R. B. Lloyd, B. H. S.,

32ft. 4¹/₂in.

Running high jump—T. McConnell, O. H. S., 5ft. 3in.

Running broad jump—R. B. Lloyd, B. H. S., 18ft. 6¹/₂in.

The new track at Stanford University is so good that some records should be lowered on it. William M. Hunter, the three-mile runner, has been engaged as coach for track and field athletics. Frederick Warde, the actor, gave a Shakespearean recital at the University, March 9, and presented the proceeds to the track fund.

The University of California having been admitted to membership in the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America, can now compete at the intercollegiate championship meetings. California hopes to have some representatives on the international team. Scoggins, Patterson, Koch and Edgren have equaled or beaten the records of Easterners in practice or contest. Much enthusiasm has been aroused at Berkeley University, and a good deal of training is done. There are 35 candidates for the track team, who do regular gymnasium work, and are supervised on the track by D. Winter.

Fred. Koch, field captain of the athletic team, is training for four events, the 220-yard, 440-yard and half-mile runs, and putting the 16-lb. shot. He has done the half-mile in 2m. 1½s., and put the shot 40 ft. Edgren, at his last attempt with the hammer, threw it 112 ft., but he holds the coast record with a throw of 123 ft. 7½ in., and is said to have thrown it 131 ft. Woolsey, broad jumper, has cleared 22 ft., and Melvin Dozier is expected to equal this. Patterson, high jumper, has cleared 6 ft. in practice. Merwin is walking a mile in 7m. 30s., and is improving. Colt is running the half-mile in 2m. 1½s., and it is expected that the Berkeley representative will do the quarter-mile in 51s. Scoggins is expected to make 10½s. in the 100-yard run, and 23½s. in the 220-yard run. No one is training for the hurdle race and pole vault, though there are two men who can run the 220-yard hurdle race in 16s., and one who holds the Pacific Coast record for a pole vault. In order to help to meet the expenses of the Eastern trip, it has been proposed to hold in April on the grounds of the Olympic Club a field day, at which representatives from the San Francisco and Oakland Clubs, as well as from Stanford University and the University of California, will compete. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

CHICAGO (ILL.) ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their first annual indoor open amateur games were held March 2d in the Armory of the First Regiment, N. G. I. The management was prompt and efficient, the competition spirited and the attendance numerous.

40-yard run—Final heat, W. C. Skillinger, C. A. A., 4½s.; D. H. Jackson, C. A. A., 2.

880-yard run (heavy marching order)—H. F. Keater, Co. C, 3m. 3½s.; W. J. Birge, Co. D, 2; S. R. West, Co. C, 3.

880-yard run—N. S. Hopkins, University of Wisconsin, 2m. 15s.; T. B. Turner, C. A. A., 2.

1-mile run—H. B. Cragin, Jr., Lake Forest University, 5m. 5½s.; L. N. Rossiter, C. A. A., 2; W. J. Scott, Y. M. C. A., 3.

Potato race—Final heat, A. A. Fletcher, L. F. A. A., 47½s.; E. R. Perry, C. A. A., 2.

National Guard team race, one mile—Co. C, 1st Infantry, W. C. Kneppser, A. D. Barnes, W. M. Reed, D. Corbin, 4m. 25½s.; Co. B, 1st Infantry, G. R. Pulford, J. Turner, J. B. McFarland, A. J. Biddle, 2.

Interscholastic team race, one mile—Final heat, Englewood, T. B. Egbert, C. Teetzel, F. Dann, E. B. Merrell, 4m. 16s.; Hyde Park, D. Bell, F. H. Warren, Jr., B. Ford, G. Y. Briggs, 2; South Division, E. Randall, P. S. Bauer, R. R. Riley, F. T. Bascom, 3.

Intercollegiate team race, one mile—University of Wisconsin, N. S. Hopkins, H. Tower, M. B. Pittman, H. Frame, 4m. 8½s.; Chicago University, H. C. Holloway, J. Lemay, T. H. Patterson, Jr., G. L. White, 2; University of Illinois, Lewis, Reayburn, Morse, Noble, 3.

Running high jump—A. J. Hess, C. A. A., 5ft. 8in.; J. Van Inwagen, Jr., C. A. A., 5ft. 7in.; A. C. Clark, University of Illinois, 5ft. 6in.

Pole vault—C. Herschberger, C. U., 9ft. 5in.; O. Bartos, Bohemian C., 9ft. 5in.; H. W. Hess, C. A. A., 9ft. 4in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—G. F. Riddell, C. A. A., 40ft. 6½in.; E. R. Perry, C. A. A., 34ft. 7½in.; H. R. McLeod, C. A. A., 34ft. 7¼in.

NEW ENGLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their fourth annual games were held March 23d, in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, Mass., under the management of the Boston Athletic Association. The track, marked out on the board floor, was 130 yards in circuit, with raised corners. In scoring for points Worcester H. S. made 19; Worcester Academy, 14½; Roxbury L. S., 11; English H. S., 10½; Cambridge H. S., 10, and no other school more than 5.

40-yard run—Final heat, T. J. Roche, Jr., Worcester H. S., 4½s.

300-yard run—Final heat, W. D. Fuller, Cambridge H. and L. S., 36½s.

600-yard run—Final heat, R. Howe, Worcester H. S., 1m. 25½s.

1,000-yard run—T. Albertson, Worcester H. S., 2m. 35½s.

45-yard hurdle race—Final heat, W. D. Fuller, Cambridge H. and L. S., 6s.

Team race—Worcester A. beat Worcester H. S. on a foul, in 3m. 25½s.

Team race—Boston H. S. beat English H. S., in 3m. 30½s.

Team race—Newton H. S. beat Brookline H. S., in 3m. 27s.

Team race—Hopkinson S. beat Cambridge H. and L. S., in 3m. 24½s.

Team race—Chauncy H. S. beat Brighton H. S., in 3m. 48s.

Half-mile walk—C. V. Moore, Newton H. S., 3m. 30s.

Running high jump—T. Holt, Roxbury L. S., 5ft. 8in.

Pole vault—B. Johnson, W. A., 9ft. 10½in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—M. C. O'Brien, English H. S., 36ft. 8in.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

Their annual invitation indoor games were held March 15, in the gymnasium.

30-yard handicap run—Final heat. D. A. Hill, '95, 2 feet, 3½s.

35-yard hurdle handicap—E. C. Perkins, '98, 9 feet, 4½s.

Running high jump, handicap—G. B. Hatch, '95, 4 inches, 5ft. 7½in.

Pole vault, handicap—T. S. Brett, '96, S. 4 inches, 10ft. 3½in.

Putting weight, handicap—W. O. Hickok, '95, S. scratch, 46ft. The weight was a leather bag filled with shot, the implement weighing 15lbs. 120z.

Feather-weight wrestling—Final bout, M. N. Ely, '98, won two straight falls from Adams, '96, in 2m. 28s. and 49s.

Middle-weight wrestling—Final bout, J. D. McKell, '95, won two falls from Hayl, '95, in 28s. and 2m. 30s.

Welter-weight wrestling—Final bout, L. C. Jones, '96, won two straight falls from Fuller, '96.

AMHERST UNIVERSITY.

Their annual gymnastic contests were held March 20, in the Pratt Gymnasium. The score for the class banner was as follows: Juniors, 46 points; Sophomores, 44 points; Freshmen, 7 points. The prize for individual excellence was awarded to C. B. Adams, '96.

W. B. CURTIS.

OUTING FOR MAY.

GOLF.

The U. S. Golf Association.—The executive committee on the report of the committee on rules, have altered rules 18 and 29 to read as follows:

Rule 18. When a ball is completely covered with grass, bushes, hedges, trees, or foliage, only so much thereof shall be set aside as that the player shall have a view of his ball before he plays, whether in a line with the hole or otherwise.

Rule 29. A ball must be played wherever it lies, or may under a penalty of two strokes be lifted out of a difficulty of any description and teed behind the same.

Rule 18 formerly read:

When a ball is completely covered with fog, bent, whins, &c., only so much shall be set aside as that the player shall have a view of his ball before he plays, whether in a line with the hole or otherwise.

While rule 29 said:

A ball must be played wherever it lies, or the hole be given up, except as otherwise provided for in the rules.

Section 10 of the by-laws was so altered as to read:

Only members of clubs belonging to this association, subscribers for the season thereto, and those entitled under the rules of any association or allied club to the use of the links in whole or in part for a period not less than the entire current season, can compete for the amateur championship, and competitors must enter for the competition through the secretaries of their respective clubs, who, in sending the names, shall be held to certify that the players are bona fide amateur golfers in the terms of the foregoing definition.

Outside of the election of new members the principal feature of the meeting was the announcement by President Theodore A. Havemeyer that he had decided to present a \$1,000 championship cup to the association. The cup is to be held by the club of which the winner of the amateur championship is a member.

The following clubs are now members of the association:

Chicago Golf Club, Chicago Ill.; Essex County Club, Manchester, Mass.; Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Newport Golf Club, Newport, R. I.; Philadelphia Country Club, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Andrew's Golf Club, Yonkers, N. Y.; Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton, L. I.; Richmond County Country Club, and Staten Island Club.

St. Andrew's Club, Yonkers.—Scarce had the snow melted when golf was resumed at Yonkers, March 24, before quite a gathering of veterans. Mr. L. B. Stoddart, the American amateur champion, and Mr. Tucker, the professional of the club, played Mr. J. B. Upham, of the St. Andrew's Club, and Mr. Willie Park, Jr., ex-champion of Great Britain. The play was brilliant and resulted in a victory for the latter team by a score of 5 holes to play in the first round of 18 holes and by a score of 6 holes to play in the second round of the same number of holes.

The Richmond County Club, of Staten Island, has a fine eighteen-hole course of a mile and a half in length, and a very comfortable club house at Grassmere near Stapleton. The membership is already nearly 200.

The East is naturally a little later in opening its season, yet the Country Club, Brookline, will open April 15, though the regular club schedule will not be made up until later.

As usual, Willie Campbell will be the professional and greenkeeper for the year. The members' handicaps will be held on Saturdays, April 27, May 4 and 11, and an open handicap will be held on May 18.

C. TURNER.

LAWN TENNIS.

FIXTURES FOR MAY.

May 4. Harvard Univ., Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Interscholastic Championship.

May 4. Yale Univ., New Haven, Conn., Yale Interscholastic Championship.

May 4. Princeton Univ., Princeton, N. J., Princeton Interscholastic championship.

May 4. Columbia College, New York, Columbia Interscholastic Championship.

May 21. Southern L. T. A., Baltimore, Md., Southern Championship.

May 28. New Haven L. C., New Haven, Conn., New England Championship.

Admitting that public interest in lawn tennis is not as keen as formerly, it would be superficial to deduce therefrom its actual decline or the possibility of so well established a sport falling into disuse. On the other hand the game has only escaped from the fickle smiles of society and settled into a wholesome existence. Its general play in clubs and at private residences is yearly growing, and a share of publicity is given to its competitions in keeping with the importance of these events, and not in such style as that employed by enterprising committees to push their tournaments into undue prominence.

The season has opened propitiously. Clubs in and about New York have seized the opportunities offered by the early spring, to make arrangements for the season. The courts of the Lenox T. C. were opened about the middle of April.

The same enthusiasm has been shown by the members of the West Side and Fifth Avenue clubs. At the N. Y. A. C. tennis interests are favored by a strong committee consisting of A. E. Filley, Wm. K. Gillette and F. L. Donoghue, and their efforts are already being felt at Travers Island, where a new court has been laid out to meet the demand of players.

In Brooklyn a meeting of the King's County T. C. was held early in April, when the date of their annual open tournament was changed from June 19th to June 3d. It seems probable that this change was occasioned partly by the action of the Crescent Athletic Club in announcing an important invitation tournament at Bay Ridge during the week of June 17th. Should the latter club be successful in bringing a number of the best players to their meetings undoubtedly tennis interests will be greatly stimulated among its members.

At a meeting of the Southern L. T. A. held in Baltimore, it was decided to hold the annual championship of the South on May 21st, at the grounds of the Cantonville Country Club.

The usual rumor that some of England's best players are to pay us a visit has been afloat. Their coming would certainly add brilliancy to the events of the year, but without them tennis will not cease its work in strengthening the body and refreshing the mind.

F. A. KELLOGG.

The month of May brings with it the freshness of spring, the pale green of the new grass stirs the memory of four whitewashed lines, and with them the familiar word "crease." With this month the cricket season really opens, although preliminaries in the way of drawing up schedules and other details have kept executives busy some weeks before.

We in New York are fortunate this season in being represented by two strong organizations. Of the old and well-trying Metropolitan District League, nothing but the highest praise can be spoken. The excellent manner in which the committees have transacted its business from year to year during many seasons has had an important influence on local cricket. The newly organized offspring of the M. D. L., "The New York Cricket Association," exceeds in number of clubs its predecessor. The quality of its work still remains to be seen. One thing is sure, it has come into existence with the hearty good wishes of all truly interested in the game, and in perfect harmony with the League from which it sprang.

All who have watched the steady growth of cricket in the metropolis readily admit that there is ample room for two organizations. The increased interest in the game, and the number of new clubs formed during the past four years is remarkable. Any one who doubts this need only visit the cricket field at Central Park on a fine Saturday afternoon in midsummer, where, bad as the public provision for the game is, he will find every available space filled with players, using ground which is positively dangerous; so little attention do the public authorities pay to its condition. There are ample funds at their disposal, very little of which would be needed to make the ground at least safe, yet none is spent on this desirable work. When men will risk what all who play there do, it needs nothing further to convince the onlooker of the deep interest taken in the game by all its followers.

The New York Cricket Association is very fortunate in having at its head that well-known lover of all manly games, and one who is a true athlete—the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, who by the way was the first president of the M. D. L. The officers elected were, vice-president, H. A. Young; secretary and treasurer, G. Hake; executive committee, G. Hake, G. W. Barnes, J. S. Evans,

F. J. Davidson, H. E. Williams. The New Jersey and Paterson clubs have yet to elect their delegates to the executive committee. The clubs forming the association are Harlem C. C., Kings County, St. George C. C., Columbia C. C., St. George A. C., Metropolitan Insurance A. A., New Jersey A. C., and Paterson C. C. The season's schedule starts June 1, and finishes Sept. 21.

The Metropolitan District League at their annual meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, D. A. Monroe, vice-president, R. S. G. Walker; secretary and treasurer, W. Fenwick. The clubs forming the League this season are Manhattan C. C., New York C. C., Brooklyn C. C., Staten Island C. C., and New Jersey A. C. Their scheduled games start June 8, and finish Sept. 7.

There will be increased interest in international cricket this year, for in addition to the annual match between Canada and the U. S. A., arrangements have been completed for an international inter-collegiate match to be played in June on the grounds of the Germantown Club of Philadelphia. Canada is to be represented by a team chosen from Toronto and Trinity Universities, and the U. S. A. by the Universities of Harvard and Pennsylvania, and Haverford College.

Mr. Kenneth McAlpine, well known to cricketers of America, has accepted the invitation of the Germantown Club of Philadelphia, and will bring over a team of amateurs in September.

Mr. J. S. Scott of the Belmont C. C. has sailed for England with full power to arrange for a team of amateurs to play three matches here in September at Wissahickon, Haverford and Elmwood. Unfortunately the dates are likely to conflict with those of the Germantown's visitors.

Foremost among us to get down to real business are the players of the Pacific Coast. Their first match of the season of 1895 was at Alameda, March 10, between the Pacific Cricket Club and the newly-organized Presidio Club, which consists of officers and men of the U. S. Army stationed at the military reservation. The soldiers went in first and were all out for 53 runs, of which T. Gillathy got 13. The Pacific team then made 103 runs, (Delafield, 20, Mutch, 37, and Wise, 16.) In their second innings the soldiers put together 51 for five wickets, of which Robertson made 24.

T. C. TURNER.

LACROSSE.

GOOD SPORT IN PROSPECT.

The prospects for lacrosse during the coming season seem bright. Since the game was started in the United States, it has had ups and downs unparalleled in the history of any other sport, for, without ever having attained any height in popular favor, it has had its good years, with a great many games, while at other times it has been unknown during an entire season.

This year will see Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Stevens, Lehigh, John Hopkins, and College of the City of New York, with teams in the field, as well as other teams outside of the colleges. The rivalry which must ensue will insure a season of spirited games, as well as much interest and excitement.

The colleges have taken up lacrosse not only for the game, but as training for football in the

fall, for it is conceded by those who have played both games that no better training can be asked by those playing football than that which they must get by practicing lacrosse, and it seems strange that this fact was not acknowledged much sooner.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club is expected to visit the United States, and a tournament is being arranged, in which they will play some of the college teams and perhaps the Crescents, of Brooklyn, who hold the championship.

The Crescent Club will be represented by nearly the same men as last year, augmented by some of its football players, who appreciate and intend to benefit by the practice, to fit them for their ordeal with the Orange team this fall.

LIONEL MOSES.

OUTING FOR MAY.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

By the time this reaches the eye of the reader "gloomy winter" will have passed away and "sweet spring" with all its supposed pre-eminent photographic possibilities again appear.

I say *supposed pre-eminent* possibilities, because while the mere button-pressing amateur who takes to photography simply as an amusing change of occupation and shifts as readily from one thing to another as children do from tops to marbles and from marbles to something else as the "time of year" comes round, may do well to reserve the camera for what he considers nature's glorious garb; the true amateur who sees in photography simply a means to an end, or rather to several ends—the means of making pictures works of art that shall be "things of beauty and joys forever," and one of the best methods of acquiring culture and scientific knowledge—will find pleasurable employment all the year round. He sees beauty, and the material from which beautiful pictures may be made in every phase of nature, and is equally at home with her whether in mantle of green or robe of virgin white.

To such, photography is always in season but never monotonous, each succeeding change from the time the leaf is in the bud till "A' the hills are covered wi' snaw," giving a variety of landscape that is never wearisome and always charming. American photographers are favored, probably above those of any other country, with those glorious autumn tints that fill even the uncultured heart with gladness, and drive almost to despair he of the palette and brush that vainly tries to reproduce them. The photographer is more successful because less ambitious, when he can be induced to employ orthochromatic plates and a suitable color screen; and if he could see two negatives that are on my table at present, he would never try to reproduce anything in colors without them. The one is on an ordinary plate, exposed in the ordinary way; the other on an orthochromatic with a rather pale yellow-orange screen, and the difference is sufficiently striking to make it difficult to believe that they were not exposed at different seasons.

Hardly less important is the "backing" of the plates, the coating of the back with some nonactinic substance, where really high-class work is the aim. A solution of dextrine about the consistency of ordinary paint, to which a little glycerine and sufficient burnt sienna to make it a deep red, has been added, answers very well. It may be applied with a small sponge, no matter how unevenly, so long as the reflecting surface is destroyed. Under ordinary circumstances it will dry in an hour, so that a dozen plates may be backed after dark and returned to their box or placed in the plate holders before bedtime.

An unnecessary trouble, say some of those who "know it all," but I would apply to them the observation of Professor Hough, who, during a discussion on a paper he had read before the Chicago Photographic Society on the necessity for a red or ruby light in the dark room, and in reply to the statement that several professional photographers employed a yellow light, he said, "Professional photographers don't know when

their plates are fogged." The "know-it-all" amateurs don't know when their negatives suffer from halation, and will not know till they have exposed and developed a pair of plates under conditions such as those already alluded to. The blurring of a window that has been in front of a lens while taking an interior, or of the bare branches of a tree against a clear sky is generally visible enough even to the tyro; but its presence is hardly less injurious although too frequently unsuspected around delicate tracery wherever it occurs, and the darks that when placed against the lights give the charm of distance to so many compositions.

Backing, then, is in all cases an advantage, and in some, nay, many, an absolute necessity, and especially so at the present time when the bare branches of the sturdy oak, the delicate tracery of the maple, and the exquisitely curved skeleton of the elm are photographed against a brilliant sunlit sky. Back your plates, then, all ye who aim at work of the very highest class, and make the most of "the merrie month of May." for at no other season of the year can more beautiful effects be secured, and there are many that can be got during no other month. In another month the trees will have donned their summer garb and become so dense that nothing can be seen beyond; but now, while the leaf buds have swollen and begun to burst, they have a beauty all their own, and however sheltered during the summer's heat the pleasant homes may be, they are still open enough to show the beauty of the buildings or other surroundings through their branches.

Now, too, is the time to decide as to what the work of the season shall be. I have before, more than once, strongly urged photographers to become specialists; to adopt one particular phase or branch of the art and stick to it; as in that way, and in that way only, can they hope to reach a high standard of excellence.

I have a word, too, for those who *will* go in for general work. Don't invest in a great number of double plate-holders, or if you do, never take more than, say, three to the field. Half a dozen plates are enough for a day's work, and even then you should force yourself into the belief that it is better to bring them all home unexposed than to waste one on a view that you have not carefully studied and are in every way satisfied with.

It is gratifying to be able to say that the fall and winter exhibitions both here and in Europe show a decided tendency on the part of their exhibitors, whom we are fairly entitled to consider the progressive men, to abandon silver printing and its meretricious gloss in favor of one or other of the only two really permanent methods, carbon or pigment, and platinum. Of both methods I have in these Records spoken fully, and now am glad to say that a rough surface platinum paper has recently been put on the market that gives more exquisitely beautiful results, even in small pictures, especially when printed with a broad margin, than anything in the shape of a photographic print that I have ever seen.

JAY SEE.

FISHING.

These are indeed the angler's days. Leagues of gut and myriads of flies tauten and flutter above countless rollicking waters; the twigs, the roots, the rocks, and, incidentally, the trout, sample their shares of what falls their way and hang on to a fair proportion of many an expensive outfit. The young grass by the brookside is flattened by the angler's feet; his weary way is dotted with his dead, where the wandering zephyr moans softly in the neck of the empty flask, which stands, a monument to mark the spot where some brave spirit passed. The law is off, and fishing's free, e'en to Canada's loneliest stream, and there are, or, there should be, chunks of joy in all the land. A word to the thoughtless may do no harm. O, gentle angler, you who are fortunate enough to get away from the business treadmill, look to it that you take your sport as an honest angler should. It *may* be great fun to kill them as fast as you can drag them out; there *may* be a certain satisfaction in killing more than the other fellow can show, but believe me these feats do not constitute the real pleasures of angling. One need not be forever staring at an arching rod, or straining silk; one's ears need not always be filled with the click of a string-spewing, string-eating nondescript clock, which measures the life of a captive as our watches measure our days. An angling outing offers many better things than dead fish. The marvelous life stirring in everything, the merry gossip of the brook, the ceaseless music of joyous birds, the hues of countless flowers, the perfumed, lazy breeze, the beauty, healthfulness and purity of it all, will yield to the observing angler more lasting pleasure than ever falls to the lot of the man who fishes for count and estimates his gratification by the amount of life he can destroy within a given time. No fish should be taken that cannot be properly used, and no man worthy of the name of gentleman angler will kill for count. It is not all—nay, 'tis not *half* of fishing to kill fish!

The season hereabouts opened unfavorably for good sport. A tang of winter in the air kept the trout somewhat off their feed in the Long Island ponds and streams, and the results were hardly up to the average. But the enthusiasts who never fail to see the opening display at Fulton Market were not disappointed. There were great trout and small trout, live trout and dead trout; jeweled gentlemen from nearby waters, and sturdy fellows—said to be from Canada—all beautiful and tempting to those who know how to appreciate fine fish. Indeed, the display of trout might well have suggested that clocks must have been a *trifle* fast in some localities. However, the explanation of their capture and of the presence of Canada fish doubtless would have been an easy matter, for we all know how *resourceful* is a fisherman when he is put to it.

In spite of cold weather every likely water within a reasonable distance of Gotham received a flogging that it should not soon forget. Naturally, carefully preserved, re-stocked ponds and streams yielded most fish, but these possess little of interest to the ordinary fisherman. Owners of trout-waters have no idea of letting every wandering angler wet a line, and the unfortunate,

sans pond, *sans* "pull," has to content himself with fingerlings from remote brooks. Fair catches have been made at the ponds about Bay Shore, at Babylon Club, Amityville, Riverhead, Sayville and Huntington.

Those who contemplate a trip to the wilder parts of New York State, to Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maine, or Canada, will perhaps find something tempting among the following useful flies: Montreal, yellow dun, yellow May, hawthorn, turkey brown, red dun fox, little dark spinner, sky-blue, fern-fly. Some good ones for the Rangeley region are: Seth Green, ibis and guinea, cinnamon, Kineo, Bangor, Montreal, professor, dun orange, green mantle, beacon, the bird fly, Nicholson, Parmachenee Belle, white ibis, Dana, Lanergan, South Bog, Pine Point, Bemis, Jenny Lind, fire-fly, toodle-bug, Curtis, royal coachman, marble, brown mallard, Indian Rock, coachman, golden ibis, quack doctor, and the bee. On Moosehead waters, hard scramble, North shore, silver tinsel ibis, Sturtevant, hedgehog, silver doctor, white miller, blue professor, golden black palmer, blue Gordon, Tomlinson, West Branch, Deacon, Montreal, black and brown palmers, Indian Crow and Table Rock, have proved killing. Some of the artificial insects, such as the bee, grasshopper, white moth, black gnat, cow-dung fly, green and gray drakes, yellow dun and Marlow buzz, are apt to prove useful when trout refuse to take the fly proper.

CLOTHING FOR FISHING.

Flannel, or natural wool should be worn next to the skin, as these prevent chill. Outer garments should be as nearly as possible of what is called the "dead grass" shade. Corduroy, light canvas, or duck, are excellent materials for suits, but an old tweed suit of the proper color is almost as good. The hat should be drab, or gray felt, with a moderately broad brim, as the flash of sunlight upon water is trying to the eyes. The man who knows how to wade, and who wades, will usually get better sport than the man who fishes from the bank. Light rubber waders are good, unless one prefers to "slosh right in" and change clothes after reeling up. Bright mountings upon rods are a nuisance and should be avoided. The aim of the angler should be to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, hence the wise man will avoid flashy metal mountings, no matter how pretty they may appear in the shops.

TRAP SHOOTING.

The Grand American Handicap, 25 birds per man, 50 yds. boundary, \$1,000 guaranteed and all surplus added, was decided April 5, at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J. The handicap ranged from 25 to 33 yds., and the result went to show that the handicapper dealt very leniently with the winner, J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa., in placing him at the 25-yd. mark. At the end of the 25th round, Messner, J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, (33 yds.) and Frank Class, (32 yds.), had tied with straight scores, while behind them was the cream of the professional and amateur trap-shots of this country. The weather was favorable and the birds only an average lot. Messner was rather favored by luck, yet his coolness and steadiness stamped

him as a dangerous man, and the handicappers will probably see that he gets no more 25-yd. marks. In the shoot-off at 10 birds he killed 10 straight, Elliott getting 9 and 1 dead out of bounds, Class killed 7. The shoot-off was for glory, as the men had previously agreed to divide the purse of \$1,520. Messner used his second barrel 31 times; Elliott, 31 times; Class, 35 times. J. L. Brewer, (33 yds.); E. F. Thomas, (28 yds.); Neaf Apgar, (30 yds.); O. R. Dickey, (28 yds.); T. D. Kelsey, (29 yds.), and A. C. Ivins, (30 yds.) killed 24 birds each. Several minor sweeps were shot, in which the amateurs held their own with the professionals.

The Sportsmen's Exposition to be held May 13

to 18 in Madison Square Garden, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, deserves the hearty support of everyone interested in field sports and pastimes. The exhibits will be as comprehensive as it is possible to make them, and a careful study of the various departments will richly repay visitors. Readers of OUTING will find features of special interest in the displays of fire-arms, fishing-tackle, boats, athletic necessities and camping outfits. In the latter department will be found many a valuable device for use this season. No intelligent sportsman can visit the big show without learning something well worth the knowing.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.

COURSING.

The Waterloo Cup was won by Mr. Leonard Pilkington's r. b. Thoughtless Beauty (Herschel—Thetis), which ran in the nomination of Mr. R. B. Carruthers. She was bred by Messrs. H. and W. Thompson. The runner-up was the r. d. puppy, Fortuna Favente (Herschel—Fair Future), bred by the Messrs. Fawcett. He ran in the nomination of "Capt. Ellis." The Waterloo Purse was divided by Mr. F. Watson's f. d. p. Word of Honor (Herschel—Watchful Duchess), and the Messrs. Fawcett's bk. d. Fertile Green (Townend—Honey Deer). The Waterloo Plate was won by Mr. Fletcher's f. d. Forum (Herschel—Fine Sport), with Mr. D. J. McCallum's r. d. Ruby Red (Restaurant—Touchwood II.), as runner-up.

Dixie Coursing Club held an interesting meeting at Kane Island, Texas, March 6. The Member's Challenge Cup was won by Mr. M. McDonald's bk. w. d. Mornington (Lord Neversettle—imp. White Lips), with Mr. M. F. Smith's b. d. Jack runner-up.

Some interesting small meetings have been held by the Coyote Coursing Club, at Cottonwood Falls, Kan., and at Golden Gate Coursing Park, near San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

The latest addition to the list of field trial clubs is the Continental Field Trial Club, which was organized at Chicago during the show. The officers for the year are: President Dr. N. Rowe; first vice-president, Geo. J. Gould; second vice-president, Capt. E. S. Gay; third vice-president Chas. E. Stoddard; secretary-treasurer, P. T. Madison. The club will hold trials on chickens in the Northwest during September, and on quail later on. The September events will include Derby and All-age stakes for pointers and setters.

The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's twelfth annual trials were held at Salinas, Cal., commencing February 11. The Derby was won by C. Z. Hubert's l. and w. pointer bitch, Doris, with J. G. Edwards's o. and w. English setter dog Nimrod, second, and S. F. Hughes' lemon and w. English setter bitch, Silver Plate, third. In the All-age stake, H. Vernon's l. and w. pointer dog, Glenbeigh, won, with W. G. Kerckhoff's s. b. w. and t. English setter bitch, Betsey Mark, second. A. P. Kerckhoff's l. and w. English setter dog, Mercury, and J. M. Kilgariff's o. and w. English setter dog, Sirius, divided third. The Amateur Stakes were won by W. Harlan's b. w. and t. English setter dog, Midas, with J. W. Thoecke's l.

and w. English setter bitch, Salina Noble, second, and R. Storm's set Dan third.

BENCH SHOWS.

The City of the Straits Kennel Club's third annual show, February 26—March 1, scored a success, though the entries, 389 all told, were less than last year's record. Spratt's Patent, as usual, did satisfactory work in benching, etc. The judges were Messrs John Davidson and James Mortimer. The principal winners in the sporting classes were as follows:

Russian Wolfhounds—challenge: Princess Irma. Open, dogs: Ataman, Czar. Bitches: Olga IV., Riga.

Foxhounds—dogs: Songster, Big Strive. Bitches: Bowsprit, Vexation.

Deerhounds—dogs: Lochiel, Bruar II.

Greyhounds—challenge: Gem of the Season, Southern Beauty. Open, dogs: Southern Rhymes, Spring of the Valley. Bitches: Wild Lily, Southern Girl.

Pointers—challenge, dogs, 55 lbs. and over: Moulton Banner. Bitches, 50 lbs. and over: Josie Bracket. Open, dogs, 55 lbs and over: Hempstead Prince, Bingo, Ridgeview Regent. Bitches, 50 lbs. and over: Fanny Graphic, Dido II., Phantom. Open, dogs, under 55 lbs.: Ridgeview Comet, Hal Pointer, Chancellor. Bitches, under 50 lbs.: Count Graphic's Baby, Belle of Lancaster, Marguerite Kent. Local Class: Bingo, Flying Jib, Jock.

English Setters—challenge, dogs: Cactus. Bitches: Victress Llewellyn. Open, dogs: Albert's Ranger, Dash Antonio, Monk of Furness Sting. Bitches: Toledo Queen, Furness Maid, Babette. Local Class—Clairview Belle, Dash Antonio, Monk of Furness Sting.

Irish Setters—challenge, dogs: Kildare. Bitches: Queen Vic. Open, dogs: Bob Jr., Fingaln, Toronto Blarney. Bitches: Lady May Swiveller, Nona, Noreen C. Local Class: Noreen C., Fletie, Roxie.

Gordon Setters—challenge, dogs: Heather Lad, Leo B. Bitches: Highland Yola. Open, dogs: Dwight Don, Guy, Highland Kent. Bitches: Dwight Pearl, Maid of Waverly, Santa Marie.

Field Spaniels—challenge: Daisy Deane. Open, dogs: Konn, Nonpareil. Bitches: Spracklin's Belle.

Cocker Spaniels—challenge, dogs: Pickpania. Bitches: Baby Ruth. Open, dogs, black: Commodore, Willie Silk. Bitches: Cora II., Miss

Mae. Dogs, other than black: Lorraine, Red Justice. Bitches: Fanny, Tonita. Local Class: Willie Silk, Miss Mae, Nellie.

Irish Water Spaniels—Open: Dennis, Roger O'Donoghue. Beagles, challenge, dogs: Doctor P. Bitches: June M. Open, dogs: Ringleader, Raffler. Bitches: Kitty Clover, Fancy M.

Mascoutah Kennel Club's sixth annual show, held at Chicago March 5-8, was the best the club has held and it netted a tidy sum. Spratt's Patent attended to the benching and feeding. The judges were Messrs. John Davidson, B. F. Seitzer, W. B. Wells, A. Trickett, R. J. Sawyer, G. Muss-Arnolt, A. Laidlaw, J. A. Long, E. A. Woodward, Wm. Mariner, J. Wedekind, Jas. Mortimer and T. F. Rackham. The principal winners in sporting classes were:

Borzois—challenge, dogs: Argoss. Bitches: Princess Irma. Open, dogs: Ataman, Trajan, Czar. Bitches: Olga IV., Riga.

Deerhounds—Open, dogs: Strebor, Rob. Bitches: Ghost, Pertha.

Greyhounds—challenge, dogs: Gem of the Season. Bitches: Southern Beauty. Open, dogs: Southern Rhymes, Spring o' the Valley, Robert the Devil. Bitches: Southern Gay Girl, Idlewild, Pansy. Puppies: Master Dennis, Lucy.

English Foxhounds—Songster, Villager. American Foxhounds—challenge: Bowsprit. Open, dogs: Big Strive, Buckshot. Bitches: Pearl Strive, Glenwood Belle.

Pointers—challenge, dogs, 55 lbs. and over, Moulton Banner. Bitches, Josie Bracket. Open, dogs: Lord Bracken, Hempstead Prince, Dick. Bitches: Beppo's Girl. Challenge, dogs, under 55 lbs.: Ridgeview Tenny. Bitches: Miss Rumor. Open, dogs: Chancellor, Ridgeview Comet, Kent's Priam. Bitches: Marguerite Kent, Trinket's Nell, Lady Reveller. Puppies: Maiden Kent.

English Setters—challenge, dogs: Glendon. Bitches: Victress Llewellyn. Open, dogs: Dan o' Light, Dash Antonio, Washtenaw Grouse. Bitches: Bly, Countess Antonio, Sue H. Puppies, dogs: Bell Boy, Prince Gladys. Bitches: Namona, Van's Own.

Irish Setters—challenge, dogs: Kildare. Bitches: Queen Vic. Open, dogs: Bob Jr., Lord Elcho Jr., Chief Red Cloud. Bitches: Lady May Swiveller, Nona, Pride's Heather. Puppies: Lady Florida.

Gordon Setters—challenge, dogs: Heather Lad. Bitches: Highland Yola. Open, dogs: Louis S., Dwight Don, Highland Kent. Bitches: Dwight Pearl, Maid of Waverly, Santa Marie. Puppies: Lake View, Highland Piper. Bitches: Dwight Sarah, Highland Leola.

Retrievers—Lady.

Chesapeake—October, Don Pedro.

Field Spaniels—challenge: Daisy Dean. Open, dogs, black: Endcliffe Ebony, Major. Bitches: Spracklin's Belle, Dorothy, Nellie Ray. Open, any other color: Nonpariel.

Cocker Spaniels—challenge, black or liver: Pickpania. Challenge, any other color: Red Roland. Open, black, dogs: Governor, Woodland Clipper, Adam. Bitches: Woodland Princess, Woodland Topsy, Princess. Red or liver, open, dogs: Red Jacket II., Red Robin II., Red Justice. Bitches: Red Beauty, Mrs. Bow Wow, Queen Bess. Any other color: Tanita, Woodland Bessie. St. Lawrence Beauty. Puppies: Miss Mae, Queen Bess.

Clumbers—Major G., 2d withheld, 3d, Sir Joe. Irish Water Spaniels—Open, dogs: Patsy B., Irish, Musha. Bitches: Bridget O'Donohue, Nora O'Donohue, Kitty of Cork.

Beagles—challenge, dogs: Cherry. Bitches: Elf. Open, dogs, over 13 in.: Hawkeye, Roger W., Joe. Bitches: Daisy Corbett, Fancy M., Alice. Open, dogs, 13 in. and under: Razzle, Royal Dick, Little Wonder. Bitches: Kitty Clover, Evangeline, Ada. Puppies: Alice, Bessie Brown.

The Western Kennel Club's show was held at Denver, Col., March 12-15. Veteran John Davidson judged all classes. A protest was filed against the well-known greyhound bitch, Pearl of Pekin, on the ground of her ears having been tampered with. The protest was sustained. The chief winners in the sporting classes were:

Borzois—open, dogs: Trajan, Czar. Bitches: Olga, Bystra.

Deerhounds—open, dogs: Douglas, Bevis. Bitches: Lassie Jean, Lass o' Lowrie.

Greyhounds—challenge: Bestwood Daisy. Open, dogs: Southern Rhymes, Boomerang. Bitches: Pearl of Pekin, Boscobel. Puppies: Boscobel, Blitz.

Foxhounds—open, dogs: Buckshot. Bitches: Bowsprit.

Pointers—challenge, dogs: Moulton Banner. Bitches: Josie Bracket. Open, dogs, 55 lbs. and over: Hempstead Prince, Ridgeview Regent. Open, dogs, under 55 lbs.: Ridgeview Comet, Ridgeview Chancellor. Bitches: Marguerite Kent, Lady Reveler.

English Setters—challenge: Cactus. Open, dogs: The Earl, Count Beaufort. Bitches: Maid Marian, Clairview Belle.

Irish Setters—challenge: Bessie Finmore. Open, dogs: Bob Jr., Donawa. Bitches: Lady May Swiveller, Mona. Puppies: Toronto Biddy.

Gordon Setters—challenge: Princess Louise. Open, dogs: Dwight Don, Lake View. Bitches: Maid of Waverly, Santa Marie.

Irish Water Spaniels—Rags, Roger O'Donohue.

Clumbers—Major G.

Field Spaniels—open, dogs: Endcliffe Ebony, Konn. Bitches: Kate.

Cocker Spaniels—challenge: Pickpania. Open, dogs: Governor, Red Justice. Bitches: Miss Mae, Nellie. Puppies: Miss Mae, Roderick.

Beagles—challenge: June M. Open, dogs: Hawkeye, Pump. Bitches: Kitty Clover, Fancy M.

LOFT.

Flying for 1895 promises to be of unusual interest from the number of vicinities engaging birds and the variety of competitions. The prizes thus far arranged for are for the best average speed from one and two distances; from four, one to be from 500 miles or over, and for distance in the day.

Other than these have been promised and will be made public as the season progresses, but the

above are on the lists as regular, are governed by the American rules and open to the close of the year.

Another prize to be offered for this season is the *Republic's* Cup for the best speed from a start from the steamer *Republic* when on the way between Philadelphia and Cape May. To be competed for every third Sunday, beginning with the first journey. This will be under special rules.

OUTING FOR MAY.

YACHTING.



C. OLIVER ISFLIN.

FIXTURES FOR 1895.

The following dates include those of the racing circuit of the Long Island Sound Clubs.

- April 19—Boston (Mass.) Mosquito Fleet, Regatta.
- April 20—Huguenot Yacht Club, Cruisers' Race.
- May 18—Huguenot Yacht Club, Cat Boat Races.
- May 30—Audubon Yacht Club, Regatta.
- May 30—Harlem Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- May 30—South Boston Yacht Club, Regatta.
- June 1—Quincy Yacht Club, Regatta.
- June 8—Huguenot Yacht Club, Club Race.
- June 8—Knickerbocker Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- June 11—Atlantic Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- June 13—New York Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- June 15—Larchmont Yacht Club, Spring Regatta.
- June 15—Philadelphia Yacht Club, Annual Regatta on the Delaware River.
- June 17—Massachusetts Yacht Club, Regatta, off Nahant.
- June 22—Douglaston Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- June 22—Norwood-Yankee Doodle Match, on the Hudson River.
- June 22—Tower Ridge Yacht Club, Regatta.
- June 24—Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- June 25—Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, Run to New London.
- June 29—New Rochelle Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- June 29—Steam Yacht Race, on Long Island Sound.
- June 29—Quincy Yacht Club, Regatta.
- June 29—Yonkers-Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta.
- July 1—Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- July 1—Regatta at New London, Conn.
- July 3—Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, Race to Larchmont.
- July 4—Larchmont Yacht Club, Annual Regatta and First Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- July 5—American Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- July 9—Riverside Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- July 8—Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- July 9—Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- July 10—Huguenot Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- July 11—New York Athletic Club, Special Regatta.
- July 12—Larchmont Yacht Club, Second Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- July 12, etc.—Larchmont and Atlantic Yacht Clubs, Joint Cruise.
- July 13—Hempstead Harbor Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- July 13 to 21—Larchmont Yacht Club, Annual Sail.
- July 15—Savin Hill Yacht Club, Open Regatta.
- July 15 etc.—Riverside Yacht Club, Annual Cruise.
- July 20—Sea Cliff Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- July 27—Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- July 27—Quincy Yacht Club, Open Regatta.
- July 29, etc.—New York Yacht Club, Annual Cruise from Glen Cove, L. I.

- Aug. 5—Larchmont Yacht Club, Third Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- Aug. 3—Monatiquot Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 3—Shelter Island Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- Aug. 10—American Yacht Club, Special Race.
- Aug. 10—Winthrop Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 12—Quincy Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 13—American Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 15—Sea Cliff Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- Aug. 17—Corinthian Yacht Club, Regatta at Marblehead.
- Aug. 17—Huguenot Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- Aug. 17—Roton Point Improvement Co., Annual Regatta.
- Aug. 19—Manchester Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 19—Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- Aug. 24—Norwalk Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- Aug. 24—Squantum Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 27—Quincy Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Aug. 30—American Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- Aug. 31—Huntington Yacht Club, Annual Regatta.
- Aug. 31—Larchmont Yacht Club, Fourth Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- Sept. 2 (Labor Day)—Larchmont Yacht Club, Fall Regatta and Fifth Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- Sept. 2—Lynn Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Sept. 2—New York Yacht Racing Association, Annual Regatta in New York Bay.
- Sept. 5—Larchmont Yacht Club, Sixth Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- Sept. 7—First race for America's Cup, off Sandy Hook.
- Sept. 7—Larchmont Yacht Club, Seventh Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes, and Race for Flint Cups for Cabin Cats.
- Sept. 7—Revere Yacht Club, Regatta.
- Sept. 12—Sea Cliff Yacht Club, Special Regatta.
- Sept. 14—Larchmont Yacht Club, Larchmont Cup for Schooners and Eighth Special Race for 30-foot and 21-foot Classes.
- Sept. 21—Huguenot Yacht Club, Cruisers' Race.
- Oct. 12—Huguenot Yacht Club, Cruisers' Race.

The new boat will be named *Defender*. It is a coincidence that OUTING has always referred to her as the new defender.

The work on the two international racers is being carried on with great secrecy. The shop of the Henderson Bros. on the Clyde where *Valkyrie III.* is being constructed, is guarded night and day as though Mr. Herreshoff had expert designers as detectives to gather and cable any points concerning her dimensions or build. One who is well versed in yachting matters and close to the owners, is known to have said that the new yacht will be of composite build with wood keel, stern, stern-post, dead-wood and planking, and nickel-steel frames, stringers, etc. That she will be a keel cutter is, of course, quite certain, and the same authority states that while she will embody novel points as to her lines and shape of keel, she will be of the same general type as *Britannia* and the other Watson cutters. She will be launched about the first of June and be ready for the Clyde races in July. The fact that the new boat will have only a few days of racing with *Ailsa* on the comparatively sheltered courses of the Firth of Clyde will, it is suggested, greatly lessen the chances of the Fife cutter as the English contestant; for races on these courses are apt to be marked with flukes and varying elements. Considerable allowance must also be made for the advantage which *Ailsa* will have had through her Mediterranean and Channel races against *Britannia*.

On the other hand, progress on the American defender has been necessarily slow, partly because of Mr. N. G. Herreshoff's unfortunate illness, in which he has had the sympathy of everyone. He is now at work again pushing matters vigorously. It seems to be generally conceded that the new boat will be metal construction

throughout; that she will be a marked departure from the types of the other large sloops and will embody on a large scale the points which have made the smaller Herreshoff boats so successful. Of course this will necessitate unprecedented strength in construction and will greatly increase the expense. The American syndicate are in earnest, however, and while a few months ago the yachting journals were bemoaning the probability that there would be no funds forthcoming to build a defender, money is being expended without stint. Patriotism is the rod with which some Moses—Mr. Iselin or Mr. Chapin probably—smote the rock of capital so that the golden stream gushed forth. It seems to be evident from the receipts of material at Bristol that the new boat will be built of Parker manganese-bronze, the plates being manufactured by the Cramps, of Wilmington. This metal has a greater tensile strength than Tobin bronze, is a trifle lighter and more expensive. It has been used extensively in making propeller-blades and is known to be non-corrosive. The plates vary from 3-16 to 5-16 of an inch in thickness, the majority being about a quarter of an inch, this being a trifle thinner than those of the *Vigilant*. The smooth surface of the plates is said to have the lustre of burnished brass. The above-water body may be sheathed with aluminum-bronze as that alloy is much lighter than the other metal. The lead keel will probably be covered throughout with Tobin bronze. The sails are being cut in Herreshoff's own lofts, and will probably present some novelties in the directions in which the cloths will be made to run. Inside everything will be as light as possible and it is stated that the crew will be housed and all extra spars, sails, etc., carried with the usual cargo of necessary duffe, on another yacht which is to serve as tender. This great vessel of somewhere about 125 feet in length and, costing perhaps \$150,000, will be a racing machine—the best that American brains and money can construct—built for the sole purpose of beating another vessel, created, perhaps, for a similar reason, in England. As sportsmen, we believe that sporting blood should boil to the highest degree and pursue its legitimate aims to the farthest ends. Unrestrained competition in all lines means the survival of the fittest and, in the ultimate millenium, perfection. We are constrained, however, without sermonizing, to raise the question right here: Is "the game worth the candle" in such a competition, however scientific it may be? Is it good sportsmanship or good sense to expend such an amount of money and energy upon a vessel which will be practically worthless after the excitement of the competition is over? Could not the same ends be served, and as good sport induced by regulations which would require the building of practical and useful yachts? What is the *Volunteer* good for to-day, and where will the new defender, whose coming is now watched breathlessly by all the sporting world, be a year from now?

Some of the keenest racing ever known was exhibited by the masters of the old clipper ships, who raced their vessels over the "big pond" for mercantile prizes, and by the Gloucester fishermen, who, after a big catch of fish had been made, raced from the Banks to Boston Docks to sell their fish before the increased supply had broken the market price. It is well known that some of

the best work of the late Edward Burgess was expended on these practical racers.

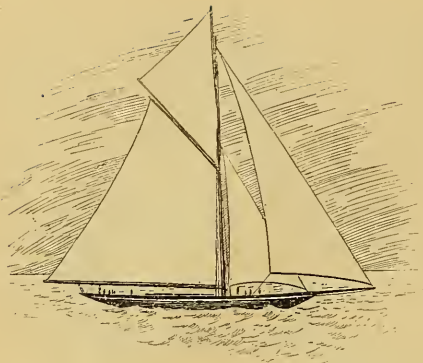
Yachting is analogous to the more modest and economical sport of canoeing. The latter is equally sportsmanlike and almost as scientific. The history of scientific racing canoes is that after a few years of unrestrained competition, in which changes were rapidly evolved because of the cheapness of the boats, a type of racers was developed which gave the highest possible speed and—killed the sport. The racing canoe of to-day is impractical, uncomfortable, and useless for anything except racing. The racing fleet at the annual meet has been diminished from forty to five or six. Whether or not yachts are to be divided by marked lines into house-boats and racing machines is a matter for those who frame the racing rules to decide.

The *Colonia*, which was designed by the Herreshoffs and built by Mr. Roger Maxwell's syndicate as a competitor in 1873, and which some yachtsmen to-day consider to be a faster boat than either *Vigilant* or *Jubilee*, has been chartered by Mr. Iselin and his colleagues as a tender for the new boat and a training ship for her crew. She has been fitted out by Poillon, and is already in the service assigned her. Capt. James Berry, of *Katrina* and *Wasp*, will be mate of *Colonia*. Sentiment as well as the end of efficiency has dominated the selection of the crew of the new defender. Instead of employing a crew of mixed nationalities, whose interest would go little further than their wages, Mr. Iselin reasoned that an American crew from one seafaring community, whose chief incentive would be the spirit of national and personal pride, would achieve the best results. Therefore Capt. Hank Haff was sent to Deer Island on the coast of Maine to find his men. The writer knows the Maine men by personal intercourse, from Cape Elizabeth to Eastport, has been received, harbored and fed by them, and knows that among them personal and patriotic pride runs high. They are people to call upon when the country needs thoroughbred men for sport or for national defence. Whether they can, in the short time allowed, "get the hang" of a modern racing machine and develop the necessary submission to discipline, is a matter upon which Mr. Iselin has taken his chances. We would trust our lives and money with such a crew, and think Mr. Iselin has made a wise and patriotic move. The story of the selection of this crew will be told later in *OUTING*. We merely record here that one of the local fathers, in addressing them, is said to have given vent to the following injunction: "If any of you should prove unworthy of your place, and are discharged for bad conduct, we don't want to see you here again." One who has lived in the Maine Islands knows what such a warning means.

The *Vigilant*, which, as already stated in the *Record*, has been offered as a pace-maker for the new defender, and accepted as such by the committee, has been put in commission. She will be sailed across the ocean by Capt. Chas. Barr, who will be skipper during the season, and the yacht will be refitted at Herreshoff's. Mr. E. A. Willard will have charge of her during Com. Gould's absence in Europe.

THE BRITANNIA-AILSA RACES.

In view of the possibility, remote though it be,



AILSA.

of the new *Valkyrie* not proving superior to the fastest existing British yacht, yachtsmen are watching every turn of the *Ailsa* with the keenest interest, and her merits in comparison with those of *Britannia*, as so far they have been demonstrated in contests which have taken place in the Riviera, have been closely studied. There have been five actual races, of which *Ailsa* won three and *Britannia* two. Of *Ailsa*'s victories the first two were won in very light wind and weather, and the third in heavy weather and rough sea, it blowing half a gale part of the time, both yachts carrying housed top-masts, the *Ailsa* being double-reefed and *Britannia* carrying a single reef. Of the two won by *Britannia*, the first was a confessedly unsatisfactory race in light breezes and calms with a heavy swell rolling the wind out of the sails; the second of *Britannia*'s victories was sailed in a race which was supplied with all kinds of weather from a light air to half a gale. Both yachts were caught over-canvased in the heavy wind, and both labored heavily, although *Britannia* carried her surplus sail far more readily than *Ailsa*.

From the races already sailed, it may be fairly concluded that *Ailsa* is much the faster vessel in light winds. The comparative merits of these yachts in heavy weather cannot be determined from these performances; for, in the race sailed under reefed canvas, the people aboard the *Britannia* state that they lost three minutes, and, therefore, the race, through being in irons at the end of the second round, and it is said they claimed the *Britannia* to have proved herself the better boat to windward in a choppy sea. So far we have been noting the results as they appear from the record actually made. From the appearance of the yachts, the large sail plan and relatively fine underbody of the *Ailsa* as compared with the initial stability and compact sail-area of the *Britannia*, the inference would be that the latter is certainly a more comfortable and probably a faster boat in beating in heavy weather.

The races in which the *Britannia* and *Ailsa* have met have been as follows:

First race, Cannes, March 7th.—Prize of the town of Cannes; light air; 30 miles on a ten-mile triangle; *Ailsa* 2m. 36s. ahead at finish.

Second race, Cannes, March 14th.—Goelet-Bennett Cup; light air; same course; *Ailsa* won

by 13m. 13s. elapsed time, 12m. corrected time.

Third race, Monaco, March 17th.—Prize of the Prince of Monaco and a gold medal given by the French Yacht Union; light, flukey winds, heavy roll; course, 15 miles on a five-mile triangle; won by *Britannia* who led at finish by 1m. 34s.

Fourth race, Nice, March 27th.—Prize of the town of Nice; light wind at start; heavy wind through second and third rounds; course, 30 miles over a ten-mile triangle; *Britannia* won by 6m. 45s. actual time.

Fifth race, Nice, March 29th.—Bennett Cup; heavy wind and sea; same course; *Britannia* 2m. 01s. ahead at finish.

Besides the above the *Ailsa* beat the *Britannia*, in light air, on March 23d, in a race for the prize of the town of Nice, which was declared off by the committee because both yachts had started before the proper time. The race was re-sailed on the 27th.

THE NEW TWENTY-RATERS.

Mr. Howard Gould, who had a taste of racing in small yachts in England on his last summer's trip in the *Vigilant* has learned the lesson that there is more fun in racing in a small boat where the owner can do some sailing than in a great racer controlled by professionals. He has therefore sold his interest in the *Vigilant* to his older brother, Commodore George Gould, and ordered a 20-rater from Herreshoff. If he can repeat in that class the history of Mr. H. Allen with the *Dakotah* in the 10-rater class, he should be a proud man. His new boat is one of the extreme canoe-model deep fin type, length over all, 65 feet; load water line, 45 feet 6 inches; beam 12 feet; draught, including fin, 10 feet. Her sail plan is about 2500 feet. It was arranged that she should leave New York by the Hull line to London on April 30th. She will hardly be in time to enter the races on the Thames in May, but will sail her maiden race at the Royal Harwich Regatta, June 1st. During the season, her chief competitors will be Mr. Frank B. Jameson's *Luna*, Mr. A. B. Walker's *Thelma*, Lord Dunraven's *Audrey*, the new Herreshoff fin-keel *Isolde*, built for Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and possibly the German Emperor's new *Vineta*. Mr. Gould has engaged Captain John Barr as skipper.

The Emperor of Germany has caught the small-class craze, and has ordered a 20-rater to be named *Vineta*. She is from G. L. Watson's designs, and has been built at Kiel, by Herr Zimmerman. She is of composite build, the frames and floors being of steel. It has been stated that the Emperor would not permit Mr. Watson to build an extreme racing type. This speaks well for the Emperor but may lose some races for the *Vineta*.

Considerable mystery has attended the building of Prince Leopold's *Isolde* at Bristol. She was launched March 30th and given her trial spin by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff on April 8th. Her skipper will be Capt. Ben Parker, with Tom Diaper, Jr., son of *Vigilant*'s pilot as mate. The *Isolde* will be shipped at once to Kiel and try issues with the Emperor's *Vineta*. In August both yachts will probably meet Mr. Gould's *Niagara* in English waters.

The dimensions of *Isolde* are: length over all, 65 feet; load water line, 46 feet; beam, 12 feet, and draft 11 feet.

THE TEN-RATERS.

The records of the Mediterranean races of the *Dakota* and the other ten-raters will be published next month.

THE HALF-RATER CHALLENGE.

Mr. J. Arthur Brand, of the Royal Canoe Club, who owns the famous little half-rater *Spruce III.*, recently communicated with Messrs. Whitlock, Stevens, Vaux and Elliott, of the New York Canoe Club, to the effect that he would like to bring his boat over for a series of races next season. As boats of this type are not included in the A. C. A. classification, these gentlemen turned the matter over to the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. At a meeting of this club, February 26th, it was decided to accept the proposition and offer a cup for this class of boats. Some of the members offered to build to meet the Englishman, and the regatta committee were authorized to fix dates and details, with the suggestion that other clubs be invited to co-operate and make similar races.

Mr. Brand is a well-known canoeist, an architect by profession, and is the son of the Comptroller of the city of London. He has won more than fifty sailing prizes. *Spruce III.* is 15 feet 6 inches water line, 24 feet over all and 5 feet 6 inches beam; her sail spread is 190 square feet,

and she carries a centreboard weighing 300 lbs. The details of the races for this class have been arranged, and Mr. Brand has signified his intention to build a new boat to be known as *Spruce IV.* to compete in the American races, which will be held in the vicinity of Oyster Bay in August. Mr. Brand challenges through the Minima Yacht Club, the champion small-yacht club of England.

The committee on classification of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club have recommended that the club adopt the new classification of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee has been appointed fleet-captain of the club. The city house is to close May 1.

The Atlantic Yacht Club held a special meeting at the Hotel Waldorf on April 1st. Commodore George J. Gould presided. It was decided to suggest to the Larchmont Yacht Club that the two clubs unite their fleets on a joint cruise to start from Larchmont Harbor on July 12th. Vice-Commodore F. T. Adams and John L. Bliss were appointed a committee to confer with the representatives of the L. Y. C. on this matter. A new classification with racing-lengths as a basis was adopted. Vice-Commodore Alex. T. Ketchum, on behalf of a number of members, presented to the club a painting by Carleton T. Chapman, representing the *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* during one of the races in 1893.

R. B. BURCHARD.

CANOEING.



WALTER WITHERBEE.
Commodore Am. Canoe Ass'n.

The A. C. A. year-book has been published and presents a creditable appearance. It gives the constitution, by-laws and racing regulations of this somewhat complicated organization, together with a list of members, the committee reports of the year and various pieces of poetry to fill up. It does not furnish any statistics as to number of members or recent increase or decrease in the association. Neither does it give any list of clubs, which list would be useful and proper, since the clubs are recognized in forming the nominating committee. We remember no published list of clubs and club officers since the days of the now defunct *Canoeist*.

The management of the association is now in excellent hands and under the energetic direction of its new commodore, Witherbee, a successful meet and a large increase in membership are hoped for.

The meet this year will be held at Bluff Point, about four miles south of Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain. The dates fixed are August 9th-23d. The camp-site is about four miles south of Hotel Champlain, so that in the event of the camp mess failing, as it sometimes does, the hungry members

will not find themselves marooned on a desert island as they were at Joseph's Neck, but they may retreat to the protecting shelter of the hotel. The camp site is in every way attractive; the prospectus says "the tents will be pitched on a gently sloping plateau about eight feet above the lake, in an edge of woods extending back half a mile from the shore." Further particulars concerning the meet will be given later in the season.

THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

The New York Canoe Club, which had a prosperous season last year, so far as attendance at club house, entertainments and general enjoyment were concerned, met with misfortune at the end of the season in the wreck of its floating house. This thoroughly enjoyable club never feared disaster in the old days, because it had nothing to lose but its reputation, and it was always ready to defend that against all comers. Happy and hearty were the Bohemian hours spent in the old club house and in Editor Stephens' hospitable lodge. Things are going to change now and the cares of prosperity and the dread of the landlord are coming on, for the club has leased, for a term of five years, an imposing piece of property at Bensonhurst, with a large shore club house, with dining rooms and real bedrooms, like ordinary, every-day clubs. Amid the prosaic comforts of the new home we wonder if these ancient Bohemians will recall Mr. Aldrich's verse:

"A man should dwell in a garret aloof,
And have few friends and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the goddess constant and glad."

R. B. BURCHARD.

OUTING FOR MAY.

BASEBALL.

AT EASTERN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Before considering baseball prospects for the coming season, it is well to recall the results of last year's games. Of the four great universities, all but Harvard began with veteran teams. No league existed; no championship was awarded, and none could be on the games as played. Harvard alone finished her series and lost them all, two straight games each to Yale and Pennsylvania, and two out of three to Princeton. Yale took two out of three from Princeton, and both these teams won and lost a game with Pennsylvania, but failed to play off the ties.

Among the smaller colleges, Brown put forward the best nine, and proved a very strong rival for her larger opponents; but her team was scarcely to be considered as strictly amateur, many of her men openly playing for a consideration on certain of the semi-professional teams that flourish during the summer months. Cornell's team was not so strong as in previous years.

In the New England Association, composed of Amherst, Dartmouth and Williams, no satisfactory result was reached. Williams seems to have had the strongest team, but too much success proved her ruin, and her nine was defeated on the home grounds by the crippled Amherst team in the presence of a large crowd. The result was a tie in games won and lost with Dartmouth, and the great crowd of Williams' graduates who had assembled to greet "the champions" learned something of the uncertainties of baseball. All the teams in this league played a strong aggressive game and furnished the best of practice for Yale and Harvard during the preliminary season.

Holy Cross, Fordham and Georgetown all had strong nines, but the semi-professional element appeared in them all, and the teams were made up of such students as presented themselves, no regard being paid to their previous careers as players in other teams, professionally or otherwise.

The season of 1894 was marked by few unusual events. Some experiments were tried and they all succeeded.

First, President Young of the National League was asked to furnish men from his regular staff to umpire the principal college games. Mr. Young very kindly complied with the request, and the result was the most satisfactory umpiring the college teams have ever seen. The same plan has been again adopted this year.

Again Harvard and Princeton played their final game on the Yale field, a step which pleased all who have the interests of college base-ball at heart. Yale and Princeton have adopted the same plan this year and will play off their possible tie in Williamstown. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when, so far as is practicable, college games will be played on college grounds.

The third experiment was the adopting of the League pitching distance, moving the pitcher back to a point sixty feet from the home-plate. The result was to destroy, in a great measure, the effectiveness of most of the college pitchers. Carter alone did not seem to be troubled by the additional five feet. The new distance certainly makes more batting and livelier games, but it puts the pitcher who depends upon curves instead

of speed at a great disadvantage. There was scarcely a team in the college arena last year that was not considered weak in the box, and the great thing that bothered the captains was to find a pitcher who could hold opponents down to single figures in base-hits. Whether experience has taught the pitchers how to overcome this handicap, only the season's play will show. The lengthening of the plate upon which the pitcher stands, making its length three feet, should give him additional chances, and may help restore some portion of his former supremacy. At present it seems as if the college pitcher, with his youth and lack of experience, is handicapped just a little too much by the new distance. Another season's trial, however, may show that this impression is incorrect.

Below will be found the dates of the more important games of the four large universities; also the schedule of the New England Association.

May 11—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton.

May 13—Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

May 18—Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

May 30—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge.

June 3—Harvard vs. Princeton, at New Haven (in case of tie).

June 8—Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge.

June 8—Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton.

June 15—Yale vs. Princeton, at Williamstown (in case of tie).

June 20—Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge.

June 25—Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven.

June 29—Harvard vs. Yale, at New York (in case of tie).

In addition, all the above teams except Harvard have games arranged with League teams, and all have games arranged with the smaller colleges in their vicinity.

The schedule of the New England Association is as follows:

May 8—Williams vs. Amherst, at Amherst.

May 15 and 16—Williams vs. Dartmouth, at Hanover.

May 24 and 25—Dartmouth vs. Amherst, at Amherst.

May 30—Amherst vs. Williams, at Williamstown.

June 7 and 8—Dartmouth vs. Williams, at Williamstown.

June 14 and 15—Amherst vs. Dartmouth, at Hanover.

June 22, Williams vs. Amherst, at Amherst.

June 24—Amherst vs. Williams, at Williamstown.

It will be noticed that Pennsylvania has no games arranged with Yale or Princeton. For some reasons both Yale and Princeton seem hostile to Pennsylvania. First, Pennsylvania was ignored and her teams accorded such places in the schedules of these two colleges as were left over when all other teams had been accommodated. Then her games were given a more prominent place and her teams seemed about to be recognized as worthy of the best efforts of her rivals when suddenly came the announcement that for the present Yale and Princeton would play no more games with Pennsylvania.

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

University of California vs. Reliance Athletic Club.—Played on the University campus at Berkeley, March 2. The University showed a lack of team-work, but Harvey Williams pitched well, and gives good promise of developing into an excellent pitcher. Score : Reliance A. C., 15 ; University of California, 7.

University of California vs. Oakland High School.—Played on the University campus March 6. Score : University of California, 15 ; Oakland High School, 7.

Stanford University vs. Olympic Club.—March 9 the first match between these teams was played at Palo Alto, Cal. The team work of the college nine was poor, and the pitching on both sides weak. Score : Olympic Club, 9 ; Stanford University, 4.

University of California vs. Reliance Athletic Club.—March 9, these two teams met again at Berkeley. Williams pitched well for the University, and Knightly and Oliver pitched for the Reliance Club. The University shortstop and third base were not in good condition, but the rest of the nine played a good game. Score : Reliance Athletic Club, 6 ; University of California, 5.

University of California vs. Olympic Club.—Played at Berkeley, March 16. Score : Olympic Club, 2 ; University of California, 1.

Stanford University vs. Reliance Athletic Club.—Played at Palo Alto March 16. The college men played well and won easily. Score : Stanford University, 22 ; Reliance A. C., 4.

University of California vs. Olympic Club.—Played on the Berkeley Campus March 16. A very even game, except that the Olympic club-men were better in base running. Score : Olympic Club, 3 ; University of California, 2.

Reliance Athletic Club vs. University of California.—Played at Berkeley March 23. Score : University of California, 4 ; Reliance A. C., 11.

Stanford University now has a new baseball field, which is more centrally situated than the old one. The University is weak in batting, and will depend on team work, good fielding and base running. The only new man on the team is Pincus, the shortstop, who has played at Tacoma, Wash. The pitcher, McLaine, is in good form, and is beginning his third season for the University.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

Since the early part of the year the baseball captains of the larger athletic universities have had their candidates at work and, ere this is in print, the teams will have been formed and some few games played. This spring will bring some exceedingly good contests, and there is every reason to believe that Michigan, who have held the Middle West Championship several years, will have their hands full, as several good nines are waiting for the Michigan boys. The large number of candidates in training for the different college teams and the extended schedules indicate a great awakening among the colleges.

An association composed of the larger universities that are prominent in athletics would do wonders for Western college sports. With a

championship to strive for, more patriotic college spirit would be aroused, and uniform legislation on professionalism ensue. A league would bring all the institutions into more intimate relationship and be a potent factor in establishing an athletic policy and elevating the athletic standard. There is apparently no more prospect of an association among the Middle West universities now than there was two years ago, but its absence will not be so noticeable in baseball as it has been in football, for the managers of the various nines have arranged comprehensive schedules, and the majority of the big nines will meet during the season.

Michigan lost several of last year's team, and besides himself Capt. Shields had only the following old men : Hart and McKenzie, first base ; Russell and Baird, shortstop ; Deans, third base ; Waterman, left field, and Crawford, substitute pitcher. The captain will, of course, cover centre field in which position he heads the list of Middle West players. Deans was last year perhaps the best, at least one of the best, third basemen in the West, but the others named are only average players, so that the infield must be strengthened considerably. Lee, captain of Oberlin last year, could improve the infield, for he is a strong second baseman, but it is feared that he will not play. Among the other new men are Hogg, outfielder from the University of California ; Bloomington, shortstop of the Pennsylvania Military Academy, and Hall, of Princeton. With Sexton, of Brown College, Capt. Shields is not worrying much for a pitcher, though with Michigan's schedule of thirty games, Sexton will need an assistant. The receiving end of the battery promises to give Capt. Shields more trouble, for up to the present time no one seems to have shown any special ability for the work, but among the seventy-five or more candidates that went into training someone will doubtless be found to take care of Sexton's delivery.

Though Capt. Kummel, of Wisconsin, had but himself and left-fielder Fowle, of last year's team as a nucleus for a nine this spring, he has an abundance of new material, several candidates being brilliant and experienced players in their positions. There are five candidates for the box, Runkel and Falk heading the list. Both these men have had much experience and are expected to do effective work. Harry George, a Yale substitute last year, promises to be the peer of Middle West backstops, and will naturally strengthen the team and especially the work of the pitchers. Capt. Kummel will continue to play the short field, this being his fourth year on the team, and Fowle will play left field. Just how the other positions will be filled is unknown at this time. The team has been weakened in past years by individual playing, but Capt. Kummel intends to have team work and will also give more attention to batting.

Illinois is exceedingly fortunate in having so many of last year's team, and Capt. Haskell has given his attention to strengthening the positions. C. Fredrickson, pitcher, D. Fredrickson, catcher, and Hills, second base, are absent, but Capt. Haskell has good material at hand to fill these positions. Huff, who captained Illinois in 1893 and Dartmouth last year, has returned to Illinois and will be found behind the bat or at first, probably in the former position, with Thompson

or Butler as substitute. Hotchkiss, of last year's nine, Carnahan, of 1893 team, and Kingman will do the pitching. Both Hotchkiss and Carnahan have had considerable experience, but Kingman is an unknown quantity. Cooper will doubtless retain his position at first. Capt. Haskell will continue at short, in which position he had few superiors last year, and Lowes will be found again at third, unless Keeler, a promising new man is chosen. Several men are after the vacant place at second and selection will be made after the men have a few days' work outside. Roysden, Frees and Baum made the strongest outfield in the Middle West last year, batting, base running and fielding considered, though there were players like Capt. Shields, of Michigan, who out-ranked them individually. If any of the numerous new men are taken it means the strengthening of the outfield.

Northwestern proposes to give all comers a chase for honors this spring, and with all last year's team, excepting second baseman Bass, and any amount of new material, there is no reason why Capt. Kedzie's nine should not surpass their enviable record of last year. The amateur standing of Griffith, who will do Northwestern's pitching, is questionable. Despite the fact that he played with the Cleveland League team last year, he will be a member of the Northwestern nine this spring. But for that matter, Nichols, of Chicago University, has also played in profes-

sional ranks, and the observance of the amateur rule varies according to circumstances. Capt. Kedzie will catch, and with Griffith will make the strongest battery in the Middle West. Barnes will have his old position in centre field, but it is a question if any other members of last year's team will be retained.

Chicago University has the material for a remarkably good team. Almost all of last year's men are candidates for positions, and among the new men are several who can strengthen the team. It is understood that Stagg will not pitch. Jones, a new man, comes as a developed backstop, and will take the place of Pike, who will be the substitute catcher. There is a quartet of pitchers with Clark at the head. He came from Williams College and is expected to pitch the big games. Nichols, Brown or Gilchrist will be called on for the minor games, though Nichols is expected to play regularly in the outfield on account of his batting. Capt. Abells will play first, Adkinson second, Webster or Winston shortstop, and Brown or Rothchild third. Nichols will play in outfield and should he be called in to pitch, Clark will take his place. Grant may be one of the trio, but time will determine. Stagg intends to have a reserve nine and some of the reserves may displace the regulars so that the real makeup of the nine will not be known until late in the season.

HARRY F. KENDALL.

SKATING.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE WORLD.

The tournament for the award of these annual honors was held by the International Skating Union at Hamar, Norway, February 23d and 24th, under the auspices of the Hamar Idrætsforening. The course on Lake Mjosen was of the style customary for these international races—a double oval, 500 meters in circuit, two straight sides being connected by curves turned with radii of $25\frac{1}{2}$ meters and $30\frac{1}{2}$ meters. The competitors skate in pairs, and cross from outside to inside paths and back again at points arranged for that purpose, so that each skates exactly the same distance as his opponent, and fouling is impossible. Much of the ice was black and smooth, while a few patches were of somewhat uneven snow ice.

The rules withhold the championship and the special trophy unless one skater wins three of the four races; but the placed men in each event receive medals, and there are also several additional prizes.

February 23d. Temperature above the freezing point; a slight snowfall during the afternoon; ice in good condition, appearing no worse for the warm weather; no wind.

10,000 meters, 12 competitors. The four placed men were J. J. Eden, Haarlem, Holland, 17m. 56s.; P. Sinnerud, Hamar, Norway, Idrætsforening, and K. Larsen, H. I., 18m. 50s.; F. Petersen, H. I., 19m. 53s.

Eden's time, 17m. 56s., is the world's fastest amateur record, supplanting 19m. 12½s. by himself, at Stockholm, Sweden, February 10, 1894. It will be noticed that the four placed men all beat the world's fastest amateur record, while a fifth competitor, F. Ericsson, Stockholm, Sweden,

Allmänna Skridskoklubb, was only four-fifths of a second behind it.

February 24th.—Weather clear and cold; ice in fine condition; wind trifling.

500 meters, 18 competitors, final round. The four placed men were O. Fredrikson, Tjalve, Christiania, Norway, 48½s.; J. J. Eden, 48¾s.; W. Mauseth, Norsk Skoiteforbund, Trondhjem, Norway; and P. Sinnerud, 48¾s.

1500 meters, 18 competitors, final round. The four placed men were J. J. Eden, 2m. 25¾s.; W. Mauseth, 2m. 35½s.; O. Fredrikson, 2m. 36½s.; F. Petersen, 2m. 37½s.

Eden's time, 2m. 25¾s., is the world's fastest amateur record, supplanting 2m. 28½s. by P. Oestlund, at Hamar, February 25, 1894. It is a remarkable fact that Eden should have made this new record in both the trial and final heats, skated on different days.

5,000 meters, 14 competitors. The four placed men were J. J. Eden, 8m. 41s.; K. Larsen, 9m. 13½s.; F. Petersen, 9m. 16½s.; P. Sinnerud, 9m. 23¾s.

By winning three of the four races Eden earned the title of amateur champion of the world and the custody of the championship trophy, and also received the special prize given by the King of Norway.

In two races he established new world's records, and at the other two distances he was already the holder of the world's best record, so that he is now an undisputed champion, having won three of the four championship races, finished second in the fourth, and having to his credit the world's best record at each of the four championship distances.

W. B. CURTIS.

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We also make another Lock, same as the above, with LANTERN HOLDER, which can be attached or detached in two minutes, for 25 cents extra.

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Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large)	.50
Bailey's Rubber Manicure	.25
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FRANK G. LENZ.

The fate of this noted bicyclist is still undecided, notwithstanding the sensational reports which have recently been circulated through the daily press. Representatives of OUTING on the spot and in Turkey have as yet not verified the rumors which are afloat in the villages of the Delababa Pass, to the effect that Lenz was murdered about May 10th after he left Chilgani, where he rested on the night of May 9th. If this rumor should be verified, Lenz lost his life in the vicinity of Koord Ali. This village is about five miles from Zedikan. We hope and pray the rumor may prove groundless.

As we are closing this page for the press, word comes to us from Washington that our appeal to make a formal demand upon the Turkish Government has been complied with by the State Department, and that on April 15th a formal demand was wired by the United States Minister at Constantinople to demand of the Turkish Government, a permit for Mr. Sachtleben to investigate the circumstances of the disappearance of Lenz, or that an investigation be undertaken by the Turkish Government.

OUTING will only promulgate the most tangible and authoritative evidence, and we beg our readers not to give credence to statements of the press unless they are authorized by, or emanate from, OUTING.

The names and whereabouts of the searchers now in the field are withheld from the public, solely because it might impede the successful progress of the search.

J. H. WORMAN.

With what blessed feelings of joy and satisfaction does the wheelman prepare himself for the opening of the riding season. Much as has been written of the beauties and pleasures of riding in winter, it must be admitted that a superabundance of enthusiasm is necessary to procure from winter cycling the satisfaction which a few enthusiasts claim. There is a reason for everything, and certainly the winter season is not conducive to the delights of cycling. The scorcher cannot scorch to his heart's content; therefore, he is debarred from his full complement of enjoyment, while the man who loves nature and who rides his wheel not only because of the delightful exercise it affords, but because he loves nature and revels in the sight of green grass and leafy boughs, who loves to lie on his back on the velvet turf and gaze through the shade above him into the cerulean ether and muse, to such winter certainly does not afford the full limit of pleasure.

A canvass among the retail dealers of this city, and undoubtedly it is true in every other city, shows that a large proportion of the purchasers of bicycles this year are not of the scorcher species, but of the kind who ride for the love of it and because of the ready means the cycle gives them to enjoy the world out of doors. This is an encouraging phase in cycling which will bring into the ranks of cycloedom a permanent class. The scorcher will, of course, always be in evidence, but as a rule his interest in cycling lives a comparatively short time. The excitement of fast riding palls upon him and he has no love for the exercise beyond that of being able to cover

miles. He soon gives up riding and chooses other fields to indulge his passion for excitement.

Probably the time has come when the race-promoting clubs will find the gates of one source of income closed against them. It has been the fashion during the history of cycling for these race promoting clubs to apply to manufacturers and agents for valuable donations as prizes. I notice that the Board of Trade has taken up this question and undoubtedly will take some action whereby the practice of this form of mild blackmail will be much reduced, if not entirely abolished. I am in favor of such action. It racing is not self-sustaining at the present day, it never will be. It is about time to run bicycle race meets on a business basis, making race promoters buy their own prizes and charge and *collect* a fair entrance fee. I emphasize collect, as it is the custom in a great many cases to charge an entrance fee, but, in the case of a good many of the cracks, to refund the fee. This is not fair, because as a rule these very men who have the fees returned to them are the men who win the prizes.

The rider of the present day can settle down to the conviction that the limit of improvement of the bicycle has practically been reached. This being so, the rider can with perfect safety purchase any high grade machine of the '95 pattern without the feeling that the '96 pattern will be so far ahead in improvement as to entirely supplant the model of the present year. Of course it is within the bounds of possibility that an entirely new departure may be made in the general make-up of the bicycle. This possible condition, however, is far beyond the realms of probability. The changes which will be made from this on so long as the present form of bicycle exists will be of a minor consideration. A certain form of frame has been adopted after years of experience, certain sized wheels have been found to be the proper thing, the minimum of weight has undoubtedly been reached, and it is, therefore, only in these minor details that we can possibly look for any change hereafter.

The American idea of wooden rims is gradually working its way into popular favor in England. The prejudice of the average English rider and maker against everything American, because it is American, has, in this case, been compelled to give way to the fact that the wooden rim has qualities which cannot be ignored. There are only a few American manufacturers who still oppose the wooden rim, and there are many who are not willing to acknowledge its superiority over the steel rim. It is, however, certain that the dire disaster which was prophesied by those who opposed wooden rims has not materialized, and while there may be some riders who will call in the future for steel rims, it is very doubtful whether they will have the call in this country.

The makers are turning their attention to the saddle nowadays. They have been so busy perfecting the machine itself that one of the most important adjuncts has received less attention than the other portions of the wheel. Among the latest things that I have seen is a wire saddle which, it is claimed, is very easy riding and very cool in summer. A German concern has invented a saddle with a bifurcated pommel which has a broad back, and the bifurcation, it is claimed, does

away with the danger of perineal pressure. Other makers have also brought out excellent saddles, all formed on hygienic principles. There is no doubt that an easy running bicycle is made uncomfortable and unsatisfactory by the use of an ill-fitting saddle, while on the contrary, an old crotch may seem to run like a bird if it is only fitted with a saddle which gives the rider ease and comfort.

The season of 1896, for the first time in the history of racing, will undoubtedly see an intelligent method of granting sanctions for the circuit races in force. Heretofore the sanctions have been granted in a way which made it necessary to run hither and yon over long stretches of country. It is the intention of the present administration to so assign the sanctions for the different circuits as to make the points selected in natural sequence, and thus make traveling for the riders as easy as possible. There undoubtedly will be a Pacific Slope circuit, a Western circuit, Middle States and New England circuits. These circuits should be so arranged that a rider will be able to start in San Francisco and travel to Portland, Me., and attend all the National circuits during the racing season without having once to go back on his tracks. It requires head work to do this, but the Racing Board is made up of brainy men, and I shall look to them to see that something of this kind is formulated in a logical and intelligent manner.

The chairman of the Racing Board has issued some pretty stringent rules in regard to the disposal of prizes won. In case a prize is sold, or in case an original prize is exchanged, no matter how many times, and the article exchanged is sold for cash, the seller becomes a professional. It will be taken as evidence that the article is sold if it cannot be found in the possession of the rider. That surely is a cast-iron rule. Furthermore, hereafter Class A riders cannot be paced by Class B men; that is, records made in this way will not be allowed by the Racing Board. The wily chairman is also after the Class A men, in that he proposes to see whether employees of manufacturers are really earning their wages in the employment of the company, as nominally stated, or whether they are spending most of their time in training and racing. Of course a shipping clerk can draw his salary as shipping clerk and do very little shipping and a good deal of racing, and in that way remain ostensibly a Class

A man. Mr. Gideon proposes to look into this little matter hereafter, and it will be hard to pull the wool over his eyes.

An excellent suggestion is made in a contemporary to the effect that railroads should aid the inhabitants of the country through which the road passes by carrying road material free to any point. Certainly there are no greater gainers by the use of good roads than the railroads themselves. Good roads make good feeders, bad roads make bad business and no dividends. Railroad management will wake up to this sooner or later.

In Turin, Italy, the question of the motor cycle has been taken up in a serious manner. The projectors of the International Cycling Exposition offer prizes for vehicles to be propelled by steam, gas, electricity, compressed air, or any other motive power. This craze for the motor cycle seems to be growing very rapidly in Europe.

In Victoria, B. C., the police authorities recently decided that the bloomer costume is not the proper dress for a woman to wear on the streets, and caused the arrest of several ladies who braved public opinion by appearing on the streets in rational costume.

THE PROWLER.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

In the third annual road race of the California Associated Cycling Clubs, March 3, Walter F. Foster, Olympic Club Wheelmen, rode 25 miles on the San Leandro triangular course in 1h. 12m. 55 4-5s., thus lowering the Californian road record for that distance more than 6 minutes. The previous record of 1h. 19m. 4s. was made by G. A. Faulkner in 1893 at the meeting of the Californian Associated Cycling Clubs.

At the San José Road Club try-out, March 17, Floyd McFarland broke the Pacific Coast road cycling record for ten miles, covering the distance in 26m. 40 3-5s. The former record of 27m. 15s. was held by W. J. Christ, Olympic Club.

At San José, Cal., March 24, Allen N. Jones, Garden City Cycling Club, covered one-third of a mile in 42 1-5s. The record, however, cannot be allowed for two reasons; it was made on Sunday, and in a contest in which Class A and Class B men competed together.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W., Oakland, Cal.—Bicycle racing will not make you slower at the sprints.

W. V. L., Chicago.—The best training for long distance running is to live regularly and run every day. Do not run more than 500 or 600 yards except once a week. Run half a mile trial one week and a mile the next week. Six weeks' training is sufficient.

C. S. C.—(1) It is not too early to begin training. (2) Live regularly and practice every day.

B. M. S.—No intelligence less than Omniscience could select the best fencing master. The masters do not know, their pupils do not know and the public does not know. The leading article on page 117 of *OUTING's* Monthly Records for March throws some light on the situation.

Dr. H. H. L.—We do not know of any portable paper houses for camp purposes. The Ducker Portable House Company make camping houses, and they will doubtless afford you every information.

H. S. N., Long Island.—No college in New York city has any course on naval architecture and marine engineering. The Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J., takes up the subject in a limited way. Cornell University, Ithaca, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston have complete courses.

W. C. G., Louisville, Ky.—The walking would be excellent for country road walking, in ordinary street attire, but only ordinary for a regular track and athletic costume.—The lifting is poor.



"LAND BIRDS AND GAME BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND," by H. D. Minot, is a valuable book of reference for students of ornithology. The author has evidently closely studied the habits of most of the species he describes, and presents many shrewd observations in a most acceptable manner. While the text is, in the main, very complete and accurate, one cannot but regret the lack of those best of all instructors, carefully drawn illustrations. The few faulty outline drawings introduced are entirely unworthy of their places in what is really a useful and instructive work. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL" is a neat description of the conquest of the bicycle by Frances E. Willard in her fifty-third year. The desire to gain health and to influence other women to adopt the wholesome pastime induced the author to undergo the petty trials of the beginner until she had become mistress of her machine. Among many of the bright passages in her book is the following: "Since Balaam's beast there has been but little authentic talking done by the four-footed; but that is no reason why the two-wheeled should not speak its mind, and the first utterance I have to chronicle in the softly-flowing vocables of my bicycle is to the following purport: 'Behold, I do not fail you. I am not a skittish beastie, but a sober, well-conducted roadster. I did not ask you to mount or drive; but since you have done so you must now learn the laws of balance and exploitation. You must make up what you are pleased to call your mind—make it up speedily, or you will be cast in yonder mud puddle, and no blame to me and no thanks to yourself.'" [Fleming H. Revell Co.]

"THE PRINCESS ALINE" is an ingenious little romance likely to afford many pleasant hours to the often disappointed readers of light fiction. The author, Richard Harding Davis, has not only hit upon a happy theme, but has embellished it also with skillful literary work, to which are added the illustrations of C. D. Gibson. It is the story of a successful portrait painter who has by chance seen and become infatuated with a picture of Princess Aline. He goes abroad with a determination of finding and perhaps winning his ideal, and his intention is not kept secret from an American girl who happens to travel over the same route with her aunt. He supposes that the fair American is engaged and makes her his confidant throughout the many attempts and failures to meet the Princess. The outcome of the story, which, by the way, reveals itself at the beginning, is his abandonment of the ever receding Princess and his engagement to the ever near country woman. [Harper & Brothers.]

"THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" is the latest and strongest work of John Bloundelle-Burton, a young novelist, who has already acquired literary fame by "The Deserted Ship" and other stories. In this latest book Mr. Burton has blended two periods of history with wonderful skill. The scene is laid in the West Indies, and the two leading characters belong to the Royal Navy, one living in the time of James II., the other in the present age. The historic features of the story show the author's familiarity with his subject, and to this is added a vivid, realistic treatment which enchains the reader's interest throughout the exciting narrative. Mr. Burton is a passionate lover of the sea, a trait perhaps inherited from a long line of ancestors who acquired fame in the British navy. This salty streak in his nature has given this and all his stories a breezy, a wholesome atmosphere, captivating to readers, young and old. [The Cassell Publishing Co.]

The sixth number of "THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA," like the previous issues, contains two lithographs, 12x18 inches, colored as in life. One is of the salt water kingfish, the other the Eastern pond pickerel. The first was painted from specimens caught on Mr. Harris's rod at Long Branch, N. J., and the pickerel from live fish taken by him out of the waters of Greenwood Lake. Both are true to nature in the exactness of their external anatomy and in coloration, having been painted at the moment the fish were taken from the water, and in many instances fifty specimens have been laid, gasping and struggling, before Mr. Jno. L. Petrie, the artist, that he might catch the beauty and exact tone of their tints before the rigor of death set in. [Harris Publishing Co.]

"IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA" is an interesting sketch of the life of the late Robert Louis Stevenson in his ideal island home at Vailima. The author, Miss Fraser, has made a delightful picture of that isolated and unconventional household, which so suited the temperament of the great story-teller and poet, and brings us to understand how these environments lent wings to his romantic fancy. [Macmillan & Co.]

"THE BIRDS' CALENDAR," by H. E. Parkhurst, follows "Great Nature's Happy Commoners" through every month, and betrays many a stolen secret of field and forest. A series of beautiful illustrations lend additional value to a most readable little work. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

"IN BIRD LAND," by Leander S. Keyser, preaches eloquently of the pleasures which await those who follow nature by forest path and laughing stream. [A. C. McClurg & Co.]

PLEASURE TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

Co-operation is making strides in these latter days, and in no direction more beneficially than in that of extended travel. The pleasures are doubled and the expense halved when such experts as Raymond and Whitcomb organize an excursion. Should that happen to be, as is the one leaving New York on the 27th of May, across the continent to Alaska through Canada, and homeward through the Yellowstone Park, then indeed the traveler has a route of unparalleled magnificence, and can enjoy it freed from all the petty anxieties of railroad connections, hotels, and the hundred and one vexations which ordinarily stand in the path. For forty-six days one can cast off the cares of the world, and under the experienced tutelage of these veteran caterers, give oneself up to the unmarred pleasure of travel at its best. One is endowed with the powers of the wishing cap when one can select a route, purchase an inclusive ticket, and presto! A fairy continent passes before your eyes! You buy the ticket, Raymond and Whitcomb do the rest.

Where to spend the summer depends upon many things, very often on the railroad facilities for reaching business at certain intervals rapidly, punctually and with the minimum of discomfort. The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. answers all these requirements. At its ends it is in touch with all the great centres of business East and West, and on its system are two places of superlative attraction. Deer Park and Oakland, on the crest of the Alleghenies, are 3,000 feet above tidewater, in a district of the purest air, and surrounded by every charm that can lull the senses or minister to the body. The riding and driving in the mountains would alone commend these resorts, but when this can be enjoyed and the day closed amidst all the comforts of home and all the diversions of good society, enough has been said to account for the popularity of Deer Park and Oakland as summer resorts.

Sportsmen will consult their own interests by using the hard grain Schultze powder manufactured by the Schultze Gun Powder Co. Ltd., of London, England. The powder manufactured for the American market is specially regulated in strength and moisture for this climate, and the hard, flinty grain will be found thoroughly satisfactory as a smokeless powder. The latest improvements in powder-making are used in the production of hard grain Schultze, which excels in velocity, penetration, cleanliness, regularity and closeness of pattern. Variations in pressure on wads, or atmospheric conditions do not affect the shooting, and loads may be varied as with black powder. It is the powder for the gentleman sportsman. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, of 8 Murray st., New York, are the general agents for the United States.

In purchasing a piano, workmanship and quality of material in its manufacture are considerations quite as important as the tone and finish of the instrument. It is upon the reputation of the Decker Brothers for uniform high grade in every respect that purchasers are always guaranteed a first-class instrument.

The foreign demand for their "Navalite" Spar Composition has compelled the Chicago Varnish Co. to establish an agency in Liverpool.

The test of hard service has proved the pleasure, fishing and shooting boats built by the Spring Lake Clinker Boat Company, of Spring Lake, Mich., to be as good as can be made by skilled labor from the very best material. All craft are of the well-known Pearson model, which for ease of running, staunchness and general handiness cannot be surpassed.

A tourist experiences many inconveniences in supplying himself with current cash during his trips through foreign lands. It is advisable, when traveling in Europe or other foreign countries, to carry "Traveler's Cheques" of the American Express Company. No identification is required and the medium is found more convenient and speedy in cash realization than letters of credit or circular notes. Not only convenience, but economy also recommends this system. Rates and other particulars can be obtained from any agent of the American Express Company; also at the principal offices, 65 Broadway, N. Y., 78 Monroe st., Chicago, 45 Franklin st., Boston.

PURE AND RELIABLE.

SOME FAMOUS REMEDIES THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

That people should suffer with pain and disease week after week in the present age can only be accounted for by a want of knowledge and acquaintance with the many remedies within the reach of all. Among the reliable specifics is the famous "Radway's Ready Relief," that simple, safe and certain antidote for pain of every kind, manufactured by Radway & Co. of New York. This unequaled remedial agency was founded in 1848 by Dr. John Radway, of New York city, a physician and a chemist.

The universal adoption and reputation of his remedies must prove the most powerful argument in their favor, added to which the many claims for them as effective, reliable and unfailing remedies are fully substantiated by thousands of voluntary testimonials.

So thoroughly reliable and efficacious are Dr. Radway's remedies that physicians all over the United States and Canada have used them for years in their practice, trusting implicitly in their purity and worth. These remedies, familiar in every household, are Radway's Ready Relief, Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Radway's Regulating Pills.

MISS KATE FIELD

Editor and owner of *Kate Field's Washington*, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibition laws, as enforced in the several States were not promoting the temperance cause, and her advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages. In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's Beer.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport.

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SHALL THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN ABANDON RACING?

Of all the labors undertaken by the League of American Wheelmen the promotion of racing is the least important, and should receive the least attention; but it actually absorbs nine-tenths of the League's intellect and industry. The ordinary non-cycling citizen believes that the League was organized, and is maintained, solely to manage bicycle races, and well he may, for out of every hundred columns published in American newspapers concerning the League, at least ninety-five columns relate solely to racing wheelmen and their races. The more momentous duties of the League are ignored, while pages are devoted to races and records, and classes and finishes, and pace-making and wind-breaking, and time-keeping and track-building, and scores of other matters which are of interest or value only to racing cyclists. It is probable that at the next annual meeting of the League the abandonment of racing will be proposed, and strongly supported. On behalf of such action, several sound arguments may be advanced.

Less than one-tenth of the members of the League ever take part in public competitions, while more than nine-tenths care nothing for races or racers. Yet this small fraction of the League's membership receives the lion's share of attention. An overwhelming majority of the League cannot name the present champions or their records, and would not mourn if the world never saw another bicycle race. The matters which interest them are cheaper, more durable and easier running wheels; better roads on which to use them; a cycling dress which a modest woman need not blush to wear, and legislation which will give wheelmen all their rights, and some additional privileges. If this class of wheelmen and wheelwomen find that the League fails to help them in these directions, they will gradually drop out and seek aid elsewhere. During the past year the League lost more than ten thousand members, and a large majority of these ten thousand deserted because they were not interested in racing, while the League seemed to care for little else.

The officers of the League have frequently and openly admitted their inability to maintain genuine amateur racing or to preserve a class of pure amateurs. They state, in substance, that whenever a man develops exceptional speed some manufacturer hires him to ride a particular brand of wheel or saddle, or tire, that nine-tenths of the wheelmen promptly accept these offers, and that no legislation or discipline has been found able to suppress such practices. A strict enforcement of the law would reduce the amateur class to women, children, old men and novices, and competitions between such riders would not prove popular.

Deeming it their chief duty to promote race meetings which would attract crowds, the League adopted the original plan of assembling all the fastest professionals in America, labeling them "Class B," voting that Class B wheelmen are amateurs, and then sending them around the country to amuse the public and enrich race-promoters. As a means of inducing the people of the United States to contribute half a million dollars in gate money the scheme has been a marked success, mainly because the innocent public do not scratch the thin Class B veneer and find the professional underneath. This plan was announced as merely an experiment, and its financial success may keep it alive a year or two more, but no system founded on deceit and nourished by ignorance can long survive.

The League poses as the great organizer and promoter of cycle racing, but the real supporter is the manufacturer. The League arranges dates and peddles sanctions, and makes rules, and disqualifies offending amateurs in accordance with those rules, and re-instates professionals in direct violation of those same rules—and that is all. The manufacturer is the real bone and sinew of racing. Whenever any club or any person wishes to give a race meeting, and get a share of gate money, he at once calls on the manufacturer and dealer for contributions. One gives a wheel, another a tire, a third a saddle, or a pump, or a cyclometer, or a lamp, or a kit of tools, or some other cycle sundry. But this is the smallest part of the assistance given by the manufacturer. He hires the fastest wheelmen, organizes them into teams, employs skillful trainers, puts the riders in racing condition, pays liberal salaries and training expenses and traveling expenses, offers extra pay for each successful assault on the records, sends his men from city to city and from State to State, furnishes at his own expense the entries which attract crowds and make the meetings profitable to their promoters, and even provides a majority of the prizes for which his hired men compete. This is neither charity nor benevolence, but simply shrewd advertising. A successful race meeting attracts recruits, and results in the speedy sale of many wheels.

Admitting that the manufacturer's motive is wholly selfish and that he deserves no credit for his outlay, the facts remain that all the rule-making and classifying and circuit-framing and sanctioning and disqualification and reinstatement of the League are somewhat like the noise and dust which accompany the coach, and that the great success of cycle racing during the past three years could not have been attained but for the financial aid of the manufacturer.

But the manufacturer is wise in his own generation, and now begins to ask himself some awkward questions. "Am I not paying too

much for this style of advertising?" "If racing is to be conducted for my benefit, and at my expense, why should I not manage it as well as pay for it, and perhaps get an occasional rebate out of the gate-money?" "Why should other people make the rules and assort the competitors and get all the glory, while I do all the paying?" "Why should I not manage my own racing, just as I do my own manufacturing and selling?" "Why should I pay salaries and training expenses and traveling expenses, so that men in whom I have no interest may make money out of race meetings?"

The results of this inward communing are already beginning to appear. One of the largest manufacturing firms has publicly announced its determination to employ no trainers and riders this year. Several manufacturers and dealers, heretofore liberal contributors of prizes, have refused to give anything for the great Decoration Day race, and state that they propose to discontinue that branch of expenditure. These are but the first drops of the shower which is gathering.

Concerted action by the manufacturers has hitherto been impossible because they had no organization and were constantly quarreling with each other. But now we have a Cycle Board of Trade, founded primarily for the management of cycle shows, but which is already branching out in other directions. This association includes the men who support racing, who enjoy its ultimate benefits, and who are most deeply interested in keeping it clean and popular. They have brains enough and money enough and character enough to manage racing intelligently and liberally and honestly. Sooner or later this organization, or its successor, will assume charge of American cycle racing, and that day cannot come too soon for the welfare of the League.

The League openly acknowledges what everybody knew long ago—that it cannot maintain real amateur racing or protect its amateur sheep from the manufacturing wolves. Why not give up a bad job, and divert into other and more useful channels the energy heretofore wasted in striving after the unattainable?

When the manufacturers assume control, it is not improbable that they may borrow some valuable ideas from their trotting brethren. If so, they will discontinue meddling and muddling

with the future history of prizes, establish honesty as the chief requisite of an amateur, replace handicaps by time classes, and conduct racing as sensibly as they do their other business.

HARVARD WILL PLAY REVISED FOOTBALL.

After a long and stormy voyage, Harvard football has at last reached smooth water, and a safe anchorage. Early last winter President Eliot denounced the game as brutal, undesirable and injurious. In February the faculty asked the athletic committee to withdraw Harvard from all future intercollegiate contests. The athletic committee demurred, the faculty repeated their request, the overseers decided that the matter came within the jurisdiction of the athletic committee, and finally, after President Eliot's return from foreign climes, the faculty held a meeting, May 7, and voted by a comfortable majority to allow intercollegiate football under the control and guidance of the athletic committee.

It having been thus determined that Harvard's football players will not be wholly debarred from intercollegiate competition, it now remains to be seen what sort of a game will be allowed them. On this point the athletic committee have supreme power, and their ideas were clearly set forth in a letter to the faculty, dated February 25. In this document the committee first plainly admit that such playing as was seen in 1894 cannot be tolerated hereafter. Then they state that the game is worth saving, and that it seems possible to remove its objectionable features without destroying its manly character. With this end in view, the committee after due deliberation and free consultation with acknowledged experts decided to institute radical reforms, which should include the following points:

Conservative changes in the rules and practice governing fair catches, low tackling, disqualification and time for resumption of play.

Discontinuance of summer practice.

Discouragement of undue publicity.

Reduction in the price of tickets.

Sale of tickets only to graduate and undergraduate collegians.

All games to be played on the home grounds of one of the competing colleges.

Harvard's football playing this year, will be subject to these limitations, and the result of such an experiment will be watched with interest.

ATHLETICS.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORT AT CHICAGO, ILL.

March 16, in the gymnasium of the University of Chicago. Games open only to students of Lake Forest University, North Western University and University of Chicago. The score by points was as follows: Lake Forest, 34; Chicago, 31; North Western, 12.

35-yard run—D. H. Jackson, L. F., 4m. $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

Half-mile run—J. J. Jackson, L. F., 2m. 38 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1 mile run—Cragin, L. F., 4m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Potato race—Fish, N. W. U. C., 48s.

Relay race, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles—University of Chicago, 6m. 43 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Half-mile walk—Rhemgans, L. F., 3m. 32 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Running high jump—Reid, L. F., 5ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Running broad jump—Mandel, U. C., 19ft. 11in.

Pole vault—Herschberger, U. C., 9ft. 2in.

Putting 16lb. shot—Perry, N. W., 34ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Their fourth annual indoor games were held March 29th in the Waterman Gymnasium, before about 800 spectators.

40-yard run—Final heat, R. Baughman, '98, Lit., 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

Team race; a little more than half a mile—Class of '98, Lit., E. Caulkins, G. Smith, J. Thomas and W. Baughman, 1m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; class of '97, Lit., R. Parsons, F. Ballord, M. Barry and F. Atwood, 2.

Team race; same course—Classes of '95 and '96, Law, L. Martin, D. Williams, R. Covert and W. E. Hodgman, 1m. 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; classes of '95 and '96, Lit., B. Horton, A. Wolcott, J. Quartes and D. Stuart, 2.

Running high jump—P. Vernor, '97, Lit., 5ft. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—J. A. Leroy, '96, Lit., 33ft. 5in.

Feather-weight boxing—W. Purmont, '97, Dent, beat L. Hubbard, '97, Lit.

Light-weight boxing—S. Friedlander, '97, Lit., beat R. H. White, '95, Med.

Middle-weight boxing—H. Morris, '96, Med., beat C. Porter, '98, Med.

Heavy-weight boxing—C. Conkley, '96, Law, beat L. Campbell, '96, Law.

Light-weight wrestling—O. Hans, '98, Lit., threw L. Campbell, '96, Law.

Middle-weight wrestling—V. Ford, '95, Law, threw H. Chambers, '97, Lit., in 6m.

Exhibition wrestling—M. J. Reilly, Michigan A. A., Detroit, the amateur champion at 125 lbs., threw his club-mate, G. Barclay, twice.

Fencing—J. Swift, '95, Lit., beat J. Kuyper, '95, Dent.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Their first outdoor games for the season of 1895 were held March 30, on the University grounds, with pleasant weather and a slow track.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, C. S. Boyer, '96, C., 6 yards, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

220-yard handicap run—Final heat, W. R. Taylor, '98, M., 16 yards, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

440-yard handicap run—A. B. Warren, '95, C., 10 yards, 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Half-mile handicap run—J. D. Mahoney, '97, C., 60 yards, 2m. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile handicap run—C. C. Sichel, '98, M., 120 yards, 4m. 38s.

120-yard hurdle handicap—G. M. Ferguson, '97, C., 4 yards, 19s.

220-yard hurdle handicap—Final heat, G. P. Middleton, '96, L., scratch, 29s.

1-mile handicap walk—W. B. Fetterman, '98, M., scratch, 8m. 7s.

2-mile bicycle handicap—A. C. Eglin, '97, D., 250 yards, 5m. 35s.

Running high jump, handicap—G. M. Ferguson, '97, C., 3 inches, 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running broad jump, handicap—A. H. Remington, '97, M., 2 feet 6 inches, 18ft. 9in.

Putting the shot, handicap—A. A. Knipe, '95, M., scratch, 30ft. 3in.

Throwing the hammer, handicap—A. Cressinger, '98, M., 20 feet, 67ft. 8in.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

Their annual indoor championship games were held March 30th, in the Worcester (Mass.) rink, under the auspices of the Worcester Athletic Club. The track was a fourteenth of a mile in circuit, with sharp corners.

40 yard run—Final heat, A. L. Jackson, Harvard A. A., 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

600-yard run—T. Burke, Boston A. A., 1m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1,000-yard run—J. D. Delaney, W. A. C., 2m. 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile run—A. Blake, Boston A. A., 4m. 50 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Team race, four-sevenths of a mile—Worcester A. C., W. Hyland, H. L. Dadmun, F. H. Bigelow, J. D. Delaney, 2m. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Worcester Polytechnic Institute, C. F. Vaughn, T. F. O'Connor, H. E. Field, M. C. Allen, 2.

Team race, six-sevenths of a mile—Worcester Academy, R. E. Baker, E. W. Shirk, N. F. Bryant, H. H. Fish, 3m. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Worcester High School,

F. Albertson, J. Badger, A. G. Mason, W. A. Hackett, 2.

1-mile walk—C. V. Moore, W. A. C., 7m. 21s.

Running high jump—C. J. Paine, Jr., H. A. A., 5ft. 8in.

Exhibition running high jump—M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A. A., New York City, 6ft. 3in.

Pole vault—F. Coulson, W. A. C., 9ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Their second indoor games were held April 6, the score for the all-around individual prize being R. F. Flinterman, 29 points; J. A. Bloomington, 21 points.

40 yard run—Hughes, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Relay race, 1080 yards—Class of '98, Lit., 1m. 59s. Class of '98, Medical 2.

Running high kick—Martin, 8ft. 4in.

Rope climb, 35 feet—Bloomington, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Fence vaulting—Flinterman, 1.

Tumbling—Innes, 1.

Boxing, featherweight—Hubb and Purmont, a draw.

Exhibition wrestling, by Garrett and Bradfield.

Parallel bars—Flinterman, 1.

German horse—Flinterman, 1.

General development—Flinterman, 1.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF WATER POLO.

A match for this honor was contested April 11 and 12, in the bath of the New York Athletic Club, New York City. The contest was the result of a challenge issued by the Chicago Athletic Association and accepted by the New York Athletic Club., and consisted of the best two out of three games, each game to have two eight-minute halves with five minutes intermission.

For the first game, April 11, the teams were as follows:

New York A. C., W. G. Douglas, right forward; W. E. Dickey, left forward; P. F. Dickey centre rush; N. Murray, quarter-back; E. F. Haubold, goal; C. J. Kinter, captain and goal.

Chicago Athletic Association, S. H. Hunt, right forward; J. B. Patrick and afterward J. A. Smith, left forward; G. A. Thorne, captain and centre rush; W. H. Thompson, quarter back; L. E. Burr, goal; B. S. Donnelly, goal.

New York won by a score of four goals to 1 goal.

For the second game April 12, the teams were the same as for the first game, except that J. A. Smith took J. H. Patrick's place as left forward.

New York won by a score of one goal to none.

The challengers were physically superior to their opponents but lacked skill at the game.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Their annual class games were held April 15, in cold windy weather. The score by points was as follows: Sophomores, 60 points; juniors, 32 points; Freshmen, 31 points; seniors, 3 points.

100-yard run—F. H. Bigelow, '98, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard run—H. R. Storrs, '96, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

440-yard run—W. H. Vincent, '97, 51 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

880-yard run—E. Holister, '97, 2m. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile run—G. Newell, '98, 4m. 38 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—J. L. Bremer, '96, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—J. L. Bremer, '96, 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1 mile walk—C. D. Drew, '97, 7m. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2-mile bicycle race—W. R. Brinckerhoff, '97, 6m. 4s.

Running high jump—C. D. Paine, '97, 5ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Running broad jump—E. H. Clark, '96, 21ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Pole vault—A. B. Emmons and N. P. Hallowell, '97, tied at 9ft 11 $\frac{5}{8}$ in., and Emmons won by a toss.

Putting 16-lb. shot—C. J. Paine, Jr., '97, 36ft. 3in.

Throwing 16 lb. hammer—F. G. Shaw, '97, 90ft. 5in.

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

Their indoor games were held April 13, in the regimental armory, Bedford and Atlantic Avenues, Brooklyn, L. I. The attendance was large and the competition spirited.

The score for the Company Prize Cup was as follows: Company F, 39 points; Company A, 33 points; Company K, 29 points; Company G, 16 points; Company H, 10 points; Company E, 6 points; Company B, 4 points; Company C, 1 point.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, F. Lichtenstein, Co. A, 8 feet, 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

220-yard run, novice—Final heat, E. J. Harbordt, Co. E, 26 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

220-yard handicap run—Final heat, W. DuBois, Co. K, 4 yards, 25s.

440-yard handicap run—Final heat, A. B. Wise, Co. F, 2 yards, 56s.

Half-mile run, novices—Final heat, C. A. Crane, Co. A, 2m. 17 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Half-mile handicap run—Final heat, C. A. Crane, Co. A, 20 yards, 2m. 33 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

1-mile handicap run—T. B. Walker, Co. F, 60 yards, 5m. 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

1-mile run; special match—G. W. Orton, 4m. 34 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.; G. O. Jarvis, 2, by 10 yards.

Half-mile relay race; teams of four men from each company—Co. K, H. Klune, W. E. Klune, A. A. Forman, Jr., and A. Thomas, 1m. 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard hurdle handicap—Final heat, H. F. Whitney, Co. A, 7 yards 29 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

Half-mile handicap walk—Final heat, H. W. Floyd, Co. F, 25 seconds, 3m. 32 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

2-mile bicycle race, novice—Final heat, F. deR. Boerum, Co. K, 5m. 47 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

2-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, C. F. Pratt, Co. F, 175 yards, 5m. 27 $\frac{3}{8}$ s. A. R. Boerum, Co. K, scratch finished first, but was disqualified for a foul start.

Running high jump, handicap—A. A. Forman, Jr., Co. K, 4 inches, 5ft. 7in.

Pole vault—H. F. Whitney, Co. A, and G. B. Brooks, Co. G, tied at 9ft. 6in., and Brooks won by a toss.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—E. B. Elkins, Co. F, 5 feet, 33ft.

Fencing with foils, handicap—F. C. Dennington, Co. H, 50 points, 21 points.

There were also exhibitions of trick and fancy bicycle riding by Prof. W. S. Maltby and Master Leroy See.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT.

At the Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, N. Y., April 13, Columbia College held games open to the scholars of all private schools within fifty miles of New York City. The weather was rainy, the track soft and muddy, and the attendance sparse.

The score by points was as follows: Barnard, 38 points; Condon, 13; Cutler, 13; Harvard, 13; Berkeley, 9; Wilson and Kellogg, 7; Bryant & Stratton's, 5; Brooklyn High, 5; Flushing Institute, 5; Staten Island Academy, 5; Newark Academy, 3; Oxford, 2; Pingy, 2; Polytechnic Preparatory Institute, 2; Perkins, 2; Trinity, 2; Columbia Grammar, 1; DeLa Salle, 1.

100 yard run, boys under 15 years.—Final heat, W. Wilson, Barnard School, 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

100-yard run—Final heat, S. A. Syme, Bar. S., 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

220 yard run, boys under 16 years.—Final heat, W. Wilson, Bar. S., 25 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

220-yard run—Final heat, H. Washburn, Bar. S., 24s.

440-yard run—J. A. Mehan, Condon S., 55 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

880-yard run—I. H. Inman, Cutler S., 2m. 21s.

1-mile run—E. W. Bedford, Brooklyn High S., 5m. 15s.

120-yard hurdle race—H. Von Baur, Bar. S., 17s.

220-yard hurdle race—S. A. Syme, Bar. S., 27 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

1-mile walk—E. A. Ware, Wilson and Kellogg S., 8m. 31 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

1-mile bicycle race—Final heat, contested one week later, F. A. Powell, Cut. S., 3m. 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Running high jump—S. A. W. Baltazzi, Harvard S., 5ft. 4in.

Running broad jump—T. R. Pell, Flushing Institute, 18ft. 8in.

Pole vault—F. W. Phillips, Bryant & Stratton S., 8ft. 8in.

Throwing base ball—W. T. Johnson, Staten Island A., 316ft. 2in.

Putting 12-lb. shot—A. C. Ayers, Con. S., 36ft. 9in.

Throwing 12-lb. hammer—H. L. Batterman, Har. S., 98ft. 2in.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Their invitation amateur games were held April 20, on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa. Weather fine, wind brisk, attendance large, track and field new and soft.

100 yard handicap run—Final heat, W. Schlieff, '97, 6 yards 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.; W. R. Taylor, '98, 8 yards, finished first but was disqualified for foul running.

220-yard handicap run—S. C. Boyer, '97, 11 yards. 24s.

440-yard handicap run—C. C. Sichel, '98, 12 yards. 54s.

Half-mile handicap run—J. D. Mahoney, '97, 55 yards, 2m., 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

1-mile handicap run—J. J. Overn, '95, 140 yards, 4m. 43s.

120-yard hurdle handicap—G. M. Ferguson, '97, 4 yards, 17 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

220-yard hurdle handicap—W. Schlieff, '95, 12 yards, 28s.

1-mile handicap walk—W. F. Worth, '98, 55 seconds, 8m. 5s.

2-mile bicycle handicap—W. D. Osgood, '95, scratch, 5m. 54 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Running high jump, handicap—J. D. Winsor, '97, 2 inches, 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running broad jump, handicap—C. T. Bucholtz, '96, 2 feet, 20ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Pole vault, handicap—C. T. Bucholtz, '96, scratch, and W. A. Stewart, '97, scratch, tied at 10ft. 6in.

Putting the shot, handicap—A. A. Knipe, '95, scratch, 41ft. 1½ in.

Throwing the hammer, handicap—A. Cressinger, '98, 5ft. w. o.

There were also a number of relay races at 1 mile, teams of four men, each man running a quarter mile.

Central High School, D. F. Fowler, A. G. Frazier, H. E. Thomas, J. Shingle, 3m. 57½s.; Manual Training School, P. E. Ingraham, W. P. Preston, R. H. Heyl, A. B. Reynolds, Jr., 2 by 50 yards.

Cheltenham Academy, C. Chester, M. Lambertson, R. Colt, A. S. McConnell, 4m. 2½s. Haverford Grammar School, J. Ramsey, H. Hansen, F. Sayen, G. Gage, 2, by 70 yards.

Germantown Academy, W. M. Thackara, E. Mechling, C. McCarthy, J. Hedges, 4m. 4½s.; Penn Charter School, Coates, J. Ridgway, J. Roarer, C. Hunsberger, 2, by 60 yards.

Episcopal Academy, W. Marcus, F. Sumbes, H. C. Morse, J. K. Knors, 4m. 15½s.; De Lancey School, W. P. Remington, F. R. Plumb, F. Rivinus, R. Oglesby, 2, by 60 yards.

College of the City of New York, A. Almuth, C. F. Jellinghaus, A. C. Diegman, G. V. Lyons, 3m. 55½s.; University of City of New York, C. C. Smith, A. E. Manson, B. Foster, W. H. Roberts, 2, by 20 yards.

Rutgers College, R. Van Arsdale, F. T. Parsons, C. P. Case, L. Cooper, 3m. 51½s.; Swarthmore College, I. R. Gleim, M. P. Sullivan, C. S. Hodge, W. Clothier, 2, by 40 yards.

Cornell University, F. B. Stratford, J. C. Gignous, W. W. Stebbins, G. Rulison, 3m. 51½s.; Columbia College, W. E. De Salazar, G. Clark, J. C. Weil, P. R. Kingsley, 2, by 70 yards.

Lafayette College, G. O. Barclay, A. S. Sigman, G. B. Walbridge, J. D. Clark, 3m. 45½s.; Lehigh University, B. E. Loomis, G. L. Yates, T. L. Wheeler, S. J. Gass, 2, by 50 yards.

Harvard University, W. H. Vincent, E. Hollister, J. L. Bremer, N. W. Bingham, 3m. 34½s.; University of Pennsylvania, W. B. Warren, G. W. Orton, P. R. Freeman, E. S. Ramsdell, 2, by 60 yards.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Their annual class games—Freshmen against Sophomores—were held April 20. Weather fine; track and grounds in fair condition.

The score of points was as follows: Sophomores, 67; Freshmen, 44.

100-yard run—Bijur, '97, 11½s.

220-yard run—Bijur, '97, 25s.

440-yard run—Guntion, '97, 1m. 0½s.

Half-mile run—Fearing, '98, 2m. 18½s.

1-mile run—Fulle, '97, 5m. 10½s.

120-yard hurdle race—Bijur, '97, 17½s.

220-yard hurdle race—Bijur, '97, 27½s.

1-mile walk—Bogart, '97, 7m. 57½s.

2-mile bicycle race—Fearing, '98, 6m. 5½s.

Running high jump—Marvin, '97, and De Yonge, '98 tied at 5ft. 2 in.

Running broad jump—Bijur, '97, 17ft. 4 in.

Pole vault—Smith, '97, 9ft. 2 in.

Putting the shot—Ball, '98, 33ft. 2¾ in.

Throwing the hammer—Ball, '98, 87ft. 9 in.

BOSTON (MASS.) ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their first outdoor open amateur games for the season of 1895 were held April 20, on Irvington Oval. Weather fine; attendance large.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, J. G. Clarke, H. A. A., 6 yards, 10s.

600-yard handicap run—T. E. Burke, B. A. A. scratch, 1m. 16s.

1,000 yard handicap run—H. Cummings, Jr., M. I. T., 50 yards, 2m. 20½s.

120-yard hurdle handicap—Final heat, F. W. Lord, B. A. A., 1 yard, 18s.

Running high jump, handicap—J. D. Dole, R. L., 3 inches, 5ft. 8½ in.

Running broad jump, handicap, slightly downhill—F. L. Dunlap, H. A. A., 1 foot 6 inches, 22ft.

W. B. CURTIS.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

April 13th, the third annual intercollegiate field day between the representatives of the University of California and of Stanford University was held on the grounds of the Olympic Club at San Francisco. The weather was chilly and windy. Much rain fell and the ground was sodden. In computing the points a win counted 5, second place 2 and third place 1.

100-yards run—Final heat, Barnes, U. of C., 10½s.; Scoggins, U. of C., 2.

120-yards hurdle race—Hoffman, U. of C., 17½s.; Dyer, U. of C., 2.

Two-miles bicycle race—There were no entries from University of California. Frazer, S. U., 5m. 22s.

One-mile walk—Mervin, U. of C., 7m. 50½s.; Holton, U. of C., 2; Quinn, 3.

One-mile run—Copeland, S. U., 4m. 53s.; E. Brown, U. of C., 2; D. Brown, S. U., 3.

440-yards run—Koch, U. of C., 52½s.; Bradley, U. of C., 2; Knowles, S. U., 3.

220-yards hurdle race—Reynolds, S. U., 27½s.; Hoffman, U. of C., 2; Bakewell, U. of C., 3.

220-yards run—Final heat, Barnes, U. of C., 24½s.; Scoggins, U. of C., 2.

880-yards run—Copeland, Stanford University, 2m. 4½s.; D. Brown, S. U., 2; Colt, U. of C., 3.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Edgren, U. of C., 14ft. 11 in.; Hazzard, S. U., 2; Watson, S. U., 3.

Pole vault—Dole, S. U., 9ft. 11¼ in.; Culver, S. U., 2; Mumma, U. of C., 3.

Running high jump—Patterson, U. of C., 5ft. 8¾ in.; Koch, U. of C., 2; Toombs, S. U., 3.

Running broad jump—Woolsey, U. of C., 21ft. 4¾ in.; Dozier, U. of C., 2; Johnson, S. U., 3.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Koch, U. of C., 37ft. 2¾ in.; Orcutt, S. U., 2; Edgren, U. of C., 3.

The University of California scored 9 firsts, 9 seconds and 4 thirds, or 67 points out of a possible 112.

April 20th, the Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association held a field-day at the grounds of the Olympic Club, San Francisco. Most of the competitors were from the University of California, but Stanford University, the Olympic and Reliance Athletic Clubs, the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco and the Amateur Academic League also sent representatives. Great interest was felt in the results, which practically determined the athletes to represent the University of California on the trip to the Eastern States.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, Chick, U. of C., 1½ yds., 10½s.; Barnes, U. of C., scratch, 2.

120-yard hurdle handicap—Final heat, Torrey, U. of C., scratch, 16½s.; Dyer, U. of C., scratch, 2.

220-yard handicap run—Barnes, U. of C., scratch, 23½s.; Drum, A. A. L., 7 yards, 2.

220-yard hurdle handicap—Final heat, Torrey, U. of C., scratch, 27¼s.; Guppy, A. A. L., 12 yards, 2.

440-yard handicap run—Jenks, A. A. L., 20 yards, 52¼s.; Barnes, U. of C., 6 yards, 2.

Half-mile handicap run—Bradley, U. of C., 13 yards, 2m. 1½s.; Thompson, A. A. L., 35 yards, 2.

One-mile handicap run—Jackson, A. A. L., 50 yards, 4m. 38¾s.; E. Brown, U. of C., scratch, 2ft. 2 inches.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—Simpson, U. of C., 4 feet, 34ft. 9in.; Koch, U. of C., scratch, 38ft. 4½in.; Edgren, U. of C., 2 feet, 35ft. 5in.

Wilbur, R. A. C., in exhibition, put the shot 40ft. 2in.

Pole vault, handicap—Dole, S. U., 3 inches, 10ft. 2½in.; Mumba, U. of C., 9 inches, 9ft. 7in.; Chick, A. A. L., scratch, 10ft. 2½in.

Running high jump, handicap—W. Patterson, U. of C., scratch, 5ft. 10¼in.

Running broad jump, handicap—Dole, S. U., 1 foot 3 inches, 20ft.; Chick, A. A. L., scratch, 21ft.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer, handicap—Simpson, A. A. L., 25 feet, 95ft. 9½in.; Edgren, U. of C., scratch, 117ft. 5½in.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

FENCING.

New Orleans Southern Athletic Club.—The fencing class of the Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans was organized October 28th, 1894, under the direction of Prof. P. Navarro, of Italy, an able and experienced director. From a handful of organizers has sprung a large class, among whom are Gastan Fuqua, J. Moore Soniat, Herbert D. Martin, Walton Glenny, Austin Pollard, Ulysse Marionni, Ira Wight, Albert Wettermark, Rixford Lincoln, A. McClellan, P. Labouisse, R. S. Spangenburg. Among those conceded to be the most expert with the foils are numbered Mr. Spangenburg, Mr. Fuqua, Mr. Pollard, and Dr. Soniat. Great enthusiasm is displayed in the graceful sport by the members of the class. The rules governing the class are those of the "Italian School of Fencing."

GASTAN P. FUQUA.

Detroit.—Fencing has taken a firm hold in Detroit this season.

The presence of Mr. S. C. Gurney, of London, England, has done much to arouse an enthusiastic interest in this sport.

Mixed classes were formed in connection with the Physical Training Department of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, and under the skillful and systematic work of Mr. Gurney as instructor, surprisingly good results have been obtained.

A flourishing club was organized March 27th, 1895, and fencing now bids fair to continue to have a strong following in local athletic circles.

The following officers were elected: President, Miss N. D. Kimberlin, Vice-President, Mr. W. E. Snyder, Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Gertrude Friedman, Instructor, Mr. S. C. Gurney.

N. D. KIMBERLIN.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FENCING.

The second annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Fencing Association was held at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York on May 4th. The

only teams entered in the tournament were those of Harvard and Columbia. Harvard won by the score of six bouts to three.

Townsend of Columbia and Thacher of Harvard showed the most proficiency with the foils, and their bout was the best of the evening. After four minutes of skillful thrusting and parrying, Thacher was declared the winner by a vote of 3 to 2.

Townsend and Parker had a spirited and scientific combat. Parker, who is a left-handed fencer, was hardly a match for his rival, whose work was more finished.

The Harvard team was composed of A. G. Thacher '97, (captain), J. E. Hoffman '96, and J. P. Parker '96; the Columbia team of F. Townsend, S. A. Tucker and R. D. Graham. The jury consisted of Dr. G. M. Hammond, N. Y. A. C.; Dr. James T. Kemp, Fencers' Club; Alfred Howard, Boston F. C.; Dr. M. J. Echeverria, N. Y. A. C.; and H. K. Bloodgood, Racquet and Tennis Club.

The following is a summary of the bouts: Parker, H., beat Graham, C.; Thacher, H., beat Tucker, C.; Townsend, C., beat Hoffman, H.; Thacher, H., beat Graham, C.; Hoffman, H., beat Tucker, C.; Townsend, C., beat Parker, H.; Graham, C., beat Hoffman, H.; Thacher, H., beat Townsend, C.; Parker, H., beat Tucker, C.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The amateur championship contest was concluded by the "finals" in New York City on the 27th of April.

The total scores were as follows: A. V. Z. Post, 21.77; C. G. Bothner, 20.53; F. Townsend, 20.31; C. Tatham, 19.78; J. Allaire, 11.93; P. Brigandi, 10.29.

In scoring each competitor received credit for the touches actually made and also allowances graded in accordance with the merits of his work in position, attack and defense.

FOOTBALL.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The first attempt of the presidents of our larger institutions to get together has not been productive of anything especially valuable to the interest of college athletics. The meeting was arranged for the sole purpose of doing good, but the rules adopted seem more likely to work harm and breed dissension. Little was accomplished except in showing the attitude of some of the colleges on the professional and athletic club questions. The rules as adopted went squarely

against athletic clubs by prohibiting games with them and even on athletic club grounds. This action seems especially harsh toward the Chicago Athletic Association, which has done a great deal in advancing Western athletics. I must confess that I think the action against athletic clubs ill advised.

It is not my intention to consider at length the rules adopted, for I have no idea that they will control the actions of the institutions named, nearly all of whom have some fault to find with

different rules. Some want one interpretation, others another; some want them to go into effect now, others at a later date.

Illinois seems to be partially satisfied; but as the conference was arranged for the purpose of legislating on the professional question, the Illinois faculty has concluded that the legislation did not get close enough to the subject.

Northwestern occupies an amusing position just now, for they have adopted the rules, excepting that rule 5 on professionals should go into effect in September. Pitcher Griffith played last year with the Cleveland league team, and, if I mistake not, is under contract for this year, though he expects to be in college until July. Of course his services on the nine are very desirable, and consequently Northwestern purposes to postpone the effect of the professional rule until Griffith has been used.

Chicago has ratified the rules practically as they were adopted by the presidents, but there will have to be elastic interpretations if some of their baseball candidates are permitted to play.

The other universities interested have not been heard from, and I doubt if any of them ratify the action of the presidents. I believe the desired legislation on professionalism, etc., will come with close league relations, and not before. Any legislation that may be made without a league will be entirely unsatisfactory, for why should A and B have strict rules governing them, when they in all probability will not meet in contests, but instead both contest with C, who is not a party to the agreement, and of course is not subject to the rules. There will be just such a case, or rather a number of such cases, in the middle West. I look for the presidents' action to accomplish very little. HARRY F. KENDALL.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

At the meeting of intercollegiate delegates held at San Francisco in the first week of March, the University of California proposed to dispense with coaches from the Eastern States, but this proposition was not carried. It was agreed, however, that after 1898 the college teams should be coached only by graduates of colleges on the Pacific Coast. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN THE NORTHWEST.

At a meeting held early in March the Athletic Association of Northwestern University determined to issue a call for a convention of football experts from the colleges of the Northwest, for the purpose of devising salutary changes in the rules and practice of intercollegiate football. The call was duly issued by the executive committee, which consists of John Singleton, president; Frank Haller, secretary; E. J. Williams, manager of the baseball team; Frank McCaskey, manager of the tennis association; and W. P. Kay, manager of the track athletic association.

The Convention assembled at Evanston, Ill., March 29th, and occupied two days in deliberation. The delegates present were: G. Van Sant and A. T. Larsen, University of Minnesota; F. Gillen, University of Wisconsin; H. J. Hinkley, Beloit College; J. P. Van Doozer, M. W. Mattison and J. Singleton, Northwestern University; A. A. Stagg and J. Allen, University of Chicago; C. W. Baird, University of Michigan; W. H. Williams, A. O. Jackson, D. H. Jackson and M. Woolsey, Lake Forest University.

The committee on revision of the rules reported in favor of making the following changes:

1. That two umpires and one referee shall be appointed to direct the game, and the referee be empowered to call foul in case of a violation of a rule not seen by the umpires.
2. That one substitute from each team shall act as linesman during the game, and shall use a line five yards in length with a stake at either end.
3. That the side missing a goal shall have the option of the ball or not.
4. That the side making a fair catch shall be given five yards, and from that place the side making the fair catch shall have the option of a free kick or a down, provided that such fair catch is not made within twenty-five yards of the opponents' goal. The player attempting such fair catch shall call out "fair catch," and if interfered with or tackled while making the attempt shall be given twenty-five yards.
5. Whenever a side has tried a drop kick at the goal upon the first down inside the twenty-five-yard line, and the result has been a touch-back, the line of kick-out shall be the fifteen-yard line.

These recommendations were adopted, and Professor A. A. Stagg, University of Chicago, was chosen a delegate to present them at a conference of Eastern collegiate football men to be held in New York City this spring.

The Convention also adopted the following preamble and resolution:

We sincerely regret that the unwarranted roughness of a few football teams last season gave occasion for the serious agitation among several colleges for barring football from the list of college sports. We also regret that, to some extent, football is regarded as a brutal game by the public; therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely believe the game of football to be an excellent form of physical exercise, which appropriately belongs to the college campus. That we do not believe brutality is a necessary incident to the game, but is due to the lack of proper discipline and management. That we believe the style of play depends in a great measure upon the captains and coaches of the teams, and that it is the unanimous sentiment of the conference that all kinds of intentional roughness and brutality be strongly condemned on our respective college grounds; that the practice of playing coaches and non-bona fide students, or students of an inferior grade of scholarship, be discouraged, and that we call upon the faculty of our respective colleges to enforce these recommendations.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have adopted the following rules:

"Rule I.—The dean of each department of the University shall appoint a committee on athletics for his department, from the members of the faculty of his department, said committee to consist of not more than three members and to serve for one year.

"Rule II.—The committee of each department shall exercise a general supervision over the physical well being of the students in the department under the direction and in accordance with the suggestions of the University Committee to be hereinafter mentioned. It shall also inquire into the eligibility, in point of scholarship and physical condition, of the students who may desire to serve on any athletic team, and shall report its findings to the dean.

"Rule III.—There shall be a University committee on athletics, said committee to consist of the chairmen of the various department committees. The chairman of the College committee shall be the chairman of the University committee. This committee shall be charged with the oversight of the physical life of the students of the university. It shall inquire into the hygienic condition of the students' lodgings; it shall, through the assistance of the physician, as may be appointed by the university authorities, take charge gratuitously of the health of the students; it shall provide facilities for the phys-

ical examination of students on their entrance to the university, and at such other stated times as may seem desirable; it shall have a general supervision over the gymnasium, and arrange such times and methods of exercise as shall make it available and profitable to the largest possible number of students. It shall, in conference with the members of the Athletic Association and of the students, make regulations to govern athletic contests, both interclass and intercollegiate. The captains or managers of the several athletic teams shall report to this committee lists of their men for approval, without which approval no student shall be permitted to serve on any team. Such permission can only be granted with the consent in writing of the dean of the department to which the student belongs. Permits for absence from work for purposes of athletics shall be obtained through this committee from the deans of the several departments."

A meeting of the Board of Overseers was held, April 10th, at which the subject of intercollegiate football was discussed, and the following vote was taken:

Voted, That in the judgment of the Board of Overseers the decision of the question of the continuance of intercollegiate football at the university is within the powers of the athletic committee under the standing rules of the president and fellows and the Board of Overseers.

Voted, That in the opinion of the Board of Overseers intercollegiate football at the university should be abolished when it is shown that the existing serious evils and abuses of the game cannot be corrected.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The association game was played in St. Louis fifteen years ago and was never entirely abandoned. In 1884 the Thistles were the strongest team in the city. On Christmas day of that year a team from the Western Football Association of Ontario visited St. Louis and defeated the Thistles by nine goals to none. Two days later "all St. Louis" met the same fate by a reduced score, 5-0. Annual games with Chicago clubs have been the only trials of strength with outside teams since that time. In these games the advantage has been usually with the northern city.

In 1891, owing to the efforts of some Irish gentlemen, the sport experienced a distinct revival. A six club league was formed under the presidency of Dr. Charles Cassel. The teams finished in the following order—Kensingtons, Pastimes, Shamrocks, Hibernians, Olympics and Christian Brothers College. The play during

this year was not marked by great skill. The winners were a team of athletic young men who displayed more individual than team play. They went through the season, however, without a defeat, and with the loss of only one goal. In the following year the Kensingtons had to give way to the Blue Bells, a newly formed club composed of young Scotchmen who had learned the game in the old country. They introduced the passing game, and by their easy victories showed the value of combination play. They were defeated once by the Kensingtons, who were runners-up, and once by the Shamrocks, who finished third. The other contestants were the Hibernians, Olympics and Missouri Amateur Athletic Club, named in the order of their strength.

1893 saw two distinct leagues in St. Louis, one called the Lindell, and the other formed in the different parishes and known as the Sodality. The Shamrocks were victors in the Lindell league, while the St. Teresa's led the Sodality league. In the play-off for the championship of the city, the Sodality team won a bitterly contested game by the narrow margin of one to nothing, the winning goal being scored within less than a minute of the close of the game.

For the season of 1894-5 the old rivals appear under new names. The Shamrocks are now known as the St. Lawrence, the Blue Bells as the Cycle Club and the Kensingtons as the Branch Guards. A fine season of sport is being enjoyed, but the competition is not yet ended.

The Peninsular Association Football League has been formed, with headquarters at Detroit, Michigan. Three American clubs—the Diamonds, Caledonians and the Michigan Athletic Association, and three Canadian clubs—the Windsor, Essex and Walkerville, are the entries. A schedule of thirty games has been arranged. Play will commence April 20th and the season will close about the end of June. The officers of the league are Honorary President, Samuel Clark; President, Fred E. Corbett; Vice-President John Trix; Secretary-Treasurer, S. J. Watts.

The average attendance at the four games preceding the semi-final in the contest for the English cup—all played on the same day—was over twenty thousand.

Eighteen thousand gathered to witness a game between Renton and Dundee recently. The game resulted in a draw and will be replayed. Glasgow was the scene of the battle.

S. J. WATTS.

BASEBALL.

IN THE EAST.

Recent games have afforded good opportunities to judge of the merits of the great college teams, so far as that may be done by watching their play with the minor college nines. The teams are now in something like permanent shape as to make up and we may expect them to play their series with the players occupying much the same position, as at present.

Yale's team presents very few new men. The only men of last year's team not now playing are Case, shortstop; Arbutnot, third base, and

Murphy, second base, and of these Murphy is still in college and available if necessary. The men seem to be picked, but Captain Rustin has had a great deal of trouble to get them placed to best advantage. Carter is of course depended upon for the big games and may be counted on to uphold his reputation as the best college pitcher. He has been bothered with a bad arm and has once or twice been pounded quite hard, but the warm weather will doubtless bring him around all right. Owing to Carter's lameness Trudeau has done most of the pitching and he has done it

very well considering the amount of work required of him. He is a steady, accurate and altogether reliable substitute. Greenway is catching better than ever and with Carter makes as good a battery as was ever seen on a college team. Stephenson makes a good fielding first baseman and is one of the best hitters on the team. As third, Fincke, the captain of last year's freshman team, gives promise of doing fine work. He is a very hard, active and intelligent player. He has been ill for a time but is now back and doing well. Second and short have given much trouble and even now do not seem to be fully settled. Following the example of Captains Bliss and Case, Captain Rustin has seen fit to come in from the field to short, where he plays steadily and well but by no means brilliantly. Quinby, who played as short for a time, has been moved over to second, and Reddington who was tried on second is now back in the field, where he played last year. The infield, as at present made up, is only fair in fielding, none too steady, and not covering any too much ground. Still the men have all had considerable experience and with another month of practice together should settle down so as to play a good average game. The outfield will be much better. Speir and Reddington are experienced men, both of them quick and active fielders and accurate throwers. Keater, the third man, played some last year, and is fielding brilliantly and batting better than anyone else on the team. Speir has a streak of bad luck and J. Quinby has taken his place for a few games. He is, however, not Speir's equal in any respect. The batting of the Yale team has not been over strong, Keater, Stephenson, Rustin and Greenway doing the best work in this particular. The base running is very good and the proportion of runs to hits has been unusually large. On the whole, the Yale team has a fair infield, a fine outfield and the best of the college batteries. The hitting is not very strong and yet it is a fairly good run-getting team. All things considered, it should win from Harvard and Princeton, not on the strength of its own score, but because these two teams are sure to find it most difficult to score against the Yale battery.

At Princeton there is also a veteran team. Mackenzie and King were perhaps the best of last year's team and their absence this year will be felt. Yet with seven old men Princeton should have no trouble in getting up a good team. With Otto on first, Brooks at short, and Gunster at third, Princeton has three good fielders in the infield. Brooks was tried at second for a time but has gone back to his old place and W. D. Ward has come in to cover second, where he plays a very steady though not at all a brilliant game. The outfield will be made up of Payne in left and two of the three pitchers, Altman, Bradley and Easton. Payne is one of the best college outfielders, strong in all departments of the game, and Bradley is not far behind him. Altman and Easton are played for their hitting as they are nothing more than fair fielders. For catchers Williams and Trenchard are available. Both have had experience and are good backstops, while Williams throws finely at times. In the box Princeton is not strong. Altman has good speed and control but his pitching has a "sameness" about it that prevents him ranking as a first class pitcher. Bradley is a fine pitcher so

far as he goes, being possessed of good curves, control, and an excellent "head," but his light weight handicaps him and he lacks speed. If he can get a little more strength and speed he will prove a very fine man before the season is over. For a new man, Easton gives great promise. He is left-handed, has good speed, sharp curves, and what is unusual in a left-hander, excellent control. He is a trifle unsteady, but only lacks experience to make him an effective man. The batting of the team is erratic, ranging from good to very poor. Payne, Bradley and Altman are good reliable hitters, while the rest of the team needs practice badly. The men are quite lively on the bases, but are not a particularly strong run-getting team, Ward, Payne and Bradley being the best. On the whole Princeton's team fields well and bats only fairly. Her great weakness seems to be in the box and it is there that Yale should win from her.

At Pennsylvania affairs are in a peculiar situation. Boswell and Coogan—last year's battery—have recently signed with League teams. Thomas, who was elected captain, has resigned and is not a candidate, and Reese has been ruled out by the faculty regulations. Hollister is a candidate and is playing regularly, this making at least his sixth year of college baseball. The nine as it plays at present is strong in all points but in the battery. Goeckel, the best of the college first basemen, is covering his old place as well as usual. Contrell is again at second and Capt. Blakely covers third. All of these men are good fielders and experienced players. Avil at short is a new man. He is a brilliant but very erratic player. On the whole, Pennsylvania's infield is a trifle the best of the colleges. In the outfield Blair and Hollister are good reliable fielders, while Gray, who covers the third place, seems to be up to the standard. Brennan, a new man, is doing the catching well in all respects. Pennsylvania's weak spot is in the box. Shoenut is the best of the candidates. He has fair curves and good speed but is not what may be called a first-class man. Dixon makes a fair substitute. Taken all in all, the Pennsylvania team is composed of good fielders and is perhaps the best batting team among the colleges. It is, however, undeniably weak in the box and would hardly best Yale if the teams should come together, but might win both of its Harvard games.

At Harvard, affairs are but little better than they were last year. The attitude of "the powers that be" is not at all conducive to great enthusiasm and the team is greatly handicapped in that direction. Then there are many good players in the University who are not eligible under the rules. Frothingham, Upton, Abbott, Sullivan, Cook, Dickinson, Wiggin, and Cummings, of former times, and a half dozen other good players are in the professional schools but ineligible owing to the four-year rule. This rule will prove to be a good step in the end, but at present its effect is almost disastrous. The team as now playing is made up almost entirely of new men who lack experience and hence play unsteadily at times. Stevenson at first is a hard worker, but his playing is crude. He has improved steadily and should make a fair showing by the end of the season. At second, Wrenn, the tennis-champion, is playing a very steady and effective game, his only real weakness being a poor throw, which is

of course less of a handicap at second than at most positions. Captain Whittman at short is a hard, fast player, but he evidently feels the weight of the work on his hands and is not doing so well as last year. Still he is certain to improve and will make a brilliant short-stop. At third, Winslow, last year's short-stop, is doing very well. All of the infielders are hard workers and in some games this year have played together in splendid style. They should make a very strong fielding infield. The outfield has in Rand and Burgess two freshmen who are fielding and throwing brilliantly and steadily. Hayes is not a good fielder, but is played for his hitting, which is usually very good. Behind the bat, Scannell is showing a remarkably good game. His backstopping is perfection and his throwing good. Buckman is also a good backstop but does not seem to be well up in the fine points of the game. It is in the box that Harvard is weak. Highlands has all the requisites of a first-class man but the proper disposition. He is very unsteady and his work ranges from the very best to only fair, and that too in nearly every game he pitches. Paine has good speed and curve but is young and lacks experience. He will crowd Highlands hard for first place before the season is over. The batting of the whole team is at present rather weak. The men are most of them inexperienced and over-anxious and do not wait for good balls to hit. However, Colonel Winslow's strong point is batting, and he is putting systematic work into this part of the nine's training, which must have good results. On the whole the Harvard nine is fielding strongly but is weak in the box and in hitting. With a good pitcher and more batting practice the nine would be a strong opponent for any of the college teams.

In the New England Association, composed of Amherst, Dartmouth and Williams, a new arrangement has been entered into which promises to have a good effect on the general athletics of all three of the colleges. For some time past, Amherst and Williams, who have no professional schools, have objected to the playing of the medical men on the Dartmouth teams, both baseball and football. The result was a recent vote to exclude professional schoolmen, and Dartmouth withdrew.

Happily the Dartmouth men saw that it was decidedly against their interest to be shut out from all games with their natural rivals, and they offered a compromise which was accepted. The three colleges have formed a league in baseball, football, and track athletics, and are to play only collegemen. This settles the matter to the satisfaction of all, and the new league promises to be permanent as well as beneficial.

The baseball outlook promises a close and exciting struggle. Dartmouth seems to have the best team, but has been seriously weakened by the defection of Dinsmore, her best pitcher, who has left the medical school in disgust because the rules of the new league will prevent his playing next year. Petty, a freshman, is the best man left, and judging from his work in the early games he will do well, though he is not at all Dinsmore's equal. The nine has a fine catcher in Abbott, and the whole team is hitting and fielding in a snappy manner most refreshing to the spectator. If Petty turns out well, Dartmouth should make a hard fight in spite of the loss of Dinsmore.

Williams has a very strong battery in Lewis and Draper, who are strong enough to be of use to any college team. The rest of the nine is weak in fielding and not over strong in batting.

At Amherst there is an excellent fielding team, and Gregory is a very steady and effective pitcher, with excellent control and judgment. The batting of the whole team is decidedly weak, but if this can be improved there should be a very strong chance for Amherst to win the championship. Certainly the team will do better than last year.

Much depends on the sort of secondary pitching material the various teams develop. It is the custom in this league to play the games in pairs, two at a time on successive days, and as few pitchers can pitch two such games in succession, it can readily be seen that good substitutes will play an important part in the fight. At present, all three teams seem to be depending on a single man to do all the work.

Of the other college teams, Georgetown, Brown and Holy Cross are very strong this year. None of them, however, should be considered as amateur teams, as their players are drawn largely from a class of men who are not in good amateur standing. In fact, a good reputation as a player on a semi-professional team is a help rather than a hindrance to a candidate for one of these teams.

Georgetown has a very strong team, and has already defeated Yale and Princeton in Washington, and Pennsylvania in Philadelphia—this last the first game the Quakers have lost on the home grounds in two years.

Georgetown's nine is very strong in all points of the game, and has in Mahoney a pitcher who ranks very close to Carter.

Brown also is playing finely, and has in Toumey and Lander perhaps the best third base and short-stop pair in the colleges. Her pitchers, White and Sommersgill, are steady and effective, and being backed up by a fine fielding team are hard men to score against.

Brown's base running is poor, and her good batting has been practically thrown away in several games by foolish play on the bases.

Holy Cross has a good team though not so strong as Brown.

The two preparatory schools, Exeter and Andover, are still at variance and refuse to play each other, much to the detriment of both. Graduates of the two schools are hard at work trying to arrange games, and it is hoped their efforts will succeed. A good healthy rivalry, such as existed years ago, must be beneficial to both schools in all ways.

Below will be found some of the scores of the more important games played up to May 8:

April 11, at Washington...	Georgetown...	20,	Yale.....	5
April 16, at Washington...	Princeton.....	12,	Georgetown	7
April 17, at Washington...	Georgetown...	17,	Princeton...	11
April 19, at Manchester...	Dartmouth...	7,	Harvard...	6
April 23, at Cambridge...	Harvard....	3,	Dartmouth..	2
April 24, at Providence...	Brown.....	5,	Dartmouth..	3
April 25, at Providence...	Dartmouth...	3,	Brown.....	2
April 27, at Amherst....	Harvard....	5,	Amherst....	1
April 27, at New Haven...	Yale.....	9,	Brown.....	8
April 29, at Ithaca.....	Princeton...	6,	Cornell....	5
April 30, at Worcester...	Holy Cross...	4,	Harvard....	3
May 1, at Cambridge...	Harvard.....	10,	Williams...	3
May 1, at New Haven...	Yale.....	11,	Wesleyan...	5
May 1, at Williamstown...	Harvard.....	11,	Williams....	4
May 6, at Philadelphia...	Georgetown..	7,	Penn.....	6
May 7, at Cambridge...	Brown.....	13,	Harvard....	8
May 8, at Amherst.....	Amherst.....	8,	Williams...	5

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

YACHTING.

The following are the fixtures up to July 1st. Secretaries of yacht clubs will confer a favor by transmitting to OUTING additions and corrections either to the accompanying list or the season's list as published in the May number.

- June 1—American Yacht Club, of Newburyport, cruise.
- June 1—Atlantic Yacht Club, special regatta.
- June 1—Corinthian Yacht Club, Atlantic City, N. J., regatta.
- June 1—Old Colony Yacht Club, mosquito class.
- June 1—Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, skiffs and steam yachts.
- June 1—Winthrop Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 1—Quincy Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 1 and 2—San Francisco Yacht Club, cruise.
- June 3—Winthrop Yacht Club, evening race.
- June 6—American Yacht Club, of Newburyport, moon-light sail.
- June 8—Atlantic Yacht Club, special regatta.
- June 8—Huguenot Yacht Club, club race.
- June 8—Knickerbocker Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 8—Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, cruising race.
- June 11—Atlantic Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 13—New York Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 14—Williamsburg Yacht Club, cruise.
- June 15—American Yacht Club, of Newburyport, regatta.
- June 15—Atlantic Yacht Club, special regatta.
- June 15—Cape Cod Yacht Club, regatta off East Dennis.
- June 15—Hull Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 15—Larchmont Yacht Club, spring regatta.
- June 15—Philadelphia Yacht Club, annual regatta on the Delaware River.
- June 15—Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, skiffs and steam yachts.
- June 15—Winthrop Yacht Club, cruise.
- June 15 and 16—San Francisco Yacht Club, cruise.
- June 17—Corinthian Yacht Club, Atlantic City, N. J., cup race.
- June 17—Corinthian Yacht Club, cruisers' race.
- June 17—Massachusetts Yacht Club, regatta, off Nahant.
- June 22—Atlantic Yacht Club, special regatta.
- June 22—Douglaston Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 22—Duxbury Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 22—Norwood-Yankee Doodle Match, on the Hudson River.
- June 22—Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, class races.
- June 22—Tower Ridge Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 22 and 23—San Francisco Yacht Club, cruise.
- June 23—California Regatta, at San Francisco.
- June 24—Pavonia Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 24—Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 25—Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, run to New London.
- June 29—Atlantic Yacht Club, special regatta.
- June 29—Cape Cod Yacht Club, regatta off East Dennis.
- June 29—Dorchester Yacht Club, open regatta.
- June 29—Hull Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 29—Manchester Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 29—New Rochelle Yacht Club, annual regatta.
- June 29—Steam Yacht Race, in Long Island Sound.
- June 29—Squantum Yacht Club, first championship race.
- June 29—Quincy Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 29—Winthrop Yacht Club, regatta.
- June 29—Yonkers Corinthian Yacht Club, regatta.

PREPARING FOR THE CUP RACES.

In Frank Stockton's clever story, "The Great American War Syndicate," it will be remembered that the United States became involved, in the writer's imagination, in a war with Great Britain. With the fact staring in its face that its navy was unable to cope with the English warships, and the defenses inadequate to resist an invasion, the government was thrown into a state of demoralization until an enterprising syndicate of unlimited resources stepped in and contracted to carry on the war on a business basis. Taking the work in hand, the syndicate ignored all time-honored traditions, and succeeded in filling its contract by means of the most commonplace and, in that instance, the most ridiculous procedures. Beneath the humorous covering of this story one cannot fail to notice a principle, predominant in the American disposition, which has

actuated the Cup syndicate throughout in its preparation for the maintenance of our yachting pride. Six months ago the American yachting periodicals were quaking till their type was blurred at the impossibility of successfully defending a challenge for the *America's* Cup, when lo! the syndicate appeared, well provided with Yankee brains and Yankee gold, and now nobody need worry much about the defense of the cup. The work on both yachts has gone so far that the extreme secrecy can be safely relaxed, and the public may form a rough idea of the respective competitors. The *Defender* is an unprecedented creation. The great designer, who knew everything about the present type of boat, evidently went over mentally everything from bowsprit end to taff-rail and from truck to keel, thinking "Speed, speed, will this give speed?" Everything unhelpful went overboard, no matter how time-honored. He wouldn't have hesitated to drop out the keel or eliminate the deck if these fundamentals had not passed his test. They didn't suit him as it was and he made a keel and a deck such as were never dreamed of before. He boldly employed materials hitherto untried; they say he is experimenting with combinations of rigging which may alter the lead of those ropes which have been running in the same fashion since the days of the caravels; he couldn't abide even a crew aboard, except when they were needed, so off the boat they will go when the day is done, to come back again next morning, like workmen with their dinner-pails. He weighed the rigging and the blocks in his mind. They were all too heavy. The blocks would weigh four or five tons at least, and most of them aloft. They mustn't weigh a ton. The block-makers were in despair. "The designer was crazy!" One venturesome block-maker yielded to the pressure. Lignum-vite, costly and unimpeached for centuries, disappears. Unheard-of blocks, of steel and bronze, and ash interwoven with brass-screw wire, are invented, and all to weigh less than a ton. He had tried horizontal instead of vertical cloths in the sails of his small racers; they were found to set well and to resist strain more evenly than those of the old fashion, so the first, best suit will have cloths from luff to leach—though, gracious! this belle of the sea is to have four sets of gowns in her trousseau, of which three have already been ordered. There never was a boat, in design, construction or rig, such as this boat will be.

Everything possible is being done at Bristol to get the *Defender* overboard by June 15th, as the Herreshoffs are not anxious to be subject to the penalty of \$1,000 on that day and \$100 for each succeeding day. The wages of the workmen have all been raised and the work energetically pushed. As previously stated in the Records, her frames and floors are steel, her lead keel is sheathed with Tobin bronze plates; the keel-plate, stern and sternpost are of cast bronze; the under-water body, manganese bronze; and, above water, almost pure aluminum with about ten per cent. alloy of copper. The plates below the chains will be steel, to better withstand the strain of the shrouds. The deck-beams are also of alloyed aluminum. This being the first use of this light and expensive metal in naval

construction, the experiment will be watched with interest; for in future its cost will probably be greatly reduced, as it has been in the last few years. She is said to have 72 frames, 20½ inches apart. She is about 132 feet over all, with 23 feet 2 to 4 inches beam, and 18½ feet draught. Of course no absolutely correct measurements can be given, although there is good reason to believe these are not far out of the way. Many sets of measurements have been given, most of them wide of the mark. The spars were made in Boston, and are of finest Oregon pine. When delivered at Bristol they measured about as follows, but they will doubtless be thinned and trimmed: Mainmast, 102 feet in length; circumference at the heel, 35 inches; diameter at step, 18 inches. Boom, 102 feet; diameter at jaws, 10½ inches. Gaff, 64 feet. Bowsprit, 44 feet. Spinnaker pole, 72 feet. Topmast, 57 feet. Club topmast pole, 51 feet.

A hollow gaff, braced on the inside, is being made for experiment at Bristol, and if it can be made sufficiently strong without being unwieldy, it will be permanently used. The speculation as to the amount of sail-spread is vague at present writing, though the most conservative estimate gives 1,300 square feet more in the mainsail than in *Vigilant's* mainsail. This alone would make 12,600 square feet, as *Vigilant's* sail-area is about 11,300 square feet. In the contract it was stipulated that the builders should supply one suit of sails and the owners another. The Herreshoff suit will be cut with cloths running from luff to leach, and the other suit will be put together in the usual way. The latter are being made by Wilson & Silsby, of Boston, who made the canvas for *Colonia*, *Fubilee*, *Navahoe*, etc. A third suit has been ordered, and a fourth is talked of. The blocks, which are to be constructed after the recent patents of E. J. F. Coleman, will be made by Walter Coleman & Sons, who supplied those of *Vigilant*. It is stated the heavier blocks will be sent for testing to the U. S. Arsenal at Watertown, Mass., the throat-halyard blocks to be tested to 28 tons. There will doubtless be novelties in the lead of the running-rigging, although the widely circulated story that the halyards would run through tubes in the deck to winches below is probably without foundation. A novelty may be also expected in the steering-gear. Its nature is not yet known, perhaps not yet worked out, but it is fairly certain that a tiller will not be employed as has been reported. The sheer-plan of the *Defender* is almost like that of the lost *Valkyrie*, and probably not unlike that of its new rival. Aside from this, the boats will be very dissimilar, and, strange to say, the American boat will probably be the narrower and deeper. There has been no delay in the works of the Henderson Bros. in the construction of *Valkyrie III*. It is reported that she will be narrower than *Ailsa* by a foot or more, that she has an enormous after overhang, and that her under-water profile is similar to the new 40-rater *Caress* and to Hon. Victor Montague's *Carina*. Her main-boom is said to measure 110 feet. If this is correct it will be 14 feet longer than *Ailsa's*, and 8 feet longer than *Defender's*. Her sail-spread will probably be 1,000 square feet greater than any other English yacht. She will be launched early in June. Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, who is Lord Dunraven's American representative, is reported

to have said that there is a good chance of both *Valkyrie III*. and *Ailsa's* coming over. In that case both yachts will probably abandon the Clyde races and endeavor to take part in the New York Yacht Club cruise. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished on this side; but, as it would leave no competitor for *Britannia* in the English races, and so deprive them of a prime feature, there will be a strong influence to keep *Ailsa* at home. Efforts are being made by altering her trim and rig to give her greater stability.

Vigilant, after a record breaking westerly passage of 17 days 18 hours and 25 minutes, proceeded promptly to Bristol, where her new centre-board was awaiting her, to be repaired and refitted; no important alterations, however, are contemplated. She will be fitted with a new suit of sails, probably with cloths from luff to leach in Herreshoff's pet fashion.

Everybody was glad when Gen. Paine announced that *Fubilee* would be altered to join the sport. She was launched from McIntyre's Yard at Quincy Point on May 6. She is now being lengthened about four feet on the water line without changing the over-all length forward. With a crack Scandinavian crew under Capt. H. Newcomb, she will do some good racing with *Colonia* and *Navahoe*. Whether she can compete with *Defender* or even with *Vigilant* is a question.

Colonia, under command of Capt. Haff, and manned by the already famous Deer Island crew, has joined her old rival *Vigilant* at Bristol, where she also is to be tuned up to racing trim.

THE TEN-RATERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

During the racing season on the Mediterranean in March, which included the regattas near Cannes, Monaco and Nice, after the series of trials between the *Britannia* and *Ailsa*, which were fully summarized in our May records, interest was directed to the performances of Mr. Harry Allen's American ten-rater *Dakotah*; keen and close racing was anticipated for her, especially with the Vicomte de Rochehouart's *St. Marcial* and the *Luciole II.*, a racing machine of French design, built last winter at Bordeaux for M. Vinton, for the purpose of defending the French trophies against the redoubtable American. As every one knows, the *Dakotah* was designed and built by Herreshoff a year ago for European racing, and that during the season of 1894 she defeated everything in her class, although several boats were built to meet her, including the *Sula*, designed by Watson and built with centre-plate and bulb, and the *Rosetta*, by Camper and Nicholson, and of similar construction. Both of the latter boats proved to be failures from the start. Fife's fin-keel *Lilith*, owned by R. Collins, proved a worthy competitor, having won ten first and twelve second prizes during the season. The deep-body cutters, however, could not come near the Herreshoff model. The *Dakotah* during the season entered thirty-five races, securing twenty-seven first prizes and one second prize; up to May 1st, 1895, her record shows her the winner of thirty-four first prizes out of forty-four competitions, her prizes; exclusive of cups, medals and works of art are valued at \$24 pounds sterling. The *Dakotah* won about \$2,500 from her Mediterranean races alone, of which it is reported her owner presented \$600 to the town of Cannes.

The principal races for ten-raters on the Riviera were as follows :

March 1. Cannes Regatta. Course a ten mile triangle, from Circle Nautique to St. Honoriat, to Pointe d'Aiguille and return, twice round. The wind strong and steady. *Dakotah*, winner, *St. Marcial*, second.

March 4. Ogden Goellet and J. G. Bennett cup No. 2. Course three times over the Cannes course as above, 30 miles; wind fairly strong; six entries; *Dakotah*, first; *Bebelle*, second, and *Rolla III.*, third.

March 7. Prize of the French Yacht Union. Entries and French ratings: *Dakotah*, H. Allen, 7.70 tons; *Rolla*, M. E. Giraud, 10.00 tons; *Lione*, Viscount de Nastois, 7.50 tons; *St. Marcial*, Viscount de Rochehouart, 9.50 tons, and *Yvonne*, Mr. Mac Naughten, 10.00 tons. *Dakotah* beat *Rolla* 5m. 22s., *Yvonne* being third.

March 8. To ascertain whether the *St. Marcial* could defeat *Dakotah* if the former were manned by an English crew, a match race for 500 francs was arranged, and Mr. Philip Percival, one of the best Corinthian skippers in England and member of the race committee R. Y. S., was invited to sail the French rater. He selected Capt. Tom Ratsey and two men from *Britannia*. The wind proved light and flawy, the race being part of the time a drift. *Dakotah* kept ahead till the French rater caught a flaw which gave her the lead. The American reports, hitherto published, were that *St. Marcial* won by 1m. 30s., and the result was so noted in our April records. The facts were that there was a misunderstanding as to the number of times around the course; the *St. Marcial* completed the first round ahead of *Dakotah* and returned to her moorings with her winning pennant set. The *Dakotah* kept on another round and the committee subsequently decided her the winner. Mr. Allen refused to accept the prize.

March 11. Mentone. Prize of the Yacht Club of France. Course from the light-house to a sea-mark and return, twice round, 14 miles. Entries: *Dakotah*, *Bebelle* (Marquis de Torcy), and *Rolla*. Stiff, reefing breeze. *Dakotah* started with one reef and topmast on end, the other boats with double-reef and housed topmasts. Concerning this race the London *Field* says: "*Dakotah's* was a peerless display, the little Yankee roundly beating her opponents. She seemed just to fit the sea, and walked to windward with a single-reefed mainsail better than the *Rolla* and *Bebelle* did with a pair of reefs down." *Dakotah*, with Mr. Allen at the helm, finished 5m. 8s. ahead of

Bebelle, and 7m. 2s. ahead of *Rolla*; the last was awarded second prize by corrected time.

March 17. Monaco. Prize of the French Yacht Union. Triangular course, 15 miles, one round. Light or no wind. Flukes and drifts. Entries: *Dakotah*, *St. Marcial*, *Yvonne*, *Rolla*, *Va Partout* (M. M. Garaccio), of which the last broke down, losing topmast, *Dakotah* ahead of *Yvonne* at finish 10m. 50s., and ahead of *St. Marcial* 32m. 40s. The *St. Marcial* awarded second prize on allowance.

March 19. Coasting race, Monaco to Nice, nine entries. Fairly strong southwest wind, *Dakotah* sailing without topsail. *Dakotah*, first prize; *Contest*, second prize; and *Gareth* (Cochrane & Sutton), third prize. *Rolla* finished second, and *St. Marcial* third.

March 23. Nice Regatta. Prize of Monte Carlo. Course, twice over a ten mile triangle. Wind very light and flawy. Entries: *Luciole II.*, *Rolla*, *St. Marcial*, *Bebelle*, and *Dakotah*. The French *Luciole II.* met *Dakotah* for the first time, and made a wonderful exhibition of speed in light air. *Field* describes the new boat as "something like a butcher's tray in section, with a lot of sheer and little free board amidships." Start was made at 11 A. M., all kites being set. The new boat started under the lee of *St. Marcial*, but quickly shook her off and led the fleet over the course. The time at finish was: *Luciole II.*, winner, 4h. 46m. 12s.; *Bebelle*, second prize, 5h. 12m. 40s.; *Rolla*, 5h. 35m.; and *Dakotah*, third prize, 5h. 36m. 59s.

March 24. Nice. International Prize of the Mediterranean. Course, twice over a 10-mile triangle. No wind. Seven entries. Start 11 A. M. It took all day to make one round, after which all dropped except *Va Partout* and *Nike II.*, who got home at nine o'clock, the winner not declared. All of which would indicate that European racing without time-limit may consist in drifting round at night as long as the committee will sit up and wait for the finish.

March 25. Coasting match from Nice to Monaco and return, 19 miles. Strong wind and heavy sea. Entries: *Dakotah*, *Bebelle*, *Yvonne*, *Luciole II.* The French boats turned in two reefs, *Dakotah* and *Yvonne*, one reef; all topmasts on end, *Dakotah* setting jib-topsail early in the race. The race was a run to Monaco and a beat back. The Monaco mark was rounded thus: *Bebelle*, *Dakotah*, *Yvonne*, *Luciole II.*, *Rolla*. The time at finish was as follows: *Dakotah*, 1h. 25m. 58s. P. M.; *Bebelle*, 1h. 25m. 40s.; *Luciole II.*, 1h. 40m. 31s.; *Rolla*, 1h. 42m. 59s. *Yvonne* was disabled.

R. B. BURCHARD.

CANOEING.

N. Y. CANOE CLUB.

The N. Y. Canoe Club having taken possession of their new club-house at Bensonhurst, have prepared for a revival in racing interest and an active and enjoyable season. Great encouragement is felt because of receipt of a challenge for the club's international challenge cup from the Corinthian Sailing Club of Montreal, which club will be represented by Mr. Charles E. Archbald, the present holder of the A. C. A. sailing trophy. Mr. Archbald was from his first racing season in 1890 a phenomenal sailor, and is evidently after all the highest canoeing honors. The New York cup is one of the most coveted canoeing prizes; has

never been captured by a foreign challenger, though it now stands a fair prospect of an early trip to Canada. Paul Butler, of Lowell, and T. Barrington, of New York, two of the old-time racers who have dropped out for a long time, have signified their intention to return to the sliding-seat. The club's fixtures as so far arranged are as follows: May 25th, scrub race; May 30th, first race for the season's record on points; June 8th, second race for record; June 15th, open spring regatta; June 27th, first trial race for international challenge; June 29th, second and third trial races in connection with the Marine and Field Club Regatta; July 4th, international races;

July 6th, final international race, if result shall not have been already decided; July 13th, race for record points; July 27th, record points; September 7th, open fall regatta. The members of the regatta committee are: Courtney Hyde, captain; L. L. Coudert, secretary; William Whitlock and H. S. McKeag.

MARINE AND FIELD REGATTA.

For six years the Marine and Field Club at Bath Beach, L. I., have made a canoe regatta one of the attractive events of the season. Under the management of Mr. W. S. Elliott these regattas have called out the best racing talent in the association, and they have always been successful from the standpoints both of the club and the visiting canoeists. An elaborate illustrated souvenir programme of the coming regatta has

been received, the appearance of which would indicate that canoeing interest does not languish at the M. and F. The programme set forth is as follows: Morning, sailing, unlimited, six miles, for the M. and F. Perpetual Challenge Cup. Sailing, limited, for canoes of the one design class, 15ft. length, 36in. beam, six miles. Afternoon, senior sailing. A. C. A. handicap race, six miles. Tandem paddling, for the M. and F. Perpetual Challenge Cup, one mile. Sailing, unlimited, M. and F. trophy, six miles. The N. Y. C. C. have arranged with the committee to consider these races a part of the trials for their international race, so a double interest is obtained, and exciting races are expected if the wind favors. The committee is composed of W. S. Elliott, chairman; C. Bowyer Vaux and Arthur Hurst.

R. B. BURCHARD.

ROWING.

CORNELL'S VISIT TO HENLEY.

Cornell University has entered an eight-oared crew for the Grand Challenge cup at the Henley-on-Thames Regatta, to be rowed July 9, 10 and 11. The crew, accompanied by four substitutes, C. E. Courtney, their trainer, W. T. Hastings, Commodore of the Cornell Navy, and Charles S. Francis, trustee of University, arranged to sail from New York City, May 29, on the American Line Steamship, City of Paris. The selected eight are as follows:

Row—F. M. Matthews, Buffalo, N. Y.; age, 21; height, 5.9½; weight, 165. He is a freshman in the law school, and has never rowed before this year.

No. 2—M. B. Spellman, Tonawanda, N. Y.; age, 20; height, 5.10; weight, 164. He was stroke of his freshman crew, and captain of the 1894 football team. He had played football several years before entering Cornell.

No. 3—E. C. Hager, Buffalo, N. Y.; age, 24; height, 5.10½; weight, 176. He rowed No. 3 on his freshman crew, and on the winning University crews of 1893-1894, and is also a football player.

No. 4—F. W. Freeborn, Ithaca, N. Y.; age, 24; height, 5.11; weight, 176. He rowed in the University crew in his freshman year, and again in 1894. He was left tackle on last year's football team, and is an all-around athlete.

No. 5—Thomas W. Fennell, Elmira, N. Y.; age, 19; height, 6ft.; weight, 176. He played centre on last year's football team.

No. 6—T. Hall, Washington, Ont.; age, 25; height, 5.10; weight, 180. He was stroke of the freshman crew which beat Yale in 1891; stroke of the University crew in 1892 and 1893, and captain and No. 6 in 1894. He also played left tackle on the football team for two years.

No. 7—C. A. Louis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; age, 20; height, 5.11; weight, 165.

STROKE—R. B. Hamilton, Ithaca, N. Y. He was stroke of his freshman crew, and also rowed in the University crew last year.

COXSWAIN—F. D. Colson, Buffalo, N. Y.; weight, 100lbs. He was coxswain of last year's freshman crew.

Substitutes will be taken as follows:

G. P. Dyer, Annapolis, Md.; age, 19; height, 5.11½; weight, 160. He rowed in his freshman crew, and was No. 3 in last year's University crew. He was also captain of last year's football eleven.

M. W. Roe, Chester, N. Y.; age, 22; height, 5.10½; weight, 168.

R. L. Shafe, Milwaukee, Wis.; age, 23; height, 6; weight, 165. He rowed in the freshman crew in 1891, and in the University crews in 1892, 1893 and 1894, and was elected captain of the Henley crew.

W. Bentley, Fluvanna, N. Y.; age, 18; height, 5.11; weight, 165.

Henley-on-Thames Royal Regatta was founded in 1839, and the regatta of 1895 will be the fifty-seventh annual. The races are rowed on the Thames, up stream, from just above Regatta Island to a point near Henley Bridge. The start is about a mile above Hambledon Lock, and the finish nearly the same distance below Marsh Lock, the whole stretch of water, from lock to lock, being 3¾ miles. The course is one mile and five-sixteenths in length. The first mile is nearly straight, with a little point jutting out at Rememham, but near the mile-post the river bends sharply to the left, which gives some advantage to the boat starting on the Berkshire side. Being on a short stretch of water, between two locks, there can never be much current. English oarsmen, who have trained on this course, inform us that when there is no wind, or a cross wind, it takes a four-oared crew about twenty seconds longer to row up than down, which would make the course about ten seconds slower than dead water. During regattas navigation is suspended, and the continuous closing of the locks deadens the stream still more. The current is so slight that, with a moderate wind behind them, boats lying at ease slowly float up stream, and a London report of a race, several years ago, says: "A strawberry-box thrown overboard would not have drifted the length of the course in twenty-four hours." The Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia, starting where the National races finish, and rowing up stream, is as nearly like the Henley water as any one course could be like another, and the upper Hudson, above the State dam, rowing up stream from the Laureate Club-house, is very similar.

The course is so narrow that the number of boats starting in a heat is sometimes three but usually only two. This makes necessary a large number of heats, spreading the regatta over three days, and winners are compelled to row two, three and sometimes four heats. The heats

follow each other so closely that there are two umpires, each with a steam-launch for his own use, and they judge alternate heats—one returning while the other goes up with a race.

The Grand Challenge Cup, for which Cornell has entered, is open to the amateur eight-oared crews of the world, and ranks as the principal event of the regatta. In addition to Cornell and the fastest crews in England, it is expected that eights will enter this year from Holland, Belgium and France.

W. B. CURTIS.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The interest in aquatic sports seems to be reviving, and several rowing clubs in and near San Francisco propose to build outrigger boats of an agreed-on beam and length, so that contests may be more easily arranged than at present. A new rowing association is to be formed, to which each club will send five delegates, and amateurs only are to be admitted to the regattas. The principal clubs that will enter the association are the Ariel, Pioneer, and South End rowing clubs, which have their headquarters in South San Francisco; the Dolphin and North Beach rowing clubs, and the Neptune Swimming and Boating Club, which have their headquarters at North Beach, and the Triton K. C. Several of the clubs have recently elected their officers: James S. Nyland is president of the Ariel; W. C. Espy of the Pioneer, A. L. Ratkoff of the Dolphin, and John Peat of the Triton. A regatta is to be held at El Campo May 30, when the first annual championship races on the Pacific coast will be held. A committee of the South End R. C. is busy making the necessary arrangements. A course of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles will be surveyed, and coast records established for the first time. There will be senior and junior four-oared barge races, and single shell races, conducted according to the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union. Besides the regular rowing clubs, St Mary's College has two crews in training, the Olympic and Acme athletic clubs each have one crew; and probably all the regular rowing clubs around the Bay will be represented. At Alameda are the quarters of the Eucinal B. C., and at Oakland the Boating Association of the University of California and the Columbia R. C. have good boathouses.

It has been decided by the executive committee of the North Western Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which has its headquarters at Victoria, B. C., and includes all the principal aquatic clubs north of San Francisco, to hold its annual regatta at Esquimault, near Victoria, July 19 and 20.

On the morning of April 25, the University of California boat house on Sessions' Basin was entirely destroyed by fire. It was a two-story structure, reached by a long narrow plank walk built on piles. The Association lost all its boats and equipment, valued at from four to five thousand dollars.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN THE MIDDLE NORTH-WEST.

The Minnesota Boat Club deserted the rowing tank March 21st, and began work in gigs on the river, the ice being very nearly out. The crews are working hard and the outlook is fair. The eight has been at work in the tank since January 1st, and are in good condition, their weight averaging about 166 pounds at present, which is considerably heavier than heretofore.

The Duluth Boat Club have ordered a new eight and will arrange a race with Minnesota. Dr. Lyman who stroked Harvard's lone winning crew of recent years will captain and row in their boat. The University of Madison have been working hard all winter on rowing machines and will have crews on the water as soon as the ice is out of the lake. Winnipeg do not row an eight but are going to have some very fast fours, and the prospects for rowing in this section of the country are bright.

This is the first year any of the clubs have paid very much attention to eight-oared rowing. While the Minnesota Club has turned out winning crews during the past two years, the fours were always utilized, and the eight, a combination of junior and senior fours, never rowed together more than three weeks at the most. The Western clubs are beginning to realize that nothing compares with an eight-oared race, and next year will undoubtedly find the greater part of them training eights.

N. P. LANGFORD, JR.

IN THE NORTHWEST.

The Annual Regatta of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association will be held August 9th and 10th at Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota. The regatta of 1894 will always be remembered, especially the junior four, when the first three crews finished less than a quarter of a length apart, and the senior four which Minnesota won from Winnipeg with almost as narrow margin. From present indications this year will turn out still faster crews.

All the clubs are working as they never have before. The eight-oared race between Duluth and the Minnesotas will be an additional feature of the coming regatta.

The University of Wisconsin eight, under the supervision of the Australian oarsman O'Day, will make a determined effort to recover from the Minnesotas the Schlitz challenge cup, in the straightaway two-mile race in June.

The Minnesotas will, if possible, row the University of Pennsylvania during their Eastern trip to the National Regatta at Saratoga, where they will probably participate in the eight and four oared and double sculling races, and there is some talk of attending the Middle States Regatta, July 4th. The crew, owing to the work in the tank, are in the best physical condition they have ever been, but are far from being up to Mr. Kennedy's standard in form. He is working them especially on the quick hard catch, quick start of slide on recovery, and the incline, but up to date the work has not become smooth and even. Owing to the fact that most of the oarsmen in the boat clubs do considerable sculling, they usually have very good blade work and watermanship, but seldom can compare with the colleges when it comes to the body work. To this last point more attention is being paid than heretofore.

N. P. LANGFORD, JR.

The fifty-second annual eight-oared match between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge Universities was won easily by Oxford in 20m. 50s. The course is about four and a quarter miles in length, and the race was rowed up stream, with a strong flood tide.

KENNEL.

BENCH SHOWS.

Toronto Kennel Club's fifth annual show, held April 25-28, was a gratifying success. The entries numbered 393. The judges were Messrs. J. F. Kirk, Montague Smith and Richard Gibson. The principal winners in sporting classes were as follows:

Deerhounds—Gurth. Borzois—Challenge, dogs: Argoss. Bitches: Princess Irma. Open, dogs: Ataman IV., Ivan. Bitches: Riga, Alma, Sud-darka. Puppies: Bonski.

Greyhounds—Challenge, dogs: Gem of the Season. Bitches: Southern Beauty. Open, dogs: Fawn, Dallas, Misterton. Bitches: Pee-De-Ku, Fleet. Puppies, dogs: Fleet, Kaphoozilum, Spring. Bitches: Topsy.

Foxhounds—English, open, dogs: Harmony, Band Master, Choir Master. Bitches: Chorister, Music. American, open, dogs: Buckshot, Ranger, Ringwood. Bitches: Guess, Melody, Songstress. Puppies: Cowner, Wild Cat.

Chesapeake—Open, dogs: Sport, Canvas Back, Faust. Bitches: Vixen, Otter Girl.

Pointers—55lbs. and over, dogs: Prince Graphic, Plush, Spotted Boy II. Bitches: Bessie Graphic. Under 55lbs., dogs: Brezo. Bitches: Graphic Francis, Fly.

English Setters—Open, dogs: Forest King, Rata, Toledo News. Bitches: Nellie Lee II., May, Carleton Florrie.

Irish Setters—Open, dogs: Red Bryan, Toronto Blarney, Larry. Bitches: Irene, Kerry Gow. Puppies, dogs: McGinty. Bitches: Kate O'Connor, Doreen, Widow Malone.

Gordon Setters—Open, dogs: Guy, Rob Roy. Bitches: Rive Gordon, Mount Royal Wanda.

Irish Water Spaniels—Open, dogs: Musha, Shot Rhue. Bitches: Marguerite. Puppies: Kitty O'Donnell, Flo.

Field Spaniels—Black, challenge: Samson, Open, dogs: Sweep, Schreweder, Canadian Boy. Bitches: Daisy Deane, Rosedale Princess, Belle. Liver—Challenge: Napoleon. Open: Nap. Any other color: Black Jack, Joe. Bitches: first withheld; second, Maud. Puppies; first withheld; second, Chappie.

Cocker Spaniels—Black, open, dogs: Still in the Ring, Guy, Rival. Bitches: Selma, Gyp Obo, Black Patti. Red or Liver—Open, dogs: Little Mac, Red Jocko II., Rascal Roland. Bitches: Venus, Red Flirt, Queenie, Mark. Any other color, dogs: Tramp. Bitches: Nora. Puppies, dogs: Holy Smoke. Little Mac, My Lad. Bitches: Selma, Quinte Belle, Red Duchess. Novice: Rascal Roland, Gyp Obo, Lady Fidget.

Beagles—Over 13 inches, dogs: Driver. Bitches: Music. Dogs, 13 inches and under: Ringwood, Mutiny. Bitches: Harmony, Midget. Puppies, dogs: Mutiny. Bitches: Mona.

New England Kennel Club's eleventh annual show was held at Boston, April 16-19. The entries numbered more than 750. The judges were Messrs. James Mortimer, Charles H. Mason, Henry W. Smith, A. Mulvey and Major J. M. Taylor. Spratt's Patent attended to the feeding. The principal winners in the sporting classes were:

Deerhounds—Challenge, dogs: Hillside War-rrior. Bitches: Hillside Romola. Open, dogs:

Hillside McGregor, Hillside Ravon, Argyle. Bitches: Hillside Ruth, Hillside Heather, Hill-side Fedora. Puppies: Sandy McPherson.

Greyhounds—Challenge, dogs: Southern Rhymes. Bitches: Bestwood Daisy. Open, dogs: Jack of Clubs, Dakota, Baltic. Bitches: Silk, Southern belle, Bed of Stone. Puppies: Wild Imp.

Russian Wolfhounds—Challenge, dogs: Col. Dietz. Bitches: Vinga. Open, dogs: Sorvanets, Groubian. Bitches, equal first: Zmeika, Lady Dietz. Puppies: Queen Catharine.

English Foxhounds—Songster, Mermaid, Win-some. American—Challenge: Bowsprit. Open, dogs: Big Strive, Clay, Duke. Bitches: Pearl Strive, Flirt, Primrose. Puppies: Striver, Sam-son. Field Trial Class: Clay, Sunmaid.

Chesapeake—Challenge: Rose. Open, dogs: Deacon, Peter. Bitches: Rose II., Biddy F. Puppies: Curly, Hero.

Pointers—Challenge, dogs, 55lbs. and over: Duke of Kent II., Molton Banner. Open, dogs, 55lbs. and over: Twinkle, Lord Bracken, King of Lynn. Bitches: Springside Nell, Alice Leslie, Emblem. Dogs, challenge, under 55lbs.: Duke of Hessen. Bitches: Lady Gay Spanker. Open, dogs, under 55lbs.: Ridgeview Chancellor, Lad of Rush, Kentwood. Bitches: Devonshire Pearl, Daisy, Belle. Puppies, dogs: Shadyway, Jno. B. Allison II. Bitches: Tell Tale, Dame Fortune. Field Trial Class: Duke of Hessen, Duke of Kent II.

English Setters—Challenge, dogs: Cactus. Bit-ches: Maid Marian. Open, dogs: Montell, Cincinnatus' Pride, Dan O'Light. Bitches: Nellie F. Clara, Our Pet. Puppies, dogs: Larkspur. Field Trial Class: Our Pet.

Irish Setters—Challenge, dogs: Kildare. Bit-ches: Queen Vic. Open, dogs: Henmore Sham-rock, Shamrock O'Moore, King Grew. Bitches: Ruby Glenmore, Coleraine, Princess. Puppies, dogs: Kilstal. Bitches: Borstal Norna. Field Trial Class: Finglas, Edna H.

Gordon Setters—Challenge, dogs: Ranger B. Bitches: Princess Louise. Open, dogs: Wanoos-noc Prince, Mount Royal Rush, Wang Ivanhoe. Bitches: Maid of Waverly, Sante Marie, Daisy Ivanhoe. Puppies, dogs: Count Noble's Boy, Duke Noble. Bitches: Esta Morse, Jessie II. Field Trial Class: Ranger B.

Field Spaniels—Challenge, bitches: Midnight III. Open, black, dogs: Dark Despair, Staley Baron. Bitches: Scandal, Endcliffe Myrtle.

Cockers—Challenge, dogs: Woodland Prince. Open, black dogs: Commodore, Adonis, Beppo, Bitches: Baby Buth, Woodland Princess, Fashion. Other than black, dogs: Billy, Lady Phillis, Mul-doan. Bitches: St. Lawrence Beauty, Red Niobe.

Clumbers—Open, dogs: Friar Boss, Endcliffe Bustler. Bitches: Reckless Friar, Meta.

Irish Water Spaniels—Open, dogs: Dennis, Mike O'Donahue. Bitches: Belva, Venus.

Beagles—Challenge, dogs: Roy K. Bitches: Lovely. Open, dogs, over 13 inches: Ringleader, Directum, Diamond Forest. Bitches: Silverena. Thirteen inches and under, dogs: Clarion, Roy, Rival. Bitches: Trill, Primrose, Maida. Pup-pies, dogs: Phantom, Comedy. Bitches: Fury, Schackne. Field Trial Class—Frank Forest, Gipsy Forest.

FIELD TRIALS.

The English Kennel Club's field trials began April 3, at Orwell Park, County of Suffolk. The twentieth Derby had 21 entries, the Brace Stakes 3 entries, and the All-Age Stakes 16 entries. In the Derby, Mr. S. Humphrey's l. w. and tan pointer b. Bonny Belle of Coldhill (Don of Bolcorderchess of Bolcorder), was placed first; Mr. H. Lurkin's Gordon setter b. Venus of Thyrimont (Wild Tan-Belle II.), was second; Mr. F. C. Lowe's b. w. and t. setter d. Squire of Kippen (Aldon Tam-Nancy of Kippen), third; Mr. A. B. Walker's l. and w. pointer d. Whist (Woolton Druid-Bertha of Drayton), fourth; Mr. E. C. Norrish's l. and w. pointer b. Sandford Reveller (Sandford Rollo-Sandford Maggie), fifth; and Mr. E. Bishop's l. and w. pointer b. Sarah Pedro (Senor Don Pedro-Hollyberry), sixth. Mr. W. Arkwright's pointers Tap and Mistletoe won the Brace Stake. The All-Age Stakes was won by Mr. C. Austin's Irish setter Ben Sullivan (Sullivan-Springfield Flirt), with Mr. L. Purcell Llewellyn's b. and w. setter b's Jessie Wind'em (Moss Wind'em-Jewell) and Rosa Wind'em (Dick Wind'em-May Wind'em) second and third. Mr. E. Bishop's l. and w. pointer b. Polly Pedro (Senor Don Pedro-Jeanette) was fourth.

The English Setter Club's field trials were run

April 9-10. The Puppy Stakes was won by F. C. Lowe's Squire of Kippen, with same owner's Mabel of Kippen second, and J. Bishop's Belle of Salop third. The Pointer Puppy Stakes was won by E. Bishop's l. and w. Jane Pedro, with A. B. Walker's Whist second, and A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's l. and w. Ightfield Mentor (Ightfield Torridge-Ightfield Musa) third. Jane Pedro won the Absolute. The All-Age fell to G. Pilkington's l. and w. pointer Woolton Druid (Woolton Dick-Lawn), with W. Arkwright's blk. pointer Tap (Rapp VI.-Sella Price) second, and same owner's l. and w. pointer Mistletoe (Naso of Strasburg-Kiss) third. The Brace Stakes was won by J. Bishop's setters Sweep the Green and Danger of Salop, with Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's setters Durham Daisy and South Durham Di second, and Mr. Richard's setters Wild Tam Tam and Fred, W. II. third.

That high-priced King of St. Bernards, Sir Bedivere, died in April. He was always a poor feeder, and gastritis claimed him at last. He was whelped August 27, 1887, was bred by T. H. Green, of Thorndale, England, and was imported in January, 1891. He was the best known dog in America, but great as he was upon the show bench, he failed to transmit his grand quality and proved a disappointment as a sire. DAMON.

LOFT.

Early as the season of 1895 began, the first of May found 210 miles the greatest distance covered, but there were birds waiting at 380 miles which, but for the bad weather, would have been liberated in time to have had this distance within the April dates, and thus have accomplished what was being tried for, namely, the 500 miles' journey early in May.

The Bellview Club had, contrary to expectation, been able to keep to its shipping dates, but in its two races had bad weather, that is, weather in which the birds must either in tacking go a great many more miles than they get credit for, or do hard work in breasting adverse conditions.

The entry for the first race was 56 cocks, 29 hens, from the lofts of Louis A. Mehler, E. W. Senderling, Charles Mehler, Jr., George Linsenmaier, George S. Gilmore, George B. Forbes, W. T. Innes and W. B. Potts, all of Philadelphia.

The start was from Bennings, D. C., about 125 miles, the morning of April 14, the cocks at 9 A.M., the hens a half-hour later. The best speed to each loft was:

COCKS.			
<i>Bird.</i>	<i>Owner.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>Speed.</i>
		H. M. S.	
Bon Ton.....	W. B. Potts.....	12 32 22	1000.6
Coxey.....	L. A. Mehler.....	12 32 19	1000.4
Blue Light.....	G. Linsenmaier....	12 32 40	999
Trainer.....	Chas. Mehler, Jr....	12 30 57	996.7
Ten Spot.....	E. Senderling.....	12 40 49	962.1
Ruby.....	W. T. Innes.....	12 43 38	955.2

HENS.			
Bonnie Princess..	Innes.....	1 05 00	993.5
Blue Cloud.....	L. Mehler.....	1 04 26	990.4
Carrie S.....	Potts.....	1 11 10	961.09
Black Hawk.....			

The second race was April 20, from Barboursville, Va., 210 miles, all lofts but the Gilmore being represented; the entry, 51 cocks, 18 hens. Again the sexes were liberated separately and with a half-hour between. The conditions over fully one-half the course were contrary, the time in consequence being poor.

The best speed to each loft was as follows:

COCKS.			
<i>Bird.</i>	<i>Owner.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>Speed.</i>
		H. M. S.	
Gilliams.....	Senderling.....	2 28 34	1026.7
C. F. Warwick.....	L. Mehler.....	2 28 41	1026.06
Baby Conover, Jr.	Linsenmaier.....	2 28 59	1025.5
Blitzen.....	C. Mehler.....	2 26 20	1023.5
Lieut. Hughes....	Innes.....	2 33 31	1015.5
Ferris.....	Potts.....	2 33 27	1012.6
Leader.....	Forbes.....	3 11 00	992.7

HENS.			
Blue Cloud.....	L. Mehler.....	2 51 56	1045.7
Laura H.....	Senderling.....	2 52 57	1042.7
Coquette.....	Innes.....	2 54 23	1041.8
Miss Conover.....	Linsenmaier.....	2 53 03	1041.5
Black Hawk.....	Potts.....	2 54 12	1039.3

All but one or two of the entry returned, and the Thursday following were sent to High Point, N. C., in the hope of their being let go the next Saturday.

But the start was not until a week from the following Sunday, May 5, when the males were let go at 5.45 A.M. and the hens at 6 o'clock. The weather in the early morning was favorable, but in the afternoon was contrary; still there were returns the same day. The speed, being better than was made in either of the previous journeys, we will give in our next issue. E. L. STARR.

OUTING FOR JUNE.

ROD AND GUN.

SHOOTING.

The first of last month brought peace to more than one kind of feathered game, and ended for this year that senseless practice, spring shooting. It may be all very fine to claim that spring shooting does no serious harm, and that it is very pleasant after the dreary inactivity of winter. It is pleasant, of course, and so are too many other things which we do, while common sense tells us we should not do them. If anybody can prove that spring shooting and horse sense will drive kindly and safely hitched double, I am willing to give him all the road at any time of asking. Just how the killing of waterfowl and waders, when the birds are bound northward for the purpose of breeding, is calculated to encourage an increase of fall migrants does not strike me very forcibly. Time was when we had hosts of duck and shore-birds; then we couldn't kill them fast enough. Time slipped away and over-persecuted fowl became comparatively scarce. Some long-headed men noticed what havoc over-shooting was working, and foresaw the ultimate annihilation of waterfowl. Then a note of warning was sounded, vigorous action was taken, and the fatal spring shooting was abolished in sections where sensible sportsmen were sufficiently numerous to accomplish any good. More time passed, and in spite of protective measures, the supply of fowl still decreased. Yet, in the face of a steady decrease, due to too much shooting, New York State faces about and extends the open season for duck shooting from March 1st to May 1st; in other words broadens the facilities for still further decreasing an already insufficient supply of fowl. This is very sensible, and a fine example for less enlightened states to follow! It reminds me of the three lost men who had one loaf left, and who agreed that whoever dreamed the strangest dream should have the loaf. One chap dreamed that he got up in the night and ate the loaf, and his dream came true. About the time that enlightened New York completes her dream, she'll find that the springs shooter has been up o' nights.

No variety of game should be subject to two open seasons in one year. Where duck, snipe, plover, etc., visit a certain locality during both spring and fall, the law should protect them during the former period. These birds, as a rule, revisit in the fall the waters and marshes which attract them in the spring. The folly of killing a pair of birds in the spring, when if unmolested they might return later with two, four or a dozen of their kind, should be apparent to every intelligent man. The duck-shooter will creep to a pond covered with fowl and will hold his fire because he knows by experience that if he makes some slight noise and does not shoot, the duck may disappear for a time, but they will come straggling back and afford better sport. Put this same duck-shooter in a hide in April, give him a pair of duck within range, and tell him to hold his fire because the duck will return and bring others later on. Will he hold his hand, though he knows what you tell him is true? Yes, he'll hold his hand—he'll hold it just far enough ahead of the two duck to drop 'em both, and then he'll kick in the fall because the shooting's poor.

FOREIGN GAME FOR AMERICAN COVERS.

The question of how to stock our covers with desirable foreign game is at present receiving a good deal of attention, and some of our liberal sportsmen appear to be on the right track. The bird which seems to offer the best return for the expense and trouble attendant upon the introduction of a foreigner, is the Mongolian pheasant. He is a handsome fellow, of good size, the equal of many of our native birds for table purposes, and altogether he bids fair to prove a valuable acquisition. In the far West he is now well known, and while he possesses his full share of the pugnacity of his tribe, he has not as yet revealed any undesirable qualities. He is hardy enough to thrive wherever quail can flourish, and it is difficult to find a sound reason why his kind should not eventually become plentiful throughout most of the States. The experiment of releasing Mongolian pheasants hatched in confinement, has recently been tried in Michigan, where the result of the venture will be watched with interest. If these Michigan birds do well, as they should with proper protection, it will be safe to conclude that most of the Province of Ontario and vast areas in the Eastern States will furnish congenial haunts for what is unquestionably a fine game bird. Pheasants have already demonstrated their ability to thrive and increase in parts of New York and New Jersey, and as their eggs cost little more than those of choice fowls their general introduction should follow. We have experimented unwisely with the migratory quail, and failed, but the pheasant is likely to help redeem that expensive error.

Some men are advocating the introduction of the capercaillie, the giant of the grouse tribe. He is a magnificent bird, the peer of our own stately gobbler, but I question his practical value as an addition to our feathered game. The birds are very expensive and hard to secure, and the losses during shipment might be a serious matter. While capercaillie should do well in such country as is found in parts of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ontario, Quebec, etc., the kind of sport they afford would hardly appeal to our lovers of fast wide-ranging dogs and quick work with the double-barrel. Capercaillie shooting is apt to resemble something between still hunting and turkey-tracking, and the birds, owing to their habits, are likelier game for the rifle than the shotgun.

The blackgame comes much nearer our idea of what a game bird should be, and this handsome creature is worth serious attention. Large enough to be an enticing object of pursuit, game as the best, swift and strong a-wing, the lordly blackcock is a feathered aristocrat, fit to rank with the best of our native grouse. He is as hardy as the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, and there are hundreds of miles of wild country here and in Canada, which in all important conditions closely resemble his native wilds. I can imagine few more attractive marks than one of these shiny black fellows speeding across a snowy open.

FISHING.

With this month comes the cream of the trout fishing in northern waters. Lakes, ponds and

streams of New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario should be at their best. Sturdy bass and high-leaping ouananiche too, are now ready to find the flaws in one's tackle or one's nerves. The flies and mosquitos must not be forgotten. They, pests that they are, never fail to be on hand to welcome the angler. A rose has its thorns, life has its cares, and a trout-water has its winged torments. Why these things should be is beyond me, so I take fly-ointment along and swear like the other fellows. Some

useful reversed-wing flies for the month are: Gray drake, oak fly, orange dun, green drake, white miller, black gnat, dark mackerel, alder, blue blow and marlow buzz. These, with the angler's special favorites, will form an attractive variety. Men who are fortunate enough to reach good waters must remember that fish should neither be killed for "count" nor to throw away. The "trout-hog" has already done more damage than restocking waters can mend. Moderation in killing should be the motto of every sportsman. ED. W. SANDYS.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

SIGNATURE PORTRAITS.

For some time I have been more than usually pleased with the letters of one of my intimate friends and those of his family, not from anything unusual in their always interesting matter, but because instead of the usual signature after the "yours, etc.," its place was occupied by a portrait of the writer, something like but generally much better than that at the end of this article.

So different were my friend's portrait signatures from any of the postage stamp, locket, or any other of the small portraits that I had hitherto seen that I was sure they had been produced in some other than any of the usual ways, and so was glad, a few days ago, while visiting my friend, to see exactly how it was done. I gave the method a trial as soon as I got home, producing the portrait signature at the end of this article, which, of course, has lost much of the finer detail in the making of the half-tone block.

A good negative, sharp and full of fine detail, is essential, and this the photographer worthy of the name will be able to make for himself—one of cabinet size or larger. Happening to have just the right thing, with a one and a half inch head, it was covered with one of the three and a half inch circular masks supplied by the Eastman Kodak Company, and placed in the copying arrangement I employ in the making of lantern slides, adjusted so as to give a copy an inch and a half in diameter, although in subsequent experiments I found that an inch and a quarter was a better size. An ordinary lantern slide plate was used, and the result was a beautiful diapositive or transparency, a circular picture on a plate of clear glass, although development was carried a little beyond what would have been best for a lantern slide. Strips of opaque paper were then pasted, not on the film side, so as to square the circle, as seen in the portrait, and cover the whole of the rest of the plate, and it was ready for the production of a series of negatives on an ordinary gelatine-bromide plate by contact printing.

By the following method the only limit to the number of negative images that may be on one plate, is the size of the plate and of the printing frame. Having at hand a frame for printing stereoscopic transparencies from stereoscopic negatives without cutting, measuring $13\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches, and fitted with stout glass, I used 7×5 plates, making six on each. The transparency is laid on the glass, its left side, that is, the left side of the opaque square, at a distance of six inches from the right hand end, and the lower edge three-quarters of an inch from the front edge or bottom of the plate, to which it is fastened by a touch of paste at the four corners. It is then only

necessary to cover the whole of the plate with opaque paper, leaving, of course, an opening opposite the negative, and make two guide marks; strips of white paper are best as being easily seen in the dark room, one two inches and three-eighths, the other four inches and a half from the left edge of the negative.

In proceeding to print, the sensitive plate is placed, face down, of course, one end close up to the right hand end of the frame, the back put in position and an exposure made. The plate is then slid gently along till the left hand end is in line with the first guide mark and again exposed, then moved to the second guide mark for the third exposure. It is then turned round so that what was the left hand end becomes the right, and the exposures made in the same way.

The plates that happened at the time to be in use were Seed's 26, and an exposure of twelve seconds at two feet from a kerosene lamp with a five-eighths wick burning at its best was just right. The developer was: Metol, 4 grains; Sodium sulphite, 15 grains; Sodium carbonate, 10 grains; Potassium bromide, 2 grains; Water, 1 ounce.

This may be used over and over again, at least for half a dozen negatives without apparent diminution of strength, and will keep almost colorless for many days.

As it is desirable that portrait signature negatives should be developed to just the right stage to give the best prints, a stage difficult to recognize before fixing, and equally difficult to hit by such examination as is possible, I have found it better to carry on the process a little, or even considerably beyond what I *felt* to be right; and then after fixing and without washing or even rinsing, transferring the plate to a pretty deep straw colored solution of potassium ferricyanide, and alternately rocking and examining till the exact amount of reduction has been obtained.

JAY SEE.



OUTING FOR JUNE.

LACROSSE.

The opening games of the season have been interesting, as showing the high standing to which the game is arriving by constant practice and experience of the individuals. Stevens and Lehigh, especially, have teams of which they should be proud.

The trouble with college teams is that they cannot be held together for any length of time. This in itself is enough to preclude the best results, though a college team such as Lehigh should, by constant team practice, reach a very high standard. Before the end of the season, when their final championship game is to be played, Lehigh and Stevens promise to be the best teams of the intercollegiate league, and the result is by no means a foregone conclusion. They are both fast, play well together and are well coached. Their home work is especially fine, and their passing and shooting accurate. It still remains for Johns Hopkins to show what they can do. They are practicing faithfully, and their followers say have quite as good a chance for the championship as either of the other teams.

Harvard is well represented. While their team is composed of many good players, they lack the experience and deftness which time and practice alone give. Their games with the Crescents and Stevens show that it is only a matter of time before they will be in the first class.

April 20—Stevens and New York University, resulting in a victory for the latter by a score of 5 to 1.

April 24—Stevens and Crescents, score 1 to 1.

April 27—Lehigh and Crescents, with a score of 4 to 3 for Lehigh.

May 3—Harvard and Crescent with a score of 4 to 2 in favor of the latter.

The teams were:

HARVARD.		CRESCENT A. C.
Sands,	Goal	Pettit.
Woods,	Point	Garvin.
Scott,	Cover Point	Hawkes.
Leighton,	1st. Def.	Post.
Morrison,	2d Def.	Moses.
Outerbridge,	3d Def.	Webb.
Horne,	Centre	McLean.
Curtis,	3d Attack	Bush.
Arnold,	2d Attack	Curry.
Ames,	1st Attack	Roberts.
Bucher,	Outside Home	Miller.
Burley,	Inside Home	Coles.

May 4—Stevens played Harvard, winning by a score of 3 to 2.

By far the best game of the season was played between Lehigh and Crescents, May 4, resulting in the defeat of Lehigh by 4 goals to 2. This game was the second between these teams, and no prettier exhibition has been seen this season.

From time to time much has been written as to professionalism in lacrosse. When the Oelrichs Cup was being played for, the rivalry was so great for its possession that it was no surprise when athletic clubs verged on unsavory methods to gain its possession. But now that the teams are mostly collegiate it is a surprise that doubtful methods should be employed to get together enough players to form a team.

LIONEL MOSES.

GOLF.

FIXTURES.

May 30—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Decoration Day handicap.

June 15—St. Andrew's Golf Club, second handicap.

July 4—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Independence Day handicap.

July 13—St. Andrew's Golf Club, third handicap.

August 17—St. Andrew's Golf Club, fourth handicap.

September 2—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Labor Day handicap.

September 14—St. Andrew's Golf Club, fifth handicap.

Chicago, Ill.—Another golf club has been formed in Chicago, to be called the "The Illinois," under the captaincy of Mr. Herbert T. Tweedie. The links are being laid out at Belmont. Mr. Robert Risk is secretary.

Tacoma, Wash.—The Tacoma Golf Club has found abundant support in the far Northwest, and has one of the few eighteen-hole links in the country, covering a linear distance of three miles.

Brookline, Mass.—The Country Club at Brookline opened its golf season April 27, with a members' handicap of thirty-two entries. The course was eighteen holes and Mr. G. Herbert Windler won, completing the round in 96-2-94 strokes. Mr. John E. Thayer was second, 118-18-100, and Mr. G. F. Rice, third, 116-15-101. The manage-

ment has taken advantage of the winter to put the links into first-class order.

Meadow Brook, L. I.—The Hempstead links have been the centre of the social life of the district during the past month. Amongst those who graced the contest for the club's silver cup, May 5, were Mrs. Kingsley Magoun, Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, Mr. F. P. Magoun, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith Hadden, Mr. Harry Page, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Charles R. Hone, Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Kernochan, Mrs. T. Hitchcock, Jr.; Max Stevens, Miss Mabel Roby, Miss May Bird, Mrs. Oliver W. Bird, Mrs. Burke Roche, H. L. Herbert, Miss Randolph, E. Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Winthrop Rutherford, Rowley Courtney, Harry Payne Whitney, son of William Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and Stanley Mortimer.

The prize was won by Dr. Holbrook Curtis of the Southampton (L. I.) club with a score of 105 for the eighteen holes. Among the other contestants were Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Charles Albert Stevens, Mr. R. Ronalds, Mr. De Garnendia, Sidney Dillon Ripley, James F. D. Lanier, Charles R. Hone, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.; Frank Hitchcock, William Astor Chanler, Theodore Havemeyer, E. T. Cushing, E. Willard Roby, C. E. Sands and Oliver W. Bird.

Washington, D. C.—Wednesdays and Saturdays will be field days all summer with the Capital golfers.

C. TURNER.

LAWN TENNIS.

FIXTURES.

- June 3—Kings County Tennis Club, Open Tournament, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
 June 10—West Side Tennis Club, Open Tournament, in New York City.
 June 15—Massachusetts State Championship, at Longwood, Mass.
 June 17—Crescent Athletic Club Tournament, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
 June 17—Connecticut State Championship, at Hartford.
 June 17—Missouri State Championship, at Hyde Park.
 June 17—Michigan State Championship, at Detroit.
 June 17—New Jersey State Championship, at Ridgewood, N. J.
 June 17—Pennsylvania State Championship, at Merion, Pa.
 June 26—Middle States Championship, at Orange, N. J.
 June 25—Ladies' Championships, at Philadelphia, Pa.
 June 26—Neighborhood Club Invitation Tournament, at West Newton, Mass.
 July 1—Pacific Coast Championship, Singles, at San Rafael, Cal.
 July 1—Tuxedo Club, Invitation Tournament, at Tuxedo, N. Y.
 July 8—Essex County Country Club Tournament, at Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass.

The tournament season opened May 4th, with competitions among the preparatory schools in the vicinity of our large colleges. These tournaments are yearly growing in importance, for, in spite of the fact that many of the boys entered are beginners, each season brings out one or more good players who later on figure in the larger meetings and especially at the collegiate championships. Two comparatively new men came out this spring, J. P. Sheldon, Jr., who defeated E. Trowbridge, the winner of last year's Yale interscholastic championship, and M. D. Whitman, who, though defeated in the final of the Harvard meeting by L. E. Ware, performed the remarkable feat of winning five matches in one day.

The entry list at New Haven was small, so that the event was decided in a single day's play. The result of the last two rounds was as follows:

Semi-final—J. P. Sheldon, Jr., Hotchkiss School, beat W. P. Sage of Hartford High School, 7-5, 6-2; E. Trowbridge, Hopkins Grammar School, beat H. C. Cheney, Hillhouse High School, 6-3, 6-1.

Final—Sheldon beat Trowbridge 8-6, 6-2, 6-4.

The consolation prize was won by W. B. Connor, of Hotchkiss School.

The fifth annual tournament of the Harvard Interscholastic Association began May 4th, at Jarvis Field. Seventy-two men took part, so that the first was wedding day, and on Monday the real contests began. M. D. Whitman and L. E. Ware reached the finals, and an interesting match was played. Ware won three sets. In the last deuce set Whitman had a lead of five games to two, but Ware ran four straight games and set. Both men are good at lobbing, but lack in swiftness of strokes. The scores of the final rounds were:

Semi-final—M. D. Whitman beat W. S. Fritz 6-2, 6-5; L. E. Ware beat C. C. Butters 5-6, 6-0, 6-3.

Final—L. E. Ware beat M. D. Whitman 6-4, 6-3, 7-5.

Owing to the many events on the bill at Columbia Oval, May 4th, the Columbia interscholastic meeting was postponed.

There was a general opening of the clubs in and about New York May 4th. At the New York Tennis Club the courts are in fine condition, and the same may be said of the Lenox and Fifth

Avenue courts. Active preparations are being made at the Kings County Tennis Club in Brooklyn, for the open tournament to be held June 3d. This event will be followed by a large meeting June 19th, at the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, to which many tennis celebrities have already been invited. The club intends this to be an invitation tournament, for the purpose of reviving tennis interest among its members.

The Hohokus Valley Tennis Club of Ridgewood, N. J. is always in the front in the management of club tournaments, and the encouragement of its members. This season the club members are classified, and a series of matches under the handicap system will not only give practice to the better player, but also encourage beginners with the hope of advancement into a higher class. Mr. Richard H. Palmer is now champion in singles, and Miss Moore, the noted player, easily defeats all lady players. The second annual championship of New Jersey is fixed for June 17. Entries to be made to David C. Cox, Ridgewood, N. J.

The candidates for the ladies' championship of '95 seem to be Miss Hellwig, the present holder, Miss Atkinson, her partner in championship doubles, Miss Terry, the winner in '93, and Miss Bessie Moore, whose illness prevented her play at Philadelphia last spring.

The meeting will be held June 25th at Wissahickon Heights. Never before have there been four candidates so evenly matched and so zealous in their practice. Miss Hellwig and Miss Atkinson seldom miss an afternoon at the Kings County Club, and Miss Moore is giving odds to male members of the Hohokus Valley Club.

F. A. KELLOGG.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

On Saturday, March 30, the University of California held a tournament on the courts of the California L. T. Club in San Francisco; as a result of which McChesney and Magee were chosen to represent the University against Stanford University. Gage also played a good game.

Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Tournament.—On Saturday, April 6, the first set in the intercollegiate lawn tennis tournament was played at the courts of the California L. T. Club, San Francisco. Magee and Gage represented the University of California, and O. S. Pitcher and H. W. Packard, Stanford University. In the singles, Magee defeated Packard, the score being: 8-6, 6-3 and 6-2; and Gage defeated Pitcher, the score being: 6-2, 2-6, 4-6, 7-5 and 6-1. In the doubles, the University of California representatives won by a score of 8-6, 4-6, 7-5, 7-9 and 6-3. Magee's smashing was very good.

University of California vs. Stanford University.—On Saturday, April 20, at Palo Alto, Cal., in the singles, Pitcher of Stanford defeated Gage of the University of California, and Magee of the University of California defeated Hazzard of Stanford.

In the doubles, Hewitt and Crawford of the University of California defeated Packard and Kaetzel of Stanford.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

OUTING FOR JUNE.

CRICKET.

FIXTURES.

Metropolitan District League.

June 8—Manhattan vs. New York, at Prospect Park. Staten Island vs. New Jersey A. C., at Livingston.

June 15—New Jersey A.C. vs. New York, at Bergen Point. Manhattan vs. Staten Island, at Prospect Park.

June 22—Brooklyn vs. New York, at Prospect Park.

June 29—Manhattan vs. New Jersey A.C., at Prospect Park.

New York Cricket Association.

June 1—New Jersey Athletic Club vs. Columbia, at Bergen Point. Kings County St. George vs. Metropolitan Insurance A.A., at Prospect Park.

June 8—Harlem vs. Kings County St. George, at Central Park. Metropolitan Insurance A.A. vs. St. George A.C., at Central Park. Paterson vs. Columbia, at Paterson.

June 15—Columbia vs. St. George A.C., at Central Park. Metropolitan Insurance A.A. vs. Paterson, at Central Park. New Jersey A.C. vs. Kings County St. George, at Bergen Point.

June 22—Metropolitan Insurance A.A. vs. Columbia, at Central Park. Harlem vs. St. George A.C., at Central Park. Paterson vs. Kings County St. George, at Paterson.

June 29—New Jersey A.C. vs. Harlem, at Bergen Point. Kings County St. George vs. St. George A.C., at Prospect Park.

* * *

When the New York Cricket Association was formed in the early spring, the Metropolitan District League did a gracious act in donating fifty dollars to the new association.

The new association has the opportunity to do a like gracious act by devoting that fifty dollars to the purchase of a "challenge cup," for competition. Such a use of this fund would not only crystallize the good feeling which prompted the donation, but would be the very best direction in which it could be invested. To dissipate such a fund in some ephemeral work, when it could be so easily, profitably and pleasantly handed down to posterity as a veritable "loving cup," is not to be thought of.

Cricket was revived in Portland, Oregon, last season after an interval of nearly ten years, and some of the old players showed up in very good form, considering their lengthy absence from the crease; among the most prominent were C. W. Lawrence, J. Leisk, and A. St. M. Mackintosh, who finished their seasons batting with an average of 42, 26 and 11 respectively. A series of matches played between the Portland Club and Mt. Tabor Club resulted in the former winning four games and the latter one.

There is every promise of good cricket in Oregon this season, as the Multnomah and Portland Amateur Athletic Clubs have both organized teams, these, with the Astoria Club, will form an Association and arrange pennant matches.

In California the regular schedule matches for "The Harrison Cup" started April 14, with fixtures between the Alameda and Pacific Clubs, and the Bohemia and Californias. The Alameda team, champions 1892-3-4, went to the wickets

first, and scored 92—C. J. H. Halton, 20; J. J. Moriarity, 23; E. T. Randall, 12, and G. G. Lewis, 13. In reply the Pacific team ran up a total of 129 runs, to which George Wiseman contributed 32; A. Lees, 22; J. J. Theabold, 17; G. J. Wise, 14, and C. B. Hill, 13, not out.

At Klinknerville the Bohemian team ran up the respectable total of 173 runs, of which W. Robertson made 56; A. G. Sheath, 39; T. Bowhill, 21, and S. B. Martin, 20. Against this score the California club men were able to put together only 70, of which J. Guild made 40, not out.

April 21st the Alameda C. C. and Bohemian C. C. played at Alameda. The Wards, Senior and Junior, took almost all the Bohemian wickets, the whole side being out for the small total of 33. The Alameda team compiled 119, of which Hood made 40, not out, and Ward, Jr. 20. In the second innings the Bohemians made 50 for the loss of 5 wickets (Sheath, not out, 23, and Reynolds 16). This gave the Alameda C. C. a victory by 86 runs on the first innings.

In Pacific C. C., vs. California C. C., on the same day, the California men made only 34 against the Pacific team's 205. For the winners J. J. Theobald scored 32, Capt. George Theobald 54, not out, J. H. Harborne and G. Wiseman 29 each, and C. B. Hill 19. Hufferdine and Cassidy bowled very well for the Pacific Club.

The Boston A. A. have arranged a series of matches which will be played during the week of August 12 to 17, at Halifax, N. S. The games will be with the Wanderers A. C. with the Officers of the garrison, and with a combined team of the Wanderers and Officers.

The Canadian Cricket Association has elected the following officers: Honorary President, Lord Aberdeen; President, Major Crosby; Vice-Presidents, J. E. Kerwin, Toronto; F. Martin, Hamilton; W. C. Little, Ottawa; G. W. Jones, St. John; T. C. S. Saunders, Vancouver; H. T. Wilson, Winnipeg; Secretary and Treasurer, J. E. Hall, Toronto; Assistant Secretary, H. F. Petman.

It is a pleasure to note the increased interest taken in cricket by the universities and colleges this season, and also to see that the new comers do not seem to be lacking in experience as "willow wielders," for on April 25 the Freshmen of Haverford gained an easy victory from the Sophomores by a score of 119 to 50. T. Wistar played an excellent innings of 54, not out, for the winners. Good batting was also done by A. Scattergood, who made 24.

May 4th at Wissahickon, the University of Pennsylvania team won their match from the Philadelphia club by 42 runs. The collegians batted first and ran up a total of 97 runs. The home team followed this with the small score of 55. Guest bowled remarkably well for Pennsylvania, taking 6 wickets for 18 runs.

At Haverford College, May 4, the collegians defeated Belmont by 13 runs. The home team showed the advantage of the all-important early practice. They batted first and made 59, and then disposed of the Belmonts for 46. There was some good bowling on both sides, Percy taking 6 wickets for 18 runs for Belmont, and Hale 5 for 17 for the winners.

T. C. TURNER.

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Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large) . . .	.50
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When Chairman Gideon was asked whether gold nuggets were fit prizes for Class B men, he very promptly answered, no, as he looked upon that class of prizes as being intrinsically cash. I hear that, in order to get around the nugget question, some clubs will offer medals with a plain stamp on them, the gold to be equal to the best English or American gold in its assay. Thus wheelmen can get \$100 worth of gold in the form of a medal. "There are more ways than one of whipping Satan around the stump."

I am sorry to note that the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania has upheld the turnpike companies in their charge of toll for bicycles. It will now devolve upon the cyclists of Pennsylvania to take the matter before the Legislature. The bicycle is eminently adapted to road improving, even more so than the foot passenger. Unlike the iron-tired wagon and iron-shod horse it packs down the highways, as one can easily see by observing any street or path traversed by many bicycles. Here you will find the very best conditions, smoothness and evenness, and, if the ground is of the proper quality, absolute freedom from dust. Instead of charging toll, the turnpike companies should be willing to pay cyclists a bonus to attract their patronage. The original idea of charging toll was, of course, for the purpose of keeping the roadway in repair, and it was charged only on that class of traffic which damaged the surface. If it was intended that all passengers should pay, then, of course foot passengers should be included, whereas they are not and should not be, any more than bicyclists. Here is missionary work for wheelmen in those States where this unjust discrimination is still practiced.

I am very glad that the license system for racing men which is in operation in England, has not been adopted in this country. The absurdity of its practical workings has been lately shown in the case of such men as Messrs. Arthur du Cros and R. M. Talbott, who have not been permitted to ride in races simply because the red tape of applying for licenses had not been executed. The Americans will do well to fight shy of a rule that will permit of such an absurd construction.

Bicycle manufacturers say that they cannot possibly supply the demand made upon them. It was expected that 1895 would be a tremendous year for bicycles, but the facts far surpass their expectations. There is not a manufacturer who is not from 100 to 2,000 wheels behind his orders. If this condition of things continues, we may expect to see a large amount of new capital invested in the bicycle manufacturing business next season.

It looks now as if we were not to have an official referee. The present administration of the League seems to feel that the income will not warrant the expense of maintaining an official of that kind. The delegates at the meeting in New York imagined that they had provided the ways and means for this outlay by allowing the Racing Board to charge for sanctions, but they have reckoned, it seems, without their host. I am sorry this is so. Although the League has taken one step forward in providing for an official referee, it will take two steps backward if it is not able to comply with this requirement.

The better class of cyclists in England are very much excited over the fact that several bicycle clubs in the kingdom used Good Friday as a day whereon to hold race meets. Popular opinion on that side of the water will probably be so strong that Good Friday hereafter will be recognized as a Holy Day and not as a holiday, intended for jollifications and race meetings.

A queer little paragraph comes to my notice in an English paper. It seems that a Liverpool cyclist was caught after dusk without a light, although he was carrying his lamp. He explained to the guardian of the peace that he had become very thirsty while riding and had drunk the oil. Evidently some denizen of Lapland or Iceland had dropped into England. The article goes on to state that the policeman believed the story and allowed the clever cyclist to escape.

I spoke last month of a German invention for a bicycle saddle. Since then my attention has been called to an aluminum saddle built in this country. It is of the bifurcated pattern and is fitted with felt pads to obviate the danger of perineal pressure. I believe one of the chief causes against the use of the bicycle has been the fact that much danger has been incurred and much injury done by ill fitting saddles, and the present invention therefore fills a much-needed want.

It is not generally known that a great many livery men in the large cities of the country have taken up the bicycle business in conjunction with their regular livery. It has been found that the bicycle has interfered with the livery business, and these men, having seen the handwriting on the wall, are prepared to meet the demand under the new order of things. This is simply another milestone which marks the wonderful advance in the popularity of the bicycle.

The erstwhile racing crack, W. Windle, according to his own statement, has seen the folly of his ways, given up cycle racing and embraced religion in a practical way. In Springfield, Mass., the scene of his many successes on the wheel, he recently addressed a large audience, renouncing the ungodly sport of riding for prizes or records. I respect Mr. Windle, and make this report, not in any sense of ridicule but simply as a matter of news. Mr. Windle will no longer be known as a racing man.

A voice of warning comes from the English papers against the dangers of riding bicycles in hilly countries without a brake, or if the rider insists upon touring through hilly countries without a brake, he must either make up his mind to dismount at the top of steep or unknown hills or suffer accidents which may prove fatal to himself, or, at least, smash a limb and destroy his machine. This, however can be said in favor of the bicycle without a brake, that the rider will usually keep his feet on the pedals. If he does not, of course he is a reckless bravado—that is, unless the hill is absolutely smooth, easy in descent, and he can see the bottom. With the feet on the pedals, a quick dismount, if the wheel is getting away from the rider, is easily accomplished by an active man. Still, if common care is not used, either one of two things is necessary to avoid disaster—a good strong brake, or an undeviating custom of dismounting at the top of hills which are long, steep or unknown.

OUTING FOR JUNE.

The European powers, even those most conservative, are beginning to see the advantage of the cyclist over the horse or foot soldier for courier and scout service. A celebrated French military authority says that, in the event of another European war, everything will depend upon the rapidity with which an army can be moved; and horses are not the only means of locomotion upon which the country will depend. In the war of the future the bicycle will play an important part, for it must be remembered that the bicyclists need only carry their own rations, while in the case of cavalry, an important consideration is how to provide for the horses.

Another new and extraordinary use for the bicycle has lately been developed. A professional hunter in the extreme western section of the country has abandoned his horse and taken to the bicycle to hunt antelope and deer. He has found that the game can be approached much nearer on a bicycle than on a horse. Game has become so familiar with a man mounted on a horse that it at once takes fright, and will not allow the huntsman to approach within killing distance. The experience of the hunter in question is that the deer and antelope become curious, and will stand still until the hunter gets within a range of 50 yards. Then it simply becomes a question of quick dismount and rapid firing which is easily accomplished before the game gets out of reach. This is certainly a novelty.

THE GREAT LINSOTT ROAD RACE.

One of the greatest racing events of the year was the Linscott Road Race, held at Malden, Mass. and promoted by J. M. Linscott, a local dealer. On May 4, this annual event was run over a 25-mile road course. There were over 250 entries and over 200 starters and about 150 finished. In all there were 75 prizes awarded. The time prize was won by E. A. McDuffee of the Malden

club, who rode the distance in 1h. 12m. 8s. The winner of the race started with a 2m. 15s. handicap, and finished first by about 3 or 4 feet. It was an exciting race down the home stretch; the 6000 or 8000 people who witnessed the finish rose to their feet as the men came down neck and neck until within a few yards of the tape, when Cutter forced ahead and snatched the wreath of victory from Ingram's grasp. Twenty-five thousand people witnessed the event. The entire line of the course, 12½ miles out and 12½ miles back, was thronged with interested spectators.

W. G. French won the second time prize in 1h. 12m. 59s. It will be observed that no records were broken. Below is a list of the first twenty-five who finished, giving their time and handicap. McDuffee, who started scratch and won time prize, finished 32d. French, from 45s. handicap mark, finished 28th and took second time prize.

POSITION.	HANDI- CAP. M. S.	ACTUAL TIME. H. M. S.
George Cutter, Boston.....	2 15	1 12 59
J. F. Ingram, Jr.....	6 30	1 17 06 3-5
F. A. Barnaby.....	6 30	1 17 16
A. S. French.....	7 00	1 17 49
D. Turner, Whitinsville.....	5 00	1 15 52
C. G. Andrews, Chelsea.....	6 45	1 17 48
E. J. Boyle, Marblehead.....	7 00	1 17 56
J. Paulson, Worcester.....	3 00	1 13 57
P. J. Stoughton.....	5 15	1 16 13
F. W. Stockbridge.....	4 45	1 16 00
H. Becker.....	7 00	1 18 20
H. D. Merritt.....	7 30	1 13 50 2-5
G. M. Richardson.....	6 45	1 18 08
C. J. Lewis.....	5 00	1 16 23 3-5
A. L. Bianchi.....	4 15	1 15 41
E. Urch.....	4 30	1 16 03
Unknown.....	0 00	1 19 35
W. E. Pratt.....	4 00	1 15 36
George Dorr, Jr.....	2 30	1 14 07
F. E. Kent.....	6 30	1 18 08
Unknown.....	0 00	1 19 39
W. B. Baker.....	4 15	1 15 55
Fred St. Onge.....	3 00	1 14 46
F. J. Elmer.....	2 30	1 14 07
G. D. Buckley.....	3 30	1 15 18 2-5

THE PROWLER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. M.—We judge from your letter that you have been running for several years and have competed in many races. If this be true, you are not likely to improve much. Answering your numbered questions: (1) No. (2) Just as you would for any other race. Live temperately and regularly. Practice daily, and run the full quarter mile, at best speed, not oftener than once a week, making the distance at other times not more than 250 or 300 yards, with perhaps 350 yards every four or five days. (3) The stooping start, hands and feet on the ground. (4) 220 yards.

M. V. T., Madison.—The handbook of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America can be obtained from Russell Van Arsdale, secretary, 17 Hertzog Hall, New Brunswick, N. J. The handbook of the Amateur Athletic Union from J. E. Sullivan, secretary, P. O. Box 611, New York city.—Memphis is in the territory of the Southern Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, and it will be necessary for you to have your games registered and scheduled by that association, otherwise all amateur athletes who compete would thereby disqualify themselves. The headquarters of that association are at New Orleans, and a letter to

the secretary would no doubt give you not only the necessary registration but all the other information which you desire.

T. J. D., Brooklyn.—There is ample sport with rod and gun at the time you mention if you know how to utilize your opportunities.

E. S. P., Geneva.—First wipe out with petroleum or turpentine, then wipe dry; this removes all leading and deposit. Then oil the barrel with any animal oil, if pure; refined neatsfoot oil or Russian tallow, or half of each, provided neither contains acids or salt, are excellent.

D. P. D. L., Glens Falls, N. Y.—The twenty-two annual reports of the New York Fisheries Commission, which can be procured at Albany, have the best information available on the subject.

B. P., Boston. The best glue, if you do not mind trouble, is Cooper's fish glue, in cakes; but the Le Page liquid glue, in pint cans, is practically useful and involves less trouble.

L. V. M., New York.—Live regularly and practice jumping. If you do not expect to beat 5ft. 5in. you should try some other game, as school-boys in New York city frequently clear 5ft. 6in., and one reached 5ft. 8in. a few weeks ago.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport.

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THE FATE OF LENZ.

Cable advices from the correspondents of OUTING in Armenia, up to the time of going to press, June 18, leave the mystery of Lenz's whereabouts still unsolved. The vague rumors circulating through the press are sent by those seeking to advertise themselves at the expense of Frank G. Lenz and his friends. OUTING alone is making the search, and it will not send to the public mere sensational rumors. It will publish the facts as soon as they are thoroughly established.

No newspaper correspondents are within the territory in which the OUTING searchers are employed, and the various statements sent by irresponsible parties through the press are either pure fabrications or hasty inferences drawn from certain communications transmitted to us by those engaged in the search.

The Turkish Government has thrown many obstacles in the way of the OUTING searchers, but the strong arm of the United States Government has been enlisted in behalf of Lenz, and there is every reason to hope for a solution of this deep mystery ere the summer shall have gone.

[LATEST.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 20TH, 1895.

To J. H. Worman, Editor-in-Chief "Outing":

Cablegram of to-day from Minister at Constantinople as follows: "British Consul at Erzeroum informs me that Lenz the cyclist was murdered near Dahar (or Degar) by five Kurds, whose names he gives. Arrest and punishment demanded by me at the Sublime Porte and the co-operation of British Consul requested."

OLNEY [Secretary of State].

INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS.

There seems to be at present almost an epidemic of Anglo-American competition; steamship and cable are richly freighted with challenges, and 1895 seems likely to earn the distinctive title of "International Year." These contests are not confined to any one branch of manly sport, but take a wide range, both ashore and afloat, and their general scope may be outlined as follows:

Philadelphia is the metropolis of American

cricket, and differences of opinion concerning matters of minor importance have divided its clubs into two distinct, if not hostile camps, each of which has sought to strengthen its position by promoting a series of international contests. A team made up from past and present cricketers of Cambridge University will reach America late in August, and play their first match in the vicinity of New York City, September 2, 3 and 4. This will be followed by matches against the past and present players of the University of Pennsylvania, and probably by several other games in different cities. They will be pursued from England, two weeks later, by another team, under the leadership of Mr. Kenneth McAlpine, and booked for a series of matches whose details are not yet arranged.

Yachtsmen will have an abundance of international competition. Lord Dunraven has again challenged for the America's Cup, and his new yacht, *Valkyrie III.*, had her first trial spin June 22. Our new *Defender* will soon be launched, and several of the old defenders tug at their moorings in eagerness for the formal and informal trial races whose results will determine the selection of the American champion. Both the *Defender* and *Valkyrie III.* are magnificent specimens of naval architecture, exhibiting many important improvements in the building and rigging of racing yachts.

Nor will the lovers of smaller craft be neglected. Mr. J. Arthur Brand, of the Royal Canoe Club, has challenged "All America" for a race of half-raters, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club accepts the defi, and assumes management of all details. These little yachts lack the grand proportions and stately sweep of the Cup contestants, but their successful handling requires the highest grade of yachting skill, and their races are of exceptional interest. Nor is all of the international yachting to be in this country. Mr. Howard Gould's *Niagara* is already hard at work in the English yachting circuit, and there are rumors that other American yachtsmen may soon follow his lead.

In amateur athletic sport we have international matches, positive, probable and possible.

Last December the New York Athletic Club challenged the London Athletic Club to a match in New York City, next September, either for teams limited to the competing clubs, or representing "All Great Britain" and "All America." London accepted, and selected the club match, but has virtually made the contest national by adding to its club membership many noted athletes of England and Scotland. New York will no doubt adopt similar tactics, and the teams which meet on Manhattan Field, September 21, although nominally London A. C. against New York A. C., will really be fairly representative of British and American athletic prowess.

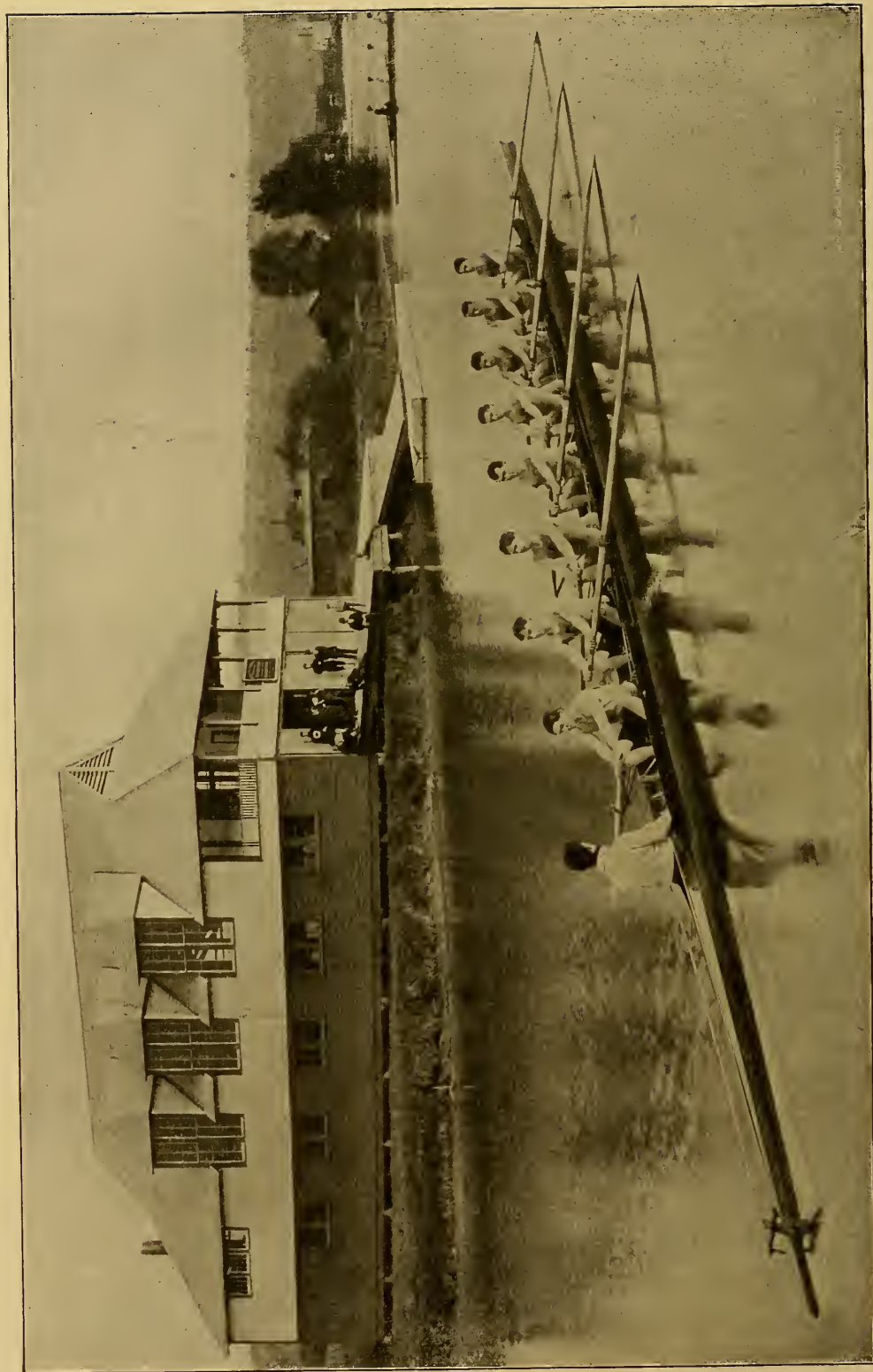


PHOTO BY
MCGILGATRAY.

C. A. LOUIS, No. 7.
R. E. HAMILTON, Stroke.

F. R. MATTHEWS, No. 1.
F. W. FREEBORN, No. 4.

G. P. DYER, Skip.
R. I. SHAPPE, Cox.
F. D. COLSON, Cox.

M. W. ROE, Steer.
I. HALL, No. 6.

W. BENTLEY, Steer.
E. G. HAGEN, No. 2.

E. G. HAGEN, No. 2.

THE CORNELL-HENLEY CREW, 1895.

At its annual meeting, Feb. 23, 1895, the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America resolved that its "executive committee be instructed to address the proper authorities of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge with a view to inviting a competition in track and field games in England during the coming summer between a team composed of the firsts and seconds in the intercollegiate championship games this spring in such events as may be agreed upon, and such a representative team of university athletes of Great Britain as may be selected by the said authorities of Oxford and Cambridge." The letters, mailed a few days later, were duly received at Oxford, thence transferred to Cambridge; a joint committee was appointed, and after several weeks of floundering in the fogs of conference, we are told by cable that the proposition has been declined, and that an explanatory letter would reach America just after this edition of *OUTING* goes to press. What purports to be a synopsis of this document has been cabled to New York, but its authenticity is so doubtful, and some of its arguments so untenable, that criticism should be delayed until the arrival of the official communication.

We also learn that the same steamship which carries the rejection of the intercollegiate proposition will bring a challenge for an inter-university match in America, next September, the English team to represent only Oxford and Cambridge, while the American athletes will be from Yale and Harvard. The text of this challenge has been forwarded in advance, by cable. This offer comes at a peculiar juncture, and it is possible

that its makers may have "built better than they knew." Yale recently refused to arrange the usual Harvard-Yale football match until apology had been made for some caustic criticisms of Yale men and methods, made last autumn by a prominent supporter of Harvard. It was hardly conceivable that Harvard could comply with this demand, and negotiations for the football match have been dropped. In this game of athletic chess Harvard has responded to Yale's new opening by playing the Cornell Gambit—Harvard and Cornell having perfected arrangements for two years of annual matches at rowing, baseball and football. This compact does not necessarily mean anything more than it says, but the prevailing sentiment at Harvard is one of indignation at Yale's unprecedented ultimatum, and many well informed collegians believe that the Harvard-Yale boat race, at New London, June 28, may be speedily followed by an official announcement that Harvard will, from that date, discontinue all competition against Yale in any branch of sport. And just at this time comes the challenge from Oxford and Cambridge to Yale and Harvard. American collegians can learn many profitable lessons from their English brethren in the amenities of athletic competition, and it would be a circumstance equally strange and happy if this challenge should prove to be a successful peace-maker between our squabbling students. Could not Yale and Harvard endorse the popular verdict that both have been foolish, shake hands over this defiance from across the Atlantic, join their forces in earnest endeavor to maintain the



THE CORNELL CREW OUTWARD BOUND.



"BON VOYAGE."

prestige of American collegiate athletics, and thereafter continue their series of annual contests with such courtesy and manliness as have been frequently missing in their athletic and aquatic annals.

While English cricketers and yachtsmen and athletes compete in America this season, our oarsmen cross the Atlantic in search of honors, and will row at the Royal Henley-on-Thames Regatta July 9, 10 and 11.

At the Canadian and National regattas, last August, Messrs. R. G. Muntz, E. A. Thompson, F. H. Thompson and G. H. Muntz, of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, Ontario, won the four-oared championships of Canada and of America. This crew sailed from New York City, June 12, on the steamship *Britannic*, and will row for the Steward's Challenge Cup, at Henley. The brothers Thompson have also entered for the diamond sculls, but their competition for this minor trophy will, of course, be subordinated to the race for the four-oared championship. During the past ten years this race has been won once each by Royal Chester Rowing Club, Brasenose College, Oxford, and Magdalen College, Oxford, three times by Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and four times by Thames Rowing Club. The Argonaut four will row in a cedar boat, built in Toronto, and are in every way a genuinely representative Canadian crew.

Cornell University has entered an eight-oared crew for the grand challenge cup at Henley. This is the principal race of the regatta, and its winners earn the highest honors of English amateur

rowing. It has been rowed annually for fifty-six years, and during the past twenty years has been won once by Exeter College, Oxford, twice each by Jesus College, Cambridge, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, four times by Thames Rowing Club, five times by London Rowing Club and six times by Leander Rowing Club, including the last four years in succession. The course is a mile and five-sixteenths, straightaway, against a slight current, and the winning times have varied from 9m. 15s. to 6m. 51s., the average being about 7m. 52s.

The Cornell party, which included eight oarsmen, one coxswain, four substitutes, a trainer, a business manager and several friends, sailed May 20th by the steamship *Paris*, and reached Henley June 6th. Commodore Hastings, of the Cornell Navy, went across some time in advance of the crew and made all arrangements for their comfort and convenience in England. They took with them two paper boats, a liberal supply of oars, and spare sets of oarlocks, outriggers and all other paraphernalia. The oarsmen, their trainer, their boats and oars and rigging, and their style of rowing are all distinctively American; and although the eight are probably far from being our fastest crew, they are certainly fair representatives of American university oarsmen. If they are decisively beaten at Henley it must be admitted that England can teach our collegians how to row.

The crew began practice on the afternoon of their arrival, and have been busy ever since. They had a pleasant voyage, reached Henley in

good health and spirits, their boats, oars and apparatus came through safely, and nothing has interfered with their training. Barring unforeseen accidents, they will come to the line fit and well, and if beaten will manfully acknowledge that they have met faster oarsmen.

Since their arrival at Henley the crew have practiced at different distances, with varying speed of stroke, and with many changes in the selection and arrangement of the crew. These experiments will be of value in determining with what men and stroke the boat can be driven the fastest, and when final decision is reached the last two weeks will be devoted to getting the men into perfect form and condition.

England is not prone to great enthusiasm over foreign oarsmen, but the coming of the Cornell

crew seems to have awakened unusual interest. Journals and magazines which habitually give scant attention to aquatic sport now devote columns to the visitors, and among the callers at Cornell-upon-Henley have been Ambassador Bayard, Andrew Carnegie, Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown at Oxford") and scores of England's most expert oarsmen and critics. At the time this is written, June 12th, the general consensus of English opinion is that the crew are well together, feather cleanly, get their hands away quickly, recover smartly and will be very fast for half a mile; but are short in reach and swing, cannot keep up their exceptionally fast stroke over the whole course, and are most unlikely to win the Grand Challenge Cup.

W. B. CURTIS.

ATHLETICS.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR ATHLETICS OF AMERICA.

Their twentieth annual field meeting was held May 24 and 25, on the Berkeley Oval, New York City.

On Friday afternoon preliminary rounds of heats in the 100-yard and 200-yard runs, the 120-yard and 220-yard hurdle races, and the 2-mile bicycle race were contested, until there were left in each game only enough competitors for one round of trial heats and a final, while the quarter-mile and half-mile runs were similarly reduced to their final heats. In the running high jump and pole vault each game was contested until only five were left in for the final bouts, next day, while in the running broad jump, shot-putting and hammer-throwing each man was allowed six trials, and the best five permitted to compete in the finals Saturday afternoon.

The weather was fine on both afternoons, and the light breeze of the second day obligingly ceased to blow just when Bremer, of Harvard, made a successful attempt to establish a new world's record in the 220-yard hurdle race.

The quarter-mile cinder-path, one of the finest in America, was in excellent condition, and the turf of the inner-field seemed smooth and firm as could be wished. The appliances for hammer-throwing and shot-putting might easily have been improved, and the apparatus for pole-vaulting furnished on Friday was so miserable that the judges made a vigorous protest, and secured better tools for the deciding round.

The attendance on Friday was merely nominal, and on Saturday less than half the expected number passed the gates. The general public have always seemed loth to visit Berkeley Oval, and the assembly would have been more than doubled if the games had been held at Manhattan Field.

It was generally and correctly believed that Yale was a sure winner, with Harvard and Pennsylvania fighting fiercely for second place, and this supposed certainty not only thinned the assembly, but lessened the enthusiasm of those who did attend.

The keeping of the inner-ring was worthy of all praise. Not only were intruders promptly ejected, but the contestants were excluded except

when needed for competition, and even the officials were subjected to wholesome restrictions.

The management was prompt and efficient, and the session on either afternoon lasted but a few minutes over three hours.

The executive committee, the officials and the contestants worked harmoniously, and there was a notable lack of that unseemly bickering which has marred several previous meetings.

J. V. Crum is probably the fastest sprinter that ever competed at an intercollegiate meeting. He moves promptly when the pistol fires but is slow in getting his full stride, and in every heat which he ran was two or three feet in the rear at 10 yards from the start. But when once fairly under way he exhibited remarkable speed and also ability to continue it for the full 220 yards. In the final heat of the 100 yards he made an unusually bad start and was soon about five feet behind. This interval was cut down inch by inch until he caught his men a few yards from the finish, and won by the thickness of his body, having been third at 90 yards. In the 220-yard race the start was of less moment, and he was so plainly faster than any of his opponents that he won leisurely, slowing down and looking around near the finish. There was a bungle about the time, two watches disagreeing and the third failing to act, so the slowest figures were made official. With equally good day and track, and a handicap so framed as to make him run all the way, he could certainly beat the world's record at 220 yards, and there seems to be no reason why he should not also break all quarter-mile records, if trained one season for that distance. Richards, who won the 100-yard and 220-yard races in 1893, but did nothing worthy of note last year, has now regained his lost speed, and was unfortunate in meeting such a phenomenon as Crum. Ramsdell has not fully recovered from his break-down of June, 1894—had been troubled with sciatic rheumatism. He was under medical care for several weeks before the games and received hypodermic injections both Friday and Saturday, to deaden his pain. That a young man could, under such circumstances, beat so many fast sprinters, and be beaten only by Crum and Richards, is a remarkable exhibition of gameness. Patterson has not improved since last year, and Derr was not strong enough to stand the repeated beats.

Capt. Bingham, Harvard's fastest quarter-mile runner, had been ailing for several days, and broke down in his trial heat. But for this Harvard would certainly have won both first and second places.

The half-mile was a thunder clap. Kilpatrick was thought the surest of winners, but ran with execrable judgment, allowing the others to troll him around the first quarter-mile in 1m. 1s., instead of 56s. or 57s., which is his customary time for the first half of a race. Having thus given his sprinting opponents an easy quarter-mile he was handily beaten in the final struggle, in time fully 4 seconds longer than he would have needed to cover the course if the race had been run properly.

Orton, who is in fine condition this year, won the mile in a canter, while Kilpatrick showed a little of his real ability by finishing second, beating such sterling distance runners and ex-champions as Jarvis, Morgan and Coolidge. Orton's time, 4m. 23½s. is now the fastest American collegiate and intercollegiate record.

Chase once more proved himself the prince of the high hurdlers, but the two Californians, Dyer and Torrey, kept him busy, and would have won in any other year. Chase's time, 15½s., just equaled the American intercollegiate record.

Bremer seems to have no peers at the low hurdles, and his time, 24½s. enjoys the quadruple distinction of being a collegiate, an intercollegiate, an amateur and a world's fastest record.

The competitors in the one-mile walk were as ungainly as usual, and the affair would have been without interest but for the gallant finish of Thrall, who kept on his feet and won after nature seemed to have abandoned him.

The bicycle farce was an outrage on common decency, and a disgrace to every participant. The riders were all afflicted with the anti-pace-making mania, and no one would take the lead. Men who have repeatedly ridden in less than 5m. 30s. were beaten in heat after heat in 7m. and 8m. and 9m., and in the final heat the first mile was slower than the full two miles of four of the other heats, the riders at one time going so slowly that all seemed likely to fall. The rules of the Intercollegiate Association, under which this race was ridden, do not permit the referee to set a time limit, but it is safe to predict that this defective code will be amended before the next championship meeting.

The running high and running broad jumps were without special interest, but the pole vaulting was a remarkable performance. Buchholz and Hoyt each cleared 11ft. 2¾in., thus beating all previous collegiate and intercollegiate records, and then failed at 11ft. 6¾in., which would be a new American amateur record. Each fairly cleared the bar but knocked it off by arm or hip on the downward journey. After more than an hour's work in deciding the tie, Buchholz proved to have more strength and won at 10ft. 9¼, Hoyt being too tired to clear a height 5½in. lower than he had easily reached an hour before.

In Cross, Brown, Chadwick and the Hickok brothers Yale has a party of young giants. W. O. Hickok now holds the collegiate and intercollegiate records with both shot and hammer, while Cross is but a few inches behind him with the hammer.

Yale did not win either of the five runs or the two hurdle races, and 13 of her 30 points were scored with the shot and hammer, so that her strong men may fairly be said to have won the championship.

The Association formerly owned a silver cup, paid for partly from the Association treasury and partly by private subscription, which was held as a yearly challenge trophy by the champion college. In scoring for this prize only first places counted, unless in case of a tie, when it was decided by seconds. There were to be fourteen annual competitions for this cup, and the college winning it the most times retained it permanently. The fourteen years ended in 1889, and Harvard won the cup, the score being: Harvard, 8 years; Columbia, 3 years; Yale, 2 years; Princeton, 1 year.

The Association now has a second cup whose annual custody was won by Harvard in 1890, 1891 and 1892, and by Yale in 1893, 1894 and 1895. The championship score is made up on the basis of 5 points for the first place, 2 points for second place and 1 point for third place in each event.

The score for 1895 is as follows:

	First...	Seconds...	Thirds...	Total Points.
Yale University.....	4	4	2	30
University of Pennsylvania.....	3	3	4	25
Harvard.....	3	2	3	22
State University of Iowa.....	2	—	—	10
University of California.....	—	2	3	7
Dartmouth College.....	1	—	—	5
Swarthmore College.....	1	—	—	5
Union College.....	—	2	—	4
Amherst University.....	—	1	—	2
Columbia College.....	—	—	1	1
Princeton College.....	—	—	1	1
Totals.....	14	14	14	112

Section XXXII. of the Laws of Athletics of the I. C. A. A. A., adopted February 28, 1888, prescribes that an intercollegiate record must be made at the annual games of the association, but a collegiate record is one made by a collegian in any recognized amateur games.

The details of the competition are as follows: 100-yard run; first round; first two in each heat to run in second round—First heat, F. N. Allen, '95, Princeton College, 10½s.; F. H. Bigelow, '98, Harvard University, 2, by 5 feet; D. F. O'Brien, '98, Brown University, 3; G. J. Barry, '97, Fordham College, 4; L. F. O'Neil, '97, Union College, 5.

Second heat, M. G. Gonterman, '95, H. U., 10½s.; W. M. Richards, '95, Yale University, 2, by a foot; H. G. Chatain, '96, Columbia College, 3, by a yard; B. R. Bowles, F. C., 4; M. Fikes, '96, Syracuse U., 5.

Third heat, J. V. Crum, '95, State U. of Iowa, 10½s.; H. Judd, '96, U. of Pennsylvania, 2, by 2 yards; D. C. Byers, '98, Y. U., 3; L. W. Redpath, '98, H. U., 4; M. E. Doran, '95, F. C., 5. Byers was placed third by error and therefore allowed to run in second round.

Fourth heat, H. S. Patterson, '96, Williams C., 10½s.; J. L. Bremer, Jr., '96, H. U., 2, by 2 yards; J. F. Quinlan, '97, F. C., 3; G. P. Middleton, '96, U. of P., 4; W. Fox, '97, Georgetown U., 5.

Fifth heat, E. S. Ramsdell, '95, U. of P., 10½s.; R. W. Burnet, '97, Y. U., 2, by 4 feet; J. W. Scoggins, '97, U. of California, 3; G. S. Hobart, '96, Rutgers C., 4; J. D. Clark, '98, Lafayette C., 5.

Sixth heat, R. Derr, '97, P. C., 10½s.; H. R. Storrs, '96, H. U., 2 by 4 yards; S. J. Gass, '98, Lehigh U., 3; E. Romadka, '98, F. C., 4; M. H. Vogel, '98, U. of the City of New York, 5.

Seventh heat, F. A. Lane, '97, P. C., 10½s.; C. T. Buchholz, '96, U. of P., 2, by 2 feet; E. de K. Leffingwell, '95, Trinity C., 3; F. K. W. Drury, '98, R. C., 4.

Second round, first two in each heat to run in third round—First heat, Richards, 10½s.; Gonterman, 2, by a foot; Lane, 3; Judd, 4. Second heat, Crum, 10½s.; Allen, 2, by 6 inches; Buchholz, 3; Bigelow, 4. Third heat, Ramsdell, 10½s.; Derr, 2, by a foot; Burnet, 3; Brewer did not start. Fourth heat, Patterson, 10½s.; Byers, 2, by 2 feet; Storrs, 3.

Third round, first two in each heat to run in final—First heat, Ramsdell, 10½s.; Richards, 2, by a yard; Allen, 3, by a foot; Gonterman, 4. Second heat, Crum, 10½s.; Patterson, 2, by 4 feet; Derr, 3, by 2 feet; Byers, 4.

Final heat, Crum, 10s.; Richards, 2, by Sin.; Ramsdell, 3, by 6in.; Patterson, 4, by a yard.

220-yard run; first round; first two in each heat to run in second round—First heat, W. M. Richards, '95, Y. U., 22½s.; S. C. Boyer, '97, U. of P., 2; T. L. Barnes, '98, U. of C., 3; H. R. Storrs, '96, H. U., 4; R. C. McFain, '98, E. Stevens Institute, 5.

Second heat, F. H. Bigelow, '98, H. U., 22½s.; H. R. Jamison, '97, P. C., 2; D. C., Byers, '98, Y. U., 3; D. F. O'Brien, '98, B. U., 4; S. J. Gass, '98, L. U., 5.

Third heat, J. V. Crum, '95, S. U. of I., 22½s.; F. E. Wade, '96, Y. U., 2; C. H. Judd, '95, U. of P., 3; L. W. Redpath, '98, H. U., 4.

Fourth heat, E. S. Ramsdell, '95, U. of P., 22½s.; R. W. Burnet, '97, Y. U., 2; M. Fikes, '96, S. U., 3.

Fifth heat, R. Derr, '97, P. C., 22½s.; A. D. Stillman, '95, U. of P., and E. de K. Leffingwell, '95, T. C. a dead heat for second place and both allowed to run in second round; A. W. Rulison, '95, Cornell U., 4.

Second round; winners to run in final; second men to run a trial heat whose winner shall run in final—First heat, Crum, 22½s.; Bigelow, 2, by 2 yards; Burnet, 3; Silliman, 4. Second heat, Ramsdell, 22½s.; Derr, 2, by a yard; Wade, 3; Leffingwell, 4. Third heat, Richards, 22½s.; Jamison, 2, by 3 yards; Boyer, 3.

Trial heat for second men; winner to run in final—Bigelow, 22½s.; Derr, 2, by 2 yards; Jamison, 3.

Final heat, Crum, 22s.; Richards, 2, by 2 yards; Ramsdell, 3, by 5 feet; Bigelow, 4.

Quarter-mile run; first round; first three in each heat to run in final—First heat, R. A. Sterritt, '97, U. of P., 5½s.; I. M. Jordan, '95, Y. U., 2, by 2 yards; W. R. Mansfield, '97, H. U., 3; J. L. Little, Jr., '96, H. U., 4; W. A. Sparks, '97, T. C., 5; J. W. Scoggins, '97, U. of C., 6; S. C. Boyer, '97, U. of P., 7.

Second heat, P. R. Freeman, '95, U. of P., 52½s.; H. Chubb, '95, S., Y. U., 2, by a yard; J. D. Clark, '98, L. C., 3; H. C. Brokaw, '97, P. C., 4; G. W. Rulison, '95, Cor. U., 5; B. E. Loomis, '96, L. U., 6; N. W. Bingham, '95, H. U., broke down.

Third heat, F. W. Koch, '96, U. of C., 51½s.; W. B. Warren, '95, U. of P., 2, by 2 feet; W. H. Vincent, '97, H. U., 3; N. B. Marshall, '97, H. U., 4; R. C. McLane, '98, Stevens Institute, 5; S. K. Gerard, '97, Y. U., 6; F. E. Wade, '96, Y. U., 7; L. F. O'Neil, '97, U. C., 8; P. Bradley, '96, U. of C., 9.

Final heat, Vincent, 50½s.; Koch, 2, by 6 yards; Mansfield, 3, by a foot; Sterritt, 4; Clarke, 5; Chubb, 6; Warren, 7; Jordan, 8; Freeman did not finish.

Half-mile run; first round; first four in each heat to run in final—First heat, E. Hollister, '97, H. U., 2m. 4½s.; C. C. Sichel, '98, U. of P., 2; W. H. Vincent, '97, H. U., 3; H. R. Kingsley, '96, C. C., 4; L. B. Johnson, '98, Y. U., 5; G. Berry, '97, F. C., and G. V. Lyons, '98, College of the City of New York, did not finish.

Second heat, C. Kilpatrick, '98, U. C., 2m. 11s.; B. W. Crane, '95, Y. U., 2; J. Bordman, Jr., '97, H. U., 3; H. C. Lakin, '97, H. U., 4; B. F. Foster, '98, U. C. N. Y., 5.

Final heat, Hollister, 2m.; Kilpatrick, 2, by 4 feet; Sichel, 3, by 6 yards; Bordman, 4; Crane, 5; Lakin, 6; Kingsley, 7; Vincent did not start.

1-mile run—G. W. Orton, '95, U. of P., 4m. 23½s.; C. Kilpatrick, '98, U. C., 4m. 25½s.; J. O. Jarvis, '98, U. of P., 3, by 5 yards; J. E. Morgan, L. S., Y. U., 4, by a foot; J. L. Coolidge, '95, H. U., 5; H. Emerson, '96, H. U., 6; R. Bacon, '96, C. C., 7; H. P. Webb, '97, Cor. U., 8; R. D. Douglass, '96, E. U., 9; A. A. Smith, '96, C. C., N. Y., 10; J. J. Overn, '96, U. of P., 11; H. A. Sutton, '95; Wesleyan U., 12; W. H. Wadhams, '96, Y. U., 13; G. Cleveland, '98, Y. U., 14.

120-yard hurdle race; first round; winners to run in final; second men to run a trial heat, whose winner shall run in final—First heat, E. Dyer, Gr. Eng., U. of C., 16s.; E. H. Cady, '95, S., Y. U., 2, by a foot; S. Bijur, '97, C. C., 3.

Second heat, S. Chase, '96, Dartmouth C., 15½s.; H. Torrey, '95, U. of C., 2, by 4 feet; E. C. Perkins, '98, Y. U., 3.

Third heat, G. B. Hatch, '96, Y. U., 16½s.; V. Munroe, '96, H. U., 2, by 2 feet; F. T. Van Buren, '98, Y. U., 3.

Trial heat for second men, Torrey, 15½s.; Cady, 2, by 5 feet; Munroe, 3, by 2 yards.

Final heat, Chase, 15½s.; Dyer, 2, by a yard; Torrey, 3, by a foot; Hatch, 4.

220-yard hurdle race; first round; first two in each heat to start in second round—First heat, J. L. Bremer, Jr., '96, H. U., 27s.; E. H. Cady, '95, S., Y. U., 2; S. Bijur, '97, C. C., did not finish and the others trotted in.

Second heat, E. C. Perkins, '98, Y. U., 25½s.; E. Dyer, Gr. U. of C., 2, by 4 feet; G. P. Middleton, '96, U. of P., 3; S. K. Fennellosa, '95, H. U., 4.

Third heat, L. P. Sheldon, '96, Y. U., 26½s.; J. L. Fewsmith, '98, Y. U., 2; H. W. Jameson, '95, H. U., 3; M. A. Twiford, '96, U. C., 4.

Fourth heat, H. Torrey, '95, U. of C., 25½s.; D. R. James, Jr., '95, P. C., 2; W. de Salazar, P. and S., C. C., 3; F. J. Van Buren, '98, Y. U., 4.

Second round, first two in each heat to start in final—First heat, Cady, 25½s.; Torrey, 2, by 2 yards; Perkins, 3; James, 4. Second heat, Bremer, 25½s.; Sheldon, 2, by a yard; Dyer, 3; Fewsmith, 4.

Final heat, Bremer, 24½s.; Cady, 2, by 3 yards; Torrey, 3, by a yard; Sheldon, 4.

OUTING FOR JULY.

1-mile walk—F. C. Thrall, '96, S. V. U., 7m. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; H. F. Houghton, Amherst U., 2, by 15 yards; J. D. Phillips, '97, H. U., 3, by 10 yards; C. D. Drew, '97, H. U., 4, by 3 yards; W. B. Fetterman, '98, U. of P., 5; L. Merwin, '96, U. of C., 6; W. Darrach, '97, Y. U., 7; P. Parrist, '96, Swarthmore C., 8; A. B. G. Davis, '96, U. of P., 9; A. W. Cameron, '97, G. U.; E. J. McVitty, '98, P. C., and E. Kraus, '96, S. U., did not finish; J. Bogert, '97, C. C., disqualified.

2-mile bicycle race; first round; first two in each heat to ride in second round—First heat, F. Howard, '98, C. C., 6m. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; F. H. Shall, '98, Y. U., 2; M. Dozier, '98, U. of C., crowded off the track, and allowed to ride in second round; W. G. Douglas, '98, U. of P., fell at half way.

Second heat, W. H. Fearing, Jr., '97, C. C., 5m. 38 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; W. D. Osgood, '98, U. of P., 2, by 2 yards; E. F. Hinds, '96, Cor. U., 3; W. R. Brinckerhoff, '97, H. U., fell.

Third heat, F. Hill, '97, Y. U., 6m. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; F. S. Elliot, '95, H. U., 2; H. Flannery, '98, U. of P., and L. Schultze, '98, C. C. N. Y., did not finish. All fell in last lap, but Hill and Elliot remounted and finished.

Fourth heat, E. C. Heidrich, '96, Y. U., 6m. 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; G. Ruppert, P. S., '98, C. C., 2, by a length; L. Thom, '98, U. of P., 0; J. A. Leland, P. Spec., P. C., 0.

Fifth heat, J. Williams, '98, C. C., 5m. 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; G. M. Coates, '97, U. of P., 2; A. B. Holmes, '96, H. U., 3; E. H. Young, '97, Y. U., 4.

Sixth heat, R. E. Manley, '97, S. C., 5m. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; W. Ottman, '98, C. C. N. Y., 2, by 2 lengths; C. E. Peck, '96, S., Y. U., ran on to the turf; D. E. Baxter, '97, C. C., fell.

Seventh heat, H. C. Burdett, '98, H. U., 7m. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; C. C. Brown, '96, S. U., 2, by 2 yards; B. A. Burtiss, '97, U. C., 3; C. Neidlinger, '97, C. C. N. Y., 4.

Second round; first two in each heat to ride in final—First heat, Fearing, 7m. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Ottman, 2, by 2 yards; Hill, 3; Burdett, 4; Dozier, 5. Second heat, Osgood, 7m. 4s.; Ruppert, 2, by 30 yards; Elliot, 3, by 3 yards; Shall, 4; Brown, 5. Third heat, Manley, 6m. $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; Coates, 2, by a yard; Howard, 3, by 3 yards; Williams, 4; Heidrich, 5.

Final heat, Manley, 9m. 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; Osgood, 2, by 10 feet; Fearing, 3; Coates, 4; Ruppert, 5. Ottman finished second, 3 yards behind Manley and a foot before Osgood, but was disqualified for foul riding in the final straight.

Running high jump. There was a preliminary round, the best five to compete in final round—Preliminary round, F. W. Koch, '96, U. of C., 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; G. B. Becker, '97, Cor. U., 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; C. I. Paine, Jr., '97, H. U., 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; N. T. Leslie, '96, U. of P., 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; J. D. Winsor, '97, U. of P., 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; E. H. Clark, '96, H. U., 5 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; L. P. Sheldon, '96, Y. U., 5ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; S. A. McComber, '96, B. U., 5ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; W. Patterson, '96, U. of C., 5ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; W. E. Putnam, Jr., '96, H. U., 5ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; A. H. Remington, '96, U. of P., 5ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; R. Weber, '97, P. C., 5ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; J. H. Thompson, '97, Y. U., 5ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; E. Burke, P. and S., C. C., 5ft. 4in.; A. McElbone, '96, G. U., 5ft. 4in.; G. E. Chaney, '97, H. U., 5ft. 4in.

Final round, Leslie and Winsor tied at 5ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and Leslie won by a toss. Paine, 5ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Koch, 5ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Becker, 5ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Running broad jump—There was a preliminary round, whose five best men were allowed to

compete in final round. In the award of places each man was credited with the best of all his performances in both rounds. Preliminary round, L. P. Sheldon, '96, Y. U., 22ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; A. Stickney, Jr., '98, H. U., 22ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; W. B. Rogers, '98, P. C., 21ft. 8in.; J. G. Clark, '96, H. U., 21ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; F. L. Dunlap, Gr. H. U., 21ft. 2in.; E. S. Ramsdell, '95, U. of P., 21ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; R. Mitchell, '96, S. Y. U., 20ft. 11in.; E. H. Clark, '96, H. U., 20ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; J. L. Fewsmith, '98, Y. U., 20ft. 1in.; M. A. Twiford, '96, U. C., 19ft. 11in.; G. L. Yates, '97, L. U., 19ft. 10in.; M. Dozier, '98, U. of C., 19ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; C. Woolsey, '95, U. of C., 19ft. 8in.; S. A. McComber, '96, Br. U., 19ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; S. Chase, '96, D. C., 18ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Final round, Sheldon, 22ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Stickney, 22ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Rogers, 21ft. 10in.; J. G. Clark, 21ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Dunlap, 21ft. 2in. Rogers cleared 21ft. 10in., 2 inches better than his record in the preliminary round. Neither of the four other contestants improved on his previous performance, but each received credit for the best of his preliminary trials.

Pole vault—There was a preliminary round, continued until only five men were left in for the final round: Preliminary round, W. W. Hoyt, '98, H. U., 10ft. 9in.; C. T. Buchholz, '96, U. of P., 10ft. 9in.; H. Thomas, '95, Y. U., 19ft. 9in.; W. A. Stewart, '97, U. of P., 10ft. 6in.; A. C. Tyler, '97, P. C., 10ft. 6in.; G. M. Allen, '95, Y. U., 10ft. 6in.; W. W. Curtis, '98, S. C., 10ft. 6in.; A. B. Emmons, '98, H. U., 16ft.; M. H. Kershaw, '95, Y. U., 10ft.; F. H. Bowman, '96, C. C., 10ft. 4in. After more than three hours' work there were still left in six men, and all were allowed to compete in final round rather than to continue the competition until one more dropped out.

Final round, Buchholz, 11ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Hoyt, 11ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Thomas, 10ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Tyler, 10ft. 9in.; Allen, 10ft. 9in.; Stewart, 10ft. 6in. Buchholz and Hoyt cleared 11ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and then tried at 11ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., but failed. After a tedious contest to settle the tie, during which the bar was at half a dozen different heights, Buchholz won at 10ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Putting the shot, from a 7-foot circle, without follow—There was a preliminary round, whose best five men were allowed to compete in final round. In the final award of places each man was credited with the best of all of his performances in both rounds. Preliminary round, W. O. Hickok, Y. U., 42ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; A. A. Knipe, '95, U. of P., 40ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; A. Brown, '96, Y. U., 39ft. 10in.; K. K. Kubli, '96, H. U., 38ft. 3in.; H. Cross, '96, Y. U., 37ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; F. E. Smith, '96, B. U., 35ft. 11in.; C. J. Paine, Jr., '97, H. U., 35ft. 5in.; H. R. Johnstone, '95, H. U., 34ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; R. Edgren, '97, U. of C., all puts foul.

Final round, Hickok, 42ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Knipe, 41ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Brown, 40ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Kubli, 38ft.; Cross, 37ft. 9in. All improved on their work in the preliminary round except Hickok, who cleared only 42ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and Kubli, who reached only 38ft.

Throwing the hammer from a 7-foot circle, without follow—There was a preliminary round, whose best five men were allowed to compete in final round. In making up the score each man was credited with the best of all his performances in both rounds. Preliminary round, W. O. Hickok, '95, S., Y. U., 132ft. 10in.; H. Cross, '96,

Y. U., 128ft. 6in.; C. Chadwick, '97, Y. U., 119ft. 9in.; R. W. Edgren, '97, U. of C., 117ft. 9in.; R. A. Hickok, '97, S., Y. U., 117ft. 6½in.; F. E. Smith, '96, B. U., 116ft. 1½in.; B. L. Clark, '96, S. C., 115ft. 2in.; G. L. Patterson, '95, Cor. U., 110ft. 1in.; H. R. Johnstone, '95, H. U., 108ft. 8½in.; J. M. Rhodes, '97, P. C., 106ft. 3in.

Final round, W. O. Hickok, 135ft. 7½in.; Cross, 135ft.; Edgren, 122ft. 1in.; Chadwick, 121ft. 3in.; R. A. Hickok, 117ft. 6½in. All improved on their performances in the preliminary round except R. A. Hickok, who cleared only 112ft. 7in.

NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their ninth annual championship games were held May 18 on Worcester Oval, Lake View, Worcester, Mass., with unpleasant weather, slow track and high wind.

The score was as follows: Dartmouth, 33 points; Brown, 22; Amherst, 19½; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 17; Williams, 16½; Bowdoin, 10; Wesleyan, 8; Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 5; Trinity, 4; University of Vermont, 0.

100-yard run—Final heat, H. S. Patterson, Williams College, 10½s.

220-yard run—Final heat, H. S. Patterson, Will. C., 23s.

440-yard run—Final heat, M. C. Allen, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 54½s.

Half-mile run—C. E. Bolster, Dartmouth C., 2m. 4½s.

1-mile run—H. Cummings, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 4m. 49½s.

2-mile run—L. F. Soule, Bowdoin C., 10m. 29½s.

120-yard hurdle race, with the wind—Final heat, S. Chase, D. C., 15½s.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, S. Chase, D. C., 26½s.

1-mile walk—H. F. Houghton, Amherst University, 7m. 17½s.

2-mile bicycle race—G. L. Gary, D. C., 6m. 40½s.

Running high jump—S. A. McComber, Brown U., 5ft. 8in.

Running broad jump—S. Chase, D. C., 22ft. 3in.

Pole vault—E. L. Morgan, A. U., and W. A. Wyatt, Wesleyan U., tied at 10ft., and Morgan won by a toss.

Putting 16-lb. shot—F. E. Smith, B. U., 38ft. 2½in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—F. E. Smith, B. U., 113ft. ½in.

PRINCETON BEATS COLUMBIA.

The fourth annual match between these two colleges was contested May 18, at Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, N. Y., the score being Princeton, 63½ points; Columbia, 48½ points.

100-yard run—R. Derr, '97, Princeton College, 10½s.

220-yard run—R. Derr, '97, P. C., 22½s.

440-yard run—H. C. Brokaw, '97, P. C., 53½s.

Half-mile run—H. L. Kingsley, '96, Columbia College, 2m. 4½s.

1-mile run—R. Bacon, '96, C. C., 4m. 51½s.

120-yard hurdle race—W. B. Rogers, '98, P. C., 16½s.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, W. E. De Salazar, '97, C. C., 24½s.

1-mile walk—T. L. Bogert, '97, C. C., 7m. 35½s.

2-mile bicycle race—Final heat, W. H. Fearing, Jr., '98, C. C., 5m. 2½s.

Running high jump—E. Burke, '95, C. C., 5ft. 7in.

Running broad jump—W. B. Rogers, '98, P. C., 21ft. 3in.

Pole vault—A. C. Tyler, '97, P. C., 10ft. 3in.

Putting the shot—D. F. Edwards, '96, P. C., 36ft. 1in.

Throwing the hammer—J. M. Rhodes, '97, P. C., 113 ft. 5¼in.

W. B. CURTIS.

WESTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The second annual meeting of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held in Chicago, Saturday, June 1, on the grounds of the Chicago Athletic Association. Local records were broken in almost every event, and marks were made by the winners that compare very favorably with those recorded at Berkeley Oval the week previous.

It is evident that the college athletes of the West deserve recognition and will have it, even if they have to go, as Crum did, to Berkeley Oval, to get it. Two American college records were tied, Crum duplicating his work of the week before in the sprints. Twelve new records were made for the W. I. A. A., the only two events in which the records were not distinguished being the high and low hurdles, and if Clark, of Illinois, had not been taken ill the day before, the records for these two events would surely have gone by the board, for he would have pressed the Californians to their limit. Such a slaughter of records was never before seen in the West. Crum was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes.

100-yard run—Trial heats. First heat, Maybury, Wisconsin, 10½s.; Scoggins, California, 2. Second heat, Stuart, St. Albans, 10½s.; Patterson, Chicago, 2. Third heat, Crum, Iowa, 10½s.; Porter, Michigan, 2. Fourth heat, Baughman, Michigan, 10½s.; Jackson, Lake Forest, 2. Final heat, Crum 10s.; Stuart 2, Scroggins 3. Stuart stuck gamely to Crum, but was beaten in the last ten yards.

1-mile walk—Mervin, California, 7m. 31½s.; Johnson, Chicago, 2; Gundlack, Northwestern, 3.

120-yard hurdle race—Trial heats. First heat, Torrey, California, 17½s.; Stuart, Michigan, 2. Second heat, Dyer, California, 16½s.; Richards, Wisconsin, 2. Final heat, Dyer, 16½s.; Richards, 2; Torrey, 3. The Californians were easy winners.

440-yard run—Hodgman, Michigan, 50½s.; Whitney, Grinnell, 2; Barnes, California, 3. Hodgman won without exertion, but the field was bunched close behind the winners.

1-mile bicycle race—Trial heats. First heat, Bachele, Chicago, 2m. 42½s.; Garrison, Grinnell, 2. Second heat, Brackett, Minnesota, 2m. 36½s.; Hall, Illinois, 2. Third heat, Morris, Michigan, 2m. 36½s.; Moore, Northwestern, 2. Fourth heat, W. B. Moore, Northwestern, 2m. 48½s.; Baunchbach, Illinois, 2. Final heat, Bachele, 2m. 46s.; Hall, 2; Moore, 3. It was a grand finish between

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Bachelle and Hall, the former winning by a narrow margin.

1-mile run—Clyde, Grinnell, 4m. 36³/₈s.; Palmer, Grinnell, 2; Cragin, Lake Forest, 3. Cragin set a swift pace, too swift for him to hold. He was in front on the last lap, but was easily overtaken by both the Grinnell men.

220-yard run—Trial heats. First heat, Crum, Iowa, 22⁴/₈s.; Downer, Wisconsin, 2. Second heat, Scoggins, California, 23⁴/₈s.; Patterson, Chicago, 2. Third heat, Bullard, Illinois, 23¹/₈s.; Motter, Kansas, 2. Fourth heat, Maybury, Wisconsin, 23³/₈s.; Montgomery, Wisconsin, 2. Final heat, Crum, 22s.; Maybury, 2; Bullard, 3.

220-yard hurdle race—Trial heats. First heat, Torrey, California, 26³/₈s.; Clark, Illinois, 2. Second heat, Dyer, California, 27⁵/₈s.; Wolcott, Michigan, 2. Third heat, Richards, Wisconsin, 28³/₈s.; Loway, Chicago, 2. Final heat, Torrey, 27¹/₈s.; Dyer, 2; Richards, 3. Clark, Illinois, the only man that could have forced out the Californians, was taken so ill that he could not start in the final heat.

Half-mile run—Palmer, Grinnell, 1m. 59⁴/₈s.; Koch, California, 2; Horton, Michigan, 3.

Running high jump—Clark, Illinois, 5ft. 9in.; Koch, California, 2; Washington Center College, 3.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Hall, Michigan, 44ft. ³/₄in.; Cochens, Wisconsin, 2; Sweeney, Illinois, 3.

Running broad jump—LeRoy, Michigan, 22ft. 7¹/₂in.; Woolsey, California, 2; Lees, Wisconsin, 3.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Edgren, California, 123ft. 9¹/₂in.; Fouts, Illinois, 2; Hall, Michigan, 3.

Pole vault—Culver, Northwestern, 11ft.; Herschberger, Chicago, and Jackson, Wisconsin, tied for second place, Herschberger winning the toss.

After the athletic sports, the executive committee of the association held a meeting and disqualified two Michigan men, Hall and Le Roy, on the ground of professionalism.

The barring out of Hall and Le Roy, of Michigan, made a change in the score which corrected stands thus, five points counting for first place, three for second and one for third:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Pts.
California.....	5	3	3	39
Iowa College.....	2	2	0	16
Wisconsin.....	1	3	2	16
Illinois.....	1	3	1	15
Chicago.....	1	2	0	11
Iowa State University.....	2	0	0	10
Northwestern.....	1	0	2	7
Michigan.....	1	0	1	6
St. Albans.....	0	1	0	3
Lake Forest.....	0	0	1	1
Center College (Ky).....	0	0	1	1

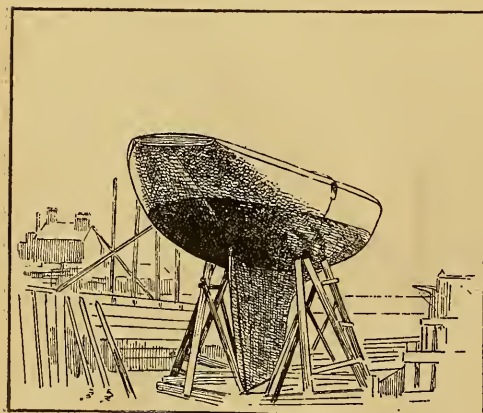
HARRY F. KENDALL.

YACHTING.

Before this number will have been issued both of the international representatives will have been launched, and, as information concerning them becomes more definite, grounds for confidence on this side the water are seemingly strengthened. The useless effort to keep the bottom of *Valkyrie III* from the public eye was abandoned after the completion of the hull. The surrounding shed was removed and she was freely viewed and photographed. She was launched in a sensible, business-like way early in June. We reproduce from *The Yachtsman* a rough sketch, showing the stern and after body, which gives the first reliable information concerning the vessel's lines. The many illustrations and "approximate" designs of both the

English and American boats, which have been so conspicuously displayed in the American papers, are at best interesting speculations, and in most cases are palpable fakes.

Speculation can now be only of the most general character. *Ailsa* has had ample time to tune up, but her later performances have been disappointing in the extreme. In the possible, though not probable, event of *Valkyrie* being a failure, or of her meeting with accident, the present indications are that *Vigilant* could easily defend the cup, in home waters, against any other challenger. In fact, unless there is something radically wrong about the ballasting and trim of the great Fife cutter and which may be remedied, *Britannia* would be the better boat to send over. Supposing, as will probably be the case, the two new boats are to be the contestants, the light construction of the *Defender* ought to be an advantage which may or may not be offset by *Valkyrie's* greater sail-area. The English yacht will probably be better rigged than the American and manned by a more experienced crew; on the other hand, the *Defender* will have the advantage, which we feel in our bones, sailor-fashion, to be an advantage, of sailing in home waters; although the facts which used to make this factor most important, have become obliterated by the familiarity of the English designers and skippers with our course, and the building especially for this race. The greatest of agreeable surprises comes in the rumor that *Volunteer* is to be put into commission, after being overhauled by Lawley at Boston. It is said that her mast is to be moved forward, her sail-plan slightly altered, and her rig improved. The wonderful trio of 1893 trial racers, improved by two years' experience, with the addition of *Navahoe* and the *Defender*, will make an unprecedented fleet of racing yachts.



VALKYRIE III.

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN "THE YACHTSMAN."

Defender will be ready for trial about July 1st, by which time *Valkyrie III.* will, in all likelihood, have had some trial spins with *Britannia* and *Ailsa* in the Channel, and will probably have sailed her maiden race in the Royal Northern Regatta, June 29. It is hoped, but it is by no means certain, that *Defender* will make her courtesy to *Vigilant* and the racing world at the Larchmont Regatta on the 4th of July.

Mr. E. A. Willard, to whom Com. Gould has intrusted the sole responsibility of *Vigilant*, has proved, as yachtsmen anticipated, the right man in the right place. It is said that he has moved his family to the vicinity of Bristol to keep the *Vigilant* near to Mr. Herreshoff and the *Defender* during the tuning up process of both yachts. Mr. Iselin will moor the *Colonia* off New Rochelle, and, wherever the *Defender* sails she will have one of these flyers chasing at her heels to keep her blood warm.

Jubilee has had hard luck and for the second time is on bottom, her ways having broken under her on June 10. Before the publication of this number her Jonah will probably have been dispensed with. She has been lengthened 3ft. 6in. on the water line, without altering her over-all length of 124 feet; her bow has been improved and her forward centre-board removed. Her old sails have been overhauled by Wilson and are in fine condition. *Valkyrie III.* left Partick June 8th for Gourock, where her sails will be bent on and her trial trip made. The English syndicate have chartered the steam yacht *Selene* to be tender for the *Valkyrie* and to afford quarters for the crew, following the Iselin idea.

Ailsa has had inside ballast added and her spars lightened, in an attempt, thus far unsuccessful, to increase her stability. Subsequent to these alterations, in the first Thames Regatta, May 17, in a strong S.W. wind, *Ailsa* was compelled to house her topmast, while *Britannia* carried her jib-header throughout the race. Both yachts were under single reef. She is now to be hauled over, her keel altered and spars lightened.

AILSA'S RACES.

New Thames Yacht Club, May 17, 50 miles. *Ailsa* rated 168, *Britannia*, 153, allowance 2 m. 11 sec. Strong S.W. wind. *Britannia* won by 2 m. 42 sec. elapsed and 4 m. 53 sec. corrected time. Field says: "Resulted in a striking display of superiority on part of *Britannia* as far as weathery qualities are concerned."

Royal Thames Y. C., May 18, 50 miles, same course as above. B. rated 153, A. 170. Allowance 2 m. 16 sec. Cloudy and rainy; flukey N.E. wind; club topsails. A. led, soon overhauled by B., who won by 59 sec. elapsed and 3 m. 15 sec. corrected time.

Southend to Harwich (Down Swin Course). Perfect day for A. Club-topsail breeze and smooth sea. A. got the start, but her bobstay gave way. Captain Jay jammed up the tiller and squared away to save the bowsprit.

Royal Harwich Regatta, June 3. Light S.W. wind: smooth sea. B. led all the way, winning by 2 m. 32 sec. elapsed and 4 m. 43 sec. corrected time.

Second day, R. Harwich Regatta. Light wind; smooth sea. B. got the start, but was overhauled by A. at Shipwash L. S. (close reach, club and jib-topsails). At Cork L. S., A. 90 sec. ahead

when she ran aground on Shipwash Lands. Not injured.

Sheerness, June 7. A. split mainsail at head and withdrew.

Channel Regatta, June 8, Nore L. S., to Dover, 60 miles. Light wind; jack-yard topsails and balloon jibs. A. led throughout, finishing 1½ sec. ahead of B. Giving 2 m. 57 sec. allowance B. won on corrected time by 2 m. 44 sec.

Royal Cinque Ports Y. C. off Dover, June 10. Moderate N.E. breeze; smooth sea; all kites set; course twice over a 22-mile triangle. A. crossed 1 min. ahead of B. on the first leg, a run with spinakers, A. made an actual gain of 3 sec. in 22 miles; on the windward work she just maintained her lead; on the run of the second round A. increased her lead and finished the race 1 m. 30 sec. ahead of B. B. was allowed 2 m. 8 sec. and won on corrected time by 38 sec. A. covered the course in 4 h. 37 m. 50 sec.

NIAGARA'S RACES.

Niagara's first races were not successful, but after getting into fighting trim she has distinguished herself in a way that would indicate the promise of her being a second *Dakotah*.

First race. Norfolk and Suffolk Y. C. Lowestoft Regatta, May 30. Lord Dudley's *Inyoni* led over the course in very light wind. N. becalmed.

Royal Harwich, June 3. Smooth water; light S.W. wind. Seven starters. N. led at start, dropped to fifth place, recovered to second, and finished 10 sec. behind the winner.

Second R. Harwich, June 4. Very light wind; smooth sea. Starters: *Luna*, *Mimosa*, *Audrey*, *Stephanie* and *Niagara*, of which only the last two went over the course, S. beating N. by 47 min. 19 sec.

Sheerness, June 7. Five entries, of which only *Luna* and N. came to the line. N. led over the 37 mile course with L. about 9 miles astern at finish.

Channel Regatta, June 8. Nore L. S. to Dover. Inside course, 50 miles. Light wind. N. scored a brilliant victory over Lord Dunraven's *Audrey* and F. B. Jameson's *Luna*. N. was late to start, but soon forged ahead, not only winning in her own class, but defeating the crack 40-raters *Caress* and *Isolde*. Starting gun was fired 10 h. 41m., A. M. The finish, as follows:

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
<i>Niagara</i>	6 07 15	<i>Isolde</i>	6 09 51
<i>Audrey</i>	6 08 25	<i>Luna</i>	6 13 00
<i>Caress</i>	6 09 27		

R. Cinque Ports Y. C. Dover, June 10. Moderate wind; smooth sea. Course, twice over a 13-mile triangle. Starters: *Luna*, *Stephanie* and *Niagara*. N. last to start. At end of first round 42 sec. ahead of *Luna*. On second round N. beat on every point, defeating L. by 5m. 22 sec. and S. by 6 m. 38 sec.

N. Y. YACHT CLUB.

The fiftieth annual regatta of the N. Y. Yacht Club was sailed in the lower bay on June 13th. The appearance of *Colonia* under command of Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, with Captain Norman Terry at the wheel and manned by the *Defender's* crew of Deer Islanders, stirred up the old-time enthusiasm of the Corinthians of the aristocratic old club, and did much to dissipate the gloom of a foggy, miserable morning. As a chartered boat

OUTING FOR JULY.

she could not enter any race. Everybody missed Captain Hank Haff, who has just been undergoing a serious operation for cancer of the jaw.

The yachts started off, with club topsails set, into a bank of fog, ran through a shower, and came back after a spirited race in glory and sunshine. The big schooner *Ramona* was alone in her class, as *Coronet* did not show up; *Clytie* did not finish, giving a walk-over to *Emerald*. *Elsemarie* defeated *Shamrock* by 1m. 58s. after a hot race, and Fred Sand's Clyde-built cutter *Uvira* distinguished herself by leaving *Minerva* hull-down. *Queen Mab* was alone in her class, so a bad start on her part did no harm, and *Wasp* had an easy time of it with *Nevea*.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

The Seawanhakas have done hard work this winter in furtherance of the general impetus among the Sound clubs toward a better and more uniform system of racing measurement and classification, and the changing, for the better, of the club's courses. At the fourth regular meeting of the club, on May 14, the committee on racing-rules made their report, suggesting changes, including a racing-length classification, which were adopted, and a sixty per cent. allowance table was recommended. The club ratified the action of its representatives in the Yacht Racing Union.

The club-house at Oyster Bay was opened with an enjoyable reception on May 31, at which the guests were entertained, in the afternoon, by a race for naphtha launches, and another race among the four club cat-boats, while the evening was devoted to dancing and convivial house-warming.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

The Atlantics indulged in an imposing display of maneuvering and saluting at the opening of their house at Bay Ridge on May 30. The fleet, under command of Vice-Com. F. T. Adams, lined up in naval fashion off the club-house, "saluted the flag, in quick succession," and then weighed anchor for a racing sail through the Narrows and over the lower bay courses. Com. Gould was in Europe, but the *Vigilant* was there, under command of E. A. Willard, and with a badly setting suit of sails and without her centreboard, she showed the fleet, including J. Roger Maxwell's big schooner *Emerald*, the way to the scene of her famous victory.

The Atlantic Annual Regatta was sailed in a fog and with light winds, on June 11th. The following were winners in their classes: *Ramona* (classed alone), *Emerald* defeating *Ramona*, *Elsemarie* defeating *Shamrock*, *Loyal* defeating *Fenella*, *Queen Mab* defeating *Hildegard*, and *Wasp* defeating *Eclipse*. *Uvira* won over *Minerva*, *Choctaw* and *Penguin* in the order named. *Norota* and *Dragoon* had no competitors in the 6th and 7th classes of sloops, respectively. *Feydeh* beat *Nomad* and *Wave*, *Miles Standish*. *Almira* beat *Mary* and *Allegro*, *Kitty* in the cat-rigged classes.

YALE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

The second annual regatta, sailed off New Haven June 1, brought out a fine fleet, including nine of the old Burgess boats. All races were sailed by amateurs. *Choctaw* beat *Nymph* by 30 seconds over a 12-mile course. This was the

best time made over the course by a Yale student, and therefore H. W. Harris, '95, commodore of the club, won the old \$200 challenge cup. *Drusilla*, Colonel Tyler, New Haven, won in the 35-foot class, defeating the Gardner *Norota*, which lost time by grounding. *Trust Me*, 15 feet, C. M. Clark, '94, won in the "mixed" class. In the cat-boat class the result was undecided because of a dispute between Hazen Morse, owner of *Kitty*, and Nelson Emmons, owner of *Boodler*.

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

The Larchmont Yacht Club are proverbially lucky in having all they want of wind, sunshine and entries at their regattas. The spring regatta, sailed June 16, was, as usual, forty-two starters, all representative boats, a bright, clear day and strong northerly wind. Two of the new courses, Nos. 5 and 9, were tried with great success, and everybody was satisfied that the new scheme of short, triangular courses is a good one. *Colonia* did not make a good start, being the eleventh over the line, but she soon got to the front and led the fleet home, though the big schooners *Constellation* and *Emerald* tried hard to keep her astern. Her competitor, in a special match, *Katrina*, lost her topmast just after the start. *Emerald* fouled *Elsemarie* at the start, but no harm was done.

Wasp was first over line, but was beaten by *Queen Mab*; *Uvira* scored another victory over *Minerva* and the new thirty-four *Dragoon* won in her class. The course for large yachts down to Class 5 was three times over course 5, making 32½ nautical miles; for classes 5 to 8 inclusive, twice over same course, 21½ nautical miles, and for the other classes, twice over course 9, making 10½ nautical miles.

The following are the entries, with corrected time:

SCHOONERS.			
CLASS A.	H. M. S.		CLASS B.
Constellation.....	4 03 31	Emerald.....	4 06 23
Ramona.....	4 35 20	Sachem.....	4 33 21
Fleetwing. Did not finish.			
CLASS C.			CLASS D.
Elsemarie.....	4 26 31	Loyal.....	4 56 03
Shamrock.....	4 31 53		
SLOOPS.			
SPECIAL MATCH.		SPECIAL MATCH.	
Colonia.....	3 44 14	Queen Mab.....	2 49 17
Katrina. Broke down.		Wasp.....	2 52 05
CLASS 6.			CLASS 7.
Uvira.....	3 07 39	Eidolon.....	3 15 58
Minerva.....	3 08 53	Sasqua.....	3 19 29
Gossoon.....	3 11 31	Norota. Not measured.	
CLASS 8.		THIRTY-FOUR FOOTERS.	
Infanta.....	3 24 49	Dragoon.....	3 15 09
Gavilan.....	3 31 27	Wild Cat.....	3 59 18
Audax.....	3 36 52		
CLASS 10.			CLASS 11.
Beatrice.....	2 22 36	Mary.....	2 04 13
Ware.....	2 32 32	Almira.....	2 06 22
CLASS 12.			CLASS 13.
Kittie.....	2 08 23	Actual time not measured.	
Allegro.....	2 12 04	Fairy.....	2 14 00
Keora.....	2 19 20	Lurline.....	2 18 51
Caper. Did not finish.		Violet.....	2 27 54
TWENTY-ONE FOOTERS.			
		ONE-HALF RATERS.	
Houri.....	2 05 59	Question.....	2 35 09
Celia.....	2 12 04	Trust Me.....	2 36 10

R. B. BURCHARD.



FRANK G. LENZ.

BORN FEBRUARY 15, 1867.

MURDERED MAY 12, 1894.

God rest thee, Brave. Thy hero heart
And sturdy limb did dare it all ;
Thy motto but to do thy part—
God rest thee, Brave !

God rest thee, Brave, with kindred souls,
Who, like Thee, dared to do and die,
Whose valor rings between the Poles—
God rest thee, Brave !

Twenty-four months, almost to a day, from the time Lenz left his Pittsburgh home, he fell, the victim of savage oriental treachery.

Through the arid deserts and sand-storm-stricken Bad-lands of this country ; through the perils and stress of the simoon infested waters of the Western Ocean ; through all the dangers of ignorance, fanaticism and disease in China ; through the fever-haunted jungles of Burmah, at their

worst ; across the whole continent of India, through the almost unknown tracts of Beloochistan, and the privations of the Persian desert, Lenz had pushed his way with a pertinacity and resolution nothing could deter, nothing daunt, and nothing turn aside. No pleasures of the senses or of the intellect, no scene, be it never so ravishing, no obstacle, be it ever so difficult, could swerve him from his self-appointed task.

It is marvelous, in turning over the pages of his itinerary, to notice, in every land and under every circumstance, the almost religious austerity with which all temptations to deviation from his goal were thrust aside. Whatever would interfere for an hour with the continuity and persistency of his straight, onward course was to be removed, overcome or avoided.

He had set himself the task to prove that his beloved wheel could carry him round the world, and he would do it, if mortal man could, or die in the attempt. That he would fall victim to the assassin never entered his mind. That many a "moving accident by flood or field" might befall him, as it may all men, was, of course, within his purview. That he might succumb to disease, as all mortals may, was a possibility he had, of course, discounted. But these chances had become diminished in degree with every day's journey westward, and he had escaped them all. That he should have braved the ills and vicissitudes of two such years and then fall a victim within sight, as it were, of the minarets which would flash to him the signal that his task was done, is the thought that intensifies the sadness of the end of his career.

The soil of Armenia has cried to heaven against many a black crime, the outcome of tyranny or bigotry, pitiful enough, but having foundation in some real or fancied wrong. The murder of Lenz was an act of stark, senseless savagery; a crime against nature and the law of nations, and one for which the government under which it occurred must be held to full and stern account.

Lenz was born February 15, 1867, in Philadelphia, Pa. When only a babe of four months his mother removed to East Liverpool, Ohio, but shortly after Frank's first birthday Pittsburgh, Pa., became his home, and there grew up to manhood, having made a good boy's record at the Roman Catholic parochial schools and the public high school, which he put behind him in only one and a half years after entering. His parents were in

humble circumstances and so Frank determined to make his way in the world and not prove a burden to his family. His living he made in leisure hours by selling newspapers. He not infrequently proved a helper in the household as well. The principal of the high school had become so interested in Frank that he himself found a place for the promising boy at graduation in the manufacturing establishment of A. W. Cadman. Eight years of faithful service secured for him not only the respect of his employer, but an interest in the business as well, and when young Lenz determined to see the world awheel and to make a tour of countries rarely traveled by Americans, Mr. Cadman tried hard to dissuade him, but to no purpose. Lenz had offered to make the tour for OUTING as a correspondent, but as he said in his very first letter to OUTING, "he would go if he had to travel alone and unaided; the world he would see."

Lenz rode his first wheel when he was scarce in his teens. In 1889, he journeyed on his wheel all the way to New York. In those days travel awheel was not of common occurrence. Stevens had only just returned from his world tour for OUTING, on a high wheel, then the only kind in use, and few there were to use it for long distance riding. In 1890, together with Charles Petticord, Lenz made a wheel tour to St. Louis, and in the following year, these two riders made a record in a journey to New Orleans, which was at that time the talk of wheelmen. Early in 1892, Lenz planned his world tour awheel and opened correspondence with OUTING. Having established his reliability and furnished bonds for faithful performance of the undertaking, Lenz was authorized to go as a correspondent of OUTING. Lenz left his Pittsburgh home May 15th, 1892, having previously visited New York in April for proper preparation of all details and to give personal superintendence to the building of his Victor wheel, at the factory of the Overman Wheel Co., at Chicopee Falls, Mass.



* DAHAR, THE PLACE WHERE LENZ WAS MURDERED.

Tabriz Persia,
May 2nd 1894

"Cutting Co." Son,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Sirs;— I arrived
here Apr. 27th. and leave today on
my way to Constantinople, now
only 900 miles distant

Please mail a good China number
of Cutting to the following;—

- | | | | | |
|----|---|-----------------|---|---|
| 1. | Wm. H. Bright, | Tabriz, Persia. | } | |
| 2. | John Baillie, | Tabriz, " | | |
| 3. | Guatar Steck, | Mianeh, " | | |
| 4. | Konrad Schmidt, | Bendjan, " | | |
| | <small>all of Indo-European Telegraph Co.</small> | | | |
| 5. | Rev. W. L. Whipple, | Tabriz, } | } | " |
| | <small>American Mission</small> | | | |
| 6. | Dr. Vanneman, | Tabriz, } | } | " |
| | <small>American Mission</small> | | | |
| 7. | Rev. Eulstein, | Teheran, } | } | " |
| | <small>American Mission</small> | | | |
| 8. | Dr. Hugh Adcock, | Tabriz, " | | |

All via Berlin, Germany.

Yours truly, F. G. Lenn.

co. Thos. Cook & Son
Vienna (Wien)
Austria

June 4th, 1892, Lenz started from City Hall, New York, and wherever he went throughout the States was heartily greeted as OUTING's world tour correspondent. His suavity of manner, his clean habits, his frank countenance, his pluck and perseverance paved the way for him everywhere and he unconsciously wormed himself into the affections of all those who met him.

Lenz's tour through the States was a signal triumph for journeying awheel. Even through distant India his journals abound in evidences of deep respect paid to this brave youth whose death we record with feelings of regret as deep as though he were one of our own household.

Lenz traveled safely through portions of China where Europeans have rarely ventured. From China he entered Burmah and proceeded down the Irrawaddy Valley to Rangoon, where he took ship to Calcutta. He then crossed India to Kurrachee, and on December 13th, 1893, entered Beloochistan and skirted the Persian Gulf to Persia. We heard from him at Gwadur, in Beloochistan, on January 2d, 1894, from Jask, in Persia, on January 18th, and from Bunder Abbas, in Persia, on February 13th. He then left the coast, passing through Shiras and Isphahan for Teheran, the capital of Persia. We heard from him there on April 14th. He expected to reach Constantinople by the end of May, by way of Tabrees (VI), which he reached on April 27th. He advised OUTING on May 2d of his intention to proceed at once via Erzeroum (X) to Constantinople, about 900 miles distant. He crossed the border out of Persia into Turkey on May 7th, and was probably shot on May 12th, just as he was about to emerge from the Deli Baba Pass, when only fifty miles away from Erzeroum. His tour in Persia so greatly interested the Crown Prince of that ancient kingdom as to bring a letter of condolence to the bereaved mother of this plucky American traveler, and had he safely

reached European parts it is more than likely that we might have had many an interesting and authentic narrative of Armenian suffering and Turkish barbarity.

Patient investigation has revealed some of the very details of Lenz's last days. We know, at last, how and when he came to his end. He was murdered by five Kurds; and the names of these wanton devils have been given to the "Sublime Porte," and their punishment demanded in the name of the Government of the United States.

The correspondents of OUTING continue at work to determine what has been done with the body and effects of poor Lenz. It may yet be months before we shall know it all.

The readers of OUTING will, we know, prize the fac-simile of Lenz's last letter, therefore we have reproduced it here as well as the envelope, also his latest portrait taken by himself by a most ingenious mechanical device of his, attached to the camera manufactured for him by the Rochester Optical Co., by the aid of which instrument all the photographs reproduced in OUTING were taken.

The story of Lenz's tour will be completed as will be the tour itself. At an early date the first volume will go to the public, and there are few wheelmen who will not wish to own a copy of the book narrating the remarkable achievements of Frank G. Lenz.

There is every reason to hope for a large indemnity for Lenz's mother from the Turkish Government. Secretary of State Olney took hold of the correspondence in the case on the very first day on which he assumed the duties of his exalted office. A man of such indomitable energy and such a whole-souled American will not let the brutal Turk glory over having taken the life of an American unavenged, and we know that the wheelmen of America will exact through their government a full and satisfactory indemnity for the sacrifice of this valuable life.

*F. G. Lenz. America Siberia
Turkistan
Persia*



*The Outing Co. Ltd.,
239-5th Ave.,
New York City,
N.Y.*

U.S.A.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

Madison Square Garden has been the scene of many an interesting gathering. Within its walls America's best brains, muscles and products have been assembled. The all-conquering American man, the marvelous American woman, the peerless American horse, the noble American dog, the patient American hen and the ubiquitous American cat have each and all had their turn at testing the acoustics and accommodations of the famous Garden; yet it is doubtful if even the ever-popular horse show has hit the public taste more truly than did the Sportsmen's Exposition.

Nine-tenths of us older ones have pleasant memories of the great out-doors; of days spent far from Gotham and nearer to Nature's heart than one can get in cities. Some of us, alas, are now sighing over those bygone days with the knowledge that they will never be again enjoyed; others, happier situated, are able to renew yearly their intercourse with Nature, and others, young and enthusiastic, are impatiently awaiting the time when they may begin to enjoy that out-door life which played no unimportant part in making their fathers successful men. To all of those the exposition was a genuine treat, and the fulfillment of its promise to become greater and broader next year will be welcome news.

The first annual exposition was certainly a success. The fear that it would not rise above the level of a "trade show" proved groundless. Those who entered the garden as doubters came away enthusiastic and eager. Groups clustered about every worthy exhibit proved that New Yorkers are both willing to support and able to appreciate a properly arranged exhibition of sportsmen's necessities and luxuries.

As an educator the exposition had a value which cannot be estimated. It showed men the latest and best work done in lines falling within its scope; it encouraged friendly meetings and a useful exchange of ideas, and it brought the producers and consumers face to face.

The arranging and carrying out of such a show was no light task, and certainly the directors have every reason for self-gratulation. By a pretty coincidence, the golden figure of Diana was poised above the first sportsmen's exposition of America, and while her gleaming bow swung to and fro above the gameless covers of green Madison Square, the crowds below did homage to the deathless maid of old who knew and loved the joys of the chase.

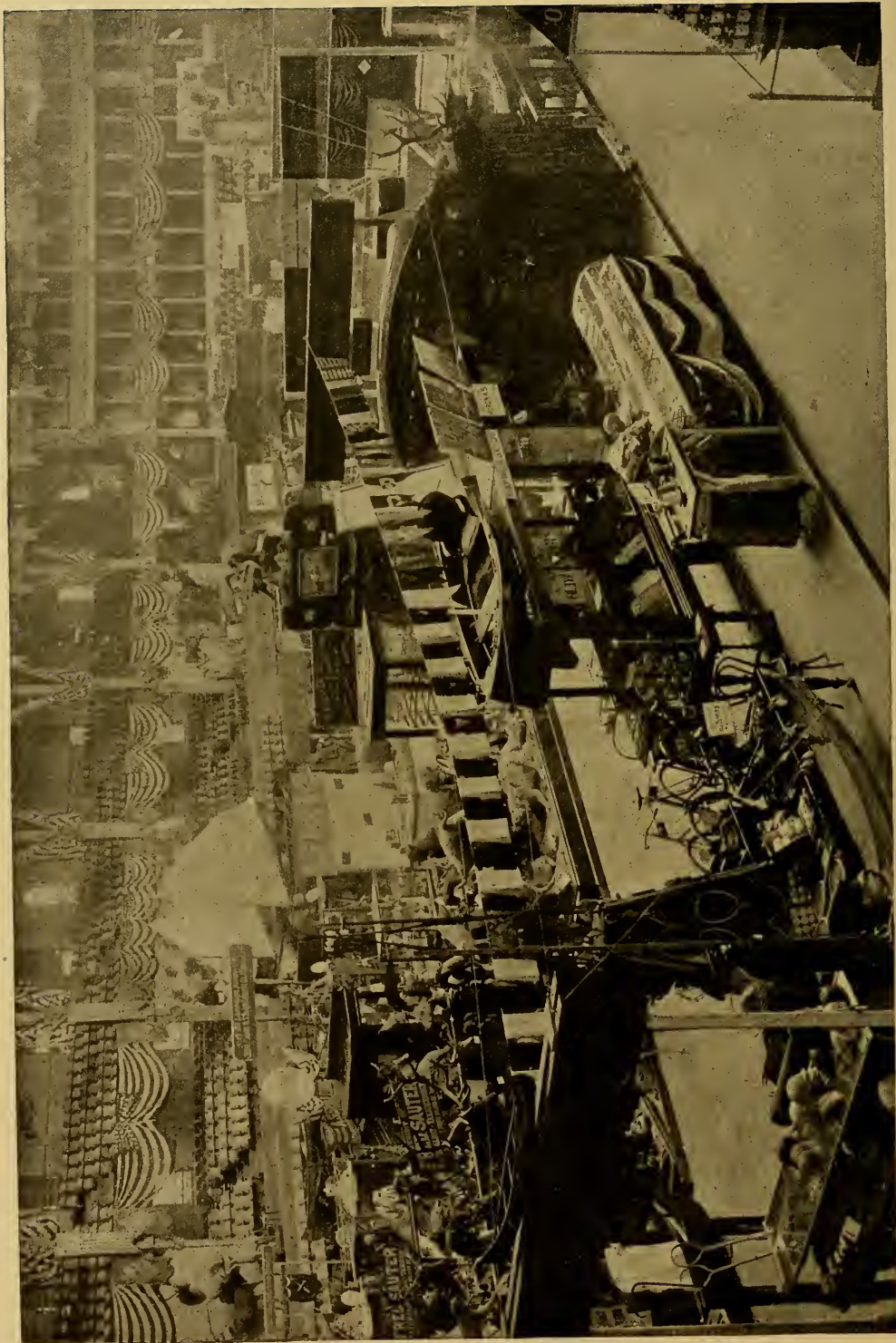
Prominent Exhibits in Taxidermy.

While it is, of course, impossible to dwell upon half of the good features of the exposition, many deserve more than a passing notice. The examples of advanced art in taxidermy were quite numerous enough to attract attention. Messrs. F. Sauter, S. L. Crosby, P. Liebinger, Southwick & Critchley, W. W. Hart & Co., and T. W. Fraine were represented by groups, heads, etc., of which anyone might be proud. C. G. Gunther's Sons had a large and valuable exhibit, while some particularly fine heads of western game were shown by such well-known sportsmen as Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, George H. Gould and G. O.

Shields. Near the entrance was a small display which few sportsmen passed without stopping. Here were teal and mergansers in full flight and very well done, several capitially-mounted woodcock, with which taxidermists frequently fail, and two heads of deer. The latter were fine examples of the taxidermist's skill, and the doe especially will be long remembered by those who know a good thing when they see it. The modeling of the roaring lion and of the two young tigers with the dead antelope was something far ahead of ordinary taxidermy. The lioness and cubs in the cage was another notable feature. Viewed from the front the expression and pose of the lioness were so true to life that visitors could hardly realize that the great cat was not prepared to defend her babies if required. An enormous grizzly, from Alaska, towered above this exhibit. He must have been a terrible brute in life, and the artist's clever scheme of placing a dead buck beneath his mighty arm was pardonable, as it intensified the height and girth of the savage-looking plantigrade. A magnificent moose head, an equally fine muskox head, and a pair of otters were prominent features of an exhibit which included many other excellently modeled pieces. The water effect with the otters was above criticism, but the trap upon the foot of one animal was hardly worthy of the piece.

F. Sauter's exhibit was very large and interesting. Several groups were ambitious attempts and showed that the artist had spared no pains to carry out boldly conceived ideas. The dogs attacking wild boars, the running deer and hounds, the leopards and gnu, pumas and bear, and the wolves worrying the buffalo, fascinated the majority of the spectators. The wolves and buffalo formed, perhaps, the strongest feature of an extensive array. In this work and in others the artists have made a bit too free with red paint, which seldom resembles blood. About the Maine log cabin were many finely-mounted heads, and, speaking of heads, I must not forget the two-headed ruffed grouse, the most unique of the attractions of the great log cabin of the U. S. Cartridge Co. Among Gunther's display were two very young muskox calves, decided novelties, a fine bighorn ram, and a mule deer with an unusually heavy head. Many decorative panels throughout the hall gave new ideas to amateurs. One of the most artistic of the deer heads I have ever seen was in the interesting exhibit of *Forest and Stream*.

Those who have felt the "living picture" craze had a peep at the other side of the shield when they reached the cyclorama of sport, as prepared by the Webster Studio, from designs by Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt. Five large pieces represented elk hunting, duck shooting, fox shooting, trout fishing, and what was probably "a lost opportunity," *i. e.*, a dummy hunter with a single-barrel had fired at a grouse and stampeded a stuffed buck, which was shown leaping for dear life. The work in these scenes was divided between the taxidermist and the artist, and while the ideas were excellent, the faithful execution was rendered very difficult by the introduction of life-size human figures. One could hardly be expected to kill a lot of sportsmen and stuff them for such scenes, and the artificial figures fell



From a Photograph by C. H. Fontayne.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.



"OUTING'S" DISPLAY (SOUTH).

short of the requirements. The several sportsmen represented had something of that life which thrills a cigar-store Indian, yet the general effect was by no means bad. The snow scene with the dead elk was the best of the series. The trout-fisher held up what was supposed to be a "two-pounder," but from the size of his fish it was likely that he, as usual, lied about a pound.

Guns and Shooting.

A magnificent display of firearms and their accessories gladdened the eyes of thousands of critical visitors. Friends of the "old reliable" Parker gun found a tastefully arranged exhibit. Here were guns of every grade of quality and ornamentation, from the \$400 swagger, fluid steel, gem, down to the good old plain but honest \$100 standby. There were 10's, 12's, 16's and 20's, but they were all "Parkers," and as Parker Bros. have not yet learned how to make a poor gun, they were all good enough for any man to use. Time was when sportsmen were agreed that a strictly first-class gun had to come from across the water, but now American skill and capital produce weapons equal in killing power, finish, beauty and durability to the best produced abroad. But the Parkers had no monopoly of the honors, for there were plenty of other fine guns of equal merit. Any intelligent man

learned this after careful inspection of the several displays. Colt's Fire Arms Co., Remington Arms Co., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Hunter Arms Co., Lefever Arms Co., Marlin Fire Arms Co., Syracuse Arms Co., Smith & Wesson, Burgess Gun Co., Schoverling, Daly & Gales, etc., each and all exhibited examples of the skill of American manufacturers which would stand comparison with the very finest weapons built abroad. And in fair rivalry with the pick of American arms were the now celebrated Francotte guns—beauties in every detail. Many an expert lingered long over these superb weapons, shown by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, and again before the guns of F. Dumoulin & Co., shown by Wiebusch & Hilger.

The almost countless contrivances for the convenience of sportsmen fairly puzzled men who claim to know a thing or two concerning such matters. In these rush-ahead days inventions and improvements follow each other so rapidly that no one man can keep track of them. The beautiful displays of the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. and the Ideal Manufacturing Co. contained about everything a man could think of in the way of handy implements. Those interested in ammunition for rifles, shotguns and revolvers found plenty to occupy their time in the artistic display of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. As an object lesson in how to make a display attractive it had few rivals. In the fine



"OUTING'S" DISPLAY (NORTH).

exhibit of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. large and small ammunition had a prominent place, dividing the honors with rifles which are too well known to require comment. The various brands of sporting powders were well displayed. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold showed the famous "Schultze" powder in all stages of manufacture from the natural wood to the latest hard-grain waterproof product. This firm is also agent for the Walsrode smokeless powder. Messrs. Wiebusch & Hilger included in their attractive exhibit samples of Smokeless Powder, S. S.; rifleite for rifles, S. V. for revolvers, and S. K. for rook rifles. A most complete and instructive display was that of Messrs. E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., which showed the materials used in the manufacture of smokeless, sporting, military and blasting powders, and the powders in various stages. The merits of DuPont's smokeless are now fully recognized by sportsmen, for the powder makes friends upon first acquaintance. The American E. C. Smokeless Powder shown by the W. Fred Quimby Co. is another reliable powder which has found great favor among experts at the traps. The American Smokeless Powder Co. showed full samples of the "W. A." hard-grained, and the well-known Hazard Powder Co. added "Hazard Smokeless" to the show of old reliable black powder. An exhibit which towered above all was that of Messrs. Tatham & Bros. It was a miniature shot-tower, which gave a practical illustration of how the shiny pellets are made.

Fishing Tackle.

Those who know the fine points of rods, reels and tackle generally were delighted with the carefully prepared exhibit of Von Lengerke & Detmold. Mortal man could not desire a better outfit than might have been picked at random from their cases. Only a solid gold trout with real jewels would be fit to arch one of those hand-made split bamboos. Experienced anglers evinced the keenest interest in the different reels, flies, leaders, collapsible nets and tackle, and one-and-all left the cases reluctantly. The W. S. Net and Twine Co.'s goods, shown by Mr. Geo. Paddock, included "Kosmic" rods and a great variety of fine tackle, reels, artificial baits, etc. Hulbert Bros. & Co.'s large display found space for good fishing tackle in addition to an assortment of sporting and athletic goods, firearms, bicycles, photographic outfits and a picturesque Adirondack camp, with a cot and the Kenwood sleeping-bag, one of the handiest things yet produced. The Horton Manufacturing Co. showed the now well-known "Bristol" steel trout and bass rods. Some of these light, well-balanced rods telescope and carry the line inside from reel to tip, which is frequently a desirable feature. The Natchaug Silk Co. lines completed the display of anglers' necessities.

Boats, Canoes.

This department was not as well represented as might have been expected, and certain firms lost an opportunity which they may now be regretting. One notable exhibit, the St. Lawrence Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co.'s (A. G. Spalding & Bros.) attracted great attention. It included St. Lawrence River skiffs of old and new models, square-sterned skiff for general

use, a handy shooting skiff and an open canoe, Canadian model. Needless to say, these were as good as skilled labor could make them. But the Layman patent pneumatic boat was the feature which caught the crowd. It was shown in a large tank of water, which afforded the occupant of the rubber boat sufficient room to display the general handiness and other desirable qualities of his novel craft. It is said that one of these boats, of goodly beam, has been secured for President Cleveland. The Gas Engine and Power Co. exhibited two beautiful launches of 25 and 23 feet respectively, and also a model of a cabin naphtha launch. The general excellence of workmanship commended these launches to the most critical. E. H. Gerrish showed a most useful-looking canvas canoe.

Miscellaneous Exhibits.

Spratts Patent had a neat exhibit which contained everything, except a dog, that a fancier could desire. The public has learned by experience that articles bearing the Spratts mark are the best obtainable. Somewhere near two hundred medals testify to Spratts' winnings in different parts of the world, and, reader, if you have a dog, cat or pet which one or other of Spratts' foods will not benefit I am prepared to hear of your pet being called hence.

OUTING had a suitable display. The hundreds who clustered about the rails know whether that tasty collection of original drawings and sportsmanlike accessories was, or was not, worthy of a gentleman's magazine of sport, travel and recreation. Outside of drawings by OUTING's staff artists, the exhibit comprised fine rods and tackle by the famous Chubb Rod Co. and Reuben Wood's Sons Co.; golf goods by Willie Park & Sons; a Warwick bicycle; tennis racket, nets, balls, etc., by the Horace Partridge Co. and Wright & Ditson; oars and paddles by Z. J. Shaw & Co.; bicycle suits by Stern, Bernheimer & Co.; cameras by the Blair Camera Co.; boxing gloves by A. J. Reach & Co., and a beautiful model yacht by Herbert Fisher, secretary of the American Model Yacht Club. Our readers may rest assured that if the above articles were good enough to be selected for OUTING's exhibit they are good enough for any purchaser.

Among other exhibitors of specialties, etc., were the Overman Wheel Co., Victor bicycles and sporting goods; G. W. Cole & Co., "Three in One" cleaner, lubricant for guns, etc.; Anker Bouillon Capsule Co.; E. and H. T. Anthony & Co., cameras and photographers' supplies; Cushman & Denison, "Perfect" pocket oilers; Wm. Lyman, rifle and revolver sights; Obrig Camera Co.; Heublein Bros., "Club Cocktails"; Geo. Barnard & Co., athletic sundries; Meriden Britannia Co., cups, trophies and silverware.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.

In the eighth field trials of the English Pointer Club, the Puppy Stakes, was won by Mr. E. Bishop's l. w. b. Jane Pedro (Senor Don Pedro-Holly Berry). The All-Age Stakes was won by Mr. Mawson's l. and w. d. Prior of Bromfield (Prior of Upson-Queen of Bromfield).

DAMON.

COLLEGE CRICKET.

The match between the Seniors and Juniors of Haverford College on May 7 resulted in a remarkably easy win for the latter by 47 runs, with four wickets to spare. The Seniors made a total of 39 and the Juniors 86, of which C. R. Hinchman contributed 38 by free hitting. Hinchman also distinguished himself in the bowling, by taking 6 wickets for 14 runs. A. P. Morris, of the Seniors, bowled well, taking 5 wickets for 15 runs.

On May 11 the University of Pennsylvania were defeated in the game against Merion. Merion ran up a total of 227, N. E. Hug contributing 94, and S. G. Thayer, 58. The University were then disposed of for 66 runs, of which S. Goodman made 21.

On the same day, the Harvard team played a very close game against Brockton, defeating the latter by the narrow margin of one run. Harvard's total was 63 against 62 made by Brockton.

At the Manheim grounds, on May 11, the Germantown team won their game from Haverford by 23 runs. F. H. Bohlen carried off the batting honors for the home team with an innings of 37, not out. Haverford's batting list was headed by A. J. Lester, with a score of 42. The totals were: Germantown 99, Haverford 76.

On May 14 the Haverford College team easily defeated the Wayne County Club by a score of 221 to 23. The feature of the game was the magnificent innings played by J. A. Lester, who made 110, not out. This gentleman also bowled in fine style, taking 7 wickets for 10 runs. Good scores were also made for the winners by E. Hall, 38, and H. Thomas, 24.

The Boston A. A. Club won their match from Harvard on May 15, by a score of 57 to 30. W. Comfort, of Harvard, headed the scoring list with 16. The Harvard men gave a good exhibition of sharp fielding.

In the Haverford-Harvard, the first of the intercollegiate matches on May 24, J. A. Lester, of Haverford, was again the hero of the game. He made 61 (not out) of the total of 97, and also bowled in very good form. The match resulted in an easy win for Haverford, by an innings and 45 runs. The totals were: Haverford 97, Harvard 35 and 17.

The second of the intercollegiate matches between Pennsylvania and Harvard resulted in a win for Pennsylvania. The scoring was not heavy in either of the first innings, but the Pennsylvanians managed to run their second total up to 100. The scores were: Pennsylvania, 53 first innings, 100 second innings; Harvard, 31 first innings, 54 second innings.

The final match of the intercollegiate series was played on May 31, between Haverford and the University of Pennsylvania, and resulted in a victory for the former. By winning this match Haverford regains the Inter-Collegiate Championship which she lost to Harvard last year. The game was very exciting from start to finish, and was by no means a runaway match. Haverford's fielding was below their usual standard. C. R. Hinchman 38, J. A. Lester 21, A. P. Morris 19, and J. H. Scattergood 13, were the double figures for the winners. For Pennsylvania, J. N. Henry, not out, 34, S. Goodman 22, W. S. Aitken

21, H. H. Brown 13, and A. H. Brockie 10, were the best innings. The totals were: Haverford 147, Pennsylvania 123. H. H. Brown did the best bowling, taking 4 wickets for 9 runs.

A silver cup has been offered by Haverford College to the school team winning the inter-academic championship of Philadelphia. This is indeed a step in the right direction and one for which Haverford deserves the highest praise. By encouraging the boys to play we set cricket on a firm basis. Boys develop a skill in the game which, like swimming, never leaves them; and if they are taught and encouraged to play while at school they will play as the seasons come round, so long as they have strength to wield a bat. And in cricket a man retains the faculty of playing a number of years. For example, take the greatest of all our players, Dr. W. G. Grace, who at the age of forty-seven has only recently completed his hundredth 100, ten of which have been double centuries.

Mr. J. I. Scott, of Philadelphia, has returned from England, and brings with him the good news that he has arranged for a team of Cambridge University, past and present, to visit this country in September. The team will play three matches in Philadelphia, one in New York and one in Canada.

There is every probability of the team being a strong combination, for such well-known players as F. S. Jackson, S. M. J. Woods, A. S. Ranjitsinji, the brothers N. F. and W. G. Druce, F. Mitchell, H. Gray, C. G. Pope, R. A. Studd, C. E. M. Wilson, J. P. Candler, W. G. Grace, Jr., have already been mentioned as forming part of the make up. Mr. Kenneth McAlpine will also bring over a team under the auspices of the Germantown Club. This will give us plenty of international cricket to wind up the season with.

The championship schedule of the New York Association opened on June 1st with matches between Metropolitan Insurance A. A. and Kings County St. George and New Jersey A. C.'s second eleven against Columbia.

The match between Metropolitan Insurance A. A. and Kings County St. George resulted in a victory for the Kings Co. men by 21 runs. G. W. Henderson, of the M. I. A. A., did the best batting of the game with 21 to his credit. H. T. Paterson headed the winners' batting list with 15. The totals were: Metropolitan Insurance A. A., 36; Kings Co. St. George, 57.

The New Jersey A. C.'s second eleven won their game against the Columbia with six wickets to spare and a margin of 42 runs. The Columbias ran up a score of 80 runs, but their bowling was not good enough for the N. J. A. C., who made 112 runs for the loss of four wickets.

T. C. TURNER.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The match between Bohemian and Pacific C. C. was played at Klinknerville May 5, resulting in the easy defeat of the Pacific eleven. The Bohemian team went in first, and made 147. A. S. Webster 28, W. Robertson 29, and A. D. Reynolds 35. G. Theobald was the only Pacific man to get double figures with 11, and the innings closed for 43.

OUTING FOR JULY.

Alameda vs. California played May 5. The California eleven made 44, of which A. Cane made 18. The Alameda team compiled a score of 120, to which E. G. Sloman contributed 31, and J. G. Peel 24.

The game between Alameda and Pacific, played at Alameda May 12, resulted in a win for the home team. The Pacific team went in first and scored 67. The Alameda team put together 165 with the loss of only 7 wickets. J. J. Moriarty 33, R. B. Hogue 49, E. Hood 29, E. T. Randall, 19, and E. G. Sloman 19, not out.

In the Bohemian vs. California game at Klink-

nerville, May 19, the California Cricket Club forfeited the match.

On May 18 and 19 the Pacific team played the Citrus Colony Club on the grounds of the latter. The Citrus Colony men went to the bat first, and scored 146. The Pacific club men scored only 56. This necessitated a "follow-on," but in their second innings the Pacific team scored only 55. The visitors were most hospitably entertained by the home team, this being the first time that a cricketing team has visited Placer County, though the Penryn men have twice visited San Francisco.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

LAWN TENNIS.

The ninth annual meeting of the Southern States Association was held May 23d, at the grounds of the Cantonsville Cricket Club, in the vicinity of Baltimore. There were sixteen entries in singles and by the default of W. G. Parker the holder of the championship, A. H. S. Post, the winner of the tournament gained the title which he before held in the spring of 1888. Several good players from the North fought hard for the honor but the contest was finally between two Southerners, A. H. S. Post and J. C. Davidson. This match was remarkably brilliant, and Post's work in recovering three times when within a point of defeat showed that he has lost none of his skill at tennis. The North was successful in gaining the doubles through the efforts of J. P. Paret and Raymond Thurber.

SCORES.

Singles, first round—J. S. Mason beat C. Esselstyne, 7-5, 6-3; J. P. Paret beat J. C. Goodfellow, 6-1, 6-2; Raymond O. Thurber beat S. H. Browne, 6-4, 6-3; J. C. Davidson beat J. C. Neely, 6-0, 6-3; J. F. Hobart beat O. McCammon, 6-2, 7-5; H. B. Smith beat J. Clay, 4-6, 6-0, 6-4; A. H. S. Post beat C. Cragin by default; R. Colwell, Jr., beat John Hincley, 6-2, 6-4. Second round—J. P. Paret beat J. S. Mason, 6-3, 6-0; J. C. Davidson beat R. D. Thurber, 3-6, 9-7, 6-2. J. F. Hobart beat H. B. Smith, 6-2, 6-1; A. H. S. Post beat R. Colwell, Jr., 3-6, 6-4, 6-4. Semi-final round—J. C. Davidson beat J. P. Paret, 6-3, 6-4; A. H. S. Post beat J. F. Hobart, 6-2, 5-7, 6-1. Final round—A. H. S. Post beat J. C. Davidson, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, 4-6, 9-7.

Doubles, preliminary—Paret and Thurber beat Post and Browne, 6-4, 6-1; Hobart and McEnroe beat Goodfellow and Clay, 6-3, 6-0. First round—Paret and Thurber beat Mason and Neely, 6-2, 6-2; Hobart and McEnroe beat Davidson and Pennington, 6-3, 6-0. Final—Paret and Thurber beat Hobart and McEnroe, 7-5, 6-4, 7-5.

The tenth annual tournament for the championship of New England began May 28th, at the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Club, but owing to several postponements the final match was not played until June 6th. The selection of a date a few weeks earlier than usual for this meeting was wise, for it avoided any conflict with important June events and at the same time was not so close to college annuals and commencement as to deter collegiate players from competing. The entry list at New Haven has not been so large for many years and the appearance of four crack players, Larned, Chace, Howland and

Budlong, rendered the matches of especial interest and importance. Then, too, the drawing was most favorable, for these men were so placed that they met in the semi-final, making the finish of the tournament brilliant and exiting.

As regards these four experts, the result was a genuine surprise. Larned the highest officially ranked man in the tournament, showed weakness at the outset by losing a set to James Terry, and when he reached the semi-finals gave way to Howland after a close three sets. Chace, the next best man on last year's performances, was in better form, and after defeating Budlong in the semi-final met Howland in the final. This match was twice postponed. On May 31st, the score stood a deuce set each, when rain interrupted play. At the second postponement, June 3d, Chace led by two sets to one, but the next day on continuing the match from that point, Howland took the two sets and the match. It is a mistake even to play a match by piecemeals. A final match should be won in best three in five sets of continuous play, with only such waits as the rules allow. It is not presumable that, had this been done, the result would have been different, yet it is not advisable for good players to deviate from this rule, for endurance is one of the tests of tennis, and many a man plays his strongest game after the loss of the first two sets. Howland thus became the challenger to Foote, the holder of the cup. This contest was especially interesting inasmuch as the two men as partners won the Eastern doubles at Narragansett last season as well as the New England doubles. The match began on Wednesday, June 5th, but rain came on during the fourth set, the score then being as follows: Foote and Howland, 7-5, 6-2, 5-7, 2-6. A fresh start was made on the following day. After losing the first set Howland won the next three with ease, score 6-0, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1.

Singles, preliminary round—M. H. Mundy beat F. L. Griffith, 6-4, 7-5; C. P. Kellogg beat H. G. Holcomb, 6-4, 6-2; C. Walworth beat P. F. Ripley, 4-6, 7-5, 7-5; J. P. Paret beat W. E. Dwight, 6-0, 1-6, 6-2; J. C. Neely beat A. B. Moody, 6-3, 6-0; J. Howland beat F. L. Chase, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3; C. R. Budlong beat G. Heaton, 6-1, 6-4; N. A. Smythe beat H. A. Loomis, 7-5, 6-3; W. L. Phelps beat Henry Clews, 6-1, 6-4; J. F. Talmage, Jr., beat H. V. Ryder, 6-1, 4-6, 6-4; A. E. Kent beat F. E. Howard, 6-3, 8-6; M. G. Chace beat F. W. Mundy, 6-1, 6-1; L. G. Billings beat B. E. Smith, 6-2, 3-6, 6-3.

First round—W. A. Larned beat James Terry, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3; J. P. Paret beat C. Walworth, 6-0,

6-4; J. Howland beat J. C. Neely, 6-3, 6-1; C. R. Budlong beat N. A. Smythe, 6-1, 6-3; M. G. Chace beat W. H. Hart, 6-0, 6-1; C. P. Kellogg beat M. H. Mundy, 6-4, 6-3; W. L. Phelps beat L. G. Billings, 6-2, 7-5; A. E. Kent beat J. F. Talmage, Jr., 7-5, 6-8, 7-5.

Second Round—W. A. Larned beat C. P. Kellogg, 6-1, 6-2; J. Howland beat J. P. Paret, 6-2, 8-6; C. R. Budlong beat W. L. Phelps, 6-3, 6-2; M. G. Chace beat A. E. Kent, 6-1, 6-2.

Semi-final—M. G. Chace beat C. R. Budlong, 6-3, 7-5; J. Howland beat W. A. Larned, 7-5, 4-6, 8-6.

Final round—J. Howland beat M. G. Chace, 4-6, 6-3, 4-6, 9-7, 6-4, championship round—J. Howland (challenger), beat A. E. Foote, (holder), 0-6, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1.

Doubles, first round—E. P. Fischer and J. P. Paret beat J. F. Hobart and E. K. McEnroe, 6-3, 6-1.

Second round—C. R. Budlong and J. F. Talmage, Jr. beat J. Howland and W. A. Larned, 6-4, 6-4; M. G. Chace and A. E. Foote beat Fischer and Paret, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3.

Final round—Chace and Foote beat Budlong and Talmage, 6-2, 6-1, 6-3.

The Long Island interscholastic tournament was decided June 4th, at the courts of the Pratt Institute, corner of Grand and DeKalb avenues, Brooklyn. As was expected, J. McMahon of the Brooklyn Latin School, who has been successful in many events at the Kings County Tennis Club, easily won, both in singles and doubles. The concluding rounds were as follows: Singles, semi-

final—Noyes, Polytechnic, beat Cluett, St. Paul's School, 6-1, 6-2; McMahon, Brooklyn Latin, beat Tuttle, Polytechnic, 6-2, 6-3.

Final round—McMahon beat Noyes, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1.

Doubles, final round—McMahon and Goodwin, Brooklyn Latin, beat Noyes and Fort, Polytechnic, 4-6, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-4.

The spring handicap of the New York Tennis Club was concluded June 8th. at 147th street and St. Nicholas avenue. The final results were as follows:

Singles, final—E. K. McEnroe (scratch) beat Charles B. Chapin (scratch) 6-1, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4.

Doubles, final—J. F. Hobart and E. K. McEnroe (owe fifteen) beat Alfred S. Taylor and Arthur Taylor 7-5, 3-6, 7-5, 6-3.

Mixed doubles, final—Miss Edith Boyd and Mr. Cragen beat Miss L. M. Boyd and Mr. Oscanyon (15) 6-4, 6-4, 8-6.

The Rutherford T. C. met the Nutley Field Club players June 8th, at Rutherford, N. J. Two pairs were entered from each club. The visiting players won by best two in three matches.

First round—Thurber and H. Hollister (Rutherford) beat Satterthwaite and Loveland (Nutley) 6-2, 6-1. Larkin and Deacon (Nutley) beat F. Hollister and Spaulding (Rutherford) 6-4, 7-5.

Final—Deacon and Larkin (Nutley) beat Thurber and H. Hollister (Rutherford) 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

F. A. KELLOGG.

GOLF.

FIXTURES.

July 5—Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass., handicap tournament.

July 4—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Independence Day handicap.

July 6—Country Club, Philadelphia, Pa., third club handicap for annual cup.

July 13—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Yonkers, third handicap.

Golf in America has entered upon a new phase, or rather two new phases of exactly opposite natures. On the one hand, a commencement has been made in laying out private links, and on the other hand, the first municipal links are in progress. Col. John Jacob Astor has had links laid out on his estate at Rhinecliff. Mr. Havemeyer has had links commenced, and Mr. A. G. Spalding has nine holes laid out on his Seabright estate. The Park Commissioners of New York have become the fathers of municipal golf by the laying out of public golf links at Van Cortlandt Park, N. Y., which will soon be ready for use. The course will be a nine-hole one, and as soon as the links are in order the Mosholu Golf Club will play on certain afternoons. Other clubs that desire the privileges of the course should communicate with the Park Commissioners. This public recognition of the game is an important and far-reaching event, and is a precedent worthy of following.

St. Andrew's, Yonkers—The first open handi-

cap of the season, May 11, brought out some of the best players in the country, and spirited games in perfect weather resulted in Mr. James Parks, Richmond County Club, winning the first prize with a score of 92; Mr. H. Mortimer Brooks, Newport Club, the second prize with a net score of 94, and that veteran champion of out-door recreations, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, the third prize with a net score of 96.

At the regular monthly meeting of the governing committee of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, of Yonkers, N. Y., held Wednesday, May 22, the resignation of the honorable secretary, Mr. H. O. Tallmadge, was accepted. Mr. W. E. Hodgman was elected as his successor. The other change was the election of Mr. Arthur L. Livermore to the captaincy of the club.

Lexington, Mass., has added yet another to the long list of New England golf clubs. Mr. Winsor M. Tyler is honorable secretary.

Myopia Hunt Golf Club—The open tournament, July 4, will be governed by the rules of medal day, eighteen holes. Entries up to July 3.

Lake Forest, Ill.—This club, which has recently been formed, has a series of nine holes, the average distance apart being a little under 350 yards. The club has the privilege of playing over 250 acres of ground, and the links will probably be extended in the near future. The officers are: President, Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor; vice president, Mr. H. N. Tuttle, and secretary and treasurer, F. C. Farrell.

C. TURNER.

OUTING FOR JULY.

LOFT.

LOFT.

The start for the Bellview Club races was made from High Point, N. C., May 5th, the speed being better than in either of the two previous races.

Name.	Owner.	In Loft.			Speed.
		H.	M.	S.	
Ferris.....	Potts.....	4	32	10	1054.7
Nelson, Jr.....	L. Mehler.....	4	32	25	1054.1
Freddy.....	Potts.....	4	32	40	1053.9
Kalamazoo.....	C. Mehler, Jr.....	4	36	48	1041
Trainer.....	C. Mehler, Jr.....	4	37	25	1040.1

The first hens were reported next morning, Linsenmaier's Laura K. winning, L. A. Mehler's Miss Galligan second, and Potts' Leader third.

It was wonderful that any birds returned, especially of the males. Many birds belonging to one loft may be confined together and there be no quarreling, but with birds of several lofts together there is always fighting. In this case it was war; some of the birds, the liberator said, were badly pecked about the head, and one, Coxey, died from his injuries. Every year the experience of those who may be termed humane fanciers, that is, who have a regard for the feelings of their birds, is against club flying; against compelling their pets to herd with strange birds, the one thing of all others a homing pigeon dislikes. Again, many have had vermin and disease brought to their lofts from associating with others in the club baskets. The most satisfactory flying is where the owner may choose his own time and course to give the best atmospheric conditions possible and try for the best a bird is able to do. The losses are less in this, and the owner has the certainty that while his birds are away they are in their own company and as comfortable as it is possible to make them.

The record of the year to May 1 stood:

Best average speed—From one distance—Alfonso and Carrie S., 1351 yards from 100 miles.

From two distances—C. F. Warwick, 1350 yards from 100; 1020 from 200; 1188.3 yards; Blue Cloud, 1350.6 from 100; 1045.7 from 200; 1198.1 for the two.

From three distances—Coxey, 1346.4 from 100; 1000.4 from 125, and 1016 from 200 miles; 1121 as average from the three. Blue Cloud, 1350.6 from 100; 990.4 from 125, and 1045.7 from 200; 1128.9 yards from the three.

Greatest distance in the day: Lieut. Hughes and Coquette, 211 miles.

A loft from which good work was expected is that of A. J. Mayer, Gordon, Pa. This, situated in a valley with mountains all about, has its most convenient course from the west. Last year the birds flown from the southwest did well, the speed being good and the losses not more than one or two. This year it was decided to try the western course, but before the 100 miles station was reached only four of a very large flight put on the road were in condition to go on, the others that returned (and these were but a small part) telling the fate of the missing in their shot wounds. The course will be changed to the southwest, with Frederick, Md., the 100 miles station.

A large number of birds have been imported from Duerinckx of Belgium for this loft during the past year, and more are to come over the first of June. Of these Duerinckx birds Mr. Mayer says he never saw finer, or birds that gave greater satisfaction as workers.

The flying from the Cape May steamer Republic for the season has been arranged, the races to begin July 4 and be flown each second Sunday after, the first training journey to be June 17. The prize of honor is a gold watch offered by Mr. W. F. Russell for the best speed made from Cape May Landing or from the Republic to a home not less than 50 miles distant, beginning July 4 to the close of the season. Message birds from the *Ledger's* flight will be sent down earlier than this. E. S. STARR.

CYCLING.

Cycle racing has never been more popular than now. The numerous events held on Decoration Day were well attended, and the world's competition record was severely shattered at Waltham by C. M. Murphy. The four great road races—Chicago, Martin, Irvington-Milburn and Cleveland—furnished entertainment to those who cared to countenance this uncalled-for abuse of the public highways for speeding purposes. This form of cycling as at present conducted will, I believe, reflect discredit upon cycling in general.

The Chicago road race, for example, was very discreditable. Many of the prize winners were disqualified for having failed, purposely, to ride the full course, and the tangle about the time was so inextricable that the racing committee decided to hold another competition June 15th, in which to settle the points in dispute.

The time prize was won by Geo. Emerson, who went the distance in 52 minutes 13 seconds. The first ten, their handicaps and time, are as follows:

H. Fairmon, 5 minutes 45 seconds, 54m. 36s., first; G. Emerson, 2 minutes 30 seconds, 52m. 13s., second; W. W. Rosback, 10 minutes, 59m. 15s., third; W. I. Hofman, 5 minutes 45 seconds, 55m. 4s., fourth; E. Hammett, 5 minutes 35 seconds, 54m. 40s., fifth; A. McLain, 5 minutes 30 seconds, 55m. 6s., sixth; F. Hoberling, 5 minutes 45 seconds, 55m. 7s., seventh; H. Frosch, 6 minutes, 55m. 23s., eighth; C. Rush, 5 minutes 45 seconds, 55m. 12s., ninth; W. C. Titley, 7 minutes 30 seconds, 56m. 58s., tenth.

The Irvington-Milburn race, in the way of starters and the character of the field in general, was distinctly inferior to those run in previous years. F. W. Richt, of the Brooklyn B. C., won the race from the seven-minute mark, and displayed ability that augurs well for his future. Monte Scott landed the time prize in 1h. 12m. 28s., failing to better the course record of 1h. 11m. 18s. made by A. H. Barnett, winner of first place and time last year.

The Martin race at Buffalo was very successful, though a long start man secured the horse and

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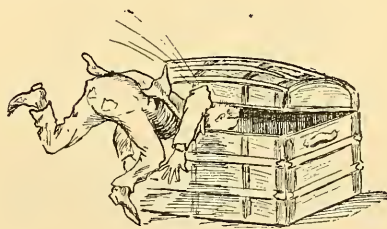
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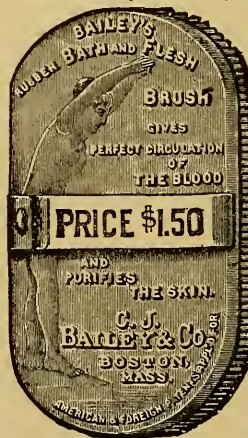
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buggy offered for the first prize. W. M. Peckham, of the Press C. C., with 8m. 30s., was the lucky man in 1h. 16m. 27s., and behind him came a one-armed rider, D. Horton, of Oswego. E. F. Leonart, of mile straightaway fame, has an arm which is useless, but he ran away from the other scratch men and completed the 25 miles in 1h. 10m. 30s., which is the record for the American road competition.

The Cleveland race had 88 starters, and J. G. Ready, with three minutes, won, while W. S. Furman got the time trophy.

Innumerable track meets were held all over the country on Decoration Day, but the interest was centered in the opening of the national circuit at Plainfield, N. J. Sanger made his first start of the season and ran unplaced. The honors of the day went to L. C. Cabanne, of St. Louis, who seems a very promising competitor for the championship title. Following is a summary of the day's events:

1-mile novice—S. W. Johnson, Brooklyn, won; B. L. Johnson, Somerville, 2; C. J. Bird, Elizabeth, 3. Time, 2m. 53 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

Two-thirds mile, Class A—L. G. Hoppe, won; Elmer Hodgson, Lyndhurst, 2; E. W. Heyer, Bridgeport, 3. Time, 1m. 37 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Two-thirds mile, Class B—L. D. Cabanne, St. Louis, 1; H. H. Maddox, Asbury Park, 2; W. J. Helbert, Utica, 3. Time, 1m. 40s.

1-mile, Class A, handicap—J. A. Powell, N. Y. A. C., 50 yards, 1; B. L. Jacobs, M. W., 100 yards, 2; C. B. Jack, Reading, Pa., 50 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 19 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

1-mile, scratch, Class B—L. D. Cabanne, St. Louis, 1; A. J. Brown, Cleveland, 2; M. F. Carter, Syracuse, 3; W. C. Sanger, Milwaukee, 4. Time, 2m. 38 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

2-mile, handicap, Class A—R. L. Asner, Allentown, Pa., 100 yards, 1; C. S. Henshaw, G. W., New York, 200 yards, 2; T. B. Cobb, Jr., H. W., New York, 110 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 56 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

1-mile, handicap, Class B—W. J. Helfert, Utica, 100 yards, 1; I. A. Silvie, Port Richmond, 120 yards, 2; H. R. Steenson, Ilion, 80 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 10 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

At Waltham, May 30, there was a notable event. In the mile open, for Class B men, C. M. Murphy placed the world's competition record at 2:01 $\frac{1}{5}$. A tandem was used for pace-making purposes, and Ziegler, Tyler, Coulter, Harbottle, the Johnson's and Porter were in the list of beaten men. The previous mark was 2:04, made this year by E. C. Bald at San Jose, California. On Decoration Day, Bald was at Manchester, where he made a new record for quarter mile tracks, winning the race of the day in 2:13 $\frac{1}{5}$.

On Saturday, June 1, the Cohoes Wheelmen opened the New York State circuit, and Bald and Murphy, who hold the fastest marks in competition, met for the first time this year. The Bison got the best of the argument. The summary is as follows:

Class A, half mile, novice, open. Won by H. Ingalls, Troy B. C.; M. E. Abbott, Cohoes Wheelmen, 2; F. Chatfield, Cohoes Wheelmen, 3. Time, 3m. 30 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Club championship, one mile. Won by O. H. Munro; H. Walker, 2; J. Tunnard, 3. Time, 2m. 48 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Class B, one mile, handicap. Won by J. F. Barry, 150 yards; W. T. Sims, Columbia team, 2; J. J. Jenny, U. C. C., 3. Time, 2m. 18s.

One mile, championship of Eastern New York Cycling League. Won by Piccaver, Albany County Wheelmen; W. S. Burke, Albany C. W., 2; C. H. Munro, Cohoes Wheelmen, 3. Time, 3m. $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Class A, one mile, open; limit 2m. 45s. Won by F. B. Stowe, Springfield B. C.; Piccaver, 2; James H. Budd, Troy B. C., 3; W. A. Wenzel, Quaker City Wheelmen, Philadelphia, 4. Time, 2m. 30s.

Class B, half mile, open. Won by Sims; Helfert, 2; Eddie Bald, C. R. T., 3; Murphy, unplaced. Time, 1m. 15 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Class A, half mile, handicap. Won by A. J. Lathem, 140 yards; F. B. Stowe, scratch, 2; H. D. Elkes, 50 yards, 3. Time, 1m. 25 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

Class A, half mile, open; time limit 1m. 20s. Won by H. P. Mosher; F. B. Stowe, 2; Piccaver, 3; Wenzel, 4. Time, 1m. 13 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Class B, one mile, open. Won by Eddie Bald; Sims, 2; Murphy, 3. Time, 2m. 27s.

Class A, half mile, New York State championship. Won by J. H. Budd, Troy B. C.; Beach, Albany B. C., 2; O. H. Munro, 3. Time, 1m. 24 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

On the same day at Trenton, N. J., the New State meet was held, and Cabanne proved the hero, as the following will show:

Half-mile, scratch, Class A—Won by C. A. Church, Chester, Pa.; F. F. Goodman, New York, 2; C. K. Granger, New York, 3; George B. Cobb, Jr., New York, 4. Time, 1m. 8s. Church was disqualified for riding wide.

One-mile, scratch, Class B—Won by L. D. Cabanne, St. Louis; H. H. Maddox, Asbury Park, 2; H. R. Steenson, Syracuse, 3; E. F. Miller, Vineland, 4. Time, 2m. 25 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

1-mile, handicap, Class B—Won by Conn Baker, Columbus, 80 yards; H. H. Maddox, 80 yards, 2; I. A. Silvie, Port Richmond, N. Y., 100 yards, 3; M. F. Carter, Syracuse, 130 yards, 4. Time, 2m. 11s.

1-mile, State championship, Class A—Won by Ray Dawson, Boonton; Walter C. Roome, Jersey City, 2; Fred Shafto, Jersey City, 3; E. T. Hand, Plainfield, 4. Time, 2m. 46s.

2-mile team race for the New York Times Trophy—Won by Riverside Wheelmen, New York, 22 points; Penn Wheelmen, Reading, Pa., 2, 10 points; River A. A., 3, 6 points; Harlem Wheelmen, 4, 3 points. Time, 5m. $\frac{2}{5}$ s. F. F. Goodman, Riverside Wheelmen, received the prize for best individual record.

Half-mile, scratch, Class B—Won by L. D. Cabanne; H. R. Steenson, 2; A. I. Brown, 3; A. H. Maddox, 4. Time, 1m. 5 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

Half-mile, State championship, Class A—Won by E. T. Hand, Plainfield; Ray Dawson, 2. Time, 1m. 13s.

1-mile 2:40 class, Class A—Won by Fred Shafto, Jersey City; G. B. Underhill, New York, 2; J. J. Diver, Plainfield, 3. Time, 2m. 59 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

1-mile, handicap, Class A—Won by William N. McCutcheon, Plainfield, 120 yards; W. G. Douglas, New York, 60 yards, 2; Carroll B. Jack, Reading, Pa., 40 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 23s.

At Albany, June 5, the New York State Circuit was renewed. Bald and Cabanne tried conclusions, and the latter had the best of it in two of three races, though in the two-thirds mile the decision should have been a dead heat. Cabanne won the mile by stealing the pole near the finish. In the half-mile Bald got to the tape first.

At Clinton, Mass., June 8, the National Circuit continued its course. In the mile open an attempt was made to demolish the competition record, but poor pacing spoiled the idea. Bald won the race, with Sims second, and Cabanne third.

2-mile; 5.00, Class B—Jenney first; Sims second; Steenson third. Time 5m. 26s.

1-mile; open; Class B—Bald first; Sims second; Cabanne third. Time, 2m. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. Also ran—Butler, Lemke, McDuffie and Porter. The latter two fell.

Half-mile handicap; Class B—George Lemke, Rosendale, 60 yards, first; Jenney, 20 yards, second; Sims, 15 yards, third. Time, 1m. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile handicap; Class B—Jenney, 10 yards, first; Butler, 15 yards, second; Sims, 15 yards, third. Time, 2m. 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. Also ran—MacDonald, scratch; Steenson, 65 yards; Silvie, 45 yards; Hegerty, 25 yards.

On the Fountain Ferry track, at Louisville, there was some notable record work just before the closing of the prescribed season, for between June 1 and October 1 the L. A. W. Racing Board refuses to sanction any private trials against time. M. F. Dirnberger placed the mile paced record at 1:45, the two miles at 3:51 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the third mile at 36 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Now that horse racing is losing its popularity, the owners of the tracks are beginning to look into the possibilities of cycle competition. At Cleveland, on Decoration Day, the Driving Park Association was so well pleased with the success of its effort in the cycling line, that it is now considering the advisability of building a third of a mile circle on its grounds. The Point Breeze Association, at Philadelphia, will put in a bicycle track. The Fink Park at Syracuse is now utilized for cycling purposes alone, and from all over the country come indications that horsemen are taking up with a sport which they once affected to despise.

A. G. BATCHELDER.

There are those who say that Mr. Johnson's end is achieved. He wished early this spring to sever his connections with the concern for which he was riding and join the professional ranks, he having received a very flattering offer from France. An injunction was placed upon Mr. Johnson by the manufacturing concern which employed him to ride for them, and thus he was held for a time; but it is said that the wily Eck knew a trick worth two of that, and thus called in the services of the Racing Board to do what he was powerless to perform, and now, contract or no contract, Johnson becomes worthless as a Class B man. The manufacturers who employed him to ride have no use for him as a professional, and therefore Johnny goes to France probably. All of which looks as though Mr. Johnson got what he wanted after all.

Mr. Eck, his trainer and manager, has been suspended from the track by the L. A. W. for the term of one year. Mr. Eck protests against the injustice of this action, as he claims that there have been no charges preferred against him, and that he should have the right to be heard in his own defence before sentence of suspension is imposed.

I am of the opinion that on principle Mr. Eck is eminently correct. There are rules, no doubt, which permit the Racing Board, and in fact direct

them, to suspend or even expel a man on suspicion. Now this, it is claimed by able authorities, is wrong on the face of it. The idea that a man can be suspended or expelled from the League without the chance to be heard in self-defence violates all sense of justice. If the rules need changing, the National Assembly should see to it next year that more equitable laws be adopted for the guidance of the Racing Board. We cannot blame the agents who carry out the rules, but we do blame and decry the law which instructs them.

It is the annual custom to speak in glittering generalities of the "magnificent trade," "increase in business," etc., which is being enjoyed by the bicycle trade, but this year it can be said without any reservation that there never has been such a demand for bicycles since the two-wheeler came into existence. The manufacturers are tens of thousands of machines behind their orders. It is not a healthy condition of trade; it is too much of a boom. When a condition of things is brought about like that existing to-day, it is likely to have a bad effect upon the trade and upon the future bicycle business, for several reasons. In the first place, the manufacturer is very apt to be inspired with the belief that next year will be a duplicate of this, and his output therefore will be doubled. Secondly, hundreds of men who are looking for an outlet for capital will be tempted to invest their surplus in the manufacture of bicycles. The result will be an overproduction.

A queer thing lately came to light whereby the customs collector at Duluth recently assessed duty on a bicycle brought from Canada by a gentleman as his personal property. It had been used by him and was to be used by him. This was done in spite of the instructions of the Attorney-General and the Secretary of the Treasury, who in a circular issued September 26, 1893, instructed customs officers to "admit bicycles free when accompanied by the passenger and proved to be in use by him."

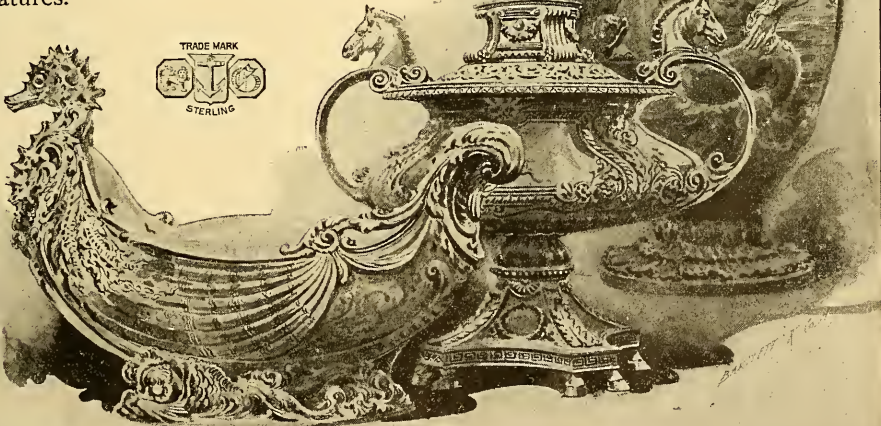
The craze for very light wheels is likely to bring about dire results. I noticed the advertisement of a bicycle manufacturer who promises a full roadster to weigh seventeen pounds and guaranteed to carry anybody. The point of safety has been passed when any one attempts to ride a "full roadster" weighing only seventeen pounds. The rider himself is partially responsible for this extreme craze, though, of course, no conservative maker would put a wheel on the market at that weight and "guarantee" it as a "road wheel." It is absurd and almost criminal. There is no material yet known which will admit of a wheel built weighing only seventeen pounds and being strong enough to carry any one with safety over the road. I am of the opinion that twenty pounds is the safety limit, and then only in cases where the rider is skillful, has good roads, and doesn't weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds. It is marvelous that the light wheels (and I call light wheels anything ranging from say twenty pounds up to twenty-four or twenty-five) have stood the test as well as they have. English experts still protest that it is impossible to build a wheel at the weights above mentioned for road use and have it stand up.

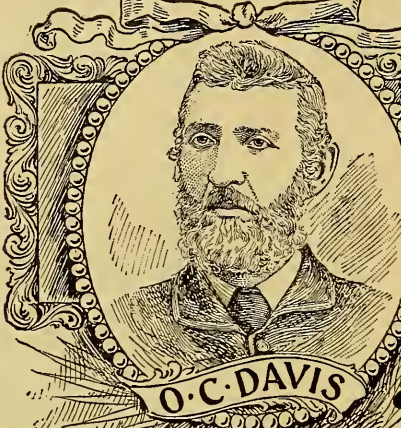
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IN THE EAST.

The games of the past month have marked the opening of the intercollegiate championship season, three of the series being already finished. Yale has defeated Princeton two straight games—the first a close and exciting contest won by a single run—the second won by a larger score, but again by only one run. The Harvard-Princeton series went to Princeton by two straight games, both won by a generous margin. In the Harvard-Pennsylvania series each team has won a game, and the chances are that the tie will not be played off. Yale and Princeton do not play Pennsylvania this year, so there is no comparison between them. It seems probable, however, that both Yale and Princeton could win a series with Pennsylvania, if the games played this season are a good basis for judgment.

Yale has been playing with few changes, the greatest one being the practical retirement of Carter from the pitcher's box and the succession of Trudeau to his place. Carter's arm has received an injury which renders it impossible for him to pitch at present. Being a good all round player, and one of the best hitters on the Yale team, he is being tried on third base where Fincke has not proved satisfactory. Trudeau has responded well to the call upon him, and seems to be pitching more strongly every game. He has no good substitute, however, and if anything should happen to him, Yale would be in hard condition for the Harvard series. Yale has been fielding steadily but has not been hitting strongly. As a team it is not up to Princeton when the latter is at its best. The Princeton series, however, was won by the great steadiness of the Yale team at critical points.

Princeton has played finely as a rule, but failed woefully at important points. The Yale series was lost by bad judgment, Yale's only run in the first game being won by a most stupid play on a fine throw to the plate by Easton. The second game was lost by a lack of snap and poor judgment in the selection of pitchers. Wilson has developed into the best of all Princeton's men, as his fine work in the Harvard series showed. Bradley and Altman have both been in poor condition and of little use as pitchers, while Easton needs a little seasoning to be of value in important games. In spite of all this, Easton was tried in the second Yale game, proved wild, and was relieved by Altman, who speedily got into trouble, and was helped out by Wilson, who almost pulled his team out of the difficulty. Princeton had a good chance this year to win the championship—Carter being out of condition—but seems to have thrown the chance away. The team won the Harvard series with ridiculous ease, Wilson pitching well and being backed finely both in the field and at the bat. Harvard play in the second game was the poorest seen in a championship game for many years.

Pennsylvania is not up to last year's standard, her players seeming to lack snap and go. The individuals all play well, but there is none of that team work in the field and at the bat which has made the Quakers so hard to defeat in past years. Schoenhut is pitching very well, but helped lose the second game by his own un-

steadiness. The team has practically finished its season, having won from Brown and Cornell, tied with Harvard and lost to Georgetown.

At Harvard the nine is by all odds the poorest in the history of the University. As hitters, the men are absolute failures, there not being a really good hitter in the whole team. The fielding is fair so far as the handling of the ball is concerned, but errors of judgment are numerous and the men are slow to decide what to do with the ball when they get it. Add to this a general lack of spirit and a feeling which certainly seems to prevail, that the nine cannot win this year, and we have a very poor team. Wrenn, Stevenson and Rand seem to be the only regular men, now that Capt. Whittemore is injured, who do the best that is in them all the time. Dean, who is filling Whittemore's place at short, plays a hard, fast game, but needs practice to make him a first-class man. The men are really capable of playing a good game, as the defeats of Brown (7 to 0) and of Pennsylvania (8 to 4) certainly show. They have a good chance still to win from Yale, and it is to be hoped that they will pull themselves together and at least make the Yale series interesting.

In the New England Association Williams looks like a sure winner. Her team hits hard and fields fairly, and has in Lewis and Draper a very effective battery that seems able to stand the work of the championship games on two successive days without losing its effectiveness. Lewis is certainly entitled to the credit of, perhaps, the finest record of the year in the college arena. He would undoubtedly make a splendid man for any of the larger college teams.

Amherst has still a fighting chance to win the championship. Her team fields finely and has a good pitcher in Gregory, but the batting is weak. Thomas, who did the pitching in the early games, has retired from the box with an injured hand. His work in defeating the Yale team, shutting them out without a hit, is the record for the season, and his retirement is a great loss.

At Dartmouth Capt. Abbott is struggling along without a pitcher since Dinsmore has left college. The team is hitting fairly, but fielding unsteadily, while Patey and Tabor are no match for the Williams and Amherst batters. With a good pitcher Dartmouth would be in the race, but at the present outlook the team will be fortunate if it wins any more games.

Brown is playing a most erratic game, doing finely one day and miserably the next. It has succeeded in winning from both Yale and Harvard during the past month.

Georgetown has finally won its Pennsylvania series, but lost to Princeton. It seems too bad that so fine a record should be spoiled by the professionalism which exists in the make-up of this team.

Cornell has not done very well thus far this season, having been defeated rather easily by both Princeton and Pennsylvania. This team is also breaking the rules of amateur sport by playing as pitcher Priest, who has played professionally.

The freshmen ball teams seem to be in difficulty this year on all hands. Yale's men were forbidden all games for the year except one at

Andover. Harvard's men also failed to meet the approval of the authorities of Cambridge and were allowed to play but one game, which Princeton won without difficulty. Andover and Exeter have not succeeded in patching up their troubles, and Andover has arranged a game with the Lawrenceville team as a substitute for her usual Exeter game.

Princeton, 7; Harvard, 2. At Princeton, May 11—The first of the championship games was played at Princeton and resulted in a victory for Princeton by the above score. The game was exciting for five innings, but in the fifth Highlands lost his head and pitched entirely without judgment, Princeton hitting him hard and making enough runs to win the game. Both teams fielded well, but Wilson was the more effective in keeping his hits scattered.

Pennsylvania, 11; Harvard, 7. At Philadelphia, May 13—The first game between these teams resulted in a victory for the Quakers after an exciting contest, lost by poor fielding on the part of the Harvard infielders. Paine, who was in the box for Harvard, pitched fairly, considering that it was his first big game, and would have won with any kind of backing. He was cool and steady, and did not seem at all troubled by the miserable support given him.

Yale, 1; Princeton, 0. At New Haven, May 18—This was a most exciting game, won by a stupid play by several of the Princeton men, who gathered round the plate and then allowed a fine throw by Easton to go between them without anyone making an attempt to stop it. The throw would have cut off Yale's only run if properly handled.

Princeton, 14; Harvard, 3. At Cambridge, May 30—The second contest between these teams was a most wretched exhibition from the Harvard standpoint. Wilson was again in the box for Princeton and kept the Harvard hits well scattered. He pitched with good speed, judgment and control, and had Harvard's players at his mercy. His hitting and fielding were also features. Princeton's play as a team was the finest exhibition put up by a college nine in many years. Only one error was made and that was very excusable, while the hitting was hard and clean. The Harvard team, on the other hand, could neither hit nor field, and practically gave up the game in the second inning, after Capt. Whittemore was hurt and forced to leave the game. Highlands again showed poor judgment and was hit at will by Princeton. Paine was put in after the game was lost and fared but little better.

Harvard, 8; Pennsylvania, 4. At Cambridge, June 8—After a long series of defeats, Harvard pulled herself together and played an excellent game, fielding well and putting in her hits at the proper time. Her base running was daring, even foolhardy, but as Pennsylvania always helped along the Harvard runners by making errors at all critical points, such tactics proved very effective. Highlands pitched very steadily and was well supported by Scannell.

Pennsylvania seemed sadly lacking in snap, Goeckil and Schoenhut being the only men who played with any determination. This game leaves the Harvard-Pennsylvania series a tie.

Yale, 9; Princeton, 8. At Princeton, June 8—Princeton had the game well in hand at the end

of two innings, having knocked Carter out of the box and gained a lead of six runs. Trudeau then went in and stopped the scoring. Easton started in for Princeton, but was wild, and was replaced by Altman, who in turn gave way to Wilson, who did finely. Both teams batted and fielded well, but Princeton's play lacked the snap which characterized it the week before.

Scores of the more important games:

May 15, at Hanover.....	Williams.....	14,	Dartmouth	2
May 15, at Amherst.....	Amherst.....	2,	Yale.....	1
May 15, at Cambridge.....	Holy Cross.....	7,	Harvard.....	1
May 15, at Princeton.....	Princeton.....	9,	Brown.....	2
May 22, at Princeton.....	Princeton.....	13,	Cornell.....	3
May 22, at Washington.....	Georgetown.....	8,	Penn.....	2
May 22, at Cambridge.....	Harvard.....	6,	Amherst.....	2
May 23, at Providence.....	Brown.....	9,	Holy Cross	9
May 25, at Providence.....	Harvard.....	7,	Brown.....	0
May 25, at Princeton.....	Harvard.....	98,	P'ton.....	11
May 30, at Providence.....	Brown.....	12,	Yale.....	3
May 30, at Worcester.....	Holy Cross.....	5,	Dartmouth	3
May 30, at Williamstown.....	Williams.....	6,	Amherst.....	5
June 7, at Williamstown.....	Williams.....	9,	Dartmouth	3

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The real feature of the Middle West games is the remarkable change in form of the Wisconsin ball players. Up to three weeks ago they were an easy mark for everybody, but have now made wonderful improvement and are playing a strong game. Whether or no this is due to Pfeffer's coaching may be a question.

Michigan looks sure of heading the Middle West list again. Twice they were beaten by Chicago University, but only after a hard trip and several successive games.

Strength in pitching is in a great measure responsible for Chicago's great winnings. And in addition, Chicago have been demoralizers of pitchers with records. Nichols is perhaps the strongest batter among Western college players. The fielding of Chicago has been only fair, their batting and pitchers have won their games.

If Illinois had Michigan's pitcher they would be very close to first honors. Neither Kingman nor Carnahan exhibited anything like form until the last three weeks of the season. Hotchkiss was only fairly effective.

The career of Northwestern does not compare with last year's. At no time has Griffith been effective, and a youngster named Sickles has been used for most of the games.

Were it not for the fact that Beloit College have played Hollister, their coach, they would deserve more than a passing mention.

Of the Indiana colleges, the State University nine have won the championship. This team has played but one or two of the well-known college nines, but they have done so well that it looks as if they could stand faster company than they find in the Indiana State League.

Iowa State University, Grinnell College and Oberlin have all made trips into this territory this spring, in all three instances with disastrous result to the visitors. Michigan and Illinois both made trips into Iowa and won all their games. This would seem to prove that the teams beyond the Mississippi do not rank with the Middle West teams.

The college captains are following the example set by Michigan and Illinois, in having their games umpired by men competent to officiate, and when it is possible by National League men. It is a most commendable movement and will greatly benefit the game. HARRY F. KENDALL.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport.

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THE CUP CONTEST.

The cup contest is not a struggle of a day nor a week. It began the moment in which the challenge was given and accepted. It is at white heat to-day, and every scrap of information which points toward the result is seized upon by thousands, as though the skirmishes of a great battle were being heralded abroad. The wise-aces of the "rocking-chair fleet" have lived a new life and the journalistic fakirs have reaped a plentiful harvest. When the wires told that *Defender* was on ground and in danger, the public pulse beat quicker for a moment; and when *Valkyrie III.* was seen to stagger under her enormous top-hamper, it was generally felt that the first blood had flowed from the British side. Experts very close to the English syndicate prophesied that the battle was already lost, and one of our own most conservative contemporaries suggested that Dunraven might as well spare his pains and keep *Valkyrie III.* in her own waters.

In the interval between the writing and the reading of these records *Defender* will have established her merits as compared with *Vigilant* in her first formal race off Sandy Hook for the special cup offered by the Yacht Club, and *Valkyrie III.* will by that time be breasting the billows on her westward voyage. The preparatory races of *Valkyrie III.* were limited to three trials: two with *Britannia* and *Ailsa* and one with the latter alone. In the first she did not distinguish herself. In the last she beat both competitors, in a light wind on the inside Clyde course, in every point of sailing. In a fifty-mile race she defeated *Britannia* by 18 min. 26 sec. elapsed time, and 4 min. 24 sec. corrected time, and worsted *Ailsa* by 19 min. 47 sec. elapsed and 16 min. 48 sec. corrected time. Figures are dry reading, but the numerical details of these races are given below so that all the facts available for judgment may be set forth.

Although the owners of *Valkyrie III.* have revealed nothing which they could keep back, two facts have been clearly shown: First, that when she was keeled over in a breeze, with her sheets eased more than were *Britannia's*, while that boat was standing up sturdily to her business, something was wrong; and secondly, when she walked away from *Ailsa*, on July 5th, and from both *Britannia* and *Ailsa* on July 6th, she showed that she was the fastest light-weather boat ever launched from an English yard. What she can do to windward in a strong wind we do not know, and Lord Dunraven does not mean us to know, if he can prevent it, until *Defender* herself discovers her nature on the Sandy Hook course. Meanwhile, it would appear that the English owners are satisfied, else there would have been more racing between the challenger and her big sisters,

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If it is true that Lord Dunraven is disappointed with the vessel, he displays the truest sportsmanship and deserves the greatest praise for bringing her over in spite of that fact.

The American syndicate have not tried to conceal their satisfaction over *Defender*. It is plain that she is faster than her predecessors, and apparently satisfactory on all points. She is not tender in a breeze, as it was feared she would be, her weighty keel giving great stability, and she points and foats as her clean lines indicated she would. She makes less fuss in the water than *Vigilant*, her bow wave is lower, and her wake smoother. Her trim is simply perfect, and for the first time we have a boat as fast as the Englishman in stays. These facts were clearly shown in her early trials.

It would seem, notwithstanding the lateness of her launch, that *Defender* will have the benefit of much better preparatory sailing than her rival.

Defender first felt the waves lapping under her bows late on the afternoon of July 6th. She first showed her heels to another flyer on the morning of the 7th, when the good people of Bristol were in church; then she frisked around *Colonia* just to feel her mettle. A week later the veteran *Vigilant* tempted the nestling to a flight over the open waters off Newport and Point Judith. The old champion put her youthful charge through all her paces, tried her up and down the wind and followed her back to Newport a champion still, but the monarch of the western ocean no more.

Valkyrie III., on July 8th, was towed to Henderson's yard on the Clyde, to be fitted out for her westward voyage. She was rigged as a yawl, as is customary, and her great mast was replaced by a smaller spar. This has never before been considered necessary in the big racers, and of itself shows that the new type, though it may produce a faster, does not create a better boat. The precaution is wise, however, especially in view of the fate of the Watson fin-keel *Vineta*, which, if reports are true, was racked badly in a gale at Kiel, which the Herreshoff *Isolde* rode out unharmed.

Valkyrie's huge spar boom has been replaced by one of light steel construction. It is octagonal in shape, and consists of a steel frame, sheathed with 3-16 inch steel; it is close on to 105 feet in length, and 4 feet in diameter at its widest part. It is said to weigh half a ton less than the wood spar. The dimensions of the other spars are said to be as follows: Mast, deck to head, 95 ft. 6 in.; deck to hounds, 76 ft. and with a hoist of 64 ft. 6 in. Its diameter is 25 in. at the deck and 24 in. at the hounds. Gaff, 59 ft.; topmast, 62 ft. 6 in., the sheave in the topmast being 55 ft. 6 in. from the heel. Diameter of heel 13½ in. The masthead over all is 19 ft. 6 in., and from the hounds to the upper cap-

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band it is 17 ft. 9 in. The height of the perpendicular is said to be 131 ft. 6 in. and the bow line 187 ft.

The length of the fore-stay is given as 96 feet. The bow where the stay is made fast, is 40 feet forward of the mast. The bowsprit is 34 feet outboard, and its diameter 16 inches. The top-mast stay is about 150 feet in length.

The same authority, which we cite but do not vouch for, gives the hull dimensions as follows: over all length, 129 feet; water line, about 90 feet; beam at deck, 25 ft. 6 in.; beam at water line, 23 ft. 7 in.; depth from crown of deck to top of keel, 15 ft. 8 in.; width of keel at top, 21 inches.

If *Valkyrie III.* is over-sparred, as her performances indicate, it will be an easy thing to trim her down; the error, if there is any, is on the right side. Her wooden hull, which is planked with elm below water and teak above, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, will soak up some weight. This, with a copper bottom which will probably be added, will do something to increase stability.

The controversy as to the relative merits of the English and the American types has gone on for years. It was not a question of keel *versus* centreboard. The English have no more claim to keel bottoms than we have. They have a claim to extreme cutter bottoms, and they are welcome to it. The centreboard is a make-shift, and a mighty useful one, made necessary by our shallow harbors. And what is a fin-keel but a fixed centreboard anyhow? It varies from a fixed plate, which may be removed from the boat, as in *Niagara*, to an old fashioned shoe or false keel; but at the point where the boat narrows down until its bottom becomes an appendage, to give windward power, the added portion becomes, so far as model is concerned, a *centre board*, or false keel, as you choose to call it. If that board is made to house, it is a matter of construction, and not of model; and of the two evils, a board liable to drop out or jam and a fixed board liable to ground, you may make your selection. With the former, you will at least have the satisfaction of getting your boat somewhere inside of an ordinary harbor, and you may haul out for a scrubbing without the services of a civil engineer.

The controversy as to which nation can build the fleetest vessel of the same kind, will be settled by *Defender* and *Valkyrie*. These boats represent a new type. They have marked individual differences, noted in part in this number of OUTING. For beauty of form and sea-going power give us the *Defender*; but which will be the faster? Ah, there is where the fun will come in.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN.

The annual regatta of the S. C. Y. C. was sailed on the club's new courses off Oyster Bay, June 24th. The weather was fair and wind light at the start. Then it dropped to a calm, and near the finish a rain-squall struck the fleet, and all took in top canvas, and many lowered all sails. *Iroquois* surprised the world with an experiment in the way of a mainsail built like a crazy quilt, with no two cloths parallel. Gilbert L. Wilson was responsible for it, and it ought to do a lot of good to make up for its looks. The corrected time statement of the races is as follows:

SCHOONERS—CLASS I.		H. M. S.
Alcæa.....		5 32 12
Ramona.....		5 46 05
95FT. CLASS.		
Emerald		5 05 06
85FT. CLASS.		
Iroquois.....		5 12 40
70FT. CLASS.		
Hildegarde.....	Withdrew.	
Queen Mab.....		5 23 35
60FT. CLASS.		
Wasp.....		5 13 35
50FT. CLASS.		
Uvira		5 08 56
Gossoon.....		5 17 00
36FT. CLASS.		
Indolent.....		5 25 18
Infanta.....		5 14 02
Senorita.....	Withdrew.	
30FT. CLASS.		
Beatrix.....		5 55 57
Faydeh.....		5 45 20
25FT. CLASS.		
Dodo.....		5 59 22
Nameless.....	Withdrew.	
20FT. CLASS.		
Shrimp.....		3 02 16
Trust Me.....		3 24 13
Wave.....		3 24 19
34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.		
Dragoon.....		5 01 03
Adele.....		5 25 21
Vorant II.....	Withdrew.	
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS.		
Houri.....		3 29 12
Celia.....		3 48 01
CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.		
Mary.....		5 29 10
Oconee.....	Withdrew.	
25FT. CLASS.		
Ethel.....		2 45 28
Kittie.....		5 50 03
20FT. CLASS.		
Dove.....		3 22 22
OPEN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.		
Lurline.....		4 22 06

Emerald won the Leland cup, and *Wasp* the special prize for cutters, although they had no competitor in their respective classes.

There was an enjoyable reception and dance in the evening, though the rain poured outside.

June 25th. Beginning of the club cruise. 39-mile race to Morris Cove, New Haven Harbor. Wind light at the start, but it gradually breezed up. After crossing the Sound an easterly rain-squall came down and killed the wind; then a fog settled down. The corrected time of the racing part of the fleet was estimated as follows:

SCHOONERS.		Allowance.	Time.
Emerald.....		3 02	5 16 35
Iroquois.....		8 46	6 00 34
Alcæa.....			Not timed.
CUTTERS.			
Wasp.....	27 46		4 33 16
Katrina.....			5 08 19
Gossoon.....	36 17		5 31 23

June 26th. Morris Cove to New London. Light, variable wind, generally from S. E. Start made from Morris Cove at 10.05 A. M. Corrected time at New London:

YACHTING.

	Allowance. Corrected.	
	M. S.	H. M. S.
Alcæa.....	Al'ws.	8 06 05
Emerald.....	03 43	7 33 12
Iroquois.....	10 12	7 43 48
Katrina.....	Al'ws.	7 05 50
Hildegard.....	12 40	Withdraw.
Wasp.....	28 23	6 29 12
Gossoon.....	42 08	7 09 45
Norota.....	55 43	7 12 00

The first prizes were won by *Emerald* and *Wasp*; the second prizes by *Iroquois* and *Katrina*.

LARCHMONT Y. C.

On July 4th the Larchmont people found that Jupiter Pluvius had not entirely forgotten them, and the "proverbial" Larchmont luck for once was taken out and given a shower-bath. It was the occasion of the great annual regatta that has been talked about all winter, and at which *Defender* was, until recently, expected to make her *debut*. Just because folks were saying Larchmont regatta always brought good weather, and the Sunday-schools and chowder clubs had begun to count on it, and to fix their picnics on Larchmont dates, it opened and poured. And it got pouring so hard it couldn't stop for a week.

One of the finest fleets ever assembled on the Sound, or anywhere for that matter, was there all tuned up for a big race, and one of the gamiest lot of Corinthians afloat were there cursing the weather in sailor fashion. And, of course, in the fitness of things all the wet could not be on the outside. There were over eighty entries, and sixty-five starters, covering 21 classes; and of such diverse sizes that the smallest, the 15-footers, could have sailed round in the bilgewater of the big schooners. The new *Amorita*, designed by A. Cary Smith, and built by the Cramps for Mr. W. G. Brokaw, was there for her first race, looking for the blood of her older sister *Elsemarie*, and she got it. Of course so large a fleet was difficult to handle, and the committee, which was composed of Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and Wilson Marshall, deserve all the honors at the disposal of the club. There were some remarkable things done and shown in that miserable rain-storm. *Queen Mab*, for instance, walked away from her own competitor *Katrina*, which is no laggard of a sloop if she is old, and which is big enough to swallow the lively Englishman; she left her hull-down by a half an hour and came within two minutes of beating *Amorita* and within six minutes of *Emerald*. Fred. Sand's *Uvira*, in a similar manner, walked away from her class and came within ten minutes of *Queen Mab* on actual time, although her own competitors were both famous boats. *Vaquero* and *Houri* continued their last year's battles, and though *Vaquero* had a new bias-cut suit of sails from Herreshoff's, she was worsted by *Houri*. The little 15-footers, *Question* and *Trust Me*, sailed a long, hard race. The former with a crew of two and the latter single handed.

The official figures are as follows:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A—ALL OVER 90FT. RACING LENGTH.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	
Ramona.....	105.84	4 48 24	4 47 55
Constellation.....	107.24	4 35 42	4 35 42

CLASS B—ALL OVER 81 AND NOT OVER 90FT.			
Emerald.....	89.51	4 05 00	4 05 00
Marguerite.....	83.38	4 14 02	4 11 06

CLASS B—CRUISING TRIM.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	
Iroquois.....	82.28	4 41 46	4 38 10
Mayflower.....	89.63	4 45 48	4 45 58

CLASS C—ALL OVER 71 AND NOT OVER 81FT.			
Amorita.....	—	4 08 53	4 08 53
Elsemarie.....	73.18	4 18 21	4 17 12

CLASS D—ALL OVER 60 AND NOT OVER 71FT.			
Loyal.....	64.51	5 01 36	5 01 36
Florida.....	63.36	Withdraw	

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—CLASS 2—ALL OVER 69 AND NOT OVER 77FT.			
Katrina.....	76.08	4 38 07	4 38 07
Huron.....	69.01	4 45 56	4 39 32

CLASS 3—SPECIAL.			
Katrina.....	76.08	4 38 07	4 38 07
Queen Mab.....	53.28	4 10 46	4 06 22
Huron.....	69.01	4 43 56	4 39 32

CLASS 6 (FLUSH DECK)—ALL OVER 43 AND NOT OVER 49FT.			
Gossoon.....	47.83	4 41 29	4 41 29
Uvira.....	47.13	4 19 53	4 19 03
Minerva.....	45.03	4 47 12	4 44 32

CLASS 6 (TRUNK CABINS)—ALL OVER 43 AND NOT OVER 49FT.			
Penguin.....	48.90	4 58 36	4 58 36
Choctaw.....	46.30	5 06 43	5 03 39

CLASS 7—ALL OVER 36 AND NOT OVER 43FT.			
Ejdlon.....	41.70	5 02 18	5 01 35
Norota.....	41.14	4 55 30	4 54 39
Sasqua.....	39.79	Withdraw.	
Swiri.....	42.25	Withdraw.	
Dorothy.....	36.50	Withdraw.	
Kathleen.....	37.44	Withdraw.	

CLASS 8—ALL OVER 30 AND NOT OVER 36FT.			
Infanta.....	33.30	5 07 14	5 07 14
Henry Ward Beecher.....	32.24	5 19 48	5 17 44
Gavilan.....	31.00	Withdraw.	

CLASS 9—ALL OVER 25 AND NOT OVER 30FT.			
Feydeh.....	29.05	3 18 31	3 18 31
Harrietta.....	—	Withdraw.	
Water Lily.....	22.07	Withdraw.	

CLASS 10—ALL 25FT. AND UNDER.			
Badger.....	22.30	3 34 58	3 31 27
Bingo.....	—	3 44 40	—
Shrimp.....	21.34	3 26 16	3 20 54
Folly.....	24.40	2 56 07	2 56 07

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11—ALL OVER 25FT.			
Mary.....	28.76	2 58 55	2 58 55
Molly Bawn.....	—	Withdraw.	
Weasel.....	25.10	3 29 43	3 24 50

CLASS 12—ALL OF 25FT. AND UNDER.			
Kittie.....	23.10	3 19 41	3 18 21
Ethel.....	20.66	3 16 35	3 10 50
Caper.....	23.97	Withdraw.	

OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 13—ALL OVER 20FT.			
Edna.....	24.50	3 21 08	3 21 08
Fany.....	24.00	2 52 13	2 51 26
Punch.....	21.50	3 16 38	3 11 29
Zelica.....	20.29	Withdraw.	
Colleen.....	—	3 20 29	—

CLASS 14—ALL 20FT. AND UNDER.			
Annie F.....	—	Withdraw.	
Adele Rae.....	—	3 12 45	—
Terrapin.....	19.08	3 25 13	3 25 13
Flounder.....	—	3 34 31	—
Ione.....	19.97	3 25 25	2 25 25

CLASS 15—J13 AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.			
Ramona.....	25.30	3 02 06	3 02 06

SPECIAL CLASS—34-FOOTERS.			
Dragoon.....	—	5 01 19	—
Vorant II.....	—	5 04 26	—

SPECIAL CLASS—21-FOOTERS.			
Houri.....	—	2 47 49	—
Vaquero.....	—	2 53 15	—
Celia.....	—	3 05 54	—

SPECIAL CLASS—15-FOOTERS			
Trust Me.....	—	3 42 08	—
Question.....	—	3 42 00	—

AMERICAN YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed in a piping breeze and a pelting rain on

July 5th off Milton Point. There were forty-five entries and eleven starters. The schooners went twice over a 15-mile course, and *Elsemarie* defeated *Marguerite*. In the 34-foot class there was a lively scrap between *Dragoon* and *Vorant II*, until the bowsprit blew off of the former. *Mary* beat the *Fairy* in the big cabin-cat race, and *Kittie* sailed alone in the 25-foot class for cat-riggers. *Celia* won among the 21-footers, who had a lively race, and *Shrimp's* mast went overboard.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.

The annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. was sailed June 29th. Wind light and fluky. *Sasqua* went up a class to race *Banshee*, and beat her. The corrected time was as follows:

CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 6.		H	M.	S.
Sasqua		4	50	00
Banshee		5	11	40
CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 8.				
H. W. Beecher		5	17	01
CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 9.				
Water Lily		4	06	12
YAWLS—CLASS 9.				
Polly		3	45	33
CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.				
Mary		3	44	48
Onaway		4	51	59
CABIN CATS—CLASS 7.				
Twilight		4	14	02
CABIN CATS—CLASS 8.				
Kittie		3	52	43
Melita		Not timed.		
Addie		4	33	06
CABIN CATS—CLASS 8.				
Dorothy		Not timed.		
Addie		4	38	06
OPEN CATS—CLASS 9.				
Fairy		3	43	24
Punch		3	48	39
Terrapin		3	59	38
OPEN CATS—CLASS 10.				
Ida K.		4	01	20
Ondawa		4	01	30
SPECIAL CLASS—21FT.				
Vaquero		3	46	41
Celia		3	53	15

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.

Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich. Special race, July 1st. Light N. wind. Course for 34-footers, 20¼ nautical miles; the others, 10½ nautical miles. The chief interest was in race between F. M. Freeman's new *Dragoon* and G. G. Tyson's *Vorant II*, the latter scoring a decided victory. Hazen Morse's *Kittie* had a walk over, although there were two entries against her.

The corrected time was as follows:

SPECIAL—34FT. RACING CLASS.		Length.	Time.
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	4	29 00
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	4	37 40
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Mary, W. E. Elsworth	28.76	3	12 15
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.10	3	05 55
Minnehaha, F. N. Monjo		Not timed.	
Mischief, D. M. Winne		Not timed.	
SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.			
Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00	3	11 40
Shrimp, C. M. Pratt	19.00	3	36 12

ENGLISH RACES.

The races of *Ailsa* and of the American twenty-rater *Niagara* were noted in the records up to June 10th. Since that date they have been as follows:

June 13th. Royal Southampton Y. C. Wind light, W. S. W., which freshened in latter part of race. Jack-yard topsails. From Netley to Lymington on the Solent and back, 42 miles. A. got lead of B.; but B. got a fluke of wind, which put her ahead. Sailing close-hauled on return leg A. gained on B.; but fluky winds rendered the race of no value. While chasing in B.'s wake, and about 1 min. behind, A. burst her jib, and dropped out. B. lowered topsail, and finished alone.

June 14th. R. Southern Y. C. Match for yachts five to twenty rating. Wind light, E. S. E., changing to W. As the wind began to drop, the committee signalled to finish the race on the first round of 15 miles. A fluky race of no value. *Inyoni* winner; *Audrey* second; *Niagara* third. *Luna* dropped out through weariness of spirit.

June 15th. Second day. R. Southern Y. C. Regatta. Wind very light in morning; light west breeze toward midday, and dead calm all the afternoon. Course, 45 miles. Start at 10.30 A.M., with light E. N. E. wind. A. and B. started with all kites set and drawing, visions of marine beauty. Both got over the line too soon, and were recalled. A. got the start by a length, and led all through the race. B. went aground on Spit Shoal during the first leg for 3½ min. On this same leg, a reach for Calshot Spit Light Ship, A. and B. sailed about four miles in two hours, during which the forty-raters, which started 15 min. later, overhauled them. A. finished 1 min. 42 sec. ahead of B.; but B. won on time allowance with 8 sec. to spare.

In the race for forty-raters, *Isolde* (Mr. P. Donaldson) was winner, *Carina* (Hon. V. Montague) second, and *Caress* (Mr. W. H. Walker) third.

Niagara won among the twenties on a 31½-mile course on the Solent. The start was at 11 A.M., all in a bunch. *Luna* first, *Niagara* alongside; then *Stephanie*, *Inyoni*, and *Audrey*.

At one time *Audrey* had a two-mile lead on *Niagara*, but she got becalmed and dropped to fourth place. The finish was: *Niagara*, at 5. 5. 42; *Inyoni*, 5. 6. 41; *Audrey*, 5. 7. 1; *Stephanie*, 5. 8. 20; *Luna*, 5. 13. 3. In the race for half-raters, H. C. Sutton's famous *Wee Win* was defeated by Cecil Owen's *Pique*.

June 21st. R. Mersey Y. C. *Britannia* was obliged to sail alone, *Ailsa* having been ordered south for alterations. *Niagara* had only *Mimosa*, a smaller yacht, against her, and she sailed miles away from her.

June 24th. Douglas Bay Y. C. *Britannia* and *Niagara* sailed alone in their respective classes.

June 25th. Second day. D. B. Y. C. *Britannia* and *Niagara* sailed alone in their classes.

June 26th. Ramsey Bay Regatta. B. and N. as above.

June 29th. Royal Northern Y. C. Course, a figure 8 between Rothesay, Mount Stewart, Largs and Skelmorlie, 12½ miles. Sailed three times, then across diagonally, 50 miles in all. The race, however, was stopped at the end of the second round because of a calm. The twenty-raters sailed around once and to Largs and back, 31 miles.

Valkyrie III. here sailed her first race, her trial trip having been made on the 18th inst. She allowed *Ailsa* 2 min. 29 sec., and *Britannia* 4 min. 2 sec. Wind light, S. E. at start, and toward the end a calm spoiled the race. *Ailsa* had undergone alteration in the removal of the extra lead on her keel.

The three yachts started under club and jib topsails—A. carrying a large jib-topsail, the others smaller ones. The wind came in fluky patches at the start. A. started first, B. 15 sec. later, and V. was handicapped 2 min. The first leg to Mt. Stewart was a beat with one short and one long leg. V. soon took the lead.

1st mark: V. 11. 16. 25; B. 11. 24. 30; A. 11. 30. 10. On the reach to Largs the wind dropped, and came later from N. W., A. getting in first and gaining. B. then got a S. W. fluke.

Second mark: V. 1. 25. 37; B. 2. 00. 15; A. 2. 03. 53.

Spinnakers to Skelmorlie, B. gaining 3 min. on V. on the run.

Third mark: V. 2. 32. 45; B. 3. 03. 35; V. 3. 06. 50.

End of first round: V. 3. 20. 35; B. 3. 56. 54; A. 4. 06. 45.

A. dropped out on first leg of second round, during which the others were becalmed. The time at the end of the second round was: V. 7. 37. 26; B. 7. 39. 15. B. won on allowance.

The twenty-raters went around once, starting at 11:15 A. M. *Zineta* led for a time, but was passed by *Niagara*. Time, N. 4. 27. 38; Z. 4. 33. 50, and *Dakotah*, 4. 35. 22. N. won on corrected time.

July 1st. R. Northern Y. C. Second day. Same course. Wind E. Raining. V. did not sail. B. beat A. 2 min. 41 sec. corrected time. *Dakotah* beat *Niagara* on allowance by 2 min. 46 sec., *Zineta* being defeated by N. on allowance.

July 3d. Mudhook Y. C. Wind strong, N. W. Course Hunter's Quay, Skelmorlie, Ascog, Kilcreggan, and return, two rounds, 50 miles. First leg a run with wind on quarter, 7 miles. All carried jack-yard topsails and jib-topsails.

First mark: B. 11. 06. 01; A. 11. 06. 15; V. 11. 06. 30.

From Skelmorlie to Ascog, four miles, wind forward of beam. B. carried sail well, A. leaned considerably, and V. buried her rail. Ascog passed in same order, time not taken. Ascog to Kilcreggan, 11 miles, a close reach. Time, third mark: B. 12. 26. 39; A. 12. 27. 32; V. 12. 28. 18.

On the last leg of the first round, a 3-mile tack, wind well on starboard bow. V. shifted her jack-yarder for a jib-headed topsail. Time, end of round: B. 12. 45. 30; A. 12. 46. 37; V. 12. 48. 44. After the beginning of second round B. and A. shifted to small topsails.

No time taken until Ascog, which was passed thus: B. 1. 42. 28; A. 1. 43. 45; V. 1. 45. 25. Finish: B. 2. 56. 37; A. 2. 57. 47; V. 2. 59. 45.

B. beat V. 7 min. 10 sec., and A. 2 min. 13 sec., on corrected time. A. beat V. 4 min. 57 sec., corrected time. Average time, 11.26 knots. Opinions differ as to the value of this race, many believing V. was "jockeyed" all through.

July 5th. A match which had been arranged between V. and B. was declared off because of trouble with B.'s topmast rigging. A. took B.'s place. Course, 7 miles to windward, down Clyde to Skelmorlie and return. Wind S. and mod-

erate. Start, 2:30 P. M. A. got the start by 15 sec. Both made frequent tacks and kept close together for half an hour. V. shook off A. at Cloch Light, when wind freshened. At Skelmorlie: V. 3. 36. 50; A. 3. 40. 19. On the return run both set spinnakers and balloon jib-topsails. The wind dropped for a while, and freshened again.

Finish: V. 4. 45. 55; A. 5. 00. 50.

This race was apparently fair and well fought from start to finish.

July 6th. Royal Clyde Y. C. Race for the Queen's Cup. Same course as on July 3d. Wind light, increasing during the race, and southerly. Water smooth. 4 miles.

A. and B. crossed before the gun, and were recalled. V. got the lead at 10. 30. 50 A. M., but luffed and waited. A. started 10. 32. 45; B. 10. 33. 25. All started under club topsails.

First leg, a beat to Skelmorlie, 7 miles: V. 11. 39. 55; A. 11. 45. 01; B. 11. 46. 30.

Second leg, a reach to Ascog, 4 miles: V. 12. 00. 56; A. 12. 05. 50; B. 12. 07. 41.

Third leg, a run to Kilcreggan, 11 miles, under spinnakers. Time halfway on the run: V. 12. 37. 45; A. 12. 45. 15; B. 12. 45. 43.

B. overhauled A. before reaching Kilcreggan mark. Time at mark: V. 1. 18. 47; B. 1. 25. 30; A. 1. 25. 35.

On the last leg of the first round, which was a 3 mile reach, V. got a slant and increased her lead by 5 minutes, gaining 12 minutes on B. in 25 miles. Time at home mark: V. 1. 32. 50; B. 1. 44. 59; A. 1. 46. 48.

Second round, Skelmorlie, after a 7 mile beat: V. 2. 59. 45; B. 2. 53. 23; A. 2. 55. 19.

Ascog mark: V. 2. 59. 45; B. 3. 14. 50; A. 3. 16. 50. Kilcreggan, V. still gaining on the run: V. 4. 11. 45; B. 4. 27. 30; A. 4. 29. 50. Finish: V. 4. 31. 10; B. 4. 49. 36; A. 4. 50. 57.

V. beat B. 14 min. 24 sec., and A. 16 min. 48 sec., corrected time. Average time, 8.33 knots.

On July 8 *Valkyrie* was towed to Henderson's works, where she was built, to be rigged as a yawl, and with a smaller mainmast, for her westward voyage.

July 8th. R. Clyde Y. C. Same course as above. Wind southerly, fresh and increasing to stormy. A beat to windward to the first mark; A. outsailed B. at first, and at one time had two minutes' lead.

End of first round: A. 1. 13. 5; B. 1. 14. 33. At the end of the second beat to Skelmorlie B. was only 28 seconds behind. She continued to gain and passed A. on the reach to Ascog, A. having split her jib. Her boom was seen to be trailing in the heavy sea. At Kilcreggan B. was 50 seconds ahead, but in jibing she parted her main-sheet, luffed into the wind, and dropped out. A. finished alone at 3. 46. 08.

July 11th. Same course. Wind strong, from south, at the start, and continued to freshen till a rain, followed by a calm, spoiled the race. B. led from the start and finished nearly half an hour ahead.

THE TWENTY-RATERS.

While the big yachts were trying the mettle of *Valkyrie III.*, the twenty-raters were doing some good work with the *Niagara*, the ten-rater *Dakotah*, with her sail-spread increased to a twelve-rating, racing with them.

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

At the Mudhook Regatta, on July 3d, they all sung:

"All went well until one day,
A strange fish came in the bay."

For then appeared the new Fife fin-keel, twenty-rater *Eucharis*, owned by Lord Lonsdale, who is a thorough sportsman and one of the *Valkyrie III.* syndicate. He ordered the boat when he heard *Niagara* was coming and after that boat had been built. This was her first race and she won it handily. Course, twice over a 15-mile triangle, mostly running and reaching. Wind stirring, N. W. *Niagara* gave *Dakotah* 12 min. 30 sec. allowance. The time at the finish was *Eucharis* 2. 14. 14; N. 2. 17. 04; *Zineta* 2. 18. 47; D. 2. 34. 03.

July 4th. Mudhook Y. C. Second day. Same course and entries. Wind light and fluky. *Niagara* won. Time at finish: N. 5. 44. 48; E. 5. 52. 21; Z. 5. 54. 52; D. 5. 59. 28.

July 5th. West of Scotland Yacht Club. Course, three times over a 10-mile triangle. Strong wind. D. unable to carry her increased canvas. Time at finish: Z. 2. 59. 3; N. 3. 5. 55; E. 3. 10. 20; D. 3. 19. 55. The race was given to *Niagara* as *Zineta* crossed the starting line ahead of time and failed to return when called.

July 6th. R. Clyde Y. C. Course, as above, twice round. N. early in the race, in trying to go under *Zineta's* stern, touched her main-sheet with her bowsprit, and was disqualified. She was half a minute ahead at end of first round and then dropped out. The others finished as follows: E. 3. 40. 50; Z. 3. 41. 55; D. 3. 54. 05. D. won second prize by 2 min. 30 sec. on time allowance.

July 8th. R. Clyde Y. C. Wind S., fresh to strong. N. won. Start: Z. 11. 00. 02; N. 11. 00. 07. E. 11. 00. 16; D. 11. 00. 19. First round: N. 12. 49. 58; E. 12. 52. 20; Z. 12. 58. 28; D. 1. 00. 21. Finish: N. 2. 20. 52; E. 2. 45. 50; Z. 2. 53. 18; D. 3. 1. 53.

DAKOTAH.

Previous to *Dakotah's* races above named, she sailed the following:

May 23d. Royal Western Y. C. *Dakotah* was defeated by *Zineta*, twenty-rater, and *Windward*, eighteen-rater, but beat the ten-raters *Maida* and *Rosetta*. The race was marked by fluky winds and calms.

May 24th. Royal Northern Y. C. *Dakotah* was entered against same yachts as above, but a calm spoiled the race and the boats were towed in.

May 31st. Royal Clyde Y. C. *Dakotah* led *Maida*, *Rosetta*, *Sheila* (seventeen-rater) and

Lahloo (eight-rater) around the course in a top-sail breeze. *Maida* won on allowance.

June 1st. R. Clyde Y. C. Second day. *Dakotah* in trying to cross under *Greta's* stern carried away her ensign and pole and, after this summary dealing with the British flag, was disqualified.

June 8th. Clyde Corinthian Y. C. *Dakotah* was entered against the ten-raters *Rosetta* and *Maida*, over a 26-mile course. The twenty-rater *Zineta* was admitted to the race with an insufficient time allowance. *Rosetta* lost her topmast before the start. *Dakotah* easily beat *Maida*. *Zineta* won, but on Y. R. A. reckoning *Dakotah* would have defeated her on time allowance.

June 15th. R. Northern Y. C. Clyde course, 31 miles; wind strong and steady from start to finish. *Zineta* (twenty-rater) won with V. R. A. allowance, but *Dakotah* allowed prize in her class, defeating *Windward* (eighteen-rater) on actual time, and also *Rosetta* (ten-rater).

SPRUCE IV.

Mr. J. Arthur Brand's *Spruce IV.*, which is to come over and race during August, at the invitation of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, sailed her maiden race June 22d. It was at the regatta of the Hamble branch of the Minima Y. C. She won second prize among five entries, having been beaten by the *Viva* 1 min. 31 sec., after having touched bottom twice. It is said that she is fast down the wind, but not especially quick to windward. One race, however, is hardly sufficient basis for judgment.

ROYAL YACHTSMEN.

The Duke of York has succeeded the late Duke of Hamilton as Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. The Duke of York is also Admiral of the Royal London Yacht Club, and the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Connaught now hold between them seven leading positions as flag-officers of yacht clubs. In the case of the Prince of Wales, especially, these titles are not merely honorary, for he has been the owner of many good yachts, among which have been the schooner *Hildegard*, subsequently owned by Mr. George Gould, the cutter *Formosa* and the schooner *Aline*. It is not bad judgment to say that the Prince's present vessel, the *Britannia*, represents the best all-round type of yacht. Her construction is orthodox. She can make a gallant showing in a race with any racing yacht afloat, and she could cruise in safety and comfort to any part of the world.

R. B. BURCHARD.

CANOEING.

A. C. A. MEET.

The annual meet of the A. C. A. will take place at Bluff Point, Lake Champlain, Aug. 9-23.

The provisions for the comfort of the campers were never better arranged, and a brilliant meet will undoubtedly be held. Every canoe man who can get there should be on hand.

EASTERN MEET.

The meet of the Eastern division of the A. C. A. was held at Lake Mascuppic, June 15-17. A

number of new names appear in the racing list, but the old war-horses, Butler, Goddard, Gray, Cartwright, Euson, Appollonio and Euson are in evidence, which would indicate that there are either better staying qualities or less marriages and removals than there are among the Atlantic and Central men. The record of unlimited sailing race with Butler winner, Gray second, and Goddard third, looks very familiar, and bespeaks a good race and a jolly meet, although lack of wind spoiled this event. The new handicapping system was tried for the first time—Euson, of

Springfield, won the division one-mile paddling trophy for the third time, so that it becomes his "for keeps." Perry, of Boston, was second. The half-mile single-blade paddling race was won by M. Colon, of Boston, with J. W. Brown, of Woburn, second. Tandem paddling, half-mile, single blades: Colon and Ashenden, Boston, winners; Coburn and Whittier, Lowell, seconds. Tandem, double-blades: Euson and Gates, winners; Hahn and Coburn, seconds. The Wawbewawas continued their victories of last year in the war-canoe race, with the Walthams second, and Shahbbezes third. Three crews are a good show-up for a division meet. The same club won the fours, with the Puritans second. The sailing upset was won by Ames, the standing-paddling by Cartwright, the hurry-scurry by Coburn, and the hand-paddling by Burrage.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB.

A noteworthy impetus has been given to canoe-racing in New York Bay by the Marine and Field and the N. Y. Canoe Clubs, who are near neighbors and good friends. W. S. Elliott, of both clubs, and especially of the M. and F., is an ideal manager as well as a good sailor; the continued success of the M. and F. canoeing department is due entirely to him. It is his persuasive powers that draw cups from the club and entries from the best racing ranks. The annual regatta was held June 29. The preparations had been perfect, but the day was miserable. Squalls and rain demoralized the audience, but could not spoil the races. With the list of contestants here given good sport was assured.

Race for the M. and F. Challenge Trophy:

Course: A three-mile equilateral triangle, sailed over twice. Start 11:20 A. M. Entries and time as follows:

	ELAPSED TIME.	H.	M.	S.
Mab, C. E. Archbald.....Point Claire.....	1	01	38	
Wasp, Paul Butler.....Vesper.....	1	02	43	
V., Howard Gray.....Vesper.....	1	02	53	
Bee, D. S. Goddard.....Vesper.....	1	03	38	
Fly, Butler Ames.....Vesper.....	1	07	02	
Torment, F. C. Moore.....N. Y. Canoe Club..	1	08	33	
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick, Yonkers.....	1	09	03	
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr.....Yonkers.....	1	09	55	
Damosel, Wm. Whitlock...N. Y. Canoe Club..	Withdrew			
Bo Peep, D. B. Goodsell...Yonkers.....	Withdrew			

In the race for the special 15 x 36 class, there was some blundering. The three new boats described in the April records were present, and the old veteran, *Mayflower*, of the N. Y. C. C., which was really not eligible, was admitted, probably because it was thought that she was too antiquated to do any harm. Elliott, Wintringham and Stewart, all either mistook the course, or went the wrong side of the mark. Plummer sailed a correct race, and, since his boat had been admitted, he should have been given the prize. It is an important part of a race to sail it correctly. The race was called off, however, by mutual consent.

The new handicap system, which was herein commented upon in March, was tried in a mild way, the old sailors allowing three minutes to the men who had never won sailing prizes and six minutes to the novices. The plan seemed good, but there were none among these war-horses to benefit by the first handicap, and only

one by the second. The entries with the exception of Moore and Goddard and the course, were as in the first race. Gray won, with Butler second, on both elapsed and corrected time.

The race for the M. and F. trophy, to be given to the winner of two successive races, was won by Gray, with Quick second, followed by Butler, Archbald and Ames. Schiefflin, the present holder, did not enter. Plummer and Mowbray made the only entry for the tandem paddling.

N. Y. C. C. INTERNATIONAL RACE.

The sixth series of races for the N. Y. C. C. International Challenge-cup was sailed off the M. and F. Club, July 4th and 5th, Charles E. Archbald having come down from Montreal with a challenge from the Pointe Claire C. C. Paul Butler was selected as the defender. The boats were the *Mab* and *Wasp* respectively, both well-known boats, which had met before during the past two seasons. The course was a three-mile triangle, sailed over three times.

First race. July 4th. Rainy and variable wind. *Mab* started before the gun, and was recalled. *Wasp* crossed at 10:55:05 A. M., five seconds after the gun, and *Mab* at 10:55:50.

The first leg was to windward. First round, *Wasp*, 27m. 12s. elapsed; *Mab*, 29m. 12s. *Mab* gained something on the first two legs of second round, but capsized in rounding the buoy. Second round. *W.* elapsed 54m. 41s. *M.*, 56m. 18s. On the last round the breeze freshened, and *Mab* began to make up, but again capsized at the second mark. She righted and capsized again. Butler was meanwhile "sawing wood" in his usual methodical fashion, and won. Time: *Wasp*, 1h. 17m. 16s; *Mab*, 1h. 20m. 28s.

Second race, July 5th. Same course. Strong S. W. wind, with squalls. *Wasp*, reefing rig, reefed to 85 feet. *Mab*, 90 feet standing rig. *W.* gained while reaching, *M.* while beating. *M.* lost her lead in frequent capsize. *W.* capsized while leading at home buoy, first round, and dumped her lead ballast, but kept on. *W.* had a lead of 41 seconds on return leg, second round, when her rudder jammed; capsized twice and withdrew. *Mab's* elapsed time, 1h. 22m. 43s. for nine miles.

Third race, July 6th. Light S. wind, smooth water. Same course, first leg to windward. *Wasp*, 157 square feet of sail; *Mab*, 165. *M.* 30 seconds late at start. First round, *M.* capsized. *W.*, 42m. 03s.; *M.*, 53m. 46s. The wind dropped during second round, which terminated: *W.*, 1h. 24m.; *M.*, 1h. 33m. 44s.

The last round was finished: *Wasp*, 2h. 07m. 46s., and *Mab*, 2h. 40m. 47s., elapsed time, for the nine miles. Butler, winning two out of three races, successfully defended the cup, and its record remains unbroken. The previous defenders have been: 1886, C. B. Vaux and William Whitlock; 1888, R. S. Blake; 1890, H. L. Quick; 1891, T. E. H. Barrington; 1892, T. S. Oxholm.

RED DRAGON C. C.

The Red Dragons of Philadelphia held successful races on June 8th and 15th. The latter date was the spring regatta, which was followed by a supper and a minstrel show. The R. D.'s are setting the pace this season.

R. B. BURCHARD.

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

ROWING.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES ROYAL REGATTA.

The fifty-seventh annual Henley regatta was rowed July 9th, 10th and 11th, over the usual course, upstream from near Temple Island to Phyllis Court, 1 mile 550 yards straightaway, against a slight current.

At the time this is written our only reports are by cable, and these are so meagre in important matters, so exuberant in gush and trivialities, so contradictory, and in some cases so absurd and malevolent, that it is impossible to construct from them a detailed history of the regatta, or to comment intelligently on its real and alleged incidents. We give below some details concerning those races whose competitors included oarsmen from this side the Atlantic.

The regatta was favored with genuine Queen's weather, clear and warm, with light and variable breezes, never brisk enough to seriously roughen the water or annoy the oarsmen.

The course is so narrow that only two boats are allowed to start in a heat, and where the entries are numerous, each winner must row three or four races before gaining the prize. This necessity becomes peculiarly irksome where one man is entered in several events. For instance, in this year's regatta, G. Nickalls, London Rowing Club, contested in three heats of the Diamond Sculls for singles, two heats of the silver Goblets for pairs, and three heats of the Stewards' Cup for fours—a total of eight trips over the course during the three days of the regatta. Some of our college crews who object to rowing two races in one week might learn wisdom from these Englishmen.

The Grand Challenge Cup, for eight-oared shells with coxswains, open to the amateur oarsmen of the world.

First round, winners of heats to row in second round—First heat, Trinity Hall, Cambridge University, T. B. Hope (bow), J. A. Bott, W. J. Fernie, F. C. Stewart, W. A. Bieber, B. H. Howell, A. S. Bell, D. A. Wanchope (stroke), Paget Tomlinson (coxswain), 7m. 56s.; London R. C., W. J. Thompson (bow), T. S. Lowe, W. J. Gallo-way, H. J. Young, F. Compton, W. H. McKinnon, F. P. Barton, A. S. Little (stroke), E. A. Sheard (coxswain), 2, by 4 lengths.

Second heat, Eton College, D. O. Dunlop (bow), J. A. Tinne, R. O. Pitman, A. G. Anderson, W. D. Ward, R. Carr, J. J. G. de Knoop, H. Gold (stroke), R. O. Blyth (coxswain), 7m. 34½s.; Thames R. C., F. Stevenson (bow), G. G. Taylor, R. G. Bullock, R. O. Atherley, W. Broughton, S. D. Muttelbury, G. McHenry, A. Bogle (stroke), E. A. Tafford (coxswain), 2, by a length and a quarter.

Third heat, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, U. S. A., F. B. Matthews (bow), E. O. Spillman, C. G. Hagar, F. W. Freeborn, T. F. Fennell, C. P. Dyer, C. A. Sims, J. Hall (stroke), F. D. Colson (coxswain), r. o. in 8m. 11s.; Leander B. C., G. W. N. Graham (bow), J. A. Ford, H. Graham, T. J. G. Duncanson, W. B. Stewart, C. D. Bucknell, M. C. Pilkington, C. W. Kent (stroke), F. C. Bigg (coxswain), did not start.

This was an unfortunate affair. Leander were delayed by some bungling row-boats, had not yet straightened their shell, and to the umpire's

question, "Are you ready?" one or more of the crew answered "No." But the umpire did not hear this reply, gave the starting signal, and Cornell rowed over alone. Leander had won this challenge trophy for four successive years, and were thought able to add a fifth victory to their record. To be thus shut out without a trial was no doubt galling, but nothing could justify some of the remarks made by the crew concerning their opponents.

Fourth heat, New College, Oxford University, G. C. Bourne (bow), A. R. Whitworth, F. G. Phillips, H. Thorpe, C. K. Phillips, T. H. E. Stretch, W. E. Crum, C. M. Pitman (stroke), C. S. Serocold (coxswain), drew a bye.

Second round: winners of the heats to row in final—First heat, New College, 7m. 18s.; Eton College, 2, by a length and a half.

Second heat, Trinity Hall, 7m. 15s.; Cornell University, 2, by 7 lengths.

This heat seems to have been rowed solely on the merits of the crews, without accident or hindrance, and it resulted as most of England's rowing experts had predicted. Cornell, going away with their abnormally quick stroke, took the lead at once, gradually increased it, and at half-way were almost a boat's length in front. Here Cornell perceptibly slackened, and Trinity Hall crept up, being abreast near the seven furlong post, and a few feet ahead at the mile. Soon afterward Cornell went to pieces, one or more of the crew breaking down, and Trinity Hall crossed the finish line about seven lengths in front.

Final heat, Trinity Hall, 7m. 30s.; New College, 2, by a third of a length.

Here again, as in the singles and fours, the boat which beat the Americans won the race. In each of the three races whose entries included boats from this side the Atlantic, the visitors drew in their first the ultimate winners.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY BEATS UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

June 14, on Cayuga Lake, at Ithaca, N. Y.: course 2 miles, straightaway, in still water. Weather fine; wind trifling; water smooth. Eight-oared shells, with coxswains; Freshmen crews—Cornell University, 11m. 18½s.; University of Pennsylvania, 11m. 42s.

The statistics of the crews are as follows:

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

	Weight.	Height.	Age.
E. J. Savage (bow and captain)	154	5-11½	20
C. K. Conrad	140	5-09	18
I. C. Ludlum	130	5-10	18
J. Fuller, Jr.	157	6-00	18
E. Johnston	160	6-00½	19
J. C. Insee	158	5-10	21
C. S. Moore	160	5-10½	18
F. A. Briggs (stroke) ..	138	5-06	22
E. A. Boyd (coxswain)	119	5-05	23

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

	Weight.	Height.	Age.
Kelsay (bow)	140	6-00	19
Lister	142	5-07	19
West	150	5-10	20
Hunter	145	5-06	18
Tismer	162	5-11	24
Darragh	165	6-00	20
Mallory	148	5-11	20
Herr (stroke and captain) ..	154	5-11	23
McAvey (coxswain)	105	5-07	21

ROWING.

MINNESOTA BOAT CLUB WINS.

June 15, on Lake Minnetonka, Minn.; 2 miles straightaway, in still water; eight oared shells, with coxswains. Weather fine; water smooth.

Minnesota Boat Club—Pend (bow). Denegre, Wann, Halbert. Buffington, Houghton, Laben, Landford (stroke), Yardley (coxswain). 10m. 22s.

University of Wisconsin—A. F. Alexander (bow), W. Alexander, Day, Austin, Webber, McConville, Rohn (stroke), Seymour (coxswain), 2, by three-quarters of a length.

METROPOLITAN AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.

Their first regatta was rowed June 17, on the Charles River, at Boston, Mass. Weather fine; wind light with the finish of all races; water in fair condition; course a mile and a half, with one turn.

Junior single-scul shells—P. A. Berkeley, Jr., Bradford Boat Club, 11m. 19s.; M. W. Early, West End B. C., 2; J. O'Neil, Shawmut Rowing C., 3; M. Buckley, West Lynn B. C., 4; A. Sullivan, S. R. C., 5; J. W. Smith, Boston Athletic Association, did not finish.

Intermediate single-scul shells—C. Buckley, W. L. B. C., 11m. 50s.; D. J. Sullivan, Columbian R. A., 2; A. Bennett, B. A. A., o. Bennett finished first by fifteen lengths, but was disqualified for turning the stake-boat the wrong way.

Senior single-scul shells—J. Whitehead, C. R. A., 11m. 7s.; W. Caffrey, Riverside B. C., 2; E. N. Atherton, Hartford R. C., 3.

Junior double-scul shells—Weld B. C., W. S. Youngman (bow), and B. W. S. Thomson (stroke), r. o.

Junior four-oared working boats—City Point R. A., T. J. Rand (bow), J. J. Sullivan, J. J. Howard, T. F. Geary (stroke), 11m. 8s.; Mill-Stream B. C., G. H. McDonald (bow), T. V. Maloney, W. McDonald, G. J. Phair (stroke), 2, by a length and a half.

Senior four-oared working boats—West Lynn B. C., J. Cosgrove (bow), T. Dineen, D. J. Dineen, W. Bergen (stroke), 9m. 41s.; West End B. C., R. Moffitt (bow), G. Baily, M. W. Early, F. Higgins (stroke), 2, by four lengths.

Junior four oared shells—Boston A. A., P. Gardner (bow), J. H. Craig, R. P. Waters, N. G. Horton (stroke), 10m. 40s.; City Point, R. A., J. Benton (Bow), J. McCarthy, F. Johnson, T. J. Denney (stroke), 2, by six lengths.

Senior four-oared shells—Riverside B. C., J. Bergen (bow), E. T. Hayes, J. E. Mahoney, W. Caffrey (stroke), 10m. 2s.; Boston A. A., F. Tudor (bow), G. G. Bradford, L. Davis, B. B. Crowninshield (stroke), 2, by a length, after a fine race.

Junior eight-oared shells, with coxswains, a little more than a mile and a quarter straightaway—Shawmut R. C., J. O'Neil (bow), D. Murphy, W. Dunn, John Dunn, A. Goff, James Dunn, A. Sullivan, P. Dunn (stroke), J. Smith (coxswain), 8ms. 10s.; Riverside B. C., W. Berkeley (bow), A. Shay, J. E. Sullivan, R. McCoy, A. Blevins, W. Rogers, G. Bishop, P. Flanagan (stroke), J. O'Brien (coxswain), 2, by a length and a half; Weld B. C., J. C. Smith (bow), G. T. McKelleget, H. E. Addison, A. W. Stevens, S. Youngman, B. W. S. Thompson, S. P. Delany, G. B. Magrath (stroke), J. Adler (coxswain), did not finish. The winners had no trouble, but the two other crews made a bad start, soon afterward collided, each claimed foul, and Weld did not persevere. At a

meeting held after the race it was agreed that Shawmut should receive the prizes, and the three crews should row again to decide which was the fastest.

At the time appointed for the second trial, June 19, Shawmut did not appear, and the two other crews rowed over the course, Riverside winning by half a length, after a good race all the way.

Senior eight-oared shells, with coxswains—Riverside B. C., L. Berkeley (bow), W. Hagan, T. Corcoran, J. Hobbs, F. Hynes, W. Balmer, W. Parrock, J. Murphy (stroke), P. Anglin (coxswain), r. o.

SCHUYLKILL NAVY.

Their annual regatta was rowed June 22, on the Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia, Pa., with threatening weather, light favoring wind and still water.

The course for all races was a mile and a half straightway, with a slow current.

Junior single-scul shells—E. Marsh, Malta Boat Club, 9m. 57s.; H. G. Scott, Pennsylvania Barge C., 10m. 1s.; H. M. Hughes, Vesper B. C., 3, by a length.

Senior single-scul shells—F. Cressor, V. B. C., 9m. 29s.; J. B. Juvenal, P. B. C., 9m. 39s.; H. P. Burchall, Iona B. C., did not finish.

Junior double-scul shells—Crescent B. C., E. F. Taber (bow), A. McKeever, (stroke), 8m. 50½s.; Vesper B. C., G. Boehm (bow), W. H. Hussey (stroke), 2, by a yard; Philadelphia B. C., A. H. Harken (bow), C. W. Harken (stroke), 3, by 4 lengths; Pennsylvania B. C., E. S. Parct (bow), G. Anderson (stroke), 4.

Junior four-oared gigs with coxswains—Pennsylvania B. C., E. A. Grover (bow), S. A. Short, O. F. Sellow, H. Meade (stroke), G. Klages (coxswain), 8m. 56s.; West Philadelphia B. C., H. Altemus, Jr. (bow), R. C. Lockwood, L. Martin, W. M. Blackburne (stroke), A. H. Blackburne (coxswain), 2, by 6 yards; Crescent B. C., C. H. Margerum (bow), C. Hay, H. F. Keisel, D. P. Davis (stroke), P. Maas (coxswain), 3.

Senior double-scul shells—Pennsylvania B. C., G. W. Van Vliet (bow), J. B. Juvenal (stroke), 9m. 3s.; Vesper B. C., F. Cresser (bow), H. G. DeBurlo (stroke), did not finish.

Pair-oared shells—Pennsylvania B. C., G. W. Van Vliet (bow), P. J. Wall (stroke), 9m. 40s.; Iona B. C., P. E. Huneker (bow), H. P. Burchall (stroke), 9m. 41s.; Vesper B. C., J. Y. Park (bow), T. J. Allen (stroke), 3, by three quarters of a length.

Four-oared shells—Crescent B. C., W. Curry (bow), A. V. Dunbar, J. G. Donahue, W. McKeever (stroke), 8m. 41s.; Pennsylvania B. C., A. J. Ingraham (bow), C. H. Vernier, H. P. Short, C. A. Dix (stroke), 2, by 2 lengths.

Senior eight-oared shells, with coxswains—Pennsylvania B. C., E. S. Parct (bow), H. G. Scott, G. W. Van Vliet, C. H. Vernley, A. J. Ingraham, H. Meade, H. P. Short, C. B. Dia (stroke), G. Klages (coxswain), 8m. 11s.; Vesper B. C., A. Hemple (bow), W. H. Hussey, C. E. Kranter, A. J. Collingham, O. Thorn, H. G. De Burlo, I. Parke, T. J. Allen (stroke), L. C. Abell (coxswain), 8m. 8½s.; Crescent B. C., W. Curry (bow), A. N. Dunbar, W. P. Wallace, D. P. Davis, L. S. Ely, C. M. Stokes, J. G. Donahue, E. F. Taber (stroke), P. Maas (coxswain), 3.

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

COLUMBIA-CORNELL-PENNSYLVANIA.

Eight-oared crews from these three institutions rowed their annual race June 24, on the Hudson River, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The course was intended to be four miles straightaway, with the tide, but the drifting of the stakeboats, and the consequent necessity of making a flying start, shortened the distance by several rods. The weather was rainy, wind fresh and gusty, against the oarsmen; water lumpy.

The times were: Columbia, 21m. 25s.; Cornell, 21m. 46½s.; University of Pennsylvania did not finish.

The statistics of the crews were as follows:

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Name.	Height.	Weight.	Age.
R. W. Pressprich, '97 (bow).....	5.07½	158	19
J. H. Prentice, '97 (captain).....	6.00	178	21
O. Longacre, Jr., '98.....	5.11	178	19
W. G. Hobdy, '96.....	6.00	183	23
D. MacGregor, '96.....	6.02½	185	22
G. H. Carter, '96.....	6.00½	191	19
H. Fish, Jr., '95.....	6.01	180	22
H. E. Pierrepont, '97 (stroke).....	5.10½	157	21
F. H. Sill, '95 (coxswain).....	5.07½	114	22

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

F. C. Slade, '96 (bow).....	2.10	165	21
W. B. Christwell, '97.....	5.08	160	28
C. S. Moore, '98.....	5.10½	160	18
C. H. Smith, '97.....	5.11½	161	18
G. H. Johnson, '98.....	6.00½	160	19
W. B. Sanborn, '95.....	6.00	170	22
L. L. Tatum, '97.....	5.10	156	21
H. C. Troy, '97 (captain and stroke).....	5.11	163	25
R. T. Richardson, '97 (coxswain)....	5.06½	111	21

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A. C. Petersen, '96 (bow).....	6.00	155	23
C. Jack, '98.....	6.01	155	20
J. H. Minds, '95.....	5.10½	170	18
W. Farrar, '96.....	6.00	175	24
W. G. Woodruff, '97.....	6.00	186	20
F. B. Hancock, '97.....	6.03½	178	23
H. P. Beck, '96.....	6.01	164	21
A. E. Bull, '96 (captain and stroke)...	5.10½	166	25
G. H. Perkins, '95 (coxswain).....	5.06	110	20

The race was originally fixed for 5.30 P. M., June 21, and at that time weather and water were favorable, but the swell from a passing tug-boat swamped and smashed Pennsylvania's shell, just as the crew were preparing to embark, and it became necessary to postpone the race until June 24.

Monday was a sultry, threatening day, but at the hour set for the race the weather was clear and hot, while the light breeze, against the tide, was not strong enough to ruffle the water. As the crews were towing their boats to the start, a violent thunder-storm swooped down on the river, driving everybody to such shelter as could be found. After the storm passed away, the officials attempted to start the race, but the rain began to fall steadily, the freshening south-east wind roughened the course and the stake-boats were misplaced and dragging. An hour spent in ineffectual struggles with these unruly skiffs brought twilight near, and at last a flying start was taken, Cornell getting much the worst send-off.

Pennsylvania showed in front for a few strokes, but Columbia soon took the lead and were never afterward headed. Their stroke, neither so short and quick as Cornell nor so long and slow as Pennsylvania, seemed to serve well in the lumpy water; their boat carried the crew well and traveled steadily on an even keel. Cornell's

jerky strokes propelled their boat in jerky fashion, and it was only by the most unflinching gameness, and several gallant spurts, that they finished so close to the leaders. Pennsylvania's boat had been skillfully repaired, after Friday's accident, but was probably somewhat weak in the keel, and after taking in water continually from the first stroke the crew sank in the final mile, the stroke keeping up until oars and oarlocks were completely submerged.

Past races in which two or more of these three institutions have competed may be summarized as follows:

Columbia has beaten Cornell once in fours, once in sixes and once in eights, and has been beaten by Cornell once in singles, twice in fours, four times in sixes and six times in eights.

Columbia has beaten Pennsylvania once in fours, and four times in eights, and has been beaten by Pennsylvania three times in fours and twice in eights.

Cornell has beaten Columbia once in singles, twice in fours, four times in sixes and six times in eights, and has been beaten by Columbia once in fours, once in sixes and once in eights.

Cornell has beaten Pennsylvania five times in fours and nine times in eights, and has been beaten by Pennsylvania four times in fours.

Pennsylvania has beaten Columbia three times in fours and twice in eights, and has been beaten by Columbia once in fours and four times in eights.

Pennsylvania has beaten Cornell four times in fours, and has been beaten by Cornell five times in fours and nine times in eights.

SOUTHERN AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.

Their annual regatta was held June 25 to 27, at West End, Lake Ponchartrain, over the usual course, a mile and a half, with one turn, in still water.

The first day brought fine weather, smooth water and a light off-shore wind.

Junior single-scutt wherries—E. Pomes, St. John Rowing Club, 11m. 43s.; C. S. Titus, West End R. C., 11m. 45s.; P. L. Landry, Crescent R. C., 12m.; F. Gelpi, Louisiana B. C., 4; D. Edwards, St. J. R. C., 5; J. H. Shanks, C. R. C., 6. Landry claimed foul against Pomes and the judges decided that the first four men should row again next day.

Junior single-scutt shells—R. L. McCormick, C. R. C., 11m. 16s.; E. Rodd, St. J. R. C., 11m. 17s.; T. Lanau, L. B. C., 11m. 21s.; J. Harris, W. E. R. C., 4; L. L. Purvis, St. J. R. C., 5; H. V. Pons, W. E. R. C., 6.

Junior double-scutt shells—Crescent R. C., J. McCray (bow), A. David (stroke) 10m. 40s.; Pensacola, Fla., B. C., J. E. Baars (bow), E. E. Rees (stroke), 10m. 45s.; Louisiana B. C., F. Allain (bow), L. Perilliat (stroke), 11m. 20s.; St. John's R. C., J. Waterman (bow), L. Meader (stroke), 4; West End R. C., T. J. Tully, Jr. (bow), T. P. Graham (stroke), 5.

Junior four-oared shells—Louisiana B. C., E. Lambert (bow), F. Gelpi, E. Hernandez, C. S. Harris (stroke), 9m. 59s.; St. John R. C., E. Rodd (bow), C. Hartly, J. Jumonville, W. P. Brickell (stroke), 10m. 10s.; Crescent R. C., (individual entry), P. Landry (bow), G. Blardone, F. O. Reinecke, J. A. Shanks (stroke), 11m.; Crescent R. C. (club entry), J. Wells (bow), A. Rogers, F.

Rogers, W. P. Cary (stroke), and West End R. C., W. J. Sebastian (bow), A. Nuguelona, J. Kauffman, R. E. Foster (stroke), collided near the start and both stopped.

The second afternoon was marred by showers, mist, gusty winds and lumpy water. A late start and delays between races made it necessary to postpone until next day the four-oared race, the second trial of the double-sculls, and the already once postponed junior wherries.

Single-scull wherries; water in fair condition—Z. Benochi, St. J. R. C., 11m. 58½s.; W. Wogan, L. B. C., 12m. 5s.; W. B. Vail, W. E. R. C., 12m. 10s.

Single-scull shells, water rough—G. Gagnet, L. B. C., 14m. 22s.; W. P. Carey, C. B. C., 14m. 25s.; J. W. Glenney, St. J. R. C., 16m.; E. J. Lambert, L. B. C., o.

Double-scull shells—Crescent R. C., J. Wells (bow), W. P. Carey (stroke), 11m. 34s.; Crescent R. C., junior crew, J. McCray (bow), A. David (stroke), 11m. 40s.; St. John R. C., W. R. Betts (bow), W. G. Seymour (stroke), 4, were delayed by one of the official boats left in their course through carelessness. West End R. C., W. B. Vail (bow), J. Swan (stroke), finished second in 11m. 35s., but disqualified for crossing outside the limit of the finish line. On St. John's appeal the race was declared off and the crews ordered to row again next day.

The final day was perfect rowing weather.

Junior single-scull wherries. The officials now retracted their decision of June 25, awarded the prize to Pomes and abandoned the proposed second trial.

Double-scull shells—West End B. C., W. B. Vail (bow), J. Swan (stroke), 10m. 4s.; Crescent B. C., J. Wells (bow), W. P. Carey (stroke), 10m. 17s.; Crescent B. C., Junior crew, J. M. Croy (bow), A. David (stroke), 10m. 47s.; Louisiana B. C., E. J. Lambert (bow), C. A. Wogan (stroke), 4; St. John R. C., W. R. Betts (bow), W. G. Seymour (stroke), 5, by a few feet.

Four-oared shells—St. John R. C., Z. Benochi (bow), S. Bradford, E. Pomes, J. W. Glenney (stroke), 9m. 51s.; Louisiana R. C., G. Gagnet (bow), W. Wogan, H. Daboval, S. Landry (stroke), 10m. 17s.; Louisiana R. C., Junior crew, E. Lambert (bow), F. Gelpi, E. Hernandez, C. S. Harris (stroke), 10m. 30s.; West End R. C., J. J. Manson (bow), C. Manson, O. Riley, W. H. Williams (stroke), 4.

For the championship pennant the score was as follows: St. John, 410 points; Crescent, 330; Louisiana, 320; West End, 170; Pensacola, 50.

YALE FRESHMEN WIN.

The annual match between the freshmen crews of Yale, Harvard and Columbia was rowed June 27, on the Thames river at New London, Conn., the crews rowing up with the flood tide over the lower two miles of the usual four-mile course. The weather was sultry, wind light, across the course, and water fairly smooth except in the final half-mile.

Harvard drew the east station, Yale the middle, and Columbia the west. Columbia was first to move, but Harvard soon took the lead and kept in front for half the journey. Yale caught Columbia in the first quarter-mile and overtook Harvard at the mile flag. Then followed a grand struggle for half-a-mile with the

two boats just abreast at the mile-and-a-half mark. In the final half-mile Yale outlasted Harvard and won a fine race by a little more than a boat's length. Columbia's bow-oar had trouble with a broken oar-lock almost from the start, and was a passenger most of the way. The crew were also hindered by the wash of a steamer near the mile flag, but were already beaten before this mishap.

The official times were as follows: Half-mile—Harvard, 2m. 18s.; Yale, 2m. 20s.; Columbia, 2m. 25s. One mile—Yale, 4m. 58s.; Harvard, 4m. 58¾s.; Columbia, 5m. 15s. Two miles—Yale, 10m. 28s.; Harvard, 10m. 33s.; Columbia, 11m. 18½s.

The statistics of the crews were as follows:

YALE UNIVERSITY.

	Weight.	Height.	Age.
G. W. Cram (bow).....	158	5.10½	19
J. McLaughlan.....	156	5.07	21
G. Marsh (captain).....	165	6.00	19
R. Hitchcock.....	172	5.08½	20
J. Rodgers.....	178	6.01	20
P. Whitney.....	169	5.10½	19
P. Mills.....	170	5.10	18
D. Rogers (stroke).....	161	6.00	19
L. F. Green (coxswain).....	110		..

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

C. A. Hurley (bow).....	149	5.10	19
A. H. Rice.....	156	5.10	19
G. H. Scull.....	162	5.11	18
C. C. Bull.....	158	5.09	18
A. T. Jennings.....	184	5.11	21
F. L. Ames (captain).....	169	6.00	19
D. M. Goodrich.....	161	6.01	19
N. W. Cabot (stroke).....	162	5.11	19
R. S. Huidekoper (coxswain).....	106	5.15½	19

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

R. L. Pierpont (captain and bow)...	151	5.06	18
H. Macken.....	150	5.08	19
C. McKay Lewis.....	150	5.08½	19
S. Barclay.....	155	5.10½	19
E. P. Keppel.....	143	6.00	19
H. Mortimer.....	148	6.00	19
S. Haight.....	166	5.11¾	18
L. Fitzgerald, Jr. (stroke).....	151	5.08¾	20
J. Livingston (coxswain).....	110		..

This race was founded in 1880 by Harvard and Columbia, but Yale has been admitted to the contest in 1886, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894 and 1895. The score is now Columbia 6 firsts, 8 seconds and 2 thirds. Harvard 6 firsts, 7 seconds and 3 thirds. Yale 4 firsts, 1 second and 1 third.

In all the boat-races where Columbia has rowed against Harvard or Yale, or both of them, the scores are as follows:

Columbia has beaten Harvard twelve times and has been beaten by Harvard sixteen times.

Columbia has beaten Yale five times and been beaten by Yale seven times.

Harvard has beaten Columbia sixteen times and been beaten by Columbia twelve times.

Harvard has beaten Yale three times and been beaten by Yale six times.

Yale has beaten Columbia seven times and been beaten by Columbia five times.

Yale has beaten Harvard six times and been beaten by Harvard three times.

YALE BEATS HARVARD ONCE MORE.

The eight-oared crews of these Universities rowed their twentieth annual match June 28, on the Thames River at New London, Conn. The course is four miles straightaway, and the crews rowed down, with an ebb tide made stronger by recent heavy rains. In the first half of the

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journey the wind was light with the oarsmen and the water smooth. But in the second half the wind shifted so as to be squarely against the crews, and freshened enough to stir up quite a sea in the final mile and a half.

There were several half-filled cars in the observation train, and the crowd on the water was less than usual. Some stayed away because they were tired of seeing Yale win every year, and others were frightened by the threatening weather. There was little genuine enthusiasm because there was little about which it was possible to enthuse, and the cheers which encompassed the final quarter mile of the race lacked the heartiness of former years.

It is only by courtesy that the affair can be called a race. Yale, who won the toss, and chose the west station, made the best start, took a commanding lead in the first half mile, increased the interval between the boats at pleasure, and finished easy winners by more than ten boat-lengths.

It had been generally believed that Yale would win, but the ease of the victory surprised even the most experienced critics. Yale had a good crew—one of the best in her history, but Harvard also had an unusually fast eight, and the shrewdest observers predicted a hard race and a close finish.

The Harvard men had been well drilled and were exceptionally even in swing and recover. As nearly as could be judged by watching the daily work of the crews there was little to choose between them, and when paddling at half speed, Harvard were the neater eight. But the fair promise of their training was not kept in the actual race, and several fundamental faults were sadly prominent. The swing was ragged after the first half mile, the recover snatchy, and the oars were not dropped at the full reach, but sliced in later, thus rowing the first part of each stroke in the air. People who had seen the crews at practice but did not attend the race, marveled that any eight could beat such a fine crew by ten lengths, but those who saw the race, and were near enough to study the rowing critically, wondered that Yale did not win by twenty lengths instead of ten.

The official times at the end of each half mile were as follows :

<i>Distances.</i>	<i>Yale.</i>	<i>Harvard.</i>
	<i>M. S.</i>	<i>M. S.</i>
Half mile.....	2 40	2 49
One mile.....	5 04	5 20
One mile a half.....	7 40	8 00
Two miles.....	10 21	10 39
Two miles and a half.....	12 55	13 20
Three miles.....	15 50	16 21
Three miles and a half.....	18 58	19 20
Finish.....	21 30	22 05

It has been claimed that this was the fastest eight Yale ever put afloat, but nothing in the race upholds such a theory. Of the seventeen previous races over this course seven were in slower time, one in the same time, and nine in faster time than the race of 1895. The fastest tide on this course is found in the second mile, the crews are at their best in the first half of the race, and should row the first two miles in less than half the time used for the full four miles. Recent rainstorms had lent their floods of rainwater to strengthen the ebb tide, the wind was with the oarsmen, the water smooth and everything

favorable for an unusually fast two miles. Yet Yale's time for the first two miles was more than half of the time used by her crews for the full four miles in 1884, 1886, or 1888. Yale's time for the first two miles in 1895 was 10m. 31s. But in 1884 the two mile times were Harvard 10m. 8s., Yale 10m. 10s.; in 1886, Yale 10m. 8s., Harvard, 10m. 19s.; in 1889, Yale 10m. 8s., Harvard 10m. 20s.; in 1891, Harvard 10m. 19s.; in 1892, Yale 10m. 4s. Nothing in these figures suggest that the Yale crew of 1895 was faster than several Yale and Harvard eights that have rowed in previous matches over this course. The men were strong and heavy, had been taught a stroke peculiarly fit for heavy men over a four-mile course, pulled the stroke admirably, and might have done a little better if Harvard had been fast enough to make them row all the way. But there was little easing in the first two miles, and it is wiser to be content with calling this a first-class crew, rather than to invite comparisons which are not conclusive and claim a supremacy which cannot be proven and probably does not exist.

The statistics of the crews were as follows :

VALE UNIVERSITY.			
<i>Name, Class, Residence and Position.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>	<i>Height.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
Richard Armstrong, '95, S., Hampton, Va (captain and bow).....	161	5.08½	21.8
H. C. Holcomb, '95, S., New Haven, Conn.....	180	5.09½	22
W. M. Beard, '96, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	179	5.08½	19
W. R. Cross, '96, New York City.....	195	6.02½	21
A. W. Daer, '95, S., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	187	6 02	22.8
J. M. Longacre, '96, Philadelphia, Pa.....	181	6.00	21 6
R. B. Treadway, '96, Sioux City, Ia. G. Langford, '97, S., St Paul, Minn. (stroke).....	175	6.00½	21
T. L. Clark, '97, New Orleans, La. (coxswain).....	172	6.02	19
	107		..
HARVARD UNIVERSITY.			
E. N. Wrightington '97, Brookline, Mass. (bow).....	164	5.09	21
J. A. Stillman, '96, New York City.....	166	5.10	23
J. E. Chatman, '97, Boston, Mass.....	167	5 09½	22
L. D. Shepard, '96, Boston, Mass.....	174	5.09	23
S. Hollister, '97, Santa Barbara, Cal.....	177	6 00	22
F. N. Watriss, '95, L. S., Chicago, Ill.....	174	5.11½	24
E. H. Fennessy, '96, Boston, Mass.....	171	5.10½	21
J. B. Bullard, '96 (captain and stroke), Dedham, Mass.....	162	5.08½	22
P. D. Rust, '98, Kansas City, Mo. (coxswain).....	105		..

Of Yale's crew, Armstrong, Holcomb, Beard, Waters and Treadway filled the same seats in 1894. Cross rowed No. 6 in 1894. Longacre rowed No. 6 in 1893.

Of Harvard's crew, Treadway rowed stroke in 1893 and No. 7 in 1894. Bullard No. 2 in 1894.

Since crews of Yale and Harvard journeyed to New Hampshire for a boat race in 1857, the rival oarsmen have met fifty-eight times, Yale beating Harvard in thirty races and Harvard beating Yale in twenty-eight. This is a tolerably close finish for a campaign of forty-four years.

W. B. CURTIS.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The South End Rowing Club regatta, set for Memorial Day, at El Campo, Marin County, Cal., was postponed on account of the roughness of the water, and held June 3d, at Long Bridge, San Francisco; the course being 1½ miles with a turn.

The greatest interest was felt in the four-oar barge race for junior amateur crews. Seven clubs entered: the Olympic, Acme, St. Mary's College, Ariel, Dolphin, Pioneer, and South End, and the race was started with all seven boats abreast. The Pioneers got the best of the start, but being fouled by the Acme boat, the South End crew assumed the lead. Then the Olympics and Ariels collided; and the South End crew were well in the lead when the rudder of their boat snapped. St. Mary's College boat turned the stake first, but the Olympics spurted, and taking the lead steadily increased it until they crossed the line several lengths ahead. Time: 10m. 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. The St. Mary's crew finished second, and the Pioneers third. After the race the Ariel Club entered a protest against the Olympic Club on the grounds of a foul and of not having rounded their stake.

Outrigger skiffs: J. D. Coughlan, Dolphin R. C., won easily. J. W. Pembroke, Jr., Ariel R. C., beating S. W. Pembroke, Sr., Alameda, for second place.

Four-oar barge, senior, for the Herget Cup. The Ariel, South End, Pioneer and Stockton crews entered and the race was won by the South End R. C., in 9m. 59s.

Many protests were filed after the regatta, and June 5th, a meeting to discuss them was held. The Ariel R. C. challenged the Olympic Club to row over again, and the challenge was accepted. Finally it was determined that the race should be rowed again with same boats, crews and course.

In accordance with this decision, four crews started June 16th, in the row-over—the Olympic, Acme, Pioneer, and Dolphin. The St. Mary's College boys were unable, in consequence of approaching examinations, to row, and claimed second place. In the race the Olympic crew took the lead after an even start, and kept it throughout the race. Time: 10m. 12s.; Acme Club second. The St. Mary's College crew's claim of second place not having been allowed, the college has the privilege of rowing against the Acme crew to decide second honors.

The University of California Boating Association will build a new boat house on Sessions' Basin, Oakland, to replace the one recently destroyed by fire. It will be of the same size as the old one, and will be well stocked with boats. Rowing bids fair to become one of the established sports at the University.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

BASEBALL.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The Middle West championship is still a mooted question. Chicago claims it. So does Michigan. The Michigan team had a big schedule, made two long trips, and met all the best college nines in the Middle West. At the end of one trip they were defeated by Chicago, although the Ann Arbor boys later beat the Rockefeller students. Chicago also had a big schedule, but they met few college teams; five of their dates were devoted to Northwestern, and three to Rush Medical. Chicago developed into a strong batting team, and their hitting more than their fielding won their games. Michigan was strong in the box, and by no means had to depend upon Sexton for all their games, though he was used in all the big contests. Illinois played as clever a fielding game as Michigan, but Michigan hit the ball and had the pitchers, while Illinois was weak in the box and weak at the bat until the last two weeks of the season.

Northwestern's deterioration from their work of last year was as pronounced as the change of form of Wisconsin this spring. At no time was Northwestern in the chase, dissensions in the team, coupled with faculty interference, conspired to kill all enthusiasm. Wisconsin opened the season discouragingly, but kept persistently in the hunt, and when they finally did get into form, they defeated Chicago 16 to 5 (June 1).

Oberlin's career did not compare with that of 1894. Minnesota was outclassed, and none of the Iowa teams were able to defeat the better college nines on this side of the Mississippi. However, the athletic interest that is so prominent in Iowa means much for Western college athletics.

HARRY F. KENDALL.

IN THE EAST.

The past month closes what has been on the whole a rather unsatisfactory college baseball season. The games and series have been, as a rule, one-sided and lacking in interest. There is one matter which followers of amateur baseball should remember in comparing the records of the various teams, and endeavoring to explain the success of some of the smaller colleges in their games with their larger rivals. Yale, Princeton, Harvard and Pennsylvania have placed many restrictions on the membership of their teams. Harvard's rules are particularly stringent, and are so rigidly enforced that there were in the University this year at least seven men of good amateur standing who would certainly have been members of this year's team but for the four year rule. Yale and Princeton suffered but little this year, but the fact still remains that our four leading Eastern universities allow none but strictly amateur players to be members of their nines. Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth have this year followed the example set by their great rivals, and will in the future play none but *colle*ge men; professional school members being barred.

But in the other colleges there seems to be little attempt to shut out professionalism. Cornell, some years ago, had for a captain a man who, while a gentleman and a credit to the institution he represented, had played ball professionally for some years. This year Priest, the Cornell pitcher, was clearly not an amateur. At Brown, Holy Cross and Georgetown, matters are even worse. There is hardly a man on the last-named two teams who has not played openly as a professional. At Brown matters are almost as bad, though it is certainly true that the Brown team of this year was composed of a larger proportion of amateurs than has been the case at

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that institution for some years. With these facts in mind it is not hard to account for the successes of some of the smaller colleges. Professionals play better ball than amateurs. In addition, the men on these smaller teams are allowed to play just so long as they can find some way of being registered in the institutions they represent. As a consequence, there are men playing ball on some of the college teams who have been figuring in college baseball for a period much beyond the four year limit now very generally set by the larger colleges. With such opportunities to get and keep good ball players, it is no wonder that some of our smaller colleges have teams that frequently win from our leading universities. The time is coming when something will be done to remedy this state of affairs, but until then followers of college baseball should know just how these matters stand, and judge of the merits of the various teams accordingly. Otherwise too little credit is given those who are earnestly wishing for purity in college athletics.

Yale is undoubtedly to be awarded the championship in baseball for the season of 1895. It is true that her team did not meet Pennsylvania, but the play of the latter made it evident that Yale's team was superior. The Yale team deserves great credit for its good record. It was composed of steady, hard-working players, who had been taught to rely on Carter to hold opponents down to very few runs; consequently, when Carter temporarily lost his effectiveness and was hit hard, it was greatly to the credit of the rest of the players that they took hold, and, by redoubling their efforts, managed to keep up their previous good record.

Princeton lost a splendid chance to win the championship, and for no apparent reason except a lack of determination and some one's poor judgment in the selection of pitchers. At its best, as in the second Harvard match, the team played a remarkable game, and one which would have won easily from any other college team of the season of 1895. In fact, the whole Princeton team fielded brilliantly, and batted and ran bases very well. The throwing of the whole team was unusually sharp and hard. With a little more judgment in the selection of batteries, Princeton would have made a much better showing in her Yale series.

Pennsylvania's team showed the result of being shut off from all competition with Yale and

Princeton. The whole team played with little snap or ambition, which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at when we consider that they had very little incentive for hard work. The team succeeded in defeating Cornell, but tied with Harvard and lost to Georgetown. The general play of the whole team was lifeless and unsteady, while the batting was weak. They showed the effects of having no definite object to work for. It is to be hoped that Yale and Princeton will see their way clear to arrange games with Pennsylvania another year.

The Harvard team for 1895 was a decided failure. Composed of new men to a great extent, the team was naturally unsteady at the outset and weak at the bat. As the season advanced, the infield began to work better and finally became a really good fielding combination. The outfield was quite good in the early games, but degenerated through changes and lack of good coaching. But the real weakness of the team was at the bat and in the pitcher's box. There was not a really good batter in the team and most of the men were decidedly weak. The team was weak in its run-getting, and lost courage during the last month of its season and seemed to play only to get through the schedule. The college at large lost all interest in the team and did much to discourage them by failing to attend the game.

Cornell's team played but few games, and lost its series with Princeton and Pennsylvania. The Cornell agreement with Harvard goes into effect next year, which doubtless will have the effect of bringing Cornell in contact with more of the New England teams, which must surely prove a benefit.

The Brown team played through a very successful season, winning most of the games and defeating Harvard three games out of four. The team fielded fairly and batted well.

Georgetown also had a strong team, fielding well, batting heavily and having a pitcher with tremendous speed. The team defeated Yale and won a series from Pennsylvania, but lost the Princeton series.

In the New England Association Williams played a fine game, winning the championship without great effort and also defeating Yale in one game.

Amherst and Dartmouth played very good ball but were weak, Amherst at the bat and Dartmouth in the box.

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

LAWN TENNIS.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

One of the most important and interesting contests in the history of American tennis was brought about through the enterprise of the Neighborhood Club of West Newton. The long desired visit of an English champion became a reality, and although Pim and Mahoney came here for no championship honors, the matches played by them were important international tests, arousing quite as much interest as the annual Newport event. It was an invitation tournament, to which Hovey, Hobart, Chace and Larned were invited to meet the players from Great Britain. The club prepared a special grass court for the

matches and furnished ample grand stands for the thousands of visitors during the week's play. It was not unexpected that the foreigners should gain a brilliant victory over the American players, yet the results do not show so great a superiority over our experts as has often been claimed for British players. It was rather curious that Mahoney should not lose a single match to an American opponent, while Pim, acknowledged to be the best player in the world, lost a match in two sets to Hobart, whose general work in the tournament was below his standard of play. Had time allowed for best three in five set matches the tournament would undoubtedly have afforded a

more satisfactory test; but just what the difference in the result would have been, is a matter of conjecture.

In the doubles, Hobart and Hovey gained glory as well as consolation by giving the British pair a thorough beating and a much higher estimation of American double tennis than they previously entertained.

On Monday morning, June 24th, the meeting opened with a match between Hovey and Larned, won by the former. After lunch—Pim and Mahoney both appeared, the former against Chace and the latter against Hobart. Mahoney proved a tricky player and his back-handers won him two deuce sets. In the match which followed, Chace won considerable glory by taking the second set, but it was apparent that Pim played with about half fifteen up his sleeve. He was in fact testing the American's skill by various tactics, and his loss of a set seemed due to aggressive play and an underestimate of Chace's ability.

Results, June 24th—F. H. Hovey beat W. A. Larned, 6-4, 6-4; H. S. Mahoney beat C. Hobart, 8-6, 7-5; J. Pim beat M. G. Chace, 6-3, 2-6, 6-4.

The next day was an easy one for Great Britain. Pim and Mahoney each won in straight sets from Larned. In neither of these matches was there any sharp tennis. Pim fairly played with the Middle States' champion. His object seemed to be to get as much practice as possible from his easy victim by indulging in every conceivable variety of stroke, which delighted the gallery and made his coming opponents faint-hearted. Larned did not play his best, though at times made brilliant spurts which forced his opponents into more discreet play. The most exciting match of the day was between Hovey and Hobart, which the former won after losing the first set.

Results, June 25th—H. S. Mahoney beat W. A. Larned, 6-3, 7-5; J. Pim beat W. A. Larned, 6-3, 6-1; F. H. Hovey beat C. Hobart, 3-6, 6-1, 6-3. Thus Pim, Mahoney and Hovey were on an even footing, having each won his two matches.

On Wednesday morning Hovey was knocked out of his prospects of high position by Chace, who by aggravating lobbing tactics won the odd set. It seemed as if Hovey was reserving himself for the afternoon match with Mahoney, and his second defeat may be partly ascribed to his disappointment at not winning his morning match with Chace.

The glorious feature of the day was the great contest between Pim and Hobart. The ambition of a tennis player can hardly rise higher than to defeat Pim, and Hobart's match will ever be a bright spot in his personal record as a tennis player. Aside from a little inaccuracy in his drives Pim was playing his usual perfect tennis, but never before has Hobart so excelled in low swift ground strokes, seldom hitting the net and frequently dropping within an inch or two of the side lines. It was one of those invincible streaks which has before marked Hobart's tournament play, but in a less degree. Pim's errors seemed to come from an attempt to play his opponent at the net, and by these tactics was frequently passed.

Results, June 26th—M. G. Chace beat F. H. Hovey, 6-2, 2-6, 6-2; H. S. Mahoney beat F. H.

Hovey, 8-6, 6-4, 6-1; C. Hobart beat J. Pim, 7-5, 6-3.

On Thursday the great double match was played between the American champions and the visiting pair. The swiftness and skillful team work of Hobart and Hovey was a surprise to the British players, who, in spite of their individual strength, proved in no way equal to the home team. There was very little lobbing in the match, strokes were made with great rapidity and volleying caused many a long and exciting "rest."

Upon the relative merits of the players it would seem most probable that Pim and Mahoney would win, or at least make a very close match with our champions. The victory, therefore, in three straight sets clearly demonstrates the value of practice in team work, and also shows that our men have nothing in doubles tennis to learn from players across the water.

In singles, Chace was the lucky winner of the day. He won two unfinished matches by default. One from Hobart and one from Larned, which placed him on a tie with Pim, while Mahoney led with no defeats and three victories.

Results, June 27th—Chace beat Hobart, 6-4, 4-2 default; Chace beat Larned, 6-0, 3-2 default.

Doubles—F. H. Hovey and C. Hobart beat J. Pim and H. S. Mahoney, 7-5, 6-4, 6-1.

The weather Thursday was disagreeable, with rain, which continued, preventing any play on Friday.

Saturday, June 29th, was the decisive day of the meeting. The chances of an American victory, however, rested wholly with Chace. In the morning Larned played his best tennis, defeating Hobart, which made Hobart and Larned last in the list. Pim had a protracted match with his fellow-countryman, to the latter's sorrow, and in the afternoon won a tame match from Hovey.

The great match of the day was between Mahoney and Chace. Had the latter won he would have tied Pim for first place, and the realization of this chance spurred him on to his best efforts. Mahoney, however, was more than equal to the emergency, and Chace's lobbing tactics proved of little avail against the Irishman's volleys and puzzling back-hand returns. Several times Chace varied his game by driving hard from the back of the court, and by this play gained the second set, 6-1. The deciding set and match was won by Mahoney's clever smashing and returns placed close to the net. The results of the day placed Pim and Mahoney on a tie, with Chace next.

Scores, June 29th—W. A. Larned beat C. Hobart, 6-3, 6-3; J. Pim beat H. S. Mahoney, 5-7, 6-2, 6-3; H. S. Mahoney beat M. G. Chace, 6-3, 1-6, 6-4; S. Pim beat F. H. Hovey, 6-3, 6-4.

Standing of players:

	WON.	LOST.		WON.	LOST.
Pim.....	4	1	Hovey.....	2	3
Mahoney.....	4	1	Hobart.....	1	4
Chace.....	3	2	Larned.....	1	4

Pim and Mahoney played off the tie July 1st, before a large and enthusiastic crowd. The former won after five close sets, which was one of the best exhibitions of tennis ever witnessed. The score was—Pim beat Mahoney, 6-4, 6-8, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3.

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

MIDDLE STATES CHAMPIONSHIP.

The eleventh annual contest for the Middle States Championship began June 12th, at the grounds of the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, Mountain Station, N. J. There were twenty-eight men entered in singles. The other events were men's doubles and mixed doubles, the usual ladies' singles being abandoned owing to lack of entries. The tournament was won by J. Howland, who defeated R. Stevens in a five set final match. It would not have been a great surprise had Howland defeated Larned in the championship round, for the former was fresh from his success in the New England Championship, while Larned has not displayed his best form this season. Yet three very close sets (one of which was 15-13) defeated Howland's valiant attempt to add his name to the long list of distinguished players who have had a claim to the Middle States trophy. In doubles, Larned and Howland were defeated by Hobart and Fischer, which, like most postponed matches, was tame and loosely played. The scores were as follows: Singles, preliminary round—C. Cragin beat F. N. Jessup, 7-5, 6-3; J. Howland beat W. H. Merchant, 6-2, 6-0; W. N. Frazer beat C. A. Gould, 7-5, 6-4; J. P. Paret beat Lieut. W. A. Bethel, 7-5, 6-2; O. M. Bostwick beat H. Ward, 6-2, 6-3; Richard Stevens beat Arthur Stokes, 6-2, 6-2; H. W. Hague beat Lieut. R. P. Davis, 6-4, 8-6; G. H. Miles beat Arthur Taylor, 6-4, 6-1; J. H. Mason beat Wilbur Kyle, 10-8, 4-6, 6-2; R. M. Miles, Jr., beat A. S. Taylor, 6-1, 6-2.

First round—G. C. Neely beat G. W. King, 6-1, 6-0; S. C. Millett beat C. Cragin, 6-3, 6-4; J. Howland beat W. N. Frazer, 6-3, 7-5; J. P. Paret beat O. M. Bostwick, 6-3, 6-3; R. Stevens beat H. W. Hague, 6-1, 6-0; G. H. Miles beat J. H. Mason, 6-1, 9-7; E. P. Fischer beat C. R. Runyon, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3; R. M. Miles, Jr., beat H. A. Colby by default.

Second round—S. C. Millett beat J. C. Neeley, 6-1, 6-2; J. Howland beat J. P. Paret, 6-2, 6-1; R. Stevens beat G. H. Miles, 6-1, 6-2; E. P. Fischer beat R. M. Miles, 6-3, 6-4.

Third round—J. Howland beat S. C. Millett, 8-6, 9-7; R. Stevens beat E. P. Fischer, 6-4, 6-3.

Final—J. Howland beat R. Stevens, 5-7, 6-3, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5.

Championship round—W. A. Larned (holder) beat J. Howland (challenger) 15-13, 8-6, 6-4.

Doubles, preliminary round—Hobart and Fischer beat Bostwick and Jessup, 6-1, 6-2.

First round—Millett and Cragin beat Davis and Bethel, 6-3, 6-3; Larned and Howland beat Taylor and Frazer, 6-4, 6-2; W. N. Frazer and J. P. Paret beat Miles and Miles, 8-6, 6-8, 6-0.

Second round—Hobart and Fischer beat Paret and Frazer, 6-0, 2-6, 6-2; Larned and Howland beat Millett and Cragin, 10-8, 6-2.

Final—Hobart and Fischer beat Larned and Howland, 3-6, 7-5, 6-3, 0-6, 6-2.

Mixed Doubles, final—Miss Schultz and Mr. Hobart beat Miss J. Atkinson and Dr. Frazer, 0-6, 6-2, 6-3, 7-5.

MASSACHUSETTS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The annual contest for the State Championship of Massachusetts was decided June 18th, at the courts of the Longwood Cricket Club. In the tournament there were fifty-three entries, but no

important matches were played until the concluding rounds were reached. Winthrop Lee, who once distinguished himself by beating Hovey at the Wentworth tournament, again surprised his friends by winning four matches in one day and the tournament. When he met Hovey in the challenge round on the following day his Wentworth victory was not repeated, for Hovey won with comparative ease in three sets. The concluding scores were:

Fourth round—Keyes beat Fuller, 6-5, 6-2; Holt beat Boyden, 6-3, 6-4; Lee beat Foster, 5-6, 6-5, 6-4; G. Wrenn beat Chase, 5-6, 6-1, 6-3.

Semi-final—Lee beat Holt, 6-2, 6-5; G. Wrenn beat Keyes, 6-3, 6-4.

Final round—Winthrop Lee beat G. Wrenn, 6-5, 6-2.

Championship round—F. H. Hovey beat W. Lee (challenger), 6-1, 7-5, 7-5.

NEW JERSEY CHAMPIONSHIP.

During the same week the New Jersey State Championship was decided at the courts of the Hohokus Valley Tennis Club, Ridgewood, N. J. G. H. Miles of the South Orange Club won the tournament, but failed to wrest the championship from F. N. Jessup of the same club. The results were:

Preliminary—R. H. Palmer beat E. Watlington, 6-1, 6-0; G. Watlington beat A. Janes, 2-6, 6-3, 7-5; H. Ward beat M. P. Slade, 10-8, 6-3; M. Walton beat H. Williams, 7-5, 6-4.

First round—S. C. Johnson beat F. A. Marcellus, 6-1, 6-4; R. H. Palmer beat G. Watlington, 6-4, 6-3; H. Ward beat M. Walton, 6-3, 6-3; G. H. Miles beat M. Allen, 6-4, 6-4.

Semi-final—Palmer beat Johnson, 6-0, 7-5; Miles beat Ward, 10-8, 1-6, 7-5.

Final—G. H. Miles beat R. H. Palmer, 6-0, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4.

Championship—F. N. Jessup beat G. H. Miles (challenger), 2-6, 6-2, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3.

CONNECTICUT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Malcolm G. Chace, the intercollegiate champion, met A. E. Foote in the contest for the championship of Connecticut, June 20th, on the courts of the Hartford Lawn Tennis Club. The former won in three sets, yet the match was exciting and well played from start to finish. The score was 6-4, 6-2, 11-9.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

The attempt to hold an invitation tournament and secure the best men for contestants is not always successful, even if the largest and most popular clubs are the hosts. The tournament held this year was partially successful and has, no doubt, been the means of stimulating tennis interests in that athletic fraternity. It began at Bay Ridge, June 10th, with five men competing. Unfortunately, V. G. Hall was absent, and it was even more unfortunate that during many of the matches a strong wind interfered with the play. Howland had less difficulty in winning from Stevens than he experienced at Orange. Without the loss of a match the Yale man won. Stevens and Millett played off their tie for second place on June 24th, Stevens winning.

F. A. KELLOGG.

The date of the Amateur and Open Championships of the U. S. Golf Association, has at last been officially announced. Play will commence on the links of the Newport Golf Club on Tuesday the 1st of October and continue throughout the week. The importance of these events may be measured by the fact that the official work which the association entails upon the secretary, H. O. Tallmadge, has induced him to relieve himself of the like office in his home club, the St. Andrew's, of Yonkers. It must have cost Mr. Tallmadge a pang to have severed that connection. At the same time it ensures the most efficient and practical management of the U. S. Association and of the Newport week.

The puzzling "Bogey" is exercising the wits of some of our correspondents who fail to find an explanation in the "glossary" of the so-called practical text books, one of which is just off the press. "What is the bogey man?" is the query we have been called upon to answer. Well, Mr. Bogey was in the flesh, we believe, an amiable gentleman who devised the practice of each player playing against the pre-determined hypothetical number of strokes in which each hole should be made, that number being fixed as the supposed score "Bogey" would, if playing, have made. It follows that every player, when playing in a bogey handicap, is engaged in a match against the hypothetical "Bogey" and wins or loses according as he or she falls below, or rises above, "Bogey's" fixed ratio. It is a convenient method when players are few in number. The Philadelphia Country Club had recently a bogey handicap.

St. Andrew's.—The tribulations of the golfer were exemplified in a remarkable degree in the match between Chauncey and Livermore, on the 19th of June. It was won by Mr. Daniel Chauncey, notwithstanding a remarkable series of mishaps, for in one of his drives his ball landed close to the tree-shaded stone wall. Instead of voluntarily losing a stroke by playing back into a good lie Mr. Chauncey attempted a long, low, iron shot straight toward the putting green. The result was unfortunate. Striking a tree, the ball jumped off into a field of high grass. When found it was in a pile of stones, an utterly bad position. Mr. Chauncey lifted it with the hand, thus forfeiting two strokes, and dropped it in the grass clear of the stones. The stroke, and the next, again knocked the ball against the oak tree. The third stroke sent the ball well on the green, but five had been wasted, and it took ten to make the hole. Golf over the St. Andrew's links is no child's play. The final score was:

ARTHUR L. LIVERMORE.

First round.....	7	4	7	7	5	6	12	4	3—	55
Second round.....	6	7	5	4	5	6	6	6	5—	50

No handicap; net score.....105

DANIEL CHAUNCEY.

First round.....	7	5	6	5	5	5	8	8	7—	56
Second round.....	8	4	4	7	6	6	7	6	10—	58

Gross score.....	114
Handicap.....	12

Net score.....102

In torrents of rain the special "Independence Day Handicap Cup" presented by the governors, resulted in the following score:

Players.	First Round.	Second Round.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.
W. H. Sands.....	49	53	102	9	93
R. B. Kerr.....	54	48	102	0	96
D. E. Hodgman.....	50	59	109	12	97
A. L. Livermore.....	48	54	102	0	102
D. G. Henderson.....	50	55	105	0	105
John Reid.....	56	61	117	12	105
James Park.....	52	56	108	3	105
James A. Wright.....	63	62	125	18	107

Orange Mountain Club, N. J..—The club is again meeting for Saturday afternoon tournaments and "high tea" in the old schoolhouse. Some of the regular players are Mrs. Henry Parrish, Miss Eliza Van Rensselaer, Miss Georgina Wilmerding, C. F. Walton, Charles Lee, the Misses Page, F. T. Miles, "Jack" Dallett and T. H. Powers-Farr.

White Plains, N. Y..—An eighteen-hole course, covering nearly three miles, has been laid out near White Plains by the Knollwood Golf Club. Among the men who play a strong game are Worthington Whitehouse and the Messrs. Waltham, Gillander and Ashforth.

Shinnecock Hill, L. I..—H. G. Trevor and Samuel L. Parrish have offered silver cups for the winners in the tournament at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, which begins on August 26. A cup is also offered for the best woman player, and Judge Horace Russell will give a silver cup to the player making the best score over the links during the season. Among the players who will join in the event are J. Frederick Gray, who won the singles last year; A. D. Morton, who, with Mr. Gray, won the foursomes; L. C. Murdoch, James P. Lee, Robert H. Robertson, J. Bowers Lee, S. L. Parrish, Horace Russell, W. T. Putnam and Archibald Rogers.

New Brunswick, N. J..—Decoration day was a busy day at the New Brunswick links. The women's competition was won by Miss Laura Kirkpatrick in 95 strokes, and the second by Miss Elizabeth Baldwin in 98, the course being once over six holes.

Lenox, Mass..—The links at Lenox have been materially improved and a very successful season is assured.

Morris County Club, N. J..—For the second year in succession Miss Annie Howland Ford has won the silver cup presented by the president. Her score for the double round over the seven-hole course was 91, Mrs. William Shippen being second, with 100.

The McK. Twombly cup for gentlemen was won by Henry P. Phipps with a score of 68, Mr. William Shippen, last year's winner, falling 2 below this.

Morristown, N. J..—Both links were fully occupied on the 4th of July. The seven-hole course by the ladies, and the new eighteen-hole course by the men. There were seven entries for the set of golf clubs in the ladies' handicap and of course Miss Annie Howland Ford was scratch, and Miss Lulu Field, with a handicap of 11 and net score of 78, won. Miss Wilder, with a handicap of 18, being second and Miss Ford third.

The men's handicap was played in a heavy downpour which reduced the contestants from twenty to ten. W. H. Phipps, scratch, and W. A. Flagg each made the 18 holes, for 111. W. A.

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

Flagg's handicap of 4 reduced his theoretical score to 107 and secured him first place.

The scores of the other players were:—Little, 128, handicap 10; Brinley, 136, handicap 12; McNeil, 134, handicap 20; Shaw, 162, handicap 35; C. Chapman, 147, handicap 25; Hoy, 177,

handicap 35; J. Chapman, 182, handicap 25; Kip, 136, handicap 8.

Essex County Club, Manchester by the Sea.—This club has now an orthodox nine-hole course. W. J. Warren Merrell, is the hon. secretary.

C. TURNER.

CRICKET.

To beat the crack Germantown team was certainly a feather in the cap of the All New York Eleven. Critics have searched in every direction for good excuses for Germantown's defeat. The general conclusion arrived at is, that New York won by superior all-round play. Of course, it must be admitted that Germantown did not play anywhere near their usual high standard; in fact, so great was the falling off that it is hard to account for. I do not think that Germantown will rest easy with "defeated by an innings and 94 runs," and it is to be hoped that a return match will be arranged which will give both teams another opportunity of showing what they can do.

Nine of the New York Eleven ran their scores into double figures, and large double figures at that. F. F. Kelly's 84, not out, and Tyler's 78 were both excellent exhibitions of batting, and the total of the innings, 356, was a very creditable one. Germantown were dismissed in their first innings for 114, and in their second for 148.

The final contest for Inter-academic Championship of Philadelphia and the silver cup offered by Haverford College, took place on June 12, between the Germantown Academy and De Lancey School Elevens, resulting in a win for the Germantown boys by a score of 119 to 105. S. Newhall, of the Germantowns, batted in fine form for 45, and bowled 5 wickets for 47 runs. La Roy did some excellent bowling, taking 5 of the Germantown wickets for eight runs.

It would have been a lasting memento had the Metropolitan District League presented the New York Association with a perpetual "challenge cup" instead of the fifty dollars which they so kindly donated; but, as I suggested in the June OUTING, it is in the power of the Association to appropriate that donation for such a purpose. They could use the money in no better way.

The first (of what is hoped will be a very long series) of the international intercollegiate matches between Canada and the United States was played at Philadelphia July 1 and 2, resulting in a win for the United States by 50 runs. On the first innings the game ran very evenly, the scores standing—United States, 90; Canada, 89. In the second innings the United States made 104, of which J. N. Henry contributed 42, not out. The Canadians were thus left with 106 to win, but were disposed of for 55. A. S. Norris bowled in excellent style, taking 6 wickets for 21 runs.

The annual contest between Massachusetts and New York was played at Boston July 4th and 5th and resulted in a draw somewhat in favor of the home team, lack of time preventing the game being completed. The New York team batted first making a total of 155 runs, C. Byers contributing a well played 74. The Massachusetts team were disposed of for 75 runs in their first innings, and followed on, when, with six

wickets down for 241 runs, they declared their innings with the hope of finishing the game. New York were left with 162 runs to make to win. Their first five wickets went down for 21 runs, but at the call of time they had made 115 for the loss of eight wickets, F. Prendergast and F. Calder having played very steadily for 37 and 27 respectively. J. Gordon batted splendidly in the Massachusetts second innings, making 83, not out.

The best bowling in the game was done by F. C. Calder who took five wickets for eight runs in New York's first innings.

The Metropolitan District League commenced their championship season on June 8, when the Staten Island Club met the New Jersey A. C., and the Manhattans contended with the New Yorks. The Staten Island v. New Jersey A. C. game proved most exciting, and finished in a victory for the Islanders by a narrow margin of 5 runs. The totals were—Staten Island, 151; New Jersey A. C., 146. The Manhattans won their game from the New Yorks by a total of 105 to 95.

On June 15, New Jersey A. C. easily defeated the New Yorks by a score of 267 to 49, and the Staten Island Eleven gained a victory over the Manhattans in a low scoring game, the totals being 64 to 33.

On June 22, the contest between Brooklyn and the New Yorks resulted in a very decided victory for the Brooklyn, who made 113 against New Yorks' 25.

The most interesting match so far this season in the League championship games, was played on June 29, between the New Jersey A. C. and the Manhattans. The Manhattans batted first and were dismissed for 75 runs. To all appearance, this gave the N. J. A. C. men a good chance of winning, but the good bowling of J. Mart brought down some of their best wickets in very short order, and the whole team were out for 74 runs, giving the Manhattans a victory by one run.

The New York Association games, played on June 8, were between Kings Co. St. George and Harlem, Metropolitan Ins. A. A. and St. George A. C., and Paterson v. Columbia. Harlem defeated the Kings County men by 21 runs, the totals being 78 to 57.

The St. George A. C. lost their game to the Metropolitan Ins. A. A. on the first innings by a score of 26 to 12; the second innings was commenced and very nearly finished, the St. George men wanting but 4 runs to win, with three wickets to fall, when time was called.

Paterson easily defeated the Columbias by a total of 100 for two wickets against Columbia's 32; J. West took 6 of the Columbia wickets for 10 runs.

On June 15, the St. George A. C. gained a victory over the Columbias by a score of 50 to 26. Paterson's team visited New York and defeated the

Metropolitan Ins. A. A. by 17 runs, totals being 60 to 43. The New Jersey Second Eleven, after running up a score of 148 for 8 wickets, declared their innings, and disposed of their opponents, the Kings Co. St. George, for 103.

On June 22, the Harlems gained an easy victory over St. George A. C. by a total of 103 to 47. The Columbias disposed of Metropolitan Ins. A. A. for 34, and then ran up a total of 95.

Kings Co. St. George were easily defeated by the Paterson team. Paterson scored 108 runs for the loss of 3 wickets, and dismissed their opponents for 65 runs.

On June 29, the New Jersey A. C. Second Eleven won their championship contest with the Harlems by 50 runs, the totals being N. J. A. C., 76; Harlem, 26.

On the same day, Kings Co. St. George defeated the St. George A. C. by 61 runs in a championship game. Totals—Kings Co. St. George, 93; St. George A. C., 32.

The Chicago Cricket Association this season comprises the Wanderers, St. George, Pullman, Albion and St. Lawrence clubs. They play for a magnificent silver cup presented by Hiram Walker. Their scheduled season opened on June 1st, with matches between St. George vs. Albions and Pullman v. St. Lawrence.

The St. Georges proved very superior to their rivals, defeating them by 66 runs, the totals being St. George 107, Albion 41.

Pullman gained an easy victory over the St. Lawrence men, whom they dismissed for 64 and then piled up a total of 207 for the loss of six wickets.

On June 8th the Wanderers met Pullman. The Wanderers after a disastrous start (Cummings bowling their first five wickets for 3 runs), put up a total of 144, J. G. Davis playing a splendid innings of 79, not out. At the call of time Pullman had made 62 runs for the loss of five wickets. On the same day the St. Lawrence lost their game to the Albions by a score of 40 to 88. Alex. Henderson bowled in remarkable form for the winners, taking six wickets for 16 runs.

On June 15th the match between St. Lawrence and Wanderers ended in an easy win for the Wanderers by an innings and 49 runs.

The Wanderers ran up a total of 108 and dismissed their opponents for 44 runs in the first innings and 15 in the second.

The St. Georges scored a victory in their match against Pullman by the narrow margin of 3 runs. St. George batted first and made 101 runs, Pullman were all out for 98.

St. Georges gained another victory on June 22d over the Wanderers on the first innings, the totals being Wanderers 38, St. George 64.

The Wanderers scored 67 in their second attempt.

The game scheduled between Albion and Pullman was forfeited to Pullman.

On June 29th the Wanderers had quite an

eventful day, running up the largest score yet made in a Chicago Association match, 210 for the loss of four wickets, of which total R. A. Edwards made a local record for himself with 125, not out, put together in very careful style. The Wanderers disposed of their opponents, the Albions, for 79 runs. During the compilation of the 210 runs no less than ten of the Albion team were put on to bowl.

A closely contested match on the same day was played between the St. George and St. Lawrence, the latter winning by two runs. The totals were St. George 44, St. Lawrence 64.

T. C. TURNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

The match between the Alameda C. C. and the Bohemian C. C., set for May 26th, was postponed on account of wet grounds.

At Alameda on May 26th the California C. C. vs. Pacific C. C. match was played, resulting in a win for the Pacifics. The former club scored 56. The Pacific team put together 125.

The match between Alameda C. C. and Bohemian C. C., postponed from May 26th, took place on June 2d at Klinknerville. The Alameda team went in first, and were all out for 91.

But the Bohemians could not put together quite half this total, being all disposed of for 45.

In the game between Pacific C. C. and Bohemian C. C., played June 9th at Alameda, Cal., the Pacific team scored 88. The Bohemians beat this with a total of 99.

California C. C. vs. Alameda C. C.—Played at Klinknerville on June 9th, resulted in an easy win for Alameda. The California team were out for 30, Alameda went in and ran up a total of 98.

In the California C. C. vs. the Bohemian C. C. game played at Klinknerville, June 16th, the California Club had only eight representatives, who were all out for 21. Bohemian made 70.

June 16th, the Alameda team, in their match against the Pacifics, scored 170 for two wickets and then called the innings. At first the Pacific club wickets fell quickly, but at call of time the Pacific club had lost eight wickets for 120, the game finishing a draw.

In the Bohemian and Alameda match, played at Alameda on June 23d, the Alamedas were easily defeated. The Bohemians made 106. The champions then went to the bat, but were all out for 71. The Bohemians are now at the top of the list in the Harrison Cup matches.

On June 23d the Pacific C. C. vs. California C. C. match was played at Klinknerville. The California team made 165. The Pacifics made only 55 runs. At their second attempt the Pacific team did little better, making only 60 runs. This left the California team winners by an innings and 50 runs.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ROD AND GUN.

FISHING.

A lot of very earnest gentlemen have been busy in print of late over two very important questions. One is, "Do fish feel pain?" and the other is, "Do fish feed at night?"

Do fish feel pain? I dunno—I never was a fish. Yet I have observed freshly-landed fish to execute certain movements which seemed to indicate that the fish felt something, mebbe 'twasn't pain; it may have been simply agony, or any

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

old thing like that. Those who used, in their younger days, to carry in their trousers' pocket a cork stuck full of hooks, may remember occasions when a hook worked free from the cork. Once I accidentally hooked a pointer dog by the ear, and the language he used and the way he ran out line, convinced me that he felt something. He may have felt only a pleasant sensation, but he didn't come within fifty feet of me for two hours.

The desperate sagging back and zig-zag resistance of a hooked fish, the wild flip-flaps and straining gasps of a freshly landed fish may be evidences of pleasurable sensations, but I am tempted to consider them as closely allied to that joyous thrill which prompts a man to rise above the insidious caress of a strong, well-bent pin.

Do fish feed at night? Well, well—do fish swim? Country boys, how about the big fire beside the water? How about the boy who got first to the big boom and so secured the boss place? How about the spiky-finned channel-cats and mud-cats that came up two at a time; the goggle-eyed rock-bass, special prizes; the hideous "mud-puppies," which at once went into the fire along with a yard of line? How about the night-lines? How about everything connected with the sport that used to get better and better as midnight approached, till the glorious fun and occasional profanity were interrupted by the sound of the "old man" falling foul of a wire fence, or breaking a gad from the plum tree up the bank? Do fish feed at night? I dunno—they used to.

ED. W. SANDYS.

ATHLETICS.

MICHIGAN INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their eighth annual sports were held at Hillsdale, June 6th to 8th.

100-yards run—Spear, Michigan Agricultural College, 10²/₅s.

100-yards run, for the all-around medal—Cole, M. A. C., 10²/₅s.

220-yards run—Spear, M. A. C., 24¹/₅s.

Quarter-mile run—Shipp, Albion College, 54³/₄s.

Half-mile run—Partridge, M. A. C., 2m. 8³/₅s.

1-mile run—North, Olive College, 4m. 43s.

Relay race—A. C., 4m. 20s.

1-mile walk—North, O. C., 7m. 32²/₅s.

220-yard hurdle race—Dempster, A. C., 30³/₅s.

1-mile bicycle race—Peck, A. C., 34²/₅s.

5-mile bicycle race—Rork, M. A. C., 14m. 32²/₅s.

Running high jump—Whitney, Hillsdale College, 1.

Running high kick—Whitney, H. C., 1.

Standing broad jump—Cole, A. C., 9ft. 10in.

Running broad jump—Cole, M. A. C., 19ft. 6in.

Running hop, step and jump—Cole, A. C., 41ft. 2in.

Pole vault—Alger, A. C., 8ft. 4in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Fisher, M. A. C., 34ft. 10¹/₂in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Flagg, O. C., 87ft. 1in.

Horizontal bar—Whitney, H. C., 1.

Club swinging—Howe, A. C., 1.

Wrestling, feather-weight—Elliott, M. A. C., 1.

Wrestling, heavy-weight—Becker, M. A. C., 1.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BEATS UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

The match between these two universities was contested June 7th, at Champaign, Ill., the score being as follows: University of California, 55; University of Illinois, 43.

100-yard run—J. W. Scoggins, University of California, 10s.

212-yard run (intended to be 220 yards, but measured incorrectly)—J. W. Scoggins U. of C., 21²/₅s.

440-yard run—T. L. Barnes, U. of C., 54s.

Half-mile run—F. W. Koch, U. of C., 2m. 2³/₅s.

1-mile run—F. Orr, U. of Illinois, 5m.

120-yard hurdle race—E. I. Dyer, U. of C., 15³/₅s.

220-yard hurdle race—D. P. Torrey, U. of C., 25¹/₅s.

1-mile walk—J. K. Hoaglands, U. of I., 7m. 50s.

1-mile bicycle race—Hall, U. of I., 2m. 29s.

Running high jump—A. C. Clark, U. of I., 5ft. 8in.

Running broad jump—C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 20ft.

Pole vault—H. C. Coffeen, U. of I., 10ft.

Putting 16-lb. shot—D. Sweeney, U. of I., 38ft. 5¹/₂in.

Throwing 16lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 123ft.

MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their annual championship meeting was held June 8th, on the new Colby Athletic Field, at Waterville. The score of the colleges by points was as follows: Bowdoin, 99; Maine State, 16; Colby, 11; Bates, 9.

100-yard run—Horne, Bowdoin College, 11s.

220-yard run—Horne, Bow. C., 23s.

440-yard run—Kendall, Bow. C., 53³/₄s.

Half-mile run—Soule, Bow. C., 2m. 13¹/₄s.

1-mile run—Soule, Bow. C., 4m. 52¹/₂s.

2-mile run—Soule, Bow. C., 10m. 20¹/₅s.

120-yard hurdle race—Horne, Bow. C., 17s.

220-yard hurdle race—Doherty, Bow. C., 30¹/₂s.

1-mile walk—Pettingill, Bow. C., 8m. 23¹/₅s.

2-mile bicycle race—Harthorn, Colby C., 5m. 42s.

Running high jump—Borden, Bow. C., 5ft. 4¹/₂in.

Running broad jump—Bolster, Bates C., 20ft. 2¹/₂in.

Pole vault—Bates, Bow. C., 9ft. 8in.

Putting 16lb. shot—Bates, Bow. C., 35ft. 1in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Kimball, Bow. C., 113ft. 6in.

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB BEATS CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Their fourth annual match was contested June 13th, on Fenner's Grounds, Cambridge, with fine weather, light wind, good track and large attendance.

100-yard run—A. R. Downer, London A. C., 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; F. L. Stevenson, L. A. C., 2, by 5 feet; E. H. Wilding, Cambridge University, 3, by 6 inches; G. Gomer Williams, C. U., 4.

Quarter-mile run—W. Fitzherbert, C. U., 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; E. C. Bredin, L. A. C., 2, by 5 yards; C. H. Lewin, C. U., and A. Ovenden, L. A. C., did not finish.

1-mile run—W. E. Luytens, C. U., 4m. 24s.; E. J. Wilkins, L. A. C., 2, by 55 yards; H. A. Munro, L. A. C., 3, by 10 yards; W. A. de C. King, L. A. C., 4, by 20 yards; H. J. Daveyport, C. U., 5; H. F. E. Wigram, C. U., 6.

3-mile run—H. A. Munro, L. A. C., 14m. 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; F. S. Horan, C. U., 14m. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; W. V. Wood, C. U., 0; G. H. Todd, C. U., 0; C. S. Sydenham, L. A. C., 0; E. J. Wilkins, L. A. C., 0.

120-yard hurdle race—G. Shaw, L. A. C., 16s.; L. E. Pilkington, C. U., 2, by a yard and a half; W. M. Fletcher, C. U., 3; P. R. Low, L. A. C., 4.

Running high jump—R. Williams, L. A. C., 5ft. 8in.; A. B. Johnson, C. U., 5ft. 6in.; S. G. Lubbock, C. U., 0; R. G. Perry, L. A. C., 0.

Running long jump—W. G. McHemingway, C. U., 20ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; A. R. Badger, L. A. C., 20ft. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; C. B. Adams, L. A. C., 19ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting the weight—W. J. M. Barry, L. A. C., 40ft. 9in.; C. T. De La Pryme, C. U., 37ft. 1in.; E. J. Watson, C. U., 36ft. 5in.; W. F. Bennett, L. A. C., 35ft. 9in.

Throwing the hammer—W. J. M. Barry, L. A. C., 126ft. 5in.; A. B. Johnstone, C. U., 102ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; W. Lawrence, L. A. C., 99ft. 11in.; C. T. De La Pryme, C. U., 94ft. 10in.

The record of these matches is now as follows: 1891, London, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ firsts; Cambridge, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ firsts. 1892, London, 5; Cambridge, 4. 1893, Cambridge, 6; London, 3. 1895, London, 6; Cambridge, 3.

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BEATS UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The match between these two organizations was contested June 15th, on the grounds of the Chicago Athletic Association, with fine weather, fast track, and strong wind with the sprinters. The score by points was as follows: Chicago Athletic Association, 48; University of California, 36.

100-yard run—J. V. Crum, Chicago Athletic Association, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; W. C. Skillinger, C. A. A., 2, by 2 feet.

220-yard run—J. V. Crum, C. A. A., 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

440-yard run—D. H. Jackson, C. A. A., 52 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

880-yard run—F. W. Koch, University of California, 2m. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile run—L. N. Rossiter, C. A. A., 5m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—B. Torrey, U. of C., 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—H. B. Torrey, U. of C., 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile walk—L. T. Merwin, U. of C., 7m. 49 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Running high jump—A. J. Hess, C. A. A., 5ft. 8in.

Running broad jump—C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 22ft. 2in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—G. F. Riddell, C. A. A., 40ft. 3in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 125ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their fifty-fourth games were held June 15th, at the Club's beautiful summer home, Travers Island, Pelham Manor, New York. The weather was fine, the track and field in excellent condition, the island charming in its early summer garb, the programme well-arranged, the competition spirited, and the attendance, which is by invitation only, far in excess of the seating accommodations. The defeats of L. P. Sheldon in the broad jump and of the world's record holder, J. S. Mitchell, in the hammer-throwing, were the sensational features of an interesting meeting.

100-yard handicap run, final heat—H. S. Lyons, New York Athletic Club, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; L. P. Sheldon, Yale University and N. Y. A. C., 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 2, by 3 yards; M. P. Halpin, N. Y. A. C., 5 yards, 3, by 4 feet.

220-yard handicap run, final heat—C. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 8 yards, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; E. W. Seidler, New Jersey A. C., 6 yards, 2, by 2 yards; C. Chubb, Y. U. and N. Y. A. C., 8 yards, 3, by a foot.

40-yard handicap run, 15 yards limit—J. E. Burke, Boston (Mass.) A. A., scratch, 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; W. M. Richards, N. Y. A. C., 3 yards, 2, by 6 yards, on sufferance; R. U. Burnett, Yale U., 12 yards, 3, by 20 yards.

880-yard handicap run, 25 yards limit—A. J. Walsh, Xavier A. A., 20 yards, and G. W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., 10 yards, a dead heat in 1m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., and Walsh won by a toss; G. G. Collander, Pas-time A. C., 25 yards, 3.

1-mile handicap run, 60 yards limit—T. P. Conneff, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 4m. 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; W. Lang, Andover Academy, 40 yards, 2, by 50 yards; G. W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 3, by 250 yards.

120-yard hurdle race—S. Chase, N. Y. A. C., 16s.; E. H. Cady, N. Y. A. C., 2, by a yard; G. B. Hatch, N. Y. A. C., 3, by 2 feet.

220-yard hurdle race—E. H. Cady, N. Y. A. C., 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 2 yards; S. Chase, N. Y. A. C., 3.

1-mile handicap walk—S. Liegbold, P. A. C., scratch, 7m. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; H. Fox, P. A. C., 55 seconds, 2, by 25 yards; J. A. Ryer, Y. M. C. A., 35 seconds, 3.

1-mile bicycle race, Class A—R. Dawson, N. Y. A. C., 2m. 32s.; W. G. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 4 yards; H. L. Howard, N. Y. A. C., 3.

2-mile bicycle handicap—J. R. Barrett, N. Y. A. C., 175 yards, 4m. 58s.; H. L. Howard, N. Y. A. C., 100 yards, 2, by 4 yards; R. Dawson, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 3, by a yard.

Running high jump, for men who have never jumped 6 feet—S. A. W. Baltazzi, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; J. H. Thompson, Y. U., and L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., tied for second place, at 5ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and Thompson won by a toss.

Running broad jump—W. B. Rogers, Princeton College, 22ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 22ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; R. C. Kumler, P. C., 21ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Pole vault, handicap—F. W. Phillips, Bryant and Stratton School, 10 inches, 10ft. 3in.; H. H. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 10ft. 6in.; F. H. Bowman, N. Y. A. C., 3 inches, 10ft.

Putting 16-lb. shot—G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 44ft. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; W. O. Hickok, Y. U., 43ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 41ft. 1in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer, handicap—H. Chadwick, Y. U., 15 feet, 132ft. 10in.; G. Wuttrich, P. A. C., 10 feet, 130ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; W. O. Hickok, Y.

OUTING FOR AUGUST.

U., 5 feet, 135ft.; J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 130ft. 4in.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 51ft. 5½in.; G. Wuttrich, P. A. C., 27ft. ½in.; W. O. Hickok, Y. U., 24ft. 7in.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE BEATS LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

A match between these two institutions was contested June 15th, at Easton, Pa., the score by points being: Lafayette, 72; Lehigh, 25.

100-yard run—G. O. Barclay, Lafayette College, 10½s.

220-yard run—G. O. Barclay, L. C., 24s.

440-yard run—J. D. Clarke, L. C., 57s.

Half-mile run—J. D. Clarke, L. C., 2m. 7s.

1-mile run—F. G. Wheeler, Lehigh University, 5m. 28s.

120-yard hurdle race—J. D. Clarke, L. C., 18½s.

220-yard hurdle race—J. D. Clarke, L. C., 28s.

2-mile bicycle race—J. W. Seaman, L. C., 6m. 13s.

Running high jump—G. H. Furst, L. C., 5ft. 2in.

Running broad jump—G. L. Yates, L. U., 20, ⅞ft.

Pole vault—V. W. Kline, L. U., 8ft. 1in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—G. B. Walbridge, L. C., 34, ⅞ft.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—C. R. Rinehart, L. C., 94, ⅙ft.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BEATS DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB.

The match between these two organizations was contested June 22d, at Denver Wheel Club Park, with fine weather and fast track, the score by points being: California, 62; Denver, 22.

100-yard run—J. W. Scoggins, University of California, 10½s.

220-yard run—J. W. Scoggins, U. of C., 23½s.

Quarter-mile run—H. B. Torrey, U. C., 55½s.

Half-mile run—F. W. Koch, U. of C., 2m. 9s.

120-yard hurdle race—E. I. Dyer, U. of C., 16½s.

1-mile walk—L. Merwin, U. of C., 8m. 35s.

2-mile bicycle race—F. C. Lawton, Denver Athletic Club, 5m. 21s.

Running high jump—M. W. Dozier, U. of C., 5ft. 8in.

Running broad jump—C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 21ft. 2½in.

Pole vault—Graeber, D. A. C., 10ft.

Putting 16-lb. shot—F. W. Koch, U. of C., 37ft. 1in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 126ft.

INDIVIDUAL ALL-AROUND CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW ENGLAND.

The annual contest for this honor was held June 29th, on the Irvington Oval, Boston, Mass., under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association.

The scoring was by the percentage system of the Amateur Athletic Union. The world's best amateur record is taken as a maximum for which 1000 points are allowed. Then a minimum or limit is arbitrarily fixed, and for performances only equal to or worse than this limit no score is given. For performances between the maximum and minimum points are allowed from 1000 down

to 0, in accordance with regularly graded tables prepared for that purpose.

The competitors were L. A. Carpenter, Wakefield, Mass.; F. H. Brigham, Worcester (Mass.) Athletic Club; D. Long and E. H. Clark, Boston Athletic Association.

100-yard run—Clark, 10½s., 790 points; Carpenter, 779½; Long, 741; Brigham, 720.

1-mile run—Brigham, 5m. 9½s., 742 points; Carpenter, 5m. 27½s., 647; Long, 5m. 34½s., 617½; Clark, 6m., 494.

120-yard hurdle race—Brigham, 18½s., 610 points; Carpenter, 600; Clark, 18¾s., 550; Long, 510.

Half-mile walk—Clark, 4m. 19s., 617 points; Brigham, 4m. 21s., 607; Carpenter, 4m. 26s.; Long, 4m. 31½s., 551.

Running high jump—Long and Clark tied at 5ft. 7¾in., 728 points; Carpenter 5ft. 4in., 608 points; Brigham, 5ft. 1½s., 528.

Running broad jump—Carpenter, 21ft. 10½in., 840 points; Clark, 21ft. 9in., 828; Long, 20ft. 8in., 716; Brigham, 18ft. 5in., 508.

Pole vault—Clark, 9ft. 1½in., 500 points; Carpenter and Brigham, 8ft. 10in., 425 points; Long, 7ft., 92.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Carpenter, 37ft. 11in., 564 points; Long, 37ft., 520; Brigham, 35ft. 2in., 432; Clark, 34ft. 8½in., 410.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Long, 116ft. 10in., 661 points; Carpenter, 93ft. 6¾in., 381¾; Clark, 91ft. 11in., 362; Brigham, 87ft. 9in., 312.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—Long, 27ft. 11in., 620 points; Brigham, 25ft. 4½in., 498; Carpenter, 23ft. 3in., 396; Clark, 22ft. 7½in., 366.

The total scores were as follows: Carpenter, 5,850¼ points; Long, 5,756½; Clark, 5,641; Brigham, 5,409.

* * *

The following reports were unavoidably crowded out of our last issue.

YALE BEATS HARVARD.

Their fifth annual athletic match was contested May 18, on Holmes Field, Cambridge, Mass., with dark, chilly, threatening weather and a sodden path.

100-yard run—Final heat, W. M. Richards, Yale University, 10½s.; L. W. Redpath, Harvard University, 2, by a yard; M. G. Gonterman, H. U., 3.

220-yard run—Final heat, W. M. Richards, Y. U., 22½s.; W. Redpath, H. U., 2; H. R. Storrs, H. U., 3.

Quarter-mile run—N. W. Bingham, H. U., 51½s.; N. B. Marshall, H. U., 2, by 2 feet; W. H. Vincent, H. U., 3.

Half-mile run—E. Hollister, H. U., 1m. 58½s.; W. H. Vincent, H. U., 2, by 40 yards; P. W. Crane, Y. U., 3.

1-mile run—J. E. Morgan, Y. U., 4m. 37s.; H. Emerson, H. U., 2; W. H. Wadhams, Y. U., 3.

120-yard hurdle race—Final heat, G. B. Hatch, Y. U., 16½s.; E. H. Cady, Y. U., 2; E. C. Perkins, Y. U., 3.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, J. L. Bremer, H. U., 25½s.; E. H. Cady, Y. U., 2; E. C. Perkins, Y. U., 3.

1-mile walk—F. C. Thrall, Y. U., 7m. 15½s.; C. D. Drew, H. U., 2; J. D. Phillips, H. U., 3.

2-mile bicycle race—Final heat, E. Hill, Y. U., 5m. 15½s.; F. S. Elliot, H. U., 2; C. E. Peck, Y. U., 3.

Running high jump—C. J. Paine, Jr., H. U., 6ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; J. H. Thompson, Y. U., 5ft. $10\frac{3}{4}$ in.; W. E. Putnam, Jr., H. U., 5ft. $10\frac{1}{8}$ in.

Running broad jump—L. P. Sheldon, Y. U., 22ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.; A. Stickney, H. U., 21ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.; R. Mitchell, Y. U., 21ft. 7in.

Pole vault—W. W. Hoyt, H. U., 11ft.; H. Thomas, Y. U., 10ft. 6in.; G. W. Allen, Y. U., 10ft. 3in.

Putting the shot—W. O. Hickok, Y. U., 44ft. $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.; A. Brown, Y. U., 40ft. 10in.; K. K. Kubli, H. U., 39ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Throwing the hammer—W. O. Hickok, Y. U., 129ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.; H. Cross, Y. U., 123ft. 2in.; C. Chadwick, Y. U., 114ft. 8in.

Yale won 9 firsts, 6 seconds, and 8 thirds—a total of 65 points, while Harvard scored 5 firsts, 8 seconds and 6 thirds—a total of 47 points.

There was also a relay race whose points were not included in the score of the match. It was one mile, teams of four men.

A CLOSE CONTEST.

The match between University of California and University of Pennsylvania was contested May 18, on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa., with cold weather and a soft track. Each university won seven events, but California had no starter in the 1-mile run or pole vault.

100-yard run—C. T. Buchholz, University of Pennsylvania, $10\frac{1}{8}$ s.

220-yard run—T. T. Barnes, University of California, $22\frac{3}{8}$ s.

440-yard run—F. W. Koch, U. of C., $53\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Half-mile run—G. W. Orton, U. of P., 2m. 8s.

1-mile run—G. O. Jarvis, U. of P., 4m. $57\frac{5}{8}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—E. I. Dyer, U. of C., and H. B. Torrey, U. of C., a dead heat in $16\frac{1}{8}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—H. B. Torrey, U. of C., $26\frac{3}{8}$ s.

1-mile walk—L. Mervin, U. of C., 7m. 37s.

2-mile bicycle race—W. D. Osgood, U. of P., 5m. $37\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Running high jump—J. D. Winsor, U. of P., 5ft. 11in.

Running broad jump—C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 21ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Pole vault—C. T. Buchholz, U. of P., 10ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—A. Knipe, U. of P., 40ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 116ft.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their annual championship meeting was held May 18, at Bellefonte. Only three colleges competed, and the score was as follows: Swarthmore, 68 points; Lafayette, 23 points; State, 21 points.

100-yard run—Final heat, S. E. Palmer, Swarthmore College, $10\frac{3}{4}$ s.

220-yard run—Final heat, G. O. Barclay, Lafayette C., $24\frac{1}{2}$ s.

440-yard run—J. D. Clark, L. C., $52\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Half-mile run—J. D. Clark, L. C., 2m. $10\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile run—I. Clothier, Sw. C., 5m. $19\frac{3}{4}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—Final heat, W. Brooks, Sw. C., $18\frac{1}{4}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—S. C. Palmer, Sw. C., $28\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile walk—P. Parish, Sw. C., 8m. $2\frac{3}{4}$ s.

2-mile bicycle race—R. Manley, Sw. C., 5m. 48s.

Running high jump—E. E. Harder, State C., 5ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running broad jump—S. C. Palmer, Sw. C., 19ft.

Pole vault—W. W. Curtiss, Sw. C., 10ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting shot—C. R. Rhinehart, L. C., 35ft. 5in.

Throwing hammer—B. Clark, Sw. C., 114ft. 1in.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS AT CHICAGO, ILL.

Lake Forest University, Northwestern University and the University of Chicago joined in a set of athletic contests, May 18, on the grounds of the Chicago Athletic Association, with rainy weather and soft track. The score was as follows: University of Chicago, 50 points; Northwestern University, 39 points; Lake Forest University, 39 points.

100-yard run—Final heat, A. T. Patterson, University of Chicago, $10\frac{5}{8}$ s.

220-yard run—final heat, H. E. Patterson, U. of C., 23s.

440-yard run—A. C. Holloway, U. of C., $53\frac{1}{8}$ s.

880-yard run—H. B. Cragin, Jr., Lake Forest U., 2m. 8s.

1-mile run—H. B. Cragin, Jr., L. F. U., 4m. $54\frac{1}{8}$ s.

Relay race, 1 mile, team of three men—Lake Forest University, A. O. Jackson, Cragin, D. H. Jackson, 4m. $\frac{3}{8}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—Final heat, J. J. Jackson, L. F. U., $18\frac{5}{8}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, W. P. Kay, U. of C., 30s.

1-mile walk—F. Johnson, U. of C., 8m. $6\frac{3}{8}$ s.

One-third of a mile bicycle race—C. B. Bachele, U. of C., $47\frac{1}{8}$ s.

2-mile race—W. B. Moore, Northwestern U., 6m. $41\frac{1}{8}$ s.

Running high jump—A. S. Reed, L. F. U., 5ft. 4in.

Running broad jump—E. R. Perry, N. U., 20ft. 3in.

Pole vault—A. H. Culver, N. U., 10ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—F. A. Brewer, N. U., 36ft. 9in.

Throwing 18-lb. hammer—N. Woolsey, L. F. U., 103ft. 6in.

INDIANA STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION.

Their annual championship games were held May 24, at Terre Haute, Ind.

100-yard run—Final heat, Buschman, Purdue University, 10s.

220-yard run—Buschman, P. U., $23\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Half-mile run—McTaggart, Rose Polytechnic Institute, $54\frac{3}{8}$ s.

1-mile run—Hester, Eastham College, 4m. $54\frac{1}{8}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—Ristine, Wabash C., $18\frac{5}{8}$ s.

1-mile walk—Shaver, R. P. I., 8m. 2s.

Quarter-mile bicycle race—W. J. Klinger, R. P. I., $33\frac{3}{8}$ s.

Half-mile bicycle race—W. J. Klinger, R. P. I., 1m. 11s.

1-mile bicycle race—P. W. Klinger, R. P. I., 2m. 46s.

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2-mile bicycle race—P. W. Klinger, R. P. I., 6m. 30³/₈s.
 Standing high jump—Ewry, P. U., 5ft. 1¹/₂in.
 Running high jump—Haworth, E. C., 5ft. 6in.
 Running high kick—Ewry, P. U., 9ft 2in.
 Standing broad jump—Ewry, P. U., 10ft. 6¹/₂in.
 Running broad jump—Coleman, E. C., 20ft. 10in.

Pole vault—Crowe, R. P. I., 9ft. 11in.
 Throwing base-ball—Darst, R. P. I., 334ft. 2in.
 Putting 16-lb. shot—Buschman, P. U., 34ft. 5¹/₂in.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Darst, R. P. I., 105ft. 5¹/₂in.

IOWA STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their sixth annual championship games were held May 24, at Grinnell.

50-yard run—Smith, Iowa College, 5¹/₈s.
 100-yard run—Prall, State Normal School, 10³/₈s.
 220-yard run—Prall, S. N. S., 23s.
 440-yard run—Whitney, I. C., 51³/₈s.
 Half-mile run—Clyde, I. C., 2m. 3³/₈s.
 1-mile run—Clyde, I. C., 4m. 45³/₈s.
 120-yard hurdle race—Wolfe Upper I. C., 18s.
 220-yard hurdle race—Smith, I. C., 28s.
 1-mile walk—Allison, I. C., 7m. 40³/₈s.
 Half-mile bicycle race—Spaulding, I. C., 1m. 10s.

2-mile bicycle race—Spaulding, I. C., 6m. 35³/₈s.
 Running broad jump—Wolfe, Upper Iowa University, 20ft. 4in.
 Putting 16-lb. shot—Meyers, Iowa Agricultural C., 35ft. 5in.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Blodgett, I. C., 100ft. 6in.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BEATS UNION COLLEGE.

The match between those two institutions was contested, May 30, on the grounds of the Ridgefield Athletic Club, near Albany, N. Y., with fine weather and good track. The score by points was as follows: California, 59 points; Union, 39 points.

100-yard run—F. Klein, Union College, 10¹/₄s.; J. W. Scoggins, University of California, 2; T. L. Barnes, U. of C., 3.
 220-yard run—T. L. Barnes, U. of C., 22³/₈s.; J. W. Scoggins, U. of C., 2; L. F. O'Neill, U. C., 3.
 440-yard run—C. Kilpatrick, U. C., 50¹/₈s.; F. W. Koch, U. of C., 2; I. F. O'Neil, U. C., 3.
 Half-mile run—C. Kilpatrick, U. C., 2m. 19³/₄s.; L. J. Lane, U. C., 2.

1-mile run—C. Kilpatrick, U. C., 5m. 3¹/₄s.; F. Bradley, U of C., 5m. 6¹/₂s.; E. A. Sommer, U. C., 3.

120-yard hurdle race—E. L. Dyer, U. of C., 16s.; C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 2; R. A. Pease, U. C., 3.

220-yard hurdle race—E. L. Dyer, U. of C., 25³/₈s.; M. A. Twiford, U. C., 26³/₄s.; C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 3.

1-mile walk—L. Mervin, U. of C., 7m. 50³/₄s.; H. C. Todd, U. C., 7m. 33³/₄s.; J. A. Cotton, U. C., 3.

2-mile bicycle race—M. Dozier, U. of C., 8m. 5s.; J. A. Burtiss, U. C., 2; W. A. Campbell, U. C., 3.

Running high jump—F. W. Koch, U. of C., and M. Dozier, U. of C., tied at 5ft. 7in.; G. M. Scofield, U. C., 3.

Running broad jump—C. H. Woolsey, U. of

C., 20ft. 10in.; M. Dozier, U. of C., 20ft. 7in.; E. Pildain, U. C., 3.

Pole vault—W. A. Campbell, U. C., 9ft. 2in.; E. W. Silvester, U. C., 2; E. Pildain, U. C., 3.

Putting 16-lb. shot—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 35ft. 4in.; A. E. Barnes, U. C., 35ft. 1in.; Z. L. Myers, U. C., 3.

Throwing 16 lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 117ft. 4in.; Z. L. Meyers, U. C., 96ft. 2in.; F. McMillan, U. C., 3.

AN INTERCOLLEGIATE MATCH.

Western University of Pennsylvania and Washington and Jefferson College held games June 1, at Washington, Pa., fine weather, good track and large attendance.

The score by points was as follows: Washington and Jefferson, 87; Western University, 48.

100-yard run—Final heat, Mayer, Western University of Pennsylvania, 10³/₈s.

220-yard run—Ely, Washington and Jefferson College, 23s.

440-yard run—Sterrett, W. and J. C.

Half mile run—Neeley, W. U. P., 2m. 10¹/₈s.

1-mile run—Blaney, W. and J. C., 5m. ⁴/₈s.

120-yard hurdle race—Inglis, W. and J. C., 17³/₈s.

220-yard hurdle race—Reed W. U. P., 28¹/₈s.

Quarter-mile bicycle race—Smith, W. and J. C., 35¹/₈s.

2-mile bicycle race—Smith, W. and J. C., 6m. 53¹/₈s.

Running high jump—Inglis, W. and J. C., 5ft. 7¹/₂in.

Running broad jump—Kier, W.U.P., 19ft. 9in.

Pole vault—Gates, W. and J.C., 9ft. 3in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Fiscus, W. and J.C., 35ft. 1in.

Throwing the hammer—Fiscus, W. and J. C., 78ft. 3in.

WESTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their second annual championship meeting was held June 1, on the grounds of the Chicago Athletic Association with threatening weather and good track.

The score by points was as follows:

University of California, 35; University of Michigan, 17; Iowa State College, 16; University of Illinois, 13; University of Wisconsin, 12; University of Chicago, 11; State University of Iowa, 10; Northwestern University, 7; St. Albans Military Academy, 3; Center College, 1; Lake Forest University, 1.

100-yard run—Final heat, J. V. Crum, State University of Iowa, 10s.; A. Stewart St. Albans Military Academy, 2, by a yard; J. W. Scoggins, U. of California, 3.

220-yard run—Final heat, J. V. Crum, S. U. of I., 22s.; J. H. Maybury, U. of Wisconsin, 2; M. Bullard, U. of Illinois, 3.

440-yard run—W. E. Hodgman, U. of Michigan, 50³/₈s.; R. L. Whittey, Iowa State College, 2, by 4 yards; T. L. Barnes, U. of Cal., 3.

880-yard run—L. R. Palmer, I. S. C., 1m. 59¹/₈s.; F. W. Koch, U. of Cal., 2; J. Horton, U. of M., 3.

1-mile run—J. P. Clyde, I. S. C., 4m. 26³/₈s.; R. Palmer, I. S. C., 2; J. Cragin, Lake Forest U., 3.

120-yard hurdle race—Final heat, E. Dyer, U. of Cal., 16³/₈s.; J. B. Richards, U. of W., 2, by 6 inches; H. B. Torrey, U. of Cal., stumbled at last hurdle.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, H. B. Torrey, U. of Cal., 27 $\frac{3}{8}$ s.; E. I. Dyer, U. of Cal., 2; J. B. Richards, U. of W., 3.

1 mile walk—L. Mervin, U. of Cal., 7m. 32s.; F. Johnson, U. of Chicago, 2; M. Gundlach, Northwestern U. 3.,

1-mile bicycle race—Final heat, C. W. Bachele, U. of Ch., 2m. 46s.; Hall, U. of Ill., 2; F. C. Moore, N. U., 3.

Running high jump—A. C. Clark, U. of Ill., 5ft. 9in.; F. W. Koch, U. of Cal., 5ft. 8in.; J. Washington, Center C., 5ft. 7in.

Running broad jump—J. A. Leroy, U. of M., 22ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; C. H. Woolsey, U. of Cal., 21ft. 9in.; M. Lees, U. of W., 20ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Pole vault—A. H. Culver, N. U., 11ft.; C. B. Hirschberger, U. of Ch., and J. A. Jackson, U. of W., tied for second place at 10ft. 7in., and Hirschberger won by a toss.

Putting 16-lb. shot—F. M. Hall, U. of M., 44ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; F. F. Cochems, U. of W., 38ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; J. Sweeney, U. of Ill., 38ft. 1in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 123ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; H. Foutz, U. of Ill., 10ft. 9in.; F. M. Hall, U. of M., 101ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

At a meeting of the executive committee, held after the games, J. A. Leroy and F. M. Hall, University of Michigan, were disqualified, and the scores rearranged as if they had not competed.
W. B. CURTIS.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

To the amateur photographer on a tour, or even for an outing of a few days, films are so much more convenient than glass plates that they are already employed to a large extent, and will soon be so almost universally. True, complaints have been made, and they are occasionally still to be heard, as to their keeping qualities, and it may be that some batches do not keep well, but although I have employed them both in the roll-holder, and cut to size, from time to time ever since they were introduced I have never lost a negative from that cause, and within the past ten days have exposed and developed, with perfectly satisfactory results, cut films that have been in my possession since 1889, and from a roll sent to me in 1891. The cut films were of the orthochromatic variety, a fact that should disabuse the minds of those who still labor under the delusion that orthochromatization necessarily shortens the life of the sensitive film.

But while, according to my experience, the photographic qualities of films are in every respect equal to those of glass plates, they, or at least some of them, have a mechanical defect that is not a little troublesome—a tendency to curl in the developing solution—which, unless some means of keeping them flat be employed, prevents their being put on the rocker, which, to me at least, is a hardship. Various methods of overcoming this difficulty have been proposed, but the plan I have just hit on is simple and efficient as any. The film is placed in the tray, face down, and on it are laid cross-wise two strips of thin glass, each just long enough to go diagonally across the disk from corner to corner, and about three-eighths of an inch broad. Those, while heavy enough to prevent the film curling so as to be partially out of the solution, are not so heavy as to prevent free motion between the film and the bottom of the tray. This little dodge will be of no use to those who develop a number—a whole roll sometimes—at one time in a single tray. Those who want to get perfect negatives and know how to make them, know how important a part development plays and will never think of developing more than one at one time in one tray.

I have recently had an opportunity of interviewing a considerable number of photographers, both amateur and professional, and am surprised to see how many still continue to employ the simple solution of sodium hyposulphite for fixing their negatives. Of course it does its work,

so far as the mere fixing is concerned, well enough, but must be renewed frequently as it begins to get dark after the fixing of the first negative, and soon stains the films. Besides, it does nothing but fix, neither clears nor hardens, and where the gelatine is inclined to be soft, and especially in hot weather, the plate comes out of the solution so tender as to hardly bear the almost always necessary rubbing with a tuft of cotton. Many still follow the foolish advice of some platemakers and add common potass alum to the solution, which not only liberates sulphur, but leads to other injurious complications, through which probably more negatives have been spoiled, or materially lessened in value than by any other mistaken treatment.

The addition of chrome alum and sulphurous acid to the plain hypo acts like a charm, and no one who gives it a trial will ever again use anything else. Probably the simplest way to prepare such a solution is that recommended by Mr. Carbutt, which is as follows:

FIXING AND CLEARING SOLUTION.

Acid sulphuric	1 drachm.
Sodium hyposulphite,	16 ounces.
Sodium sulphite,	2 "
Chrome alum,	1 "
Water (warm),	64 "

Dissolve the hypo in forty-eight ounces of the water, the sulphite in six ounces, the chrome alum in eight ounces, and the sulphuric acid in two ounces. Add the acid solution to the sulphite, stir for a minute or so, and add the mixture to the hypo solution. Lastly add the alum solution and the result will be a fixing and clearing solution of a beautiful emerald green, without deposit, ready for immediate use, and which will keep indefinitely.

I made up the above quantity considerably over a year ago, put one half into a dipping-bath, and have employed it ever since for both negatives and lantern slides, sometimes using it not at all for a week or more, and at others fixing several dozens in the course of the week, and on comparing it with the unused half there is absolutely not a shade of difference in the color, and not a trace of deposit in the bottom of the bath. That it has lost but little of its original fixing power may be inferred from the fact that on an orthochromatic plate fixed in it to day the silver bromide completely disappeared within seven minutes, and the fixing process was complete in ten or twelve minutes.
JAY SEE.

THE FATE OF LENZ.

AN ARMENIAN DETECTIVE'S DISCLOSURES.

HOW THE BELL AND TIRES WERE FOUND.

At this time, the multitude of Lenz's friends are anxiously looking for a relation of the circumstances surrounding the sad end of his brilliant career, we believe we shall please best in passing, for the present, what the OUTING Search Expedition have to relate, covering months of struggle and almost insurmountable difficulties in Turkey and Armenia, prior to reaching the region where Lenz was murdered. This story, although it will form a most interesting chapter in the narrative of Lenz's fate, is not so essential now.

OUTING special correspondents write from Armenia that it is still necessary to move with caution and secrecy lest the Turkish officials in league with the Kurds thwart our purpose to bring the guilty ones to justice and to obtain proper reparation for the bereaved mother.

Under the advice of those most competent to guide us, natives have been employed among the Kurds in detective service. One of these, an Armenian, who was sent in the guise of a peddler with loaded donkey and an attendant, has learned most of the fate of Lenz, and obtained so much valuable evidence that we publish here in full the record of his intercourse with the natives while in this detective service. He started on May 21st and returned June 8th, with the following report which the OUTING correspondent has interpolated in order to make the narrative intelligible on all points.

THE STORY OF ———*

"I went directly to Daghar village (1), and remained there over night. The next day I went to Kourdali (2), and remained there a few hours, after which I came down out of the mountains on the Alashgerd plain at Zedikan (3), where I gave Mr. C.'s salutation to some of the Armenians of his village. In Zedikan I made inquiries if any one had gone by here on the self-moving cart (bicycle). "'No,' was the reply, 'they had seen no one go past this village.'" (—, being a Protestant, went to a village near (4), Khazdour, and remained over Sunday with a Protestant minister, a native Armenian.) "On the following Monday I went to Tchurouk, passing through the village of Tavo" (6) (these villages are about a mile apart). "At Tchurouk (5) I began my business

of selling little knick-knacks, cloth, etc. I gave out that I was ready to pay with money for all kinds of old metal, or give merchandise in exchange. No direct result came to my offer, but a Koord by the name of Hassan Hessu Oghlo told me he had a lot, but it was not ready yet. I told him to get it ready, and on my return I would take it with me. I did not want to appear too eager. On my return I found that this Koord had gone to his father-in-law in Tavo, whose name is Tchukhurloo Gallo. I passed the thing over as if of no importance and started for Tavo. On the way there I met the Koord Hassan Hessu Oghlo, and I told him indifferently, 'if you have really anything to sell me let me have it immediately. I have no time to wait.' This Koord asked me to come back to Tchurouk, but I told him to send whatever he had to Tavo, and I would pay him what he asked. So he sent me by a boy this piece of metal." (Here ——— untied half a dozen cords that held his garments together, and after a diligent search of some minutes, accompanied with sundry mutterings, brought forth *half of a bicycle bell*). "This Hassan Hessu Oghlo," continued ———, "I think had a finger in the murder, but not his father-in-law. He is a medium-sized man of twenty-five years, and very rough-looking. Then I went to Tchelkani (7), and came directly to the house of Moostoe Niseh, where I remained a half hour only, and then walked about the village to show my wares and allay suspicion." (Here a little explanation is needed. This Moostoe Niseh, during the time of the riots in Erzroum in 1890, killed an Armenian, stripped and mutilated him, leaving the dead body on the wayside. He brought this murdered Armenian's horse to Erzroum, where he sold it, but the saddle he kept. And it is this saddle that now comes into prominence.) "While doing this, I made secret inquiries among the people and found out that some of the things (Lenz's traps) were in Moostoe's house. I found also on inquiry that he had two pieces of the rubber tire, about two feet long each, on his horse. So I went again to Moostoe's house and saw his horse. On the saddle girths, where they pass under the animal's belly, I saw the two pieces of rubber tire. The girths had been passed through them so as to prevent girth-galls. I then became friendly with Moostoe's family, giving them presents of looking-glasses, and other little things. They invited me to meals

* The name of the detective is omitted here for prudential reasons. It will be given as well as all other names, in the detailed narrative to be published in OUTING, as soon as the data may be printed without supplying valuable evidence to those likely to use it to the disadvantage of the family of Lenz.

several times. When I came on friendly terms with the whole family, I approached Moostoe one day in a very friendly manner, putting my hands on his shoulders and looking him lovingly in the eye, I said: 'Moostoe, you are one of my best friends. I have a favor to ask of you, a favor you must now promise me that you will not refuse.' Moostoe, quite overcome with this burst of affection, said: 'Speak, I will do anything for you that lies within my power.' 'I want to buy that saddle of yours,' I said, 'put it on my horse and ride it back to Erzroum.' I then began to bargain with him for the purchase of the saddle (which Moostoe had taken from the Armenian he murdered four years ago, and *now he was using the rubber tires of Lenz's bicycle on the narrow saddle girths*, to prevent girth-galls on the horse), and the price broke at four medjidiehs (about \$3.50), and Moostoe was about to turn the saddle over to me, when he went to an Armenian, Garabed by name, asked him a question, and returned, saying, 'I do not want to sell my saddle.' I did not wish to be too anxious, so I said to Moostoe, 'All right, I'll take your word now, but to-morrow morning I'll come and get the saddle.' On the following morning when I came to his house, I saw that he had put the saddle on another horse, on which was mounted Garabed, whom Moostoe was sending forth to purchase some cattle. So I gave up my attempt to purchase the saddle.

"The next day I went to Mollah Osman (11), a village near Tchelkani, and came to the house of Alayee Chazdaz. Only one woman was in the house, the others had gone out on a robbing expedition towards Erzroum. I tried hard to get this woman to show me something or tell me something in vain. I then returned again to Tchelkani, and went thence to the village of Bo-vanon (8). Here I went to the house of Seelow and Muho (two Koords), and asked for the men. These two were off on a plundering expedition. The women were preparing to bake bread, and the 'toneers' were already lighted and the house full of smoke. I went in, and, spreading out my goods, I said, 'Here's a lot of things for sale or exchange for white metal, rubber,' etc. They brought me some brass stirrups, which I did not want. Then they said, 'There is some white metal in the saddle-bags; but we do not want to hunt for it.' So I told them to get it together, and I would get it on my return. After walking about the village, and selling some of my goods, I returned to this house, and asked if they had got the metal out. 'No; we haven't,' was the reply. 'You must wait until the men return.'" (Thus foiled, again — left; but he had heard in the village that there were metal pieces in the house of Seelow and Muho, and the women had corroborated these rumors.) "I then returned to Tchelkani (9), where I inquired of the village priest." (From this priest (whose name must be kept secret) — heard the same story substantially that C — had obtained some months ago from a different source.) "I asked him if he knew anything about a man who had passed this way on the 'iron horse.' The priest said that he had seen such a man (Lenz) on the evening of May 9, 1894, at the house of Avak Parsegh, where many of the villagers had assembled to see Lenz and the wonderful horse. He further said that Lenz was not quite well, and he

ordered a chicken to be cooked for him, and sent away the curious villagers. The next morning, when the priest arose to say his prayers, Lenz had already left. It was just at sunrise. After prayers he went out, looked up the road, and saw (Lenz) the man away up the road riding rapidly along. That he (Lenz) went to Muserstie and Shamian (14 and 15), villages about four miles apart. A stream of water (a branch flowing from Molla Osman Mountains into the River Sherian, one of the sources of Eastern Euphrates) flows between these two villages. At the crossing-place the banks are high and steep. Here the Koords fell upon him and stripped him of everything he had, and buried the things in a hole in the bank, until they should come back for them. But whether they buried the bicycle or not, the priest did not say, nor did he know what became of the body.

"An Armenian, named Azvadoos, of Tchelkani, found a *good sized hand-mirror* in the water at the above-named spot. I tried to purchase this, but the Armenian refused to sell it. This mirror was about eight to ten inches long, with the handle, and it fitted into a covering, with two grooves, into which it slid. At this spot was also found a wooden box, about four or five inches square, and a larger box, which the villagers said had been lost again. There was also found in the same place some very strong paper, which was so brittle when dry that it broke in the hand.

"I then went to Toprakaleh (10), but could find out nothing there. From Toprakaleh I came back to Moolah Soleiman, where, after some conversation, I asked if they knew anything about the 'devil's cart,' and if a man had passed through their village a year ago. No, declared my host, no one had passed that way last year; but four years ago two men had gone through their village on the foreign horses, that they had ridden back and forth for the amusement of the villagers, and then gone to Toprakaleh. (This was probably Allen and Sachtleben.) Then my host (whose name was to be kept secret), taking me aside, said he had something important to tell me in a whisper. 'Speak on, and fear not,' I said. Early in May of 1894 a dead body was found in the River Sherian, about a mile or a mile and a half from Tchelkani" (12). (Whether this Armenian and ——— knew the lay of the land in the Alashgerd plain well enough to tell which was the main stream of Sherian and which was the tributary stream, of which there are many, I know not.) "The Kaimacan of Toprakaleh (10), who has jurisdiction over this territory, and the Med-jellis (the Kaimacan's council of Mollahs) went to view the body, and tried to put the blame on the Tchelkani people. They said the body had come down the river, and that they knew nothing about it. The body was examined, and found to be that of a young man of medium height, strongly made, and sandy complexion. There was no sign of a wound apparent on the body. The body was taken to the Koordish village of Kolah and buried there (12). It was perfectly naked.

"In August another corpse was found at Muserstie, or very near the village. This body was in shirt and drawers, in course of decomposition. The Kaimacam and his council again came to see the body, and had it buried near by. I then went

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from Moolah Soleiman (11) to Zedikan (3), where I heard the same stories corroborated. So I have come back to you in Erzroum to relate the true story of my trip." Thus ended ——'s story.

Putting two and two together, —— ventured the following supposition. He thought that Lenz, as the priest at Tchelkani had related, was set upon by the Koords at or near the crossing of the stream between Muserstie and Shamian, and stripped of everything he had, which was buried in the hole. That the Koords took him, either dead, stunned or alive, across the fields, and threw him into another branch of the Sherian, held him under until he was strangled. That they then returned for their booty. The finding of a few things in the first stream at the crossing seemed to indicate a struggle during which these few articles, the mirror, etc., dropped out of his baggage. The fact that the body found was naked, disproves any suggestion that he was drowned; and, moreover, Lenz was too good a swimmer to lose his life in such small streams as are to be found at Alashgerd, although at that time of the year they may have been swollen higher than usual. The examination of the body, and finding no wound does not amount to much as evidence in that country. The people know nothing of anatomy, and would not recognize a wound unless it was very plain. The Koords may have struck him on the head and stunned him, so that he sank when they threw him into the water. Or, what is more likely, they probably attacked him when he was at a disadvantage in the water, fording the stream, that he dropped his bicycle which he must have been carrying, into the water, and fought before he was overcome. Then to mislead any searchers for the body, and clear themselves, they took him across the fields to another stream, and threw his body in. Or they may have seized him alive and led him over to the other stream, and held him under water until he was drowned. There is no fiendish barbarity that the human mind ever conceived of, that these lawless Koords have not practiced on their neighbors and passing travelers from time immemorial. In one respect, ——'s story coincides with the previous stories that Consul Graves had discovered, viz.: that the attack was made on Lenz by the crossing of a stream. The only difference is in the locality. Consul Graves' information places Lenz's disappearance between Kourdali and Daghar in the mountains. On this supposition Lenz would have had to pass through Zedikan, which does not seem to be the case.

* *

Now as to the story of ——, the Armenian spy. In two points it is positive. He secured a portion of a bicycle bell from Hassan Hessu Oghlo at Tchourok (5 on map), and he saw in the possession of Moostoe Niseh at Tchelkani (7) the rubber tires of a cycle, used as girth-straps on his horse.

As to the bell, we have in evidence the fact that he produced it; and, as to the tires, the possibility of its being a true story is confirmed by a statement which we have through another source—that a whole bicycle, equipped, had been offered for sale in the Alashgerd plain, which, failing to be sold, as it was, might subsequently have been broken up and distributed. In all other respects his account is circum-

stantial. In this regard it has to be tested as to its probabilities, and in applying that test we shall sometimes avail ourselves of sources of information which we do not yet make public.

In the first place the village of Tchelkani (7 on the map) is on the direct road which Lenz would presumably be traveling. We have the evidence of Awedia Effendi Vanesian that he was at Kazi Dazi, in Persia, on the first of May; and of Kassim Effendi, that that night his passport was viséd at the Turkish town of Dyadin.

It is somewhat puzzling to account for dates in dealing with such testimony, and, therefore, to account for why it took Lenz eight days to cover the fifty miles from Dyadin to Karakillisseh (No. 16 on the map). He did not reach there till the 9th of May, and, from the evidence received through a dragoman in the Russian employ, it was there the liberality with which he paid his bill excited the cupidity of the Koords then present. He must have proceeded the same day to Tchelkani (7 on the map), according to the evidence of a villager of Tchelkani, who informed the Rev. W. Chambers, the missionary of the American Board in Erzroum, that he, with a number of villagers, had called there to see him and "his curious two-wheeled cart" that evening.

The evidence that Lenz passed the night of the 9th of May at Tchelkani is, therefore, reasonably confirmed.

What seemed at first puzzling was why he should the next morning have turned out of the direct road from Tchelkani to Zedikan, and gone north through the villages of Muserstie and Shamiah, which lead to Moolah Soleiman; but at this point we have the curious coincidence that when, in 1891, Sachtleben and Allen were traversing the same road toward the same point from the opposite direction, they turned off to Moolah Soleiman (11 on plan), and went on to Toprakaleh, joining the main road again at Karakillisseh. The reasons which actuated both them and Lenz to avoid the stretch of road above Tchelkani were probably the same, the bad state of the main road and the fact that the River Hopuz is much easier crossed at Mollah Soleiman than it is at the point marked 13 on the main road from Tchelkani to Zedikan. We have obtained evidence that in May, 1894, the streams were very high and dangerous to cross. This brings us to the point of the attack on Lenz.

It will be noted that ——'s informant, the priest of Tchelkani, does not say who fell upon him, but by inference —— implicates Moostoe Niseh of Tchelkani, on whose horse the tires were used as harness. This Moostoe Niseh has, according to ——, a cut-throat record, and he is directly charged with planning the crime by Hazel Effendi, whose story reaches us from an entirely independent source, which at the present moment it would be indiscreet to divulge.

The presumption that the body which was found near Kolah at the point 12 on the map, inspected by the council of Mollahs, and buried at Kolah, was that of Lenz, is at present unconfirmed, but OUTING has followed up the investigation as to the murder and has not only the names of the actual culprits, but sufficient data to make a case of circumstantial evidence hard to set aside before a fair tribunal.

Asbury Park entertained the L. A. W. during the week beginning July 7th in a manner that brought much credit to the wheelmen of the charming resort on the Jersey coast. Though there were a few details which could have been more capably handled, the general management was excellent and not subject to severe criticism. The gathering was representative, and nearly all the old familiar faces and many new ones were to be seen in the throng of several thousands. The entertainment provided was elaborate, and the member who was looking for his dollars' worth and did not get it must belong to a species considered only in the animal kingdom. The Denverites attracted the bulk of attention, and they did much to enliven the occasion. The cycling writers of the press were more numerous than ever, and the reports sent out from Sunset Hall, which possessed its Park Row, were lengthy and full of adjectives.

Though no records were broken during the regular three days of racing, the sport furnished was high grade and interesting. The details we shall record in our next issue.

This has been a busy month in the cycling world. As a means for recreation and competition, the wheel has never been more generally used. Tourists are numerous in all parts of the country. A large per cent. are students and teachers who are free to do as they please for weeks to come. The relaxation which the wheel affords is enjoyed by pupil and tutor alike.

The general rush of the best society element into the cycling ranks continues unabated. The ladies of the "400" are rapidly becoming proficient and enthusiastic devotees of the pastime. It has been said that the American people were gradually becoming decrepit in the upper strata of society. Surely the wheel is doing its part to check this downward course.

Manufacturers are still unable to supply their impatient agents. But this condition of affairs cannot continue forever.

The racing side of cycling is attracting more widespread interest than ever. The heavy gate receipts at all meets have added to the impression that the sport is destined to be the most popular of any for several seasons to come. Though there have been any number of small tourneys, the record of the National Circuit line alone can be dealt with here.

At Rochester, June 11th, the list of tourneys recorded in our last issue was continued.

Over 8,000 people attended, and the Lake View Wheelmen scored a merited success. Bald captured the mile open in convincing style. Dionberger made his initial appearance in the big line, but was unable to secure any recognition. Zimmerman rode an exhibition mile, receiving the ovation due him. The summary:

1-mile novice—F. C. Palmer, Rochester, won. Time, 2m. 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class B—E. C. Bald, Buffalo, won; C. R. Coulter, Toledo, 2; L. C. Johnson, Cleveland, 3; L. D. Cabanne, St. Louis, 4; M. F. Dionberger, Buffalo, 5. Time, 2m. 08 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile city championship—W. M. Randall, L. V. W., won; H. Conolly, R. A. C., 2; G. W. McTaggart, L. V. W., 3. Time, 2m. 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Half-mile open, Class B—E. Kiser, Dayton,

won; F. N. Allen, Springfield, 2; F. J. Jenny, Utica, 3. Time, 1m. 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class A—A. E. Weinig, Buffalo, won; W. E. Shaw, Boston, 2; H. G. Winter, Buffalo, 3. Time, 2m. 37s.

2-mile, Class B, handicap—L. A. Callahan, Buffalo, 140 yards, won; F. J. Titus, New York, 60 yards, 2; E. C. Johnson, Cleveland, 100 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2-mile, Class A, handicap—H. G. Winter, Buffalo, 25 yards, won; F. E. Ernest, Buffalo, 170 yards, 2; J. B. Edgerton, Rochester, 150 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile tandem, Class B—Mayo and Saunders, Boston, won; O'Connor and Coburn, Syracuse, 2. Time, 2m. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2-mile open, Class A—W. E. Shaw, Boston, won; F. A. Foell, Buffalo, 2; H. G. Winter, Buffalo, 3. Time, 5m. 28s.

1-mile, Class B, handicap—W. A. Terrill, Syracuse, 80 yards, won; W. J. Helfert, Utica, 45 yards, 2; C. H. Callahan, Buffalo, 80 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 06 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Syracuse was to have had two days of good sport, but the rain interfered, and the events for June 13th was postponed until the next day, when the elements again put a damper on the proceedings before the programme had scarcely been started. The summary for June 12th follows:

1-mile novice—G. J. Chaffee, Syracuse, won. Time, 2m. 19s.

1-mile open, Class A—W. E. Shaw, Boston, won; H. Conolly, Rochester, 2; F. A. Foell, Buffalo, 3. Time, 2m. 15s.

Half-mile open, Class B—H. C. Tyler, Springfield, won; C. R. Coulter, Toledo, 2; E. C. Bald, Buffalo, 3. Time, 1m. 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—A. J. Latham, Lake George, 80 yards, won; H. B. Schmidt, Utica, 90 yards, 2; L. R. Mather, Utica, 115 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—R. Terrill, Syracuse 65 yards, won; H. H. Maddox, 60 yards, 2; F. W. Fisher, 110 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Half-mile open, Class A—W. E. Shaw, Boston, won; H. S. Stone, Syracuse, 2; A. J. Latham, Lake George, 3. Time, 1m. 03 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class B—C. R. Coulter, Toledo, won; L. C. Johnson, Cleveland, 2; Otto Ziegler, San José, Cal., 3. Time, 2m. 08 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—F. A. Foell, Buffalo, 55 yards, won; W. E. Shaw, Boston, scratch, 2; A. F. Senn, Whitesboro, 70 yards, 3.

Only two races were finished on Friday before the rain put an end to the sport. H. G. Winters, of Buffalo, a promising rider, defeated Foell and Shaw in the half mile for Class A men. John Schaefer, of Syracuse, won the novice event in 2m. 15s., which stood as world's record for green ones until, at Los Angeles, Cal., June 25th, W. H. Delay went the route in 2m. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Tandem pacing was used in both these races.

In conjunction with the annual meet of the New York State Division, L. A. W., the new third-mile track at Manhattan Beach was opened June 15th. About 8,000 people were present, and the model path showed its record-breaking qualities right from the start. The 10-mile event was the feature of the day, and all world's competition records, from three miles up, were shat-

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tered. Sims and Maddox divided the honors of the race, and Bald's run of the mile open pleased the crowd. The summary:

1-mile novice—G. Reith, New York, won. Time, 2m. 26³/₈s.

1-mile, Class B—E. C. Bald won; C. M. Murphy, 2; Otto Ziegler, 3. Time, 2m. 04³/₈s.

One-mile handicap, Class A—E. Hodgson, Lyndhurst, 110 yards, won; C. M. Ertz, New York, 20 yards, 2; J. W. Conklin, Arlington, N. J., 145 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 09¹/₈s.

5-mile, Class A—W. C. Roome, N. J. A. C., won; Frank White, Lynbrook, 2; E. Hodgson, Lyndhurst, 3. Time, 13m. 55¹/₈s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—Conn Baker, Columbus, 75 yards, won; R. McDonald, 75 yards, 2; F. H. Allen, Springfield, 45 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 11¹/₈s.

10-mile, Class B—H. Maddox, Asbury Park, won; W. F. Sims, Washington, 2. Time, 21m. 39³/₈s.

At Waltham, June 17, the circuit chasers went at it again. John S. Johnson, paced by a quadruplet, established a world's professional record of 1:55³/₈s. Bald won the mile open, defeating Cabanne, and also Sanger, who made his record start of the year, not having competed since Decoration Day, at Plainfield. The summary:

1-mile invitation, Class B—Won by E. C. Bald; L. D. Cabanne, 2; W. C. Sanger, 3. Time, 2m. 16¹/₈s.

1-mile, 2:40 class, Class A—Won by Tom Butler; E. H. Snow, 2; A. S. French, 3. Time, 2m. 16³/₈s.

One-third mile open, Class A—Won by W. S. Reynolds; W. E. Snow, 2; H. A. Adams, 3. Time, 45⁴/₈s.

1-mile, Class A, handicap—Won by Tom Butler; E. H. Snow, 2; W. S. Reynolds, 3. Time, 2m. 10¹/₈s.

One-third mile open, Class B—Won by Dr. A. I. Brown; L. D. Cabanne, 2; H. C. Tyler, 3. Time, 43s.

Mile handicap, Class B—Won by L. C. Johnson; Arthur Porter, 2; John Coburn, 3. Time, 2m. 28³/₈s.

At Philadelphia, June 22, the South End Wheelmen held its annual, with the following results:

1-mile novice—C. H. Miller, Philadelphia, won. Time, 3m. 27³/₈s.

1-mile, Class B, 2:10 class—Won by Eddie Miller; M. F. Dirnberger, Syracuse team, 2; J. Coburn, Syracuse team, 3. Time, 2m. 31s.

1-mile, Class B, open—Won by L. D. Cabanne, Spalding team; A. I. Brown, Sterling team, 2; F. J. Titus, Spalding team, 3. Time, 2m. 32³/₈s.

1-mile, Class B, handicap—Eddie Miller won; Cabanne, 2; Titus, 3. Time, 2m. 11¹/₈s.

2-mile, Class A, handicap—Won by W. G. Douglass, U. of P., 80 yards; E. T. Hand, C. W., 100 yards, 2; C. W. Crick, P. W., 50 yards, 3.

1-mile, Class A, open—Won by C. A. Church, C. B. C.; C. B. Jack, P. W., 2; W. D. Douglass, U. of P., 3. Time, 2m. 55¹/₈s.

During two days, June 25 and 26, the West End Wheelmen of Wilkesbarre, Pa., entertained the speed merchants. Bald defeated Cabanne in the mile open each day. The summary for the first day:

1-mile novice—H. G. Frantz, Wilkesbarre, won. Time, 2m. 32¹/₈s.

Half mile open, Class B—L. D. Cabanne won; F. J. Jenney, 2; E. C. Johnson, 3. Time, 1m. 1¹/₈s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—W. G. Douglas, New York, won; A. F. Diffendorfer, Binghamton 2; C. T. Miner, Binghamton, 3. Time, 4m. 41¹/₈s.

1-mile open, Class B—E. C. Bald, won; L. D. Cabanne, 2; L. C. Johnson, 3. Time, 2m. 7s.

Half mile open, Class A—C. W. Krick, Reading, won; C. B. Jack, Reading, 2; W. G. Douglas, New York, 3. Time, 1m. 11¹/₈s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—F. H. Allen, Springfield, 35 yards, won; E. J. Jenny, 45 yards, 2; J. Coburn, Syracuse, 90 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 7s.

Summary for second day:

1-mile open, Class A—Ray Dawson, Boonton, N. J., won; W. G. Douglass, Philadelphia, 2; A. F. Diffendorfer, Binghamton, 3. Time, 2m. 34s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Otto Ziegler, San Jose, Cal., won; C. R. Coulter, Toledo, 2; F. J. Jenny, Utica, 3. Time, 1m. 8³/₈s (tandem paced).

1-mile handicap, Class A—W. G. Douglass, 60 yards, won; Ray Dawson, Boonton, N. J., scratch, 2; E. T. Hand, Plainfield, N. J., 45 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 19s.

1-mile open, Class B—E. C. Bald won; L. D. Cabanne, 2; Otto Ziegler, 3. Time, 2m. 8¹/₈s.

1-mile State L. A. W. Championship, Class A—C. W. Krick, Reading, won; C. H. Jack, Reading, 2; J. B. Corser, Scranton, 3; J. C. Henderson, Lewiston, 4. Time, 2m. 19³/₈s.

Quarter-mile open, Class A—W. G. Douglass, won; Ray Dawson, 2. Time 33s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—L. D. Cabanne, scratch, won; J. F. Barrick, 210 yards, 2; F. J. Titus, scratch, 3. Time, 4m. 32s.

A poor track handicapped the riders at Carbondale, Pa., June 27, and the racing was finally stopped by rain. Cabanne defeated Bald by an inch in the mile race, and L. A. Callahan landed the half mile open.

At Manhattan Beach, June 29, the Kings County Wheelmen ran its National Circuit meet. The summary:

1-mile novice—F. S. Shinn, Lakewood, N. J., won. Time, 2m. 48s.

1-mile scratch, Class A—L. A. W. Championship New York State—H. P. Mosher, Storm King won; C. M. Ertz, 2; L. C. Hoppe, 3; Samuel Brock, 4. Time, 2m. 22¹/₈s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—W. D. Owen, G. W., 150 yards, won; W. A. Brown, R. W., 60 yards, 2; E. Hodgson, E. S. W., 20 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 15s.

1-mile scratch, Class B—Bald won; Murphy, 2; Callahan, 3. Time, 2m. 2¹/₈s.

1-mile scratch, Class A—H. P. Mosher, L. W., won; W. A. Barbeau, R. W., 2; C. M. Ertz, R. W., 3. Time, 2m. 16s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—M. Paige, K. C. W., 160 yards, won; C. G. Carpenter, E. A. C., 170 yards, 2; C. G. Henshaw, G. W., 180 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 43s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—L. A. Callahan, Buffalo, 70 yards, won; L. C. Johnson, Cleveland, 30 yards, 2; E. Kiser, Dayton, O., 75 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 10¹/₈s.

5-mile handicap, Class B—L. D. Cabanne, scratch, won; Earl Kiser, Dayton, 225 yards, 2; F. J. Titus, scratch, 3. Time, 12m. 4s.

Though the Tourist C. C. meet at Paterson, N.

J., July 3, was included in the National Circuit, not all of the busy B.'s were present. The rain the following day caused a postponement. The summary for one day follows:

1-mile open, Class B, flying start—F. J. Jenney won; E. C. Johnson, 2; L. C. Johnson, 3; A. H. Barnett, 4. Time, 2m. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile novice, Class A—First heat won by J. Beckwith; A. W. Able, 2. Final heat, Able won; Tegelman, 2; D. Beckett, 3; Beckwith, 4. Time, 2m. 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class A—First heat won by E. T. Hand; Joe Harrison, 2; H. P. Mosher, 4. Final heat, Mosher won; E. Hodgson, 2; Harrison, 3; Roome, 4. Time, 2m. 12s.

Quarter-mile open, Class B—Jenney won; E. C. Johnson, 2; Cabanne, 3; E. L. Blauvelt, 4. Time, 31s.

Half-mile open, Class A—First heat won by G. F. Royce; Harrison, 2; W. S. Slavin, 3; W. C. Douglas, 4. Final heat, Bert Ripley won; Mosher, 2; Slavin, 3; C. M. Ertz, 4. Time, 1m. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

One and one-half mile handicap, Class B—E. C. Johnson, 50 yards, won; L. C. Johnson, 40 yards, 2; Jenney, 65 yards, 3; Kiser, 85 yards, 4. Time, 3m. 49s.

One and one-half mile handicap, Class A—Ray Dawson, 30 yards, won; Henshaw, 2; C. Clark, 100 yards, 3; Ertz, 50 yards, 4. Time, 3m. 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

July 4 the riders were widely scattered. The most notable meeting was at Buffalo, 10,000 people giving a welcome to Bald, who comes from that city.

At Bridgeport, Conn., July 5, the results were:

Two-thirds of a mile open, Class A—Fred C. Hoyt, Bridgeport, won; William C. Ottman, New York City, 2; J. J. Adams, Hartford, 3. Time, 1m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

One-third of a mile, Class B—Otto Zeigler won; Kaiser, 2; Maddox, 3; Barry, 4. Time, 46s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—D. E. Baxter, New York, 50 yards, won; F. E. Hoyt, Bridgeport, scratch, 2; W. A. Rutz, New Haven, 60 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Two-thirds of a mile open, Class B—Ray McDonald won; Earl Kiser, 2; Zeigler, 3; Allen, 4. Time, 1m. 46s.

1-mile, State L. A. W. Championship—F. C. Hoyt, Bridgeport, won; J. J. Adams, Hartford, 2. Time, 2m. 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—Maddox, 15 yards, won; Kiser, 65 yards, 2; Barry, 85 yards, 3; E. C. Johnson, 55 yards, 4. Time, 2m. 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class B—Maddox, won; Zeigler, 2; Titus, 3; Allen, 4. Time, 2m. 32s.

The Riverside Wheelmen's meet at Manhattan Field, New York, July 6, was characterized by many falls on the poorly banked quarter mile track. The summary:

1-mile handicap, Class A—Elmer Hodgson, Lyndhurst, N. J., scratch, won; C. S. Henshaw, New York, 60 yards, 2; W. Owen, New York, 100 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—Nat Butler, Cambridgeport, 50 yards, won; J. F. Barry, Syracuse, 140 yards, 2; E. L. Blauvelt, Elizabeth, 180 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

10-mile invitation, Class B—F. J. Titus, New York, won; Harry Maddox, Asbury Park, 2; C. Baker, Columbus, Ohio, 3. Time, 26m. 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class A—Elmer Hodgson, New York, won; C. K. Granger, 2; F. F. Goodman, 3. Time, 2m. 37s.

Quarter-mile carrier's race—H. Wolfemann won; H. Niggenschmidt, 2; Owen Webber, 3. Time, 59s.

3-mile handicap, Class A—C. M. Ertz, New York, 40 yards, won; J. W. Judge, New York, 200 yards, 2; C. Henshaw, New York, 150 yards, 3. Time, 8m.

Professionalism is destined to enjoy another inning, and the L. A. W. is going to look after the riders who prefer cash to medals, etc. Sanger did not deign to answer Chairman Gideon, and Tyler jumped of his own accord. Others of lesser note have followed. Thus far Johnson has been most in evidence, and at Waltham, July 4, Eck's pupil put the world's competition figures for a mile at 1m. 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

A. G. BATCHELDER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. H., Batesburg, S. C.—We have no means of knowing what the schedule of trains was on the London and Oxford line in 1855, but we may say with some certainty, that there would not be much stop-over at Didcot. The time taken in those days to cover the distance, would depend upon what class of train one traveled by. All trains were slower than they are now, and none would be less than two hours and a half—many would have taken four hours.

R. B. W., H. J.—No book can teach a man to row properly. "Training in Theory and Practice," by Archibald Maclaren, is the best book on training and rowing. We can supply it.

A. B., Quebec, Canada.—The colors of Jesus College, Cambridge, are scarlet and black; of Clare College, black and yellow, of Emmanuel, pink and light blue, and of Trinity Hall, black and white.

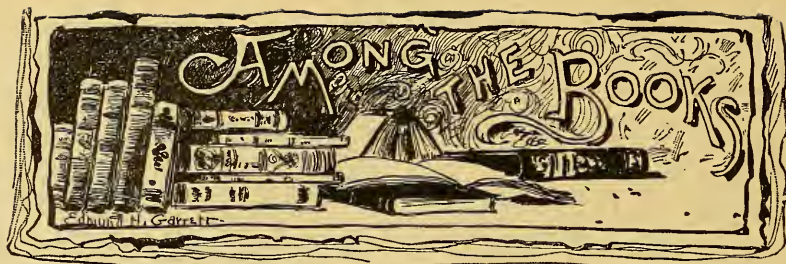
Victor bicycles can be obtained in Italy at the

Overman Wheel Company's agency, at Torino. Orders for all other countries in Europe will be filled from the factory at Chicopee Falls, Mass.

N. B. B.—For games in the State of Ohio write H. S. Cornish, Chicago Athletic Association, 125 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and for games in the State of Kentucky write Secy. Southern Athletic Club, New Orleans, La.

W. P. H., New Haven.—Apply to Secy. Abbott Bassett, at the head office of the League, 12 Pear St., Boston, Mass., or the Chief Consul of your State, Philip W. Westlake, Bridgeport, Conn.

N. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—No complete separate record has been kept of the indoor games you mention. Almost all of them can be contested as well in the field as indoors. If you wish the best amateur records, irrespective of the in-or-out-door question, we can furnish them.



"DAYS OF MY LIFE ON WATERS FRESH AND SALT," by John Bickerdyke, is a book to stir the gentle angler's heart with hope that many of his days may be spent in scenes as fair and sport as good. The chalk downs of England, the salmon lochs of Scotland, Scandinavia, the Black Forest and Canada have all been laid under contribution by this enthusiastic angler and pleasant story teller. Not the least pleasant and profitable days have been devoted to a rather neglected medium, "Salt Water." Anglers will linger over Mr. Bickerdyke's pages with pleasure, and turn again and again to the charming photo illustrations, which, by the way, are in all but one instance from the author's own negatives. It is not often that the two arts are united in the same person. [Longmans, Green & Co.]

"CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE," by Luther H. Porter, though based largely on the author's previous writings on the same subject, has been completely revised and rewritten. Every portion out of date has been omitted, and much that is new and important has been added. The author's quarter of a century's constant riding has established and maintained him in health never before enjoyed, and it is not surprising that he should believe, and desire to impress upon others that cycling to be the most beneficial as it is the most exhilarating of all exercises. In the chapters into which the author has divided his work he certainly has succeeded, and in the doing it has conveyed a large mass of valuable practical advice. [Dodd, Mead & Co.]

"HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN," by Anna M. Galbraith, is offered to the public as the result of her personal observation and the collected wisdom of many eminent authorities. In these days when women are drifting more and more into healthful outdoor recreations it is of the utmost importance that they should have a wider knowledge of the functions of the human body, and this by example and illustration the author has succeeded in conveying. To this she has added much common sense advice on food, clothing, work, recreation and rest, and we can say with assurance that no better, plainer, more reasonable and sensible key to health has ever been issued for women. [Dodd, Mead & Co.]

"GOLF IN AMERICA," a practical manual by James P. Lee, comes opportunely. It gives in a handy form not only the origin and progress of the game in America, but the rules and much practically valuable instruction. Whilst nothing can wholly take the place of the instructor on the links, Mr. Lee's manual will supplement and enlighten even the most expert teaching. [Dodd, Mead & Co.]

"JIMMY BOY," by Sophie May. A companion

to "WEE LUCY," in the series entitled "LITTLE PRUDY'S CHILDREN." Illustrated. Although some years have elapsed since the author wrote the last of the "Prudy" stories, the advent of "Wee Lucy" last season, as the initial volume of a new series for the little ones, showed conclusively that Sophie May had not "lost her cunning," and every child who has read the quaint, droll sayings and laughable doings of Little Prudy and Dottie Dimple will be glad to make and continue the acquaintance with Little Prudy's children. Jimmy Boy was considered, and really was, a manly boy; but, like many others of us, he found some difficulty in living up to his reputation. The development of his character, bit by bit, is very amusing, yet full of meaning, and the experiences of Jimmy Boy and Wee Lucy will prove as fascinating to the little folks as those of any of their predecessors. The author retains all the freshness and charm which characterized her earlier work. [Lee and Shepard.]

"YOUR WILL: HOW TO MAKE IT," by George F. Tucker, author of a "MANUAL OF WILLS." This volume not only gives all necessary suggestions to those intending to make their wills, but also shows every man and woman who believes in the fairness of the laws providing for the distribution of property in the event of not leaving a will, that the very best reasons may exist for making one. [Little, Brown & Co.]

"TENEMENT TALES OF NEW YORK," by J. W. Sullivan, is a collection of eight sketches, very graphic and no doubt truthful in delineation of types of character and in the narration of incidents that are common enough to the people depicted, but somewhat highly colored. All the stories picture the phases, pathetic or comical, of life near to us but not widely known. [Henry Holt & Co.]

"MEN BORN EQUAL," by Harry Perry Robinson, is a novel with a purpose. Its story is woven around the incidents of a great labor strike and its military suppression. The pros and cons of the two contesting forces, capital and labor, are fairly and amply argued, and to those who are not averse to receiving their instruction in social problems through the medium of a novel, it will prove eminently interesting. [Harper & Bros.]

Books received: "THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP," by John Strange Winter; "ZITA," by S. Baring Gould, and "THE GREEN BAY TREE," by W. H. Wilkins and Herbert Vivian. [J. Selwin Tait]. "JEAN BARNEY, SAILOR," by Pierre Loti, translated by E. P. Robins; "UTTERLY MISTAKEN," by Annie Thomas; "LEONA," by Mrs. Molesworth, and "SHOULD SHE HAVE LEFT HIM?" by Wm. C. Hudson. [Cassell Pub. Co.]. "IN THE QUARTER," by Robert W. Chambers. [F. T. Neely.]



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport.

Please address all communications to "The Editor of

ON THE EVE OF THE FRAY.

BEFORE this month's Records are published the trial races will have been held and the *Defender* formally selected by the committee. *Vigilant*, even though outtailed by the younger champion, will have enhanced rather than diminished her lasting fame, and Mr. Willard and Mr. Gould will have merited the applause of all sportsmen for their valuable part in the defense of the cup. *Valkyrie* will have been sailed into port, docked and probably fitted out for her great contest. The long struggle of preparation will have been practically completed and *Valkyrie III.* and the *Defender*, which at Christmastide were but airy phantoms in the minds of the rival designers, will be riding at anchor in New York Bay, all ready for a struggle which shall soon pass into history as the greatest in the annals of peaceful contest, and perhaps the last among the 90-foot freaks.

There is nothing new this month to record concerning the contestants, excepting that *Valkyrie III.* has been provided with a set of hollow steel spars, in addition to her wooden ones, of which she may use part or all as will seem best after trial. If the whole set of steel should be chosen, the weight aloft will probably be reduced by over a ton, which will tend to offset *Defender's* advantage in her aluminum top-sides, and to remedy *Valkyrie's* tenderness on the wind.

The New York Yacht Club cruise and the races connected with it have proved that the *Defender* is an all-round success. She is faster than any other American yacht on any direction of wind and in any kind of wind. From her performances in her races thus far it would appear that the challenger is a light weather boat. Yachtsmen seem to agree in thinking that, if the wind blows hard during the races, the cup is safe, but if the Englishman is favored with a light wind and a smooth sea the victory and the cup will be theirs.

A shrewd English skipper knows better than any one else when it is best to "try for a fluke," and by that "canny" method in many a race has an inferior boat won over her superior antagonists. The scheme is this: when a yacht has given up all hope of winning in a straight race, she breaks tacks with her rival and goes off "wind-hunting," in the hope that some chance fluke of wind will speed her to the front. She has nothing to lose, and everything to gain. On the more or less land-locked courses, where the wind is often light and unsettled, this is a common practice.

Now we would not say that Mr. Watson has deliberately tried for a fluke in the matter of design, but it is a wily move if the Scotchman has purposely sacrificed every other quality to

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speed in a certain kind of wind, with confidence of victory if the conditions are favorable, and certain defeat under any other condition. He has everything to gain and nothing, so far as the prize is concerned, to lose. Of course the venture is an expensive one, but it is alluring, because, under favorable conditions, it is certain of success; and failing, it merely adds one more to the series of unsuccessful trials. The designers of the *Defender*, however, working in the dark as to the antagonist's plan, must provide against any kind of attack and build a vessel which will be speedy under any possible conditions. In building to meet certain conditions of weather alone, the designer has reasonable assurance of success if the weather is favorable to him; and if he will keep this up year after year he will be pretty sure some day of hitting it right. It may, however, have been a mere accident of design if *Valkyrie III.* proves very fast in light airs and weak in a blow, although the designer in increasing her sail plan seems to be following up the line of forcing her best point, rather than correcting her weak one.

The chances are sufficiently uncertain for us to look ahead in case of defeat, the salutary effect of which will be to bring into the contests again a type of vessel more reasonable and useful in at least one way. It was our English cousins who forced us ten years ago into the building of the abnormally big sloops, challenging as they had the right to do right up to the limit of size. When it comes our turn to challenge there will be again a chance for an American schooner, and we believe that in anything over seventy feet that the two-sticker is a handier, cheaper and more comfortable though less speedy vessel. With the present lack of restrictions, however, one cannot tell what curiosities may be developed among the schooners.

MODEL YACHTING.

The practical purposes, and the scientific services, of miniature yacht-modeling and sailing, upon the lines laid down by Franklyn Bassford in OUTING, of February and March last, have been demonstrated by so wide-spread an interest, and evidenced by the building of such a large number of models of actual buildable proportions, that OUTING has felt justified in offering "A Challenge Cup" for competition amongst the devotees of this scientific pastime.

OUTING has placed the management of the contests in the hands of the American Model Yacht Club, their rules and their regatta committee to govern, without any other exceptions or restrictions.

ATHLETICS.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

Their fifth annual championship meeting was held July 27th, at Syracuse, N. Y., under the auspices of the Syracuse Athletic Association. The first three meetings were in the vicinity of New York City, and the fourth at Saratoga, N. Y., the object of transferring the sports from the Metropolis to the interior being to awaken popular interest and promote amateur athletics in Central and Northern New York. But these excursions did not result in the discovery of any notable athletic talent. In 1894 the athletes of New York City and immediate vicinity won every championship and all but four of the second and third prizes. This year the Metropolitan athletes won all the championships except the bicycle race, and more than half of all the second and third prizes. As only one championship in two years went away from the vicinity of New York it is probable that in future years the comfort and convenience and traveling expenses of the champions will be considered, and the meeting held near the homes of the men who win all the championships. The games were held at Kirk Park, an old trotting track with an ordinary dirt path, a half mile in circuit. The inner field offered suitable places for the various jumping and heavy weight contests, but the local management did not wish to incur the expense of cutting the long grass and rolling the turf, so the enclosure was left idle, and the field events fought out in odd and awkward places.

The entries included almost all of the first-class athletes of America, but what promised to be a notable and record-breaking meeting was spoiled by stormy weather. It rained all the forenoon and the afternoon was dull and threatening. The rain converted the dirt track into a slushy road, three or four inches deep in mud; turned the places for contesting the field events into quagmires; kept the number of spectators below 400; and made record-breaking or even good performances impossible.

Of the 17 sets of first, second and third prizes, New York A. C. took 12 firsts, 2 seconds, and 2 thirds; Pastime A. C. of New York, 2 firsts, 5 seconds and 3 thirds; Rochester A. C. 1 first, 3 seconds and 3 thirds; New Jersey A. C., 1 first, 2 seconds and 3 thirds; Xavier A. A., 1 first and 2 seconds; Ridgefield A. C., 2 seconds; Syracuse A. C., 1 second and 4 thirds; Pastime A. C., of Syracuse, 1 third, and 1 third prize was unclaimed, only two men competing in the pole vault.

100-yard run—T. I. Lee, New York Athletic Club, 10½s.; D. E. Coville, Syracuse Athletic Association, 2, by half a yard; E. W. Seidler, New Jersey A. C., 3, by a yard; W. P. Bruton, Rochester A. C., 0; G. H. Peet, Roch. A. C., 0; L. C. Baker, N. Y. A. C., 0.

220-yard run—T. I. Lee, N. Y. A. C., 23½s.; E. W. Seidler, N. J. A. C., 2, by 2 yards; D. E. Coville, S. A. A., 3, by 5 yards; L. C. Baker, N. Y. A. C., 0.

440-yard run—G. Sands, N. Y. A. C., 52½s.; G. H. Peet, Roch. A. C., 2, by 15 yards; J. Buck, Pastime A. C., N. Y. City, 3, by a yard; S. A. Coombes, N. J. A. C., 0; W. P. Bruton, Roch. A. C., 0; L. J. Myers, S. A. A., 0.

Half-mile run—C. Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., 2m. 6¾s.; G. Hollander, Pastime A. C., N. Y. City, 2, by 10 yards; E. W. Hipple, N. J. A. C., 3, by 15 yards.

1-mile run—T. P. Conneff, N. Y. A. C., 4m. 44¾s.; A. J. Walsh, Xavier A. A., N. Y. City, 2, by a yard; C. D. Harsch, P. A. C., Syracuse, 3, by 100 yards; G. M. Creighton, Roch. A. C., 4.

5-mile run—G. W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., 29m. 45¾s.; G. Hollander, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 2, by a quarter-mile; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., 3, by 400 yards.

120-yard hurdle race—S. Chase, N. Y. A. C., 18s.; J. Cosgrave, Ridgefield (N. Y.) A. C., 2, by 15 yards; T. J. Parry, Roch. A. C., 3, by 15 yards.

220-yard hurdle race—E. W. Syme, N. J. A. C., 28½s.; L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 6 yards, fell at sixth hurdle; S. Chase, N. Y. A. C., 3.

1-mile walk—S. Liebgold, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 8m. 0½s.; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., 2, by 8 yards; D. Fox, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 3; F. E. Morse, Roch. A. C., finished third by 2 yards, but was disqualified for running.

3-mile walk—S. Liebgold, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 27m. 4¾s.; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., 2, by 2 yards on sufferance; D. Fox, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 3, by 100 yards.

2-mile bicycle race—P. C. Connelly, Roch. A. C., 7m. 2½s.; W. C. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 6 inches; A. E. Hughes, S. A. A., 3, by a yard; A. Kunschel, Roch. A. C., 0; J. Schaffer, S. A. A., 0; E. Murray, S. A. A., 0; E. A. Bowen, S. A. A., 0.

Running high jump—M. F. Sweeney, X. A. A., 6ft.; J. Cosgrave, Rid. A. C., 5ft. 11in.; G. B. Becker, S. A. A., 5ft. 9in.; S. A. W. Baltazzi, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 8in.; L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 4in.; T. J. Barry, Roch. A. C., 0; W. E. Bottger, S. A. A., 0.

Running broad jump—L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 21ft.; M. F. Sweeney, X. A. A., 20ft. 2in.; R. T. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 19ft. 6in.; T. J. Barry, Roch. A. C., 0; W. E. Bottger, S. A. A., 0; J. Cosgrave, Rid. A. C., 0.

Pole Vault—H. H. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 8ft. 6in.; O. Kallusch, R. A. C., 0. Baxter subsequently cleared 10ft. 6in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 40ft. 6in.; G. Wuttrich, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 39ft. 4in.; J. Shane, S. A. A., 37ft. 3in.; U. S. Brown, P. A. C., Syracuse, 0. G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., had not been entered but attended the meeting and gave one exhibition put of 46ft. 10in. The slope of the ground favored the putters.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 129ft. 9in.; G. Wuttrich, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 123ft. 4½in.; W. H. Hoey, Roch. A. C., 82ft. 9½in.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 35ft. 7in.; G. Wuttrich, P. A. C., N. Y. City, 31ft. 1in.; W. H. Hoey, Roch. A. C., 20ft. 7½in.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

Their second annual championship games were held at the Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La. Weather rainy; track and field soft and muddy.

There would undoubtedly have been some dif-

OUTING FOR SEPTEMBER.

ferent champions and better performances but, unfortunately, five athletes who were prominent at last year's championships left their club soon afterward, and were prevented by the Constitution of the A. A. U. from competing for their new club this year.

The total score was as follows: Southern A. C., 109 points; Young Men's Gymnastic Club, 28 points; American A. C., 24 points; Birmingham A. C., 13 points; Mobile Cycling Club, 12 points; Catholic Club, 3 points.

100-yard run—C. Eustis, Jr., Southern Athletic Club, 11s.

220-yard run—C. Eustis, S. A. C., 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Quarter-mile run—J. A. Wagner, S. A. C., 55s.

Half-mile run—E. Hubener, American A. C., 2m. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile run—T. P. Graham, S. A. C., 5m. 4s.

5-mile run—W. A. Markel, A. A. C., 32m. 24s.

120-yard hurdle race—J. R. Whittemore, S. A. C., 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—C. Eustis, Jr., S. A. C., 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile walk—B. F. Lannes, A. A. C., 8m. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Quarter-mile bicycle race—P. Casse, S. A. C., 36 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Half-mile bicycle race—P. Casse, S. A. C., 1m. 18s.

1-mile bicycle race—G. E. Quinn, Mobile Cycling C., 2m. 52s.

2-mile bicycle race—G. E. Quinn, M. C. C., 6m. 33s.

Running high jump—S. B. Jones, Birmingham A. C., 5ft. 9in.

Standing broad jump—W. Robertson, S. A. C., 10ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Running broad jump—J. E. Lombard, S. A. C., 19ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Running hop, step and jump—H. A. Weinecke, Young Men's Gymnastic C., 40ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Pole vault—J. E. Lombard, S. A. C., 9ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—F. Von Behren, Y. M. G. C., 37ft. 6in.

Throwing the hammer—J. P. Sullivan, S. A. C., 106ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—J. P. Sullivan, Jr., S. A. C., 26ft. 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Their annual spring games were held at Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, N. Y., after two postponements on account of stormy weather. The weather was fine; track and field in good condition.

100-yard run—H. G. Chatain, '96, M., 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

220-yard run—W. De Salazar, P. and S., 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

440-yard run—H. G. Chatain, '96, M., 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Half-mile run—H. Kingsley, L. S., 2m. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile run—J. H. Fulle, '97, M., 4m. 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—S. H. Bijur, '97, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—W. D. Salazar, P. and S., 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile walk—T. Bogert, '97, 8m. 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile bicycle race—T. Ruppert, '98, P. and S., 5m. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Running high jump—E. Burke, P. and S., 5ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running broad jump—E. Burke, P. and S., 20ft.

Pole vault—F. H. Banman, '96, M., 10ft.

Putting 16-lb. shot—E. Beer, 33ft. 1in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—T. A. Ball, '93, M., 93ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their annual spring sports were held, with fine weather, good track, and large attendance.

75-yard handicap run, on turf—Final heat, R. W. Moore, New Jersey Athletic Club, 12 feet, 8s.

330-yard handicap run—Final heat, H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 5 yards, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

440-yard run, novice—Final heat, A. S. Lindsay, New York City, 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

880-yard handicap run—W. Hipple, N. J. A. C., 13 yards, 1m. 50s.

1-mile handicap—R. H. Bacon, C. C., 60 yards, 4m. 30 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile run, invitation race—G. W. Orton, University of Pennsylvania, 4m. 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; T. P. Conneff, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 6 yards; A. J. Walsh, Xavier A. A., 3, by 25 yards; J. McMahon, New Manhattan A. C., did not finish.

Barrel race, 75 yards, 6 Barrels—J. G. Conlon, St. Bartholomew A. C., 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Relay race; one mile; teams of four men, each man to run a quarter mile—Lafayette King's Sons, E. A. Hemphill, G. H. Weston, F. A. Keller, E. V. Dwyer, 3m. 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; Golden Links Association, 4m. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Vigilant Field Club, 3.

Relay race; one mile; teams of four men, each man to run one-quarter mile—Yale University, L. M. Jordan, S. K. Gerard, H. Chubb, and W. M. Richards, 3m. 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. University of Pennsylvania, R. A. Sterritt, P. R. Freeman, S. C. Boyer and W. B. Warren, 2; Harvard University, W. H. Vincent, E. Hollister, J. L. Bremer, Jr., and W. R. Mansfield, 3; Princeton College, H. C. Brokaw, A. B. Graves, J. Kumber, H. Rogers, 4.

220-yard hurdle handicap—E. H. Cady, New York, A. C., and Yale College, scratch, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile handicap walk—J. Fraser, Yonkers A. C., 1 minute, 7m. 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile bicycle handicap—J. H. Lake, Port Royal Wheel Club, 160 yards, 2m. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2-mile bicycle handicap—J. H. Lake, Pt. R. W. C., 270 yards, 4m. 56 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Running high jump handicap—L. A. W. Baltazzi, N. Y. A. C., 1 inch, 5ft. 9in.

Association football: Centreville Athletic Club, 2 goals. Brooklyn Wanderers, 0.

Lacrosse—Crescent Athletic Club, 4 goals. Stevens' Institute, 1 goal.

Baseball—New Jersey Athletic Club, 18. Bayonne Field Club, 6.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY BEATS TRINITY COLLEGE.

The annual match between these two institutions was contested at Gentlemen's Driving Club Park, Hartford, Conn. The score was as follows: Wesleyan, 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ points; Trinity, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$.

100-yard run—Leffingwell, T. C., 11s.

220-yard run—Leffingwell, T. C., 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

440-yard run—Sparks, T. C., 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Half-mile run—Tower, Wesleyan University, 2m. 12s.

1-mile run—Tower, W. U., 5m. 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

2-mile run—Sutton, W. U., 11m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

120-yard hurdle race—Anderson, W. U., 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard hurdle race—Leffingwell, T. C., 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile walk—Chase, W. U., 8m. 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

1-mile bicycle race—White, T. C., 2m. 46 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Running high jump—Flynn, T. C., and Anderson, W. U., tied at 5ft. 2in.

Running broad jump—Beeman, W. U., 20ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

ATHLETICS.

Pole vault—Wyatt, W. U., 8ft. 1in.
 Putting 16-lb shot—Noyes, W. U., 33ft. 10½ in.
 Throwing 16-lb hammer—Gunning, T. C., 82ft. 11in.

INTERCOLLEGIATE MATCH.

The annual match between Knox College and Monmouth College was contested at Galesburg, Ill.

50-yard run—Elliott, Monmouth College, 6s.
 100-yard run—Elliott, M. C., 10½s.
 Quarter-mile run—Norris, Knox C., 56½s.
 Half-mile run—Graham, M. C., 2m. 33s.
 Running high jump—Soule, M. C., 4ft. 10in.
 Running high kick—Dunbar, M. C., 8ft. 5½in.
 Standing broad jump—Soule, M. C., 9ft. 5in.
 Running broad jump—Elhot, M. C., 18ft. 5in.
 Running hop, step and jump—Soule, M. C., 39ft. 9in.
 Throwing the hammer—Pinkerton, M. C., 58ft. 4in.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORT IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Games between the students of Allegheny, Westminster and Geneva Colleges were held at Meadville Driving Park, with fine weather, good track and large attendance. The score, by points, was as follows: Westminster, 67; Geneva, 40; Allegheny, 39.

100-yard run—Hanley, Westminster College, 10½s.
 220-yard run—Hanley, W. C., 25½s.
 440-yard run—Nichols, W. C., 55s.
 Half-mile run—Porter, W. C., 2m. 12½s.
 1-mile run—Irons, Allegheny C., 4m. 55½s.
 120-yard hurdle race—Hanley, W. C., 19½s.
 220-yard hurdle race—Nichols, W. C., 30½s.
 1-mile walk—Todd, Geneva C., 8m. 40s.
 Quarter-mile bicycle race—Neff, A. C., 34½s.
 1-mile bicycle race—Neff, A. C., 2m. 36½s.
 2-mile bicycle race—Neff, A. C., 6m. 52s.
 5-mile bicycle race—Neff, A. C., 19m. 54½s.
 Running broad jump—Cole, A. C., 20ft. 3in.
 Pole vault—Martin, G. C., 8ft. 11in.
 Putting the shot—Taggart, W. C., 34ft. 8¾in.
 Throwing the hammer—Martin, G. C., 89ft. 10in.

NEW YORK STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their annual championship meeting was held at Rochester. The score, by points, was as follows: Syracuse, 66; Rochester, 46; Hobart, 14.

100-yard run—M. Fikes, Syracuse University, 19s.
 220-yard run—M. Fikes, S. U., 22s.
 440-yard run—M. Fikes, S. U., 50½s.
 Half-mile run—E. F. Davidson, Rochester U., 2m. 25½s.
 1-mile run—E. F. Davidson, R. U., 5m. 21¾s.
 120-yard hurdle race—U. G. Warren, S. U., 18s.
 220-yard hurdle race—J. B. Covert, Hobart C., 26½s.
 1-mile walk—K. Richardson, S. U., 8m. 45s.
 2-mile bicycle race—C. C. Brown, S. U., 5m. 38½s.
 Running high jump—J. Acheson, R. U., 5ft.
 Running broad jump—H. E. Winans, R. U., 19ft. 2in.
 Pole vault—F. C. Goodwin, R. U., 9ft. 4in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—W. S. Mulholland, S. U., 33ft. 11in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—H. E. Winans, R. U., 88ft. ½in. W. B. CURTIS.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE BEATS LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

Their annual match was contested at South Bethlehem, Pa., the score being, Lafayette, 64 points; Lehigh, 35 points.

100-yard run—Final heat, Snodgrass, Lafayette College, 10½s.
 220-yard run—Final heat, Snodgrass, L. C., 24½s.
 440-yard run—Clark, L. C., 53s.
 Half-mile run—Clark, L. C., 2m. 8½s.
 1-mile run—Clark, Lehigh University, 5m. 3s.
 220-yard hurdle race—Clark, L. C., 31½s.
 Running high jump—Murray, L. U., 5ft. 3½in.
 Running broad jump—Yates, L. U., 20ft. 3¾in.
 Pole vault—Kline, L. U., 8ft.
 Putting 16-lb. shot—Rowland, L. C., 37ft. 4in.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Rhinehart, L. C., 95ft. 4in.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA BEAT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The second annual match between these universities was held on Percy Field, Ithaca, N. Y. The weather was threatening and a thunderstorm during the games made necessary a recess of almost an hour. The score was as follows: University of Pennsylvania, 95 points; Cornell University, 31 points.

100-yard run—Final heat, C. L. Bucholtz, University of Pennsylvania, 10½s.; C. A. Judd, U. of P., 2; G. P. Middleton, U. of P., 3.
 220-yard run—Final heat, P. R. Freeman, U. of P., 23½s.; A. D. Silliman, U. of P., 2; S. C. Boyer, U. of P., 3.
 440-yard run—W. B. Warren, U. of P., 52s.; P. R. Freeman, U. of P., 2; G. W. Rulison, C. U., 3.
 Half-mile run—G. W. Orton, U. of P., 2m. 2s.; C. C. Siehel, U. of P., 2; W. F. Pietsch, C. U., 3.
 1-mile run—G. W. Orton, U. of P., 4m. 46½s.; H. P. Webb, C. U., 2; J. J. Overn, U. of P., 3.
 120-yard hurdle race—Final heat, W. T. Yale, Cornell U., 17½s.; D. B. Rushmore, C. U., 2; G. M. Ferguson, U. of P., 3.
 220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, G. P. Middleton, U. of P., 27s.; W. Schleif, U. of P., 2; A. G. Miles, C. U., 3.
 1-mile walk—W. D. Fetterman, U. of P., 7m. 51s.; E. M. Bull, C. U., 2; E. P. Haines, C. U., 3.
 2-mile bicycle race—Final heat, W. D. Osgood, U. of P., 5m. 22½s.; W. G. Douglas, U. of P., 2; G. M. Coates, U. of P., 3.
 Running high jump—J. D. Winsor, Jr., U. of P., 5ft. 10in.; G. B. Becker, C. U., 2; G. M. Ferguson, U. of P., 3.
 Running broad jump—W. R. Warren, U. of P., 20ft. 3in.; C. T. Bucholtz, U. of P., 20ft.; A. G. Miles, C. U., 19ft. 5½in.
 Pole vault—C. T. Bucholtz, U. of P., and W. A. Stewart, U. of P., tied at 10ft.; J. J. Crain, C. U., 3.
 Putting the shot—A. A. Knipe, U. of P., 38ft. 3in.; W. O. Siebold, C. U., 33ft. 11½in.; J. Cressinger, U. of P., 32ft.
 Throwing the hammer—G. L. Patterson, C. U., 115ft. 5in.; J. Cressinger, U. of P., 90ft. 8in.; A. A. Knipe, U. of P., 89ft. 9½in.

OUTING FOR SEPTEMBER.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BEATS PRINCETON COLLEGE.

The first match contested by the California team was against Princeton College at Princeton, N. J., with fine weather, light wind and grounds in good condition. First place in each event counted 5 points, and second place 3 points. The score was as follows: University of California 8 firsts and 7 seconds—61 points. Princeton College 6 firsts and 7 seconds—51 points.

100-yard run—F. W. Allen, Princeton College, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; J. W. Scoggins, University of California, 2; F. A. Lane, P. C., 3.

220-yard run—R. Derr, P. C., 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; J. W. Scoggins, U. of C., 2, by 2 yards; H. B. Jamison, P. C., 3; T. L. Barnes, U. of C., fell near the finish.

440-yard run—F. W. Koch, U. of C., 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; T. L. Barnes, U. of C., 2; H. C. Brokaw, P. C., 3; A. B. Graves, P. C., 4.

Half-mile run—P. Brady, U. of C., 2m. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; J. Hanlon, P. C., 2; L. C. Love, P. C., did not finish.

1-mile run—R. F. Sterling, P. C., 4m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; H. Hall, P. C., 2; P. Brady, U. of C., did not finish.

120-yard hurdle race—E. J. Dyer, U. of C., 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; H. B. Torrey, U. of C., 2; W. B. Rogers, P. C., 3; J. W. Lord, P. C., 4.

220-yard hurdle race; first round—First heat, E. J. Dyer, U. of C., 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; D. R. James, P. C., 2. Second heat, H. B. Torrey, U. of C., 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; R. L. North, P. C., 2. Having no opponents in the final heat the two Californians tossed for first place, Torrey winning.

1-mile walk—E. L. McVitty, P. C., 7m. 43 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; L. Mervin, U. of C., 2, by 40 yards; F. M. Smead, P. C., 3.

2-mile bicycle race—M. Dozler, U. of C., 5m. 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; J. A. Leland, P. C., 2, by 3 yards; J. R. Parker, P. C., 3.

Running high jump—W. C. Patterson, U. of C., and F. W. Koch, U. of C., tied at 5ft. 9in., and Koch resigned first place; W. Weber, P. C., 5ft. 8in.; W. B. Rofiers, P. C., 0.

Running broad jump—W. B. Rogers, P. C., 22ft.; R. Garrett, P. C., 21ft. 4in.; C. H. Woolsey, U. of C., 21ft. 2in.; W. Dozier, U. of C., 19ft. 7in.

Pole vault—A. C. Tyler, P. C., 10ft. 2in.; W. B. Trainer, P. C., 9ft. 8in. University of California had no entry.

Putting 16-lb. shot—F. W. Koch, U. of C., 38ft. 10in.; W. M. Schmalhorst, P. C., 37ft. 1in.; R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 33ft. 7in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—R. W. Edgren, U. of C., 113ft.; D. J. Riggs, P. C., 101ft. 2in.; J. M. Rhodes, P. C., 99ft. 2in. W. B. CURTIS.

CYCLING.

Outside of racing nothing of unusual importance has taken place in the world of wheels. The circuit chasers enjoyed a week's rest at Asbury Park, after the annual L. A. W. meet, before resuming their campaign for glory, prizes, and salary. Bald, who suffered a relapse in form after Asbury Park, was beaten at several Ohio meets by Gardiner, but, apparently is himself again, for at last accounts he was besting his foremost rival. Cabanne is once more on the big line, but the St. Louisan is far from being the man that he was at the outset of the season. Titus and C. M. Murphy have been doing surprisingly well recently. The other stars of the paid class have been having varying success, and no one of them is entitled to special notice. Dirnberger enjoyed a vacation after Asbury Park, and will not try his luck in competition again until the fall tournaments. He has been one of the disappointments of the season.

The summaries of the National Circuit line are resumed at the point where they were left off in August OUTING.

Bald was the star in the races of the L. A. W. meet, held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 8th to 15th, and showed himself conclusively the best man on the American path. Gardiner, the young Chicagoan, was somewhat of a disappointment to his admirers, though he won two races, one on the extra day. Bald captured the quarter and half-mile championships, and Butler of Boston took the two-miles. The track could have been improved upon. Innumerable spills marred the sport.

Bald, Gardiner and Butler won the principal events on Thursday, the first day of the racing. The Bison captured the mile open, the Chicagoan got the half-mile, and the Bostonian landed the championship. The novice event went to a

brother of M. F. Dirnberger. Following is the summary of the finals of the first day:

1-mile novice—C. C. Dirnberger, Buffalo, won; Donald McKay, Denver, Col., 2. Time, 2m. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—W. G. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., 30 yards, won; A. W. Abel, Arlington, N. J., 200 yards, 2; C. S. Henshaw, New York, 200 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 38s.

Half-mile open, Class A—C. M. Ertz, New York, won; Tom Butler, Boston, 2; W. G. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 1m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

1-mile tandem, Class A—Butler and Caldwell, Boston, won; Owen and Henshaw, New York, 2; Goodman and Brown, New York, 3. Time, 2m. 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Half-mile open, Class B—A. Gardiner, Chicago, won; F. H. Allen, Springfield, Mass., 2; F. J. Jenny, Utica, 3. Time, 1m. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class B—E. C. Bald, Buffalo, won; F. J. Titus, New York, 2; F. H. Allen, Springfield, Mass., 3. Time, 2m. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

2-mile National L. A. W. championship—Nat Butler, Boston, won; A. Gardiner, Chicago, 2; C. R. Coulter, Toledo, 3. Time, 4m. 26s.

Bald was in evidence on the second day, and he won the two principal events, one of them in a startling manner, right at the tape. The Bison's victory in the two-thirds mile was very convincing, but in the half-mile national championship, he got the decision from McDonald by the narrowest possible margin.

Half-mile novice—E. W. Swanbrough, Denver, won; A. B. Wise, New York, 2. Time, 1m. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—W. A. Brown, New York, 60 yards, won; Louis Hunter, N. J. A. C., 80 yards, 2; J. M. Baldwin, Paterson, N. J., 3. Time, 2m. 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

1-mile open, Class A—Tom Butler, Boston, won; H. G. Winters, Buffalo, 2; H. P. Mosher, Storm King, 3. Time, 2m. 8s.

CYCLING.

Two-thirds mile, Class B—E. C. Bald, won; C. M. Murphy, 2; A. W. Porter, 3. Time, 1m. 41s.

Half-mile National L. A. W. Championship—E. C. Bald won; R. McDonald, 2; C. M. Murphy, 3; Otto Ziegler, 4. Time, 1m. 22½s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—C. A. Church, Chester, Pa., 140 yards, won; H. Davidson, Brantford, Ont., 120 yards, 2; M. Scott, Plainfield, N. J., 180 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 25½s.

Coulter secured the one-mile race for B men on what was to have been the final day, but Bald landed the quarter-mile championship. An unusual rain and hail storm brought the racing to an abrupt close, and the final of the 2-mile Class B handicap was put over until Monday. Summary of the day:

Two-thirds mile, Class A—C. M. Ertz, New York, won; Louis Hunter, N. J. A. C., 2; U. S. Paige, Brooklyn, 3. Time, 1m. 50s.

1-mile open, Class A—C. L. Leatherbury, Boston, won; H. E. Caldwell, Manchester, N. H., 2; W. G. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 2m. 11½s.

Half-mile handicap, Class A—J. M. Baldwin, Paterson, 25 yards, won; W. McCutcheon, Plainfield, 35 yards, 2; C. Spencer, Baltimore, 30 yards, 3. Time, 1m. 3½s.

1-mile open, Class B—C. R. Coulter won; A. D. Kennedy, 2; J. F. Barry, 3. Time, 2m. 8s.

Quarter-mile National L. A. W. championship—E. C. Bald won; R. McDonald, 2; F. J. Jenny, 3; Otto Ziegler, 4. Time, 33½s.

In addition to the final of the two-mile handicap, Class B, there were several other events put on programme for Monday, July 15th.

2-mile handicap, Class B—B. Bird, St. Paul, 150 yards, won; A. H. Barnett, Plainfield, 180 yards, 2; J. Fred Barry, Syracuse, 120 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 34½s.

Half-mile open, Class A—H. P. Mosher, Storm King, N. Y., won; F. H. McCall, Denver, 2; W. E. Tenzler, Rockville, 3. Time, 1m. 14½s.

1-mile, Class B—Arthur Gardiner, won; Angus McLeod, 2; Fred J. Titus, 3. Time, 2m. 27½s.

1-mile open, Class A—H. P. Mosher, Storm King, N. Y., won; Joe Harrison, Asbury Park, 2; C. Hoefler, St. Paul, 3. Time, 2m. 29s.

2-mile open, Class B—Fred J. Titus, won; Harry H. Maddox, 2; J. F. Barry, 3. Time, 5m. 30½s.

1-mile open to Class A winners of the meet—Joe Harrison, Asbury Park, won; H. P. Mosher, Storm King, N. Y., 2; W. A. Brown, New York, 3. Time, 2m. 14s.

The National Circuit line, after the week's vacation, was resumed at Williamsport, Pa., July 23d, when the following were the prize winners:

1-mile novice, Class A—L. M. Laux won. Time, 2m. 38½s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Arthur Gardiner won; C. M. Murphy, 2; Frank J. Jenny, 3. Time, 1m. 8½s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—W. De Cardy, 75 yards, won; C. M. Murphy, 25 yards, 2; Monte Scott, 80 yards, third. Time, 4m. 46½s.

1-mile open, Class A, final heat—Gstalter won; Crouse, 2; Moore, 3. Time, 2m. 37½s.

1-mile open, Class B—Arthur Gardiner won; Otto Ziegler, 2; C. R. Coulter, 3. Time, 2m. 25½s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—Gstalter, 100 yards,

won; S. E. Speaker, 130 yards, 2; A. Lester Sheffer, Bellefonte, 75 yards, 3; A. Audet, 130 yards, 4. Time, 5m. 6s.

One-third mile dash, Class B—Gardiner won; W. DeCardy, 2; C. R. Coulter, 3. Time 45s.

2-mile open, Class B—C. M. Murphy won; Arthur Gardiner, 2; C. R. Coulter, 3. Time, 5m. 39½s.

5-mile Demorest cup, Class A—A. Audet won in 13m. 34½s.

At Steubenville, O., July 25th, a high wind prevented fast time. Bald defeated Gardiner in the mile, but the judges gave the race to the Chicagoan. Summary:

Half-mile open, Class B—Gardiner won; Maddox, 2; L. C. Johnson, 3; Brown, 4; Jenny, 5. Time, 1m. 14s. Bliss and Cooper also ran.

1-mile open, Class B—Gardiner won; Bald, 2; L. C. Johnson, 3; Murphy 4; Phillips, 5. Time, 2m. 14½s. Ziegler, L. A. Callahan, Titus, Bliss, MacDonald, Barrett and Brown also ran, in order named.

3-mile lap, Class B—Monte Scott, 9 points, won; Titus and DeCardy, each 7 points, 2; Sims, 5 points, 3; Maddox, 4 points, 4. Time, 8m. 1s.

Newark, O., had races July 26th. The summary:

1-mile, 2:10 class, Class B—Cooper won; Eddy, 2; L. A. Callahan, 3. Time 2m. 48½s.

Half-mile open, Class A—F. C. Schrein won; E. D. McKeon, 2; F. Mundhenck, 3. Time, 1m. 12s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—McKeon, 30 yards, won; Schrein, scratch, 2; A. Bellis, scratch, 3. Time, 2m. 14½s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Ziegler, won; Bald, 2; Gardiner, 3. Time, 1m. 14½s.

1-mile open, Class A—Schrein, won; P. W. Klinger, 2; McKeon, 3. Time, 2m. 35s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—Kiser, 90 yards, won; Eddy, 120 yards, 2; Sims, 40 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 7½s.

1-mile open, Class B—Murphy, 1; Bald, 2; Gardiner, 3. Time, 2m. 9½s.

July 27th, at Columbus, O., Gardiner scored over Bald in the mile. Summary:

1-mile open, Class A—E. D. McKeon won; Fred Mundhenck, 2; P. W. Klinger, 3. Time, 2m. 25s.

1½-mile handicap, Class B—Eddy, 120 yards, won; Earl Kiser, 90 yards, 2; Monte Scott, 80 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 29½s.

1-mile, 2:40 class, Class A—Fred Mundhenck, won; W. J. Klinger, 2; E. C. Kimball, 3. Time, 2m. 45½s.

1-mile open, Class B—Gardiner won; Bald, 2; Titus, 3. Time, 2m. 28½s.

1½-mile handicap, Class A—E. D. McKeon, 30 yards, won; W. J. Klinger, scratch, 2; Fred Mundhenck, 40 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 45½s.

3-mile state championship, Class A—Schrein won; W. J. Klinger, 2; Ellis, 3. Time, 8m. 58½s.

2-mile open, Class B—Murphy won; L. C. Johnson, 2; Scott, 3. Time, 5m. 44½s.

2¼-mile handicap, Class A—E. D. McKeon, 50 yards won; F. Bigelow, 30 yards, 2; R. Lindmueller, 30 yards, 3. Time, 5m. 53½s.

At Mansfield, O., July 29th, the lad from Chicago again vanquished the Bison. Summary:

1-mile novice, Class A—B. W. Rambo won. Time, 2m. 26½s.

1-mile open, Class A—W. J. Klinger won; F. C. Schrein, 2; Ed Smith, 3. Time, 2m. 30½s.

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1-mile open, Class B—Gardiner, won; Bliss, 2; Bald, 3. Time, 2m. 7½s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—Lafeat, 160 yards, won; Wood, 240 yards, 2; Smith, 180 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 38½s.

Half-mile unicycle—Black won; Keator, 2. Time, 2m. 22s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Titus won; Brown, 2; Ziegler, 3. Time, 1m. 6½s.

5-mile handicap, Class A—J. F. Steele, 400 yards, won; Lee Field, 330 yards, 2; Ferd White, 400 yards, 3. Time, 12m. 1½s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—Johnson, 80 yards, won; Murphy, 40 yards, 2; Rigby, 100 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 38s.

Dayton was another city in the Ohio loop, and 10,000 people saw the races, July 30th. Summary:

1-mile novice, Class A—W. H. Osterhaus won. Time, 2m. 23½s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Otto Ziegler won; Thomas Cooper, 2; A. McLeod, 3. Time, 1m. 7¾s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—S. R. Leathers, 130 yards, won. Time, 2m. 3½s.

1-mile tandem, Class B—H. Van Herik and John Lund won; L. C. Johnson and F. B. Rigby, 2. Time, 2m. 26½s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—F. J. Titus, 30 yards, won; A. McLeod, 80 yards, 2; L. T. Johnson, 80 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 32½s.

Quarter-mile open, Class A—Fred Schrein won. Time 33½s.

2-mile lap, Class B—C. M. Murphy won; Monte Scott, 2; L. C. Johnson, 3. Time, 4m. 48¾s.

1-mile open, Class A; flying start—Fred Schrein won. Time, 2m. 29½s.

1-mile open, Class B; flying start—A. Gardiner won; E. C. Bald, 2; A. J. Brown, 3. Time, 2m. 9½s.

Over 8,000 people saw the races at Wauseon, Ohio, August 2d. Summary:

Half-mile open, Class A—Barney Oldfield won in 1m. 11¾s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Ray McDonald won; Otto Ziegler, 2; Frank Rigby, 3. Time, 2m. 19¾s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—Murphy, 20 yards, won; Titus, 30 yards, 2; Kiser, 90 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 13½s.

1-mile open, Class A—Barney Oldfield won; W. J. Klinger, 2; P. W. Klinger, 3. Time, 2m. 35¾s.

1-mile, 2:15 class, Class B—Maddox won; Kiser, 2; Sims, 3. Time, 2m. 41½s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—Barney Oldfield, 60 yards, won; W. C. Emmick, 100 yards, 2; M. Hochstetter, 80 yards, 3. Time, 5m. 7¾s.

1-mile open, special, Class B, paced—Titus won; Murphy, 2; Bald, 3; Ziegler, 4. Time, 2m. 10¾s.

Toledo enjoyed some good racing, August 3d, and the "Cannon Ball" showed that he was himself again, landing two races in good style. Summary:

Half-mile open, Class B—Murphy won; Kiser, 2; Ziegler, 3; Gardiner, 4. Time, 1m. 6¾s.

Half-mile open, Class A—Klinger won; Oldfield, 2; Kruger, 3; McKeon, 4. Time, 1m. 17¾s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—Cooper, 80 yards, won; Rigby, 70 yards, 2; Titus, 30 yards, 3; Sims, 40 yards, 4. Time, 2m. 28¾s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—Cooper, 150 yards, won; Johnson, 90 yards, 2; Titus, 50 yards, 3; Van Herik, 170 yards, 4. Time, 4m. 41½s.

1-mile open, Class A—Oldfield won; McKeon, 2; Lindmueller, 3; Laskey, 4. Time, 2m. 17½s.

Quarter-mile open, Class B—Bald won; Bliss, 2; Cabanne, 3; Rigby, 4. Time, 32½s.

1-mile open, Class B—Bald won; Titus, 2; Ziegler, 3; Bliss, 4. Time, 2m. 17s.

2-mile handicap, Class A—Kruger, 140 yards, won; Lonsway, 100 yards, 2; Norman W. Church, Toledo, 160 yards, 3; Laskey, 80 yards, 4. Time, 4m. 18½s.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., August 5th. Bald twice won the mile open. The results were as follows:

1-mile novice—A. Greenick, Fort Wayne, won; Time, 2m. 42½s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—L. C. Johnson, 50 yards, won; W. DeCardy, 100 yards, 2; T. Cooper, 70 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 11¾s.

Half-mile open, Class A—O. Goff, Fort Wayne, won. Time, 1m. 6¾s.

1-mile, Class A, district championship—W. Peltier, Fort Wayne, won. Time, 2m. 20s.

2-mile lap, Class B—F. J. Titus won; F. B. Rigby, 2; Monte Scott, 3. Time, 5m. 8¾s.

1-mile open, Class A—M. Black, Fort Wayne, won. Time, 2m. 22s.

1-mile open, Class B—E. C. Bald won; C. B. Coulter, 2; A. Gardiner, 3. Time, 2m. 17s. Exceeded the time limit, and a run over was ordered and was won by E. C. Bald, C. M. Murphy, 2; A. Gardiner, 3. Time, 2m. 9½s.

1-mile handicap, Class A—M. Black, Fort Wayne, scratch, won. Time, 2m. 16½s.

Half-mile open, Class B—T. Cooper won; Raymond McDonald, 2; L. D. Cabanne, 3. Time, 1m. 10¾s.

August 7th the circuit contingent was at South Bend, Ind., and Bald was first across the tape in two events. Summary:

1-mile open, Class B—Bald won; Titus, 2; Murphy, 3; Keyser, 4. Time, 2m. 5s.

Half-mile open, Class B—Bald won; Ziegler, 2; MacDonald, 3; Gardiner, 4. Time, 1m. 11s.

1-mile handicap, Class B—Brown, 80 yards, won; Good, 120 yards, 2; DeCardy, 90 yards, 3; Van Herrick, 120 yards, 4. Time, 2m. 5s.

2-mile handicap, Class B—Cabanne, 75 yards, won; L. C. Johnson, 70 yards, 2; Cooper, 120 yards, 3; Keyser, 120 yards, 4. Time, 4m. 37½s.

Chicago had a very successful tournament, August 9th and 10th, and the attendance on both days was large. On Friday, in the mile open, Bald reduced the world's competition record to 1m. 58¾s., which is one-fifth second better than the Waltham figures of Johnson. The Bison came the last quarter unpaced, while Johnson, in his mile, was escorted all the way to the tape by a quadruplet. The pacing at Chicago was contributed by a triplet, manned by Levy, Holmes and Githens. In the five mile race, C. M. Murphy went two miles under record, but Titus won the race. Summary:

1-mile open, Class B—Bald won; Murphy, 2; Cooper, 3. Time, 1m. 58¾s. L. C. Johnson, Kennedy, Brown and Coulter also ran.

5-mile open, Class B—Titus won; Murphy, 2; Scott, 3. Time, 10m. 44¾s. Maddox, Cabanne, MacDonald, Maxwell, Dasey, Patterson, Decardy and Coulter also ran.

2-mile handicap, Class B—J. A. Maxwell, 175 yards, won; Bliss, 130 yards, 2; Orlando L. Stephens, Ottumwa, Iowa, 250 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 24½s.

On Saturday Bald won his heat in the third of a mile open in 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., which is one-fifth under the previous record. Gardiner took the one-mile unpaced in 2m. 9s., which was one-fifth second better than Titus could do. Summary:

1-mile handicap, Class B—A. I. Brown, 80 yards, won; G. A. Maxwell, 90 yards, 2; Tom Cooper, 70 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 8s.

One-third mile open—Bald won; Cooper, 2; Cabanne, 3. Time, 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Brown, Murphy, Wells and Coulter also ran.

1-mile unpaced, Class B—Gardiner won; time, 2m. 9s. Titus, 2; time, 2m. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Maddox, 3; time, 2m. 10s.

During the meet at Asbury Park several conferences took place between committees from the L. A. W. and the Cycle Board of Trade. The outcome was that the League assumed control of professional racing. This alliance between the League and the Trade is not looked upon with universal favor.

Already there is talk regarding the next president for the L. A. W., but candidates are not very numerous. An attempt made to induce ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, to stand for the office was declined by the illustrious young politician, on the ground that he would not have the time necessary to a proper conduct of the office. George A. Perkins, of Massachusetts, the present first vice-president, is also a candidate.

If Isaac B. Potter, of New York, did not have a suit pending against the national body, he would be a very hard man to beat. His superb work in again putting the New York State division at the head of the list has resulted in his renomination for chief consul for another year. Vice-Consul Underhill and Secretary-Treasurer Bull will also be continued in office.

Syracuse, Toledo, Louisville and Cleveland are out for the next L. A. W. meet, and Brooklyn thinks some of entering the field. Boston stands on her dignity, and will not strive for the honor as she did last year, simply saying that the League will be well entertained if it votes to hold forth in the City of Culture in 1896. Syracuse and Toledo seem to be the most formidable candidates, but it is too early to hazard a guess.

Minneapolis, Minn., intends to do something notable in the way of a demonstration awheel on the evening of September 11th, the date being included in the week during which the State Fair will be in progress. The Commercial Club is arranging for a carnival night, and the wheel will be the principal feature in the festivities. At least 5,000—and possibly double that number—are expected to be in the procession, which will pass over the principal asphalt streets. Illuminations and fireworks will add to the brilliancy of the occasion.

A. G. BATCHELDER.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

TELARTOGRAPH.

Now and again during the past five years notices have appeared of a method of photography at long distances, and, while the photographic journals were cautious both as to facts and expectations, the lay press, as usual, untrammelled by knowledge, led its readers to believe that the time had almost come when one might pose before an instrument in San Francisco, or the antipodes for that matter, and, quick as thought, have his portrait flashed along the wire to New York.

Mr. N. S. Amstutz, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the magician who was to work such wonders, but I doubt whether even the proverbial enthusiasm of the inventor ever carried him so far. What he has done is pretty clearly shown in a recent illustrated article in the *Scientific American*, and although it falls far short of the general expectation, it may, by-and-by, be turned to practical account.

The ELECTRO-ARTOGRAPH, according to the inventor, PICTORIAL TELEGRAPH, according to *The Photographic Times*, but better, in my opinion, as more correctly descriptive, the TELARTOGRAPH is a union of the telegraph and phonograph by which photographs in relief may be transmitted from one place to another for any reasonable distance along a single wire. Two instruments, one at each end of the line, include cylinders that are made to revolve synchronously. The relief, made from an ordinary negative by the swelled gelatine process is wound round the cylinder of the transmitting instrument, and has resting on its surface a stylus connected with a lever, the varying motion of which transmits currents of electricity of varying degrees of intensity. When the cylinders are in motion every rise and fall of the transmitting

stylus caused by the varying thicknesses of the relief, is reproduced in the stylus or cutting tool, a V shaped diamond point, of the receiving instrument, which, as it, like the transmitting stylus, moves in the direction of a fine spiral, makes on the wax or other suitable material with which the cylinder is covered, a series of fine lines varying in depth and breadth according to the lights and shades of the picture.

The work, once started, goes on automatically, and when complete, it is only necessary to make an electrotype from the cylinder and mount it ready for the press. There is still room for improvement, but enough has been done to warrant the belief that it will soon be possible for a photograph of any particular happening on the afternoon in one day in London, to be transmitted to San Francisco in time to appear in the newspapers the following morning.

Washing is one of the operations that is still not properly understood by many. Quite recently I read in one of the photographic journals an article by one who is generally regarded as an authority, in which, speaking of washing negatives, he says "long washing is injurious, if a negative is allowed to soak for four or five hours, with an occasional changing of the water, it will be quite free from hypo." Four or five hours soaking in water, especially in very warm weather, is absolutely unnecessary, and cannot fail to seriously injure the gelatine films of both negatives and prints. I have not in my collection a single negative or print that has suffered from insufficient washing and hardly one that has lain in water longer than forty minutes. Not having running water, I lay the negatives, face up, in the dishes in which they were developed, or three (7x5) in a 12x10 tray and give them eight changes, with five minutes between each; and if after that there

be any hypo remaining it is so infinitesimal that the starch iodide test fails to detect it; and too little to interfere with the permanence of either negative or print.

I have spoken of metol before, and now, after two years' constant employment, think it deserves further notice, not only because the longer I use it, the better I like it, but also because recent wanderings amongst photographers show that it has, or at least is slowly but surely displacing all its competitors. It possesses all the virtues of all the others, in addition to some that are peculiar to itself, and has none of their vices. It lends itself with equal readiness to the production of the most delicate transparency, or the perfect opacity essential to the best quality of *process* work, and is therefore the best "all round" developer that has as yet been introduced. In the crystalline state it is apparently unchangeable; at least some that I have had for eighteen months is exactly as when I got it, and is so easily soluble that it may be added in the dry state to the solution of sulphite and carbonate just before use; while in solution it keeps so well that a stock solution made four months ago is still of a pale straw tint and as active as ever. Even in the diluted state, and after several negatives have been developed in it, it remains colorless or almost so for several weeks, and may be employed over and over again. This latter, however, is a virtue that I care little for. Quality is of more importance than quantity, and if a negative is not worth the special treatment indicated by the nature of the subject, which includes of course the relative proportions of the developing material employed, it is not worth developing at all. During all the time that I have employed metol I have not found it necessary to materially alter the formula first adopted, and reproduce it here for the benefit of those who may not have seen it.

A.		
Metol	100 grains	
Sodium sulphite	400 "	
Water	8 ounces	
B.		
Sodium carbonate	320 grains	
Water	8 ounces.	

To make a normal developer, take two drachms each of A and B, and an equal quantity of water. A normal developer is to be employed only where the exposure is known to be about correct, and for subjects without *great* contrasts of lights and darks; and for negatives in which ordinary gradation is aimed at. For known under exposures, or where the lights are predominant, such as portraits with white dresses, A should be reduced to one, or even to half a drachm to the ounce; while for over exposure or subjects flat or wanting in contrast, it should be increased to three or three and a half drachms and B reduced correspondingly. In the latter cases the addition of from one to two grains of potassium bromide is also of advantage. For the development of bromide paper and lantern slides I sometimes employ the normal solution, but think that on the whole it is better to dilute it with half its bulk of water. Metol has been accused of having a tendency to produce sores on the fingers, and constitutional disturbances to those who have their fingers much in the solution, similar to those known to be caused by alkaline bichromates. It may be so in the case of certain idiosyncrasies, but I have never seen a case of it. Nor, if it be so, need it be an objection to its use, as by using a quill, toothpick, or anything of that kind to raise the plate from the solution the fingers need never touch it.

It is somewhat strange that while the best professional photographers in other lands and a few of those on this side are adopting pigment or platinum, the great majority of American photographers are still wedded to the inartistic glossiness of the so-called "aristo," but perhaps, for at least a large proportion of the work sent out it is better so, as the sooner they fade the better. Few of the portraits have any claim to pictorial qualities, and most perpetuate fashions in dress that, while hardly seemly during their reign, become simply hideous as soon as they are displaced. I have an idea that a man's work may be pretty accurately judged by the printing method he employs. A high gloss, however vulgar, may compensate to a certain extent for a poor and fugitive print, but he who knows his work to be worth preserving will not risk his reputation on silver in any of its forms.

JAY SEE.

ROD AND GUN.

SHOOTING.

Not many days ago I happened to witness a series of sweeps at one of the popular country clubs. The contestants were, of course, gentlemen amateurs, and most of them were very good trap-shots. Rapid-fire system, thoroughly screened traps and an admirable background for affording a clear view of the flying targets left little to be desired. Of the five men competing, four held their guns at their shoulders ready for firing, when they called "pull," while one man followed the old method of keeping the stock below the elbow till he gave the word. He stood up to his work like a sportsman should; he was very quick; he handled his gun as a man would handle it in the field, and he was a red-hot second in three fifteen-bird races.

Now, while two of the gun-to-shoulder men actually beat him one bird in the series, he was,

in my opinion at least, the best shot in the party. The gun-to-shoulder men had one thing less to do than he had—they were ready to fire the instant the target was thrown; yet, with the advantage of their method of holding, they had all they could do to win. I carefully watched the man who held his gun down, and saw him miss a couple of birds, because in both instances his gun did not come to shoulder exactly right. Had his rivals held their guns as he did, he would probably have won every sweep. What I saw set me to figuring, and I've come to the conclusion that the gun-to-shoulder position is out of place in matches between gentlemen amateurs. It may answer for a lot of professionals, or semi-professionals, in races where straight scores and big scores have a trade value in addition to a mortgage on first money, but it is not calculated to improve the field shooting of a gentleman sportsman.

In the field men don't go hunching around with their guns in firing position, and a man has to do something more than squint along a rib and pull a trigger. I don't believe that the four men I saw could bring their guns swiftly and smoothly to shoulder fifteen times in succession, and do it just right every time.

If trap-shooting for amateurs is to be what it should be, a combination of amusement with practice for field-shooting, then the amateurs cannot bar the gun-to-shoulder method too soon. "But," one may say, "it helps straight scores." Well, 'spose it does, why lose useful practice for the sake of straight scores? If you're in it for the sport and the practice and not for the money, why be so keen? Six out of fifteen in the field may represent better shooting than does a straight string at the traps under the gun-to-shoulder rule. If there's to be nothing in the skillful handling of the gun in bringing it to the firing position, why not just sit in an easy chair with the gun in position and blaze away. That would be more comfortable than standing.

In truth, there is a good deal in the bringing of a gun rapidly and just right to the shoulder, and the ability to do this is too valuable in field-shooting to be discouraged in trap-practice. There is almost as much in the arm movements with the gun as there is in the casting of a fly. Who'd want to fish with flies if their use did not demand a certain skill in wielding the rod?

Mr. Fred. Hoey, the well-known trap shot, returned last month from an extended Continental raid. Last January it was arranged that Hoey and three other cracks should compose a Big Four, to tackle the crack shots of Europe upon their own ground. The original scheme failed to go through, and Hoey determined to go it alone. This was rather a bold venture for so young a shot, but results prove that the American was

quite able to hold his own with the cream of the foreign talent, which, by the way, includes among its most famous shots a number of men who are professionals in everything but name.

Hoey began well by winning a number of fat sweeps at the grounds of the London Gun Club. Later, at Monte Carlo, he made a great showing in the opening shoot, dividing first and second money in a field of fifty-two, which included such men as Roberts, Viscount Quellex, Drevon, Gervai, Journu, Mittichinie and Trautmadorf. Hoey's chance for the Grand Prix du Casino appeared rosy, but his form suddenly failed, and he dropped out of the big event. For some days his bad streak stuck to him, but he eventually rounded to and captured the Prix Supplémentaire and also divided the Prix d'Appollon handicap. After reaching Rome he struck a winning streak, and bagged a lot of medals and other plunder. In a match with Signor Randi, he grassed fifty birds straight, thus doing in Rome a bit better than Romans usually do. He won the Prix Auberpine at Aix-le-Baines, and divided the Grand Prix. Taken all-in-all, he had his full share of the fun. It was not his first experience with European birds, as he was over in 1891. By this time he has presumably got a practical working idea of the difficulties which beset the American aspirant for the coveted glory of Monte Carlo, which have heretofore baffled the best men from this side the water. He will probably try again next season, and as he is young, healthy, and a non-believer in the soothing virtues of fizz and cigars, he is apt to be a dangerous man in the hottest kind of company, and he may yet capture the big prize for which Captain Money, George Work, Carroll Livingston, Oakleigh Thorne, Edgar Murphy, C. A. Macalister, R. S. Welch, and other dead shots have tried in vain.

E. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.

The California Stakes, open to all greyhounds at \$5 each, with \$205 added, was the greatest event of the kind the State has known. Seventy-six dogs were entered and the average quality was unusually good. In the final, Mr. T. J. Cronin's bd. w. d. Skyball (Jno. Mitchell-Molly H.) beat Mr. B. Dougherty's f. d. Flying Buck (imp. Royal Crest-Daisy), and won. The Consolation Stakes had twenty-eight entries. The winner was Mr. T. Cox's bd. w. d. Sam, with Mr. T. J. Cronin's w. bk. b. Best Trump, runner-up.

When the Ladies' Kennel Association was formed in England, last winter, it was very doubtful if it would prove a success. Last month the first show was held at Ranelagh, and, while the affair was certainly successful in the matters of attendance, number and quality of entries, etc., it showed that new women are not very dangerous rivals of old men in running a dog show. Managers, judges and exhibitors were all women.

Montreal Kennel Association's first show was successful enough to justify its promoters in attempting a regular annual.

The Eastern Field Trial Club's Derby has forty entries, of which 29 are English setters and 11 pointers.

The bench show recently held by the Ohio Humane Society cleared \$600, which will be

utilized in the establishment of a farm for the care of dogs captured by the dog-catchers of Cincinnati.

The crack American-bred collie, Roslyn Wilkes, owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was drowned in a pond. It is said that an affection of the heart was responsible for the death of this excellent animal.

The events of the National Trials (English) resulted as follows: Pointer Puppy Stakes—First, Mr. Walker's Whist; second, Mr. Beck's Dandy Dick; third, Col. Cote's Conrad. All-Age Stakes, pointers and setters—Pointers, Mr. Bishop's Polly Pedro; setters, Mr. Llewellyn's Bruce Wind'em; final, Bruce Wind'em. Setter Puppy Stakes—First, Mr. Mawson's Leo of Bromfield; second, Mr. Lowe's Squire of Kippen; third, Mr. Lonsdale's Ightfield Rella. Brace Stakes—First, Mr. Bishop's Sweep the Green and Danger of Salop; second, Mr. Lonsdale's Durham Daisy and Durham Di. International Championship Stakes—First, Mr. Lonsdale's Durham Daisy; second, Mr. Humphrey's (pointer) Bonny Dan of Cold-hill; third, Mr. Austin's Ben Sullivan; fourth, Mr. Pilkington's (pointer) Woolton Druid.

The fourth show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, was the best yet held by the club. Nearly all of the 351 entries were benched, and the quality of the various classes was above

the average. John Davidson did the judging in all classes.

Entries for the Continental Autumn Derby, to be run in quail next November, at Newton, N. C., number 54, of which 32 are English setters and 22 pointers. The International Derby, to be run in November, near Chatham, Ont., has 27 entries, 20 English setters and 7 pointers. Among the pointers are two English dogs from the kennels of A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Esq.

Sportsmen are agitating for a National Dog Protective Association. Anything that will properly protect dogs is a good thing, and worthy of being vigorously pushed.

The latest canine candidate for popular favor is the long-haired dachshund, which appears to labor under the disadvantages of the cocker, added to those of the dachshund.

Manitoba Field Trial Club's Derby scored a best on record in the matter of entries, which include 42 English setters, 1 Irish, and 15 pointers.

Among important bench shows for the month are: Industrial Exhibition Bench Show, Toronto, Canada, September 9th to 13th; Rhode Island Fair Association Bench Show, Providence, R. I., September 17th to 20th; Orange County Fair's Show, Newburg, N. Y., September 17th to 20th; Montreal Kennel Association, Montreal, Canada,

September 17th to 20th; Omaha Kennel Club, Omaha, Neb., September 18th to 21st; New England Kennel Club's Terrier Show, Boston, Mass., September 24th to 27th.

Coming field trials include the Continental Field Trial Club's inaugural trials (chickens), Morris, Man., September 2d; Manitoba F. T. C. (chickens), Morris, Man., September 10th; Northwestern F. T. C. Champion Stakes, to be run at conclusion of Manitoba Club's trials; New England F. T. C., Assonetneck, Mass., October 29th; International F. T. C., sixth annual, Mitchell's Bay, near Chatham, Ont., November 5th; United States F. T. C., autumn trials, Newton, N. C., November 7th; National Beagle Club's trials, Hempstead, L. I., November 11th; Eastern F. T. C., Newton, N. C., November 18th; Continental F. T. C., Newton, N. C., November 25th; Northwestern Beagle Club, Columbus, Wis., October 22d; New England Beagle Club, Oxford, Mass., November 5th; Irish Setter Club's trials, High Point, N. C., December 2d.

Mr. Noel Money has imported three Welsh foxhounds from the Llangibby pack.

Twenty-four English setters and 23 pointers, of the vintage of '94, are entered for the U. S. F. T. Club's Derby.

DAMON.

LOFT.

The new loft which Theo. P. Green, Woodbury, N. J., has been building was offered to public inspection a short time back, and it is the general expression that it could not be improved. The building is 24 by 20 feet and 24 feet high; the roof sloping on four sides from the cupola or ventilator. It is two stories high and has an abundance of windows. Each story is divided into half for lofts above the store room and loft below. The entrance is through the store room, the stairs leading from this to the upper story. Both inside lofts open into an immense wired-in area and there the breeders and other prisoner will be kept. The loft over the store room will be given to youngsters and to such of the old birds as can be settled. The floor of the lower stories is of Jersey sand made very compact; of the lofts above it is of boards well covered with sand. Running water is in every compartment. The bath basins are tins—four feet across, sloping to a two-inch pipe at the centre through which the waste water is carried away. In the centre of this tin is a shallow wooden tub about 24 inches across for the bath. The sloping tin prevents the floor being wetted in the splashing of the bath and gives the birds a lounging place. The nest places in all of the green lofts have always been up as near the ceiling as it is possible to get them, and in the new lofts this is the rule. These are simply

shelves, partitioned off and the little space where the nest pan stands with a front board. A few nest places on the floor are boxes with an opening in front covering a nest pan and space at the side for the growing youngster. Each nest shelf and nest place is well covered with sand. The wired-in area extends sixteen feet beyond the loft on two sides and is the height of the building; is covered with strong half-inch wire net. All about the sides are shelves or alighting boards, and a support at the centre has circular shelves at intervals. This loft contains some of the most noted birds in the world. Among others, Darby, Joseph and Johanna each with 1183 miles distance; George W. Childs, Public Ledger, S. O. Perry and St. Thomas, first to make 525 miles in the day; Missy, one of the six to break this record with greater distance; "The Garvier hen" and Wade, with record of 525 miles as youngsters; Martha, sister of Sleepy, the hen with champion speed record; the messengers in the Naval parade, Captain Chester, Lieut. Magill and others; the old time 500 milers Newberry, Theo., Col. Muckle Cresson, Charlotte, Fogel, D. Mills, Jr., and others and the Pensacola return of 1894, J. Carter. The change of loft will prevent the birds of this loft taking part in the summer flying of this year and possibly stop work except in messenger service for this year.

E. S. STARR.

LAWN TENNIS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA.

The Canadian championship was decided July 13th, at Niagara on the Lake, on the courts of the Queen's Royal Hotel. W. A. Larned won the tournament and successfully challenged R. W. P. Matthews, defeating him in three sets. The following were the scores:

Preliminary round—W. A. Larned beat A. P. Hawse 6-0, 6-1; F. K. Ward beat A. S. Taylor 6-0, 6-1; A. Fuller beat A. M. Pope 6-1, 6-3; A. E. Foote beat S. Griffin 6-3, 6-3.

First round—Arthur Taylor beat C. Whitbeck 7-5, 6-1; E. P. Fischer beat T. Whitbeck 6-0, 6-2; W. G. Parker beat H. E. Avery 6-2, 6-0;

LAWN TENNIS.

H. G. Mackenzie beat Pope 6-0, 6-4; Larned beat Ward 7-5, 6-2; A. E. Foote beat A. F. Fuller 6-2, 6-1; J. P. Paret beat F. G. Anderson 6-4, 6-4; J. B. Read beat Talmage by default.

Second round—E. P. Fischer beat Arthur Taylor 6-1, 6-2; W. A. Larned beat H. G. Mackenzie 6-1, 6-0; A. E. Foote beat W. G. Parker 6-4, 6-0; J. P. Paret beat J. B. Read by default.

Semi-final—W. A. Larned beat E. P. Fischer 6-4, 6-1; A. E. Foote beat J. P. Paret 6-4, 6-2.

Final—W. A. Larned beat A. E. Foote 6-1, 6-4, 6-2.

Championship round—W. A. Larned (challenger) beat R. W. P. Matthews (holder) 6-2, 6-2, 8-6.

Championship doubles, final—Fischer and Parker beat Larned and Foote 6-4, 5-7, 3-6, 6-1, 6-2.

Ladies' championship, final—Mrs. Sydney Smith beat Miss Hague 4-6, 9-7, 8-6.

Championship round—Mrs. Sydney Smith (challenger) beat Miss Osborne 3-6, 6-1, 6-3.

Handicap, final round—F. K. Ward (owe half 30) beat Arthur Taylor (scratch) 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.

CHESTER HILL.

The annual handicap of the Chester Hill Country Club of Mount Vernon was won July 12th by J. V. Simpson, who defeated G. Fish 73-71. Each was at scratch. In doubles, Simpson and Fish (scratch) beat Rathbun and Kipp (scratch) 72-69.

ENGLEWOOD.

The results of the handicap played July 15th at the Englewood Field Club were as follows:

Singles, final—Messerole (half fifteen) beat Blythe (half fifteen) 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

Men's doubles, final—Gladwin and Homans (half fifteen) beat Borden and Duryea (scratch) 6-3, 1-6, 1-6, 6-3, 6-4.

SEABRIGHT.

The annual tournament of the Seabright Tennis Club was concluded July 20th, by the challenge match between Larned, holder of the cup, and Howland, winner of the tournament. The former was successful in defending his title. In doubles, C. Hobart and Millett defeated Howland and Foote in a four set match. Scores:

First round—R. Stevens beat J. M. Walton 6-2, 6-0; J. Howland beat D. W. Candler 6-3, 8-6; Arthur Taylor beat H. Chatfield 6-2, 6-4; A. S. Taylor beat R. D. Graham 6-8, 6-3, 6-1.

Second round—Stevens beat L. A. Billings 6-2, 6-3; S. C. Millett beat A. S. Taylor 6-2, 7-5; J. Howland beat Arthur Taylor 6-3, 6-3.

Third round—R. Stevens beat Millett 6-2, 6-4; J. Howland beat J. F. Talmage, Jr., 3-6, 6-2, 6-2.

Final—J. Howland beat K. Stevens 7-5, 6-1, 4-6, 6-3.

Championship round—W. A. Larned (holder) beat J. Howland (challenger) 7-5, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2.

Doubles, final round—Howland and Foote beat Hobart and Millett 3-6, 2-6, 7-5, 8-6, 2-2 unfinished.

Played over July 22d—Hobart and Millett beat Howland and Foote 3-6, 8-6, 6-3, 6-3.

ROCHESTER.

A successful open tournament was held at the grounds of the Rochester Tennis Club July 16th, 17th and 18th, resulting in a brilliant victory for

Fritz K. Ward, the local expert, over E. P. Fischer, of New York. In doubles, Fischer and Paret were successful after a hard match with Ward and Avery. The concluding scores were:

Semi-final round—E. P. Fischer beat W. M. Scudder 6-8, 6-4, 6-4; F. K. Ward beat J. P. Paret 6-2, 6-3.

Final—F. K. Ward beat E. P. Fischer 7-5, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1.

Doubles, final—Fischer and Paret beat Ward and Avery 6-2, 6-8, 6-4, 6-1.

Consolation final—L. E. Ware beat F. Hone 4-6, 6-1, 6-0.

LONGWOOD.

The fifth annual tournament of the Longwood Cricket Club began July 22d, with fifty-one competitors. Hovey won the all-comers, defeating the champion R. D. Wrenn in the semi-final round. On July 27th the championship match was played in the presence of several hundred spectators. Larned, the holder of the cup, retained the honor by defeating Hovey in four close sets. The defeat of Wrenn was not unexpected, since his game this season has not reached championship form. In spite of defeat he wisely continues to play in open events; a course never before pursued by an American champion. The excellent work of Larned places him as the leading candidate for the all-comers at Newport, with Howland a close second. Scores:

Preliminary round—W. S. Fitz beat W. D. Dexter 6-2, 2-6, 7-5, 6-4; C. R. Budlong beat E. K. McEnroe by default; G. W. Lee beat A. W. Jackson 6-3, 6-0, 6-4; F. H. Hovey beat F. E. Howard by default; J. H. Lee beat G. H. Heaton 8-6, 6-1; J. De Jones beat G. F. Eames 6-2, 6-2, 6-2; J. H. Chase beat E. Day 6-4, 6-3, 6-2; J. Terry beat A. Walworth 6-4, 6-3, 6-2; W. L. Jennings beat W. G. Parker by default; J. P. Smith beat F. Clinton 6-2, 6-3, 4-6, 6-0; H. Foster beat E. L. Parker 6-0, 6-1, 6-4; W. K. Shaw beat A. L. Williston 6-0, 8-6, 6-3; W. M. Scudder beat S. Wise 6-2, 6-0, 6-2, 6-1; J. P. Paret beat E. Stevens 6-0, 9-7, 6-1; C. M. Rotch beat A. E. Foote by default; M. D. Whitman beat H. L. Ever 6-1, 6-1, 6-2; G. S. Keyes beat H. Bigelow 6-1, 6-1, 6-0; W. E. Putnam, Jr., beat W. A. Jones 6-3, 4-6, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4; L. E. Ware beat A. Wellington 7-5, 6-0, 6-0.

First round—W. Rabbeth beat H. E. Roseby by default; R. D. Wrenn beat B. T. Merrill 6-0, 6-0, 6-1; S. D. Read beat J. B. Read 6-4, 8-6, 10-12, 6-3; C. R. Budlong beat W. S. Fitz 7-5, 6-4, 6-1; F. H. Hovey beat G. W. Lee 6-2, 6-0, 6-0; J. Terry beat J. H. Chase 4-6, 6-3, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4; W. L. Jennings beat H. Foster 6-3, 8-6, 6-2; J. P. Paret beat W. M. Scudder 1-6, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, 6-3; M. D. Whitman beat C. Rotch 6-0, 6-1, 6-0; G. S. Keyes beat W. E. Putnam, Jr., 6-2, 6-3, 6-4; L. E. Ware beat W. Stackpole 6-0, 6-2, 6-1; A. Codman beat C. G. Hinckley 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.

Second round—R. D. Wrenn beat W. Rabbeth 6-0, 6-0, 6-0; C. R. Budlong beat S. D. Read 6-2, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3; F. H. Hovey beat J. De Jones 6-0, 6-2, 6-0; J. Terry beat W. L. Jennings 1-6, 8-6, 7-5, 7-5; J. P. Paret beat W. K. Shaw 7-5, 7-5, 0-6, 7-5; M. D. Whitman beat G. S. Keyes 6-3, 6-3, 7-5; L. E. Ware beat A. P. Hawes 9-7, 6-3, 9-7; A. Codman beat F. Howard 1-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4.

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Third round—R. D. Wrenn beat C. R. Budlong 7-5, 6-4, 6-8, 6-1; F. H. Hovey beat J. Terry 6-1, 6-3, 6-1; M. D. Whitman beat J. P. Paret 6-3, 1-6, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2; L. E. Ware beat A. Codman 6-3, 3-6, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2.

Fourth round—F. H. Hovey beat R. D. Wrenn 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4; M. D. Whitman beat L. E. Ware 3-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-1.

Final—F. H. Hovey, beat M. D. Whitman 6-0, 6-2, 6-1.

Challenge round—W. A. Larned (holder) beat F. H. Hovey (challenger) 6-4, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4.

Consolation final round—A. L. Williston beat S. F. Wise 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4.

SOUTH ORANGE.

The results of the annual Club Tournament of the South Orange Field Club played July 26th were as follows:

Singles, final—Holcombe Ward beat G. H. Miles 1-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.

Challenge round—H. Ward beat F. N. Jessup (holder) 6-2, 6-1, 3-6, 3-6, 6-4.

Doubles, final—G. H. Miles and R. M. Miles beat H. Ward and Stanley Ward 6-2, 6-3, 6-1.

BEDFORD PARK.

The annual club tournament of the Bedford Park Tennis Club was finished July 29th with the following results.

Final—W. Rosenbaum beat H. Fisher 7-5, 6-3, 6-4.

Doubles, final—Rosenbaum and Fisher beat W. Connell and D. Sands 6-2, 7-5, 2-6, 2-6, 6-4.

Ladies' singles, final—Miss Prout beat Miss Ehrlich 6-4, 8-6.

Mixed doubles, final—Miss Smith and Mr. Connell beat Miss Fliedner and Mr. Fisher 8-6, 4-6, 14-12.

SOUTHAMPTON.

The ninth annual tournament for the championship of Long Island began July 30th at the grounds of the Meadow Club. Larned added another victory to his season's record by defeating J. Howland, winner of the tournament, thereby securing possession of the cup which he has held for the past two years. Scores:

Preliminary round—C. R. Henderson beat H. Torrance, Jr., 7-5, 7-5, 8-6; J. Howland beat R. H. Palmer 6-1, 6-0; A. E. Foote beat E. H. Moeran, Jr., 6-3, 6-4; R. D. Wrenn beat E. H. Watlington 6-0, 6-0; J. F. Talmage, Jr., beat S. D. Bowers 4-6, 6-3, 7-5; M. G. Chace beat H. Lord 6-2, 6-2.

First round—A. E. Foote beat S. T. Skidmore 6-4, 6-4; M. G. Chace beat C. R. Henderson 7-5, 6-3; J. Howland beat W. R. Betts 6-0, 6-3; R. D. Wrenn beat J. F. Talmage, Jr., 6-2, 2-6, 6-3.

Second round—A. E. Foote beat R. D. Wrenn 6-4, 6-8, 6-0; J. Howland beat M. G. Chace 7-5, 6-1.

Final—J. Howland beat A. E. Foote 0-6, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2.

Championship round—W. A. Larned beat J. Howland 8-6, 6-3, 5-7, 10-8.

Doubles, preliminary round—Larned and Talmage beat Bartow and Bowers 6-1, 6-3; Terry and Torrance beat Betts and Moeran 1-6, 6-2, 6-0.

First round—Larned and Talmage beat Terry and Torrance 5-7, 6-0, 6-3; Howland and Foote beat Wrenn and Chace 5-7, 6-0, 6-4.

Final—Howland and Foote beat Larned and Talmage 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

WENTWORTH.

To the usual downpour which afflicts the tournament of the Newcastle Outing and Tennis Club was added a strong wind during many of the contests. On this account the matches were not of the highest order. One of the best contests was in the semi-final between James Terry and M. D. Whitman, the latter winning, 8-6, 6-3, 5-7, 10-8. In the final, August 3, Whitman met L. E. Ware and was defeated. Score: 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 5-7, 8-6. The doubles went to Ware and Scudder who defeated Terry and Hinckley 6-4, 4-6, 9-7, 6-4. The consolation prize was won by D. F. Davis.

The match for the Orange-Plainfield cup was played July 31st at Mountain Station, N. J., on the courts of the Orange Lawn Tennis Club. Holcombe Ward defeated Frank Hague 6-2, 7-5, 6-2.

NORWOOD PARK.

The second annual invitation tournament held at Norwood Park, N. J., resulted as follows:

August 5th—R. Stevens beat W. G. Parker 6-0, 6-2, 6-0; R. D. Wrenn beat A. E. Foote 2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3; M. G. Chace and J. Howland, two sets, all unfinished.

August 6th—R. Stevens beat A. E. Foote 3-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3; W. A. Larned beat W. G. Parker 6-1, 2-6, 6-4, 7-5; M. G. Chace beat J. Howland 7-5, 6-4, 6-3; R. D. Wrenn beat W. A. Larned 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.

August 7th—R. D. Wrenn beat W. G. Parker 7-5, 6-3, 6-1; M. G. Chace beat A. E. Foote 6-3, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2; R. Stevens and R. D. Wrenn, two sets, all unfinished.

August 8th—R. Stevens beat M. G. Chace 6-2, 8-6, 6-4; W. A. Larned beat A. E. Foote 6-2, 0-6, 7-5, 7-5; M. G. Chace beat W. G. Parker 6-0, 6-0, 6-0.

August 9th—A. E. Foote beat W. G. Parker 8-6, 4-3, default; W. A. Larned beat R. Stevens 6-1, 6-0, 6-0; M. G. Chace beat R. D. Wrenn 7-5, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1.

August 10—R. D. Wrenn beat R. Stevens 6-4, 6-3; W. A. Larned beat M. G. Chace 7-5, 8-6, 6-1.

Standing of players:

	WON.	LOST.		WON.	LOST.
Larned	5	1	Foote	2	4
Wrenn	5	1	Parker	1	5
Chace	4	2	Howland	0	6
Stevens	4	2			

Play off, August 12th—W. A. Larned beat R. D. Wrenn 6-3, 6-1, 12-10.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The annual tournament for the championship of New Hampshire began August 5th, at Centre Harbor, with twenty-five entries. On August 8th the final was won by J. P. Paret, who defeated A. L. Williston and successfully challenged H. G. Bixby, holder of the cup. The final scores were:

Final—J. P. Paret beat A. L. Williston 2-6, 3-6, 6-4, 9-7, 7-5.

Championship round—J. P. Paret beat H. G. Bixby (holder) 7-5, 6-3, 6-2.

Doubles, final—Williston and Jennings beat Shaw and Wise 6-4, 6-1, 3-6, 4-6, 6-3.

United States National Lawn Tennis Association



MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY, OF NEW YORK.

THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

The most interesting contest for the ladies' championship ever witnessed in this country was played at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, Wissahickon, Pa. It was in reality a contest for supremacy between the three best lady players in the land: Miss Hellwig, the winner in '95, Miss Bessie Moore and Miss Juliette P. Atkinson. With very little difficulty Miss Moore and Miss Atkinson reached the final round. On Friday, June 28th, they met and after four spirited sets the match went to Miss Atkinson, who drove her opponent back repeatedly by aggressive play. The championship match, played June 29th, was a veritable surprise. It was known that the players were well matched, but few thought that Miss Atkinson possessed such tennis qualities as she that day displayed. Miss Hellwig appeared a little nervous and unsteady, but the match was won by the remarkably swift and accurate strokes of her opponent. Certainly no previous holder of the ladies' championship has shown better ability at match playing than the present champion. The doubles, as expected, went to Miss Hellwig and Miss Atkinson, and the latter won also the mixed doubles with Mr. E. P. Fischer.

Scores: Preliminary—Miss Grace E. Booth beat Miss Slevin, 6-1, 5-7, 8-6; Miss Moore beat Miss Bankson, 6-1, 6-4; Miss Warren beat Miss Taylor 6-1, 6-1; Miss Kathleen Atkinson beat Miss Clark, 6-3, 6-2; Miss Juliette P. Atkinson beat Miss Neff by default.

First round—Mrs. Wein beat Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, 6-1, 6-2; Miss Bessie Moore beat Miss Grace Booth, 6-0, 6-2; Miss Kathleen Atkinson beat Miss Warren, 6-3, 6-2; Miss Juliette Atkinson beat Miss Williams, 6-0, 6-4.

Semi-final round—Miss Bessie Moore beat Mrs. Toulmin, 6-4, 6-4; Miss Juliette Atkinson beat Miss Kathleen Atkinson, 6-1, 6-4.

Final—Miss Juliette P. Atkinson beat Miss Bessie Moore, 6-3, 7-5, 1-6, 6-0.

Doubles: First round—Miss Moore and Miss

Williams beat Miss Stroud and Miss Morice, 6-1, 6-2; Mrs. Beecroft and Miss Redfield beat Miss Warren and Miss Sayer, 6-3, 6-5; Mrs. Toulmin and Miss Bankson beat Miss Booth and Miss K. Atkinson, 6-3, 5-6, 6-4.

Semi-final—Miss J. Atkinson and Miss Hellwig beat Mrs. Beecroft and Miss Redfield, 6-0, 6-0; Miss Moore and Miss Williams beat Miss Bankson and Mrs. Toulmin, 2-6, 6-1, 6-4.

Final—Miss Juliette Atkinson and Miss Hellwig beat Miss Moore and Miss Williams, 6-2, 6-1, 12-10.

Mixed doubles: First round—Miss K. Atkinson and Mr. Paret beat Miss Morice and Mr. Morice, 6-1, 6-1; Miss Williams and Mr. Fielding beat Miss Booth and Mr. Hood, 6-1, 6-3; Miss J. Atkinson and Mr. Fischer beat Miss Moore and Mr. Bartow, 6-1, 6-1; Miss Hellwig and Mr. Pouch beat Mrs. Toulmin and Mr. Wilson, 6-4, 6-1.

Semi-final round—Miss J. Atkinson and Mr. Fischer beat Miss Hellwig and Mr. Pouch, 6-1, 6-3; Miss Williams and Mr. Fielding beat Miss K. Atkinson and Mr. Paret, 6-4, 6-2.

Final—Miss Juliette Atkinson and Mr. E. P. Fischer beat Miss Williams and Mr. M. R. Fielding, 3-6, 8-6, 6-2.

Men's doubles: Final—Fischer and Paret beat Smith and Tete, 8-6, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3.

Consolation—Fielding and Judson beat Pouch and Stille, 6-2, 6-2.

TUXEDO.

The annual invitation tournament of the Tuxedo Club was played at Tuxedo, N. Y., with thirty-two competitors. In the final W. A. Larned defeated E. P. Fischer in three sets. On Monday, July 8th, Larned met the holder of the Tuxedo cup, M. G. Chace, and was defeated in three straight sets. The Tuxedo Club was unfortunate in having bad weather during the week, causing several postponements and rendering the courts too soft for satisfactory final matches. The results were:

Singles, first round—A. E. Foote beat Lieut. R. P. Davis, 6-1, 6-4; C. A. Gould beat H. T. Willard, 6-0, 6-3; W. E. Milne beat E. H. Watlington, 6-3, 8-6; R. H. Palmer beat W. H. Cutting, 6-0, 6-3; W. A. Larned beat A. Jones, 6-1, 6-2; D. W. Candler beat G. Watlington, 6-0, 6-2; S. Mallin beat T. S. Tailor by default; A. S. Pier beat J. H. Walton, 6-1, 6-2; J. P. Paret beat Lieut. Bethel, 6-4, 8-10, 6-1; H. Clews, Jr., beat H. J. Holt by default; E. P. Fischer beat P. E. Howard, 6-3, 6-0; James Terry beat O. M. Bostwick by default; J. B. Read beat J. H. Mason, 6-2, 6-3; J. C. Davidson beat E. C. Rushmore, 6-1, 6-2; W. K. Fowler beat A. E. Wright by default; R. M. Miles beat G. Kane, 6-1, 6-2.

Second round—J. P. Paret beat A. E. Foote, 1-6, 6-0, 6-2; C. A. Gould beat H. Clews, Jr., 6-1, 6-0; E. P. Fischer beat J. Terry, 6-2, 6-3; J. Davidson beat J. B. Read, 6-2, 6-3; W. K. Fowler beat W. E. Milne, 0-6, 6-2, 9-7; W. A. Larned beat R. H. Palmer, 6-4, 6-3; R. M. Miles, Jr., beat D. W. Candler, 11-9, 6-1; A. S. Pier beat S. M. Allen, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4.

Third round—J. P. Paret beat C. A. Gould, 6-3, 7-5; E. P. Fischer beat J. C. Davidson, 6-2, 6-3; W. A. Larned beat W. K. Fowler, 6-2, 6-1; R. M. Miles, Jr., beat A. S. Pier, 3-6, 8-6, 6-2.

Semi-final—E. P. Fischer beat J. P. Paret, 6-2, 6-2; W. A. Larned beat R. M. Miles, Jr., 6-0, 6-1.

Final—W. A. Larned beat E. P. Fischer, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.

Championship round—M. G. Chace (holder) beat W. A. Larned (challenger), 6-2, 9-7, 6-0.

Doubles, final round—Larned and Foote beat Davidson and Fischer, 8-6, 7-5, 6-2.

Handicap, final round—Lieut. W. A. Bethel (scratch) beat J. P. Paret (owe three quarters fifteen) 6-4, 5-7, 6-3.

Consolation final—James Terry beat Lieut. W. A. Bethel, 9-7, 6-2.

The championship of Rhode Island was decided July 1st, at the Elmwood Club, Providence. C. R. Budlong won the tournament and challenged M. G. Chace, holder of the title. The latter won 10-8, 6-2, 6-4.

The tournament of the Poughkeepsie Tennis Club concluded, July 6th, with the following results:

Singles' championship—R. M. Ferris beat Ewing Taylor, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.

Ladies' championship—Miss Josephine Baker beat Miss Mabel Ferris, 6-4, 5-7, 6-0. The other winners were: Mixed doubles—Miss Ferris and R. M. Ferris. Ladies' doubles—The Misses Ferris. Men's doubles—Taylor and Ferris.

WEST SIDE.

An important local event has within a few years developed at the West Side Tennis Club, at Eighty-ninth Street and Central Park West. Twenty-nine excellent players were attracted to this open tournament, which began Monday, June 17th and occupied the week. From the outset it was presumed that W. G. Parker would carry off first honors, although many who were but slightly inferior in skill competed. By defeating J. F. Hobart, Dr. Frazer, of the Kings County Club, met Parker in the final, but was unable to gain a set from him. In the ladies' singles, Miss Juliette P. Atkinson displayed great

improvement over her last year's game. Her victory at West Side was a harbinger of her brilliant work at the ladies' championship at Wissahickon. In men's doubles, C. Hobart and Cragin (not a well matched pair) won the final from Lieuts. W. A. Bethel and R. P. Davis of West Point.

Scores: Men's Singles, preliminary round—C. X. Cordier beat T. N. Niven, 6-0, 6-1; J. F. Hobart beat E. A. Crowninshield, 6-0, 6-2; W. N. Frazer beat C. A. Gould, 6-0, 6-3; W. A. Bethel beat Henry Clews, Jr., 6-1, 6-0; C. E. Fennessey beat C. Galway, 6-0, 6-0; J. T. McMahon beat J. P. Paret, 6-4, 6-2; J. Vincent beat M. Ruggles by default; C. Cragin beat M. Merchant, 6-2, 6-1; G. P. Herrick beat F. N. Jessup, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2; W. G. Parker beat J. Walsh, 6-0, 6-0; E. Rathburn beat J. W. White, 6-1, 6-3; R. P. Davis beat Arthur Taylor, 4-6, 10-8, 6-2; Stokes beat Cowell by default.

First round—Frazer beat Bethel, 6-0, 6-2; McMahon beat Vincent, 6-3, 6-4; Parker beat Herrick, 6-1, 6-2; Colby beat Bostwick, 4-6, 7-5, 6-2; Alfred Taylor beat Rathburn, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4; J. Hobart beat Cordier, 6-1, 6-2; Davis beat Fennessey, 6-2, 6-0; Cragin beat Stokes by default.

Second round—McMahon beat Cragin, 6-3, 3-6, 7-5; Parker beat Colby, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5; Hobart beat Alfred Taylor, 6-0, 6-2; Frazer beat Davis, 6-2, 6-2.

Semi-final round—Parker beat McMahon, 6-2, 6-2; Frazer beat Hobart, 6-4, 6-3.

Final—W. G. Parker beat Dr. W. N. Frazer, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

Final Doubles—C. Hobart and Cragin beat Bethel and Davis, 6-0, 6-3, 6-4.

Final Mixed Doubles—Miss Juliette P. Atkinson and Dr. W. N. Frazer beat Miss Helen R. Hellwig and Mr. J. P. Paret, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3, 9-7.

Ladies' Singles, final round—Miss J. P. Atkinson beat Miss M. G. Millett, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

Consolation Final—J. P. Paret beat O. M. Bostwick, 6-4, 7-5.

F. A. KELLOGG.

PACIFIC COAST LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The all-comers' tournament of the Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Association was played at San Rafael, Marin Co., Cal., on July 3d, the preliminary rounds having been played on previous days. It resulted in the victory of Sumner Hardy, of Oakland, Cal., who was thus matched against his brother, Samuel Hardy, for the championship. On July 4th the battle for the championship began between Sumner Hardy and Samuel Hardy, champion of 1894. After Samuel Hardy had won one set with a score of 6-4, the match was postponed on account of rain. It was resumed on Friday, July 5th, at 2 P. M. After a severe and close contest, Sumner Hardy defeated his brother, and became the champion of 1895. Score: 4-6, 6-4, 4-6, 8-6, 6-2.

In the evening the P. C. L. T. A. held a dinner at the Hotel Rafael, at which the following officers were chosen for the coming season: Robert N. Whitney, president; Sumner Hardy, vice-president; A. S. Keeler, secretary and treasurer; and an executive committee of four members. Alexander Wilberforce, who acted as scorer, was thanked and made an honorary member of the P. C. L. T. A. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

CRICKET.

It is conceded by all who play cricket, or watch the game, that Philadelphia is the home of cricket in this country; it is also generally admitted that the Quaker City can put into the field an eleven superior to either New York, Boston or Chicago; but there are few who are ready to admit that Philadelphia has the best individual eleven players in the country, or that the eleven chosen to represent the United States in their annual match against Canada could, with justice (say nothing of good policy), be chosen from the players of Philadelphia alone. If the committee who have the selection of the international eleven would watch the play of prominent players in New York, Boston and Chicago, they would most certainly come to the conclusion that the Philadelphians were not justly entitled to more than six or seven places, and that the remainder could, with advantage, be made up from other cities. By inviting certain players from these cities the committee would not only strengthen their team, but would do much to increase the interest in the match which will otherwise, in time, die out, except so far as Philadelphia is concerned. Of course, after selecting players from other cities, if the invitation of the committee was not accepted the cities would have no one to blame but themselves, but the committee would certainly do a very good thing for cricket throughout the country by trying to make up the eleven in the way we have suggested.

After the excellent showing of the Canadian team in Chicago, a very good game may be expected in the annual international match against the United States at Toronto, September 5th, 6th and 7th. J. M. Laing did so well in both batting and bowling that much may be expected of him; P. C. Goldingham, F. W. Terry and H. C. Pope all rank high in the batting averages.

September will be a busy international month with cricketers. The combined University team of Cambridge and Oxford men sailed from Southampton on August 24th. At present the team is expected to consist of F. Mitchell (captain), N. F. Druce, C. E. M. Wilson, R. A. Studd, H. H. Marriott, W. M. Hemingway, C. D. Robinson, W. W. Low, F. H. E. Cunliffe, F. A. Phillips, H. A. Arkwright and J. C. Hartley, of whom the first eight are Cambridge "blues" and have batting averages varying from 56 to 16 for university matches. N. F. Druce has made three centuries for his university this season; one of them falling but one run short of a double century; H. H. Marriott is credited with one century, and F. Mitchell has an inning of 191 to his credit. F. H. E. Cunliffe, F. A. Phillips and H. A. Arkwright played for Oxford against Cambridge this year.

Much good cricket should be seen from such a combination. The schedule as at present laid out is September 2d, 3d and 4th vs. New York; September 9th and 10th vs. All Canada; September 13th, 14th and 16th vs. University of Penn. past and present; September 20th, 21st and 23d vs. Gentlemen of Philadelphia; September 27th, 28th and 30th vs. Gentlemen of Philadelphia.

Next to Dr. Grace's hundredth 100, completed in May, the greatest sensation of the season is the record-breaking innings of Mr. A. C. Maclaren, who, while playing for Lancashire against Somers-

set, compiled 424 runs, beating by 80 runs Dr. Grace's great innings of 344 made in 1876, and establishing a new record in first-class cricket. Mr. Maclaren played his first match for Harrow against Eton in 1887. In his first county match, in 1890, he came well to the front, making 108 runs.

The season for touring and summer elevens is in full swing. Ontario, Canada, has already sent two teams out, and the Baltimoreans and Incogniti, of New York, have each spent a time in Philadelphia. The summer elevens of Philadelphia and New York are enjoying the cool weather which has prevailed during the past month.

An eleven representing Ontario spent the week from July 5th to 12th in the Quaker City, playing matches against Belmont, a team selected from the leading clubs of Philadelphia, and Merion. The first match, played on the 5th and 6th, finished a draw, owing to rain on the first day; the Canadians had made 148 for 9 wickets and declared their innings, while Belmont had put together 128 for the loss of 6 wickets at the close of the game. The second match, on the 8th and 9th, against the Philadelphia team, resulted in a win for the home players by 2 runs and 4 wickets. In the first innings Ontario led by a score of 164 to 127. In the second innings Ontario made 136, leaving the Philadelphians with 174 runs to make to win. This they did with 4 wickets to spare. The third game, on July 10th and 11th, against Merion, resulted in another draw; Merion batted first and put together 234, Ontario advanced on this with a total of 278; when play ceased Merion had lost 7 wickets for 146 runs.

The Baltimore Cricketers were easy prey for the Philadelphia Club in their game on July 11th, Philadelphia making 219 against their 128. But in their second match the visitors turned the tables by scoring a victory over Germantown by 3 wickets. Germantown, in their first innings, made 97, Baltimore 130. The home team, being left 33 runs behind on the first innings, sent in their quick scorers in the second, and, with 3 wickets down for 141 runs, declared their innings, with the hope of pulling off the game. This left the visitors with 109 runs to get to win. The runs were made with 3 wickets to spare.

The Incogniti, of New York, in their week's tour at Philadelphia, July 22d to 27th, opened with a match against the Wayne County Club on 22d and 23d, which the home team won easily, the totals being—Wayne 184 and 294 for 4 wickets; Incogniti 154 and 120. In their next match, against Germantown, they lost by 77 runs, totals being—Incogniti 149; Germantown 226. The third match, against Tioga, was won by the home team on the first innings, the scores being—Tioga 160; Incogniti 91. Incogniti, in their second attempt, made 110, and at the call of time had 5 of Tioga's wickets down for 19 runs. F. C. Calder was bowling in excellent style and took all 5 of these wickets at a cost of 5 runs. The fourth match, against Belmont, was won by the home with the following score—Belmont 175; Incogniti 106. The fifth and last match, against Merion, was also lost by the visitors, totals being—Incogniti 168; Merion 169, for 7 wickets.

Another Toronto team spent the week of July 29th to August 3d in Chicago, playing matches against the local clubs. The first match, against R. A. Helliwell's team, resulted in a victory for the Canadians by a total of 159 to 124. The second match, against the Chicago Wanderers, resulted in a win for the visitors by a wicket, the scores being—Wanderers 159; Canadians 160. The third game, against the St. George's team, was another victory for the visitors by a total of 218 to 92. The fourth match, against Pullman, resulted in another victory for the Canadians by a score of 202 to 129. The final match of the tour, against a picked eleven of the Chicago clubs, gave the visitors an unbroken run of victories. The Canadians batted first and made 241 runs; Chicago, in their first attempt, put together 170. The Canadians, in their second turn, with 6 wickets down and the score at 190, declared their innings. This left the Chicago team with 262 runs to make to win. There was little hope of their getting these in the time left for play. The only thing was to play for a draw, which they almost succeeded in making, the last wicket falling about a minute before the call of time for a total of 154, leaving the Canadians victorious by 107 runs.

The Halifax cup goes, this year, to the Germantown Club, with a record of seven wins and one lost game. George Patterson heads the batting list in the cup series with a splendid average of 77.61 for 12 innings. He also stands fourth on the bowling list of the series with 26 wickets at an average of 10.92.

On July 6th, in the Metropolitan District League series, the New York team scored their first victory of the season by defeating the Staten Island team. The New Yorks made 71 runs and, through the good bowling of J. Robertson and F. Stratford, retired the Islanders for a total of 63. On the same day, Brooklyn defeated the Manhattans by a total of 54 to 49.

Brooklyn quickly disposed of their opponents, the Staten Island team, on July 13th, for the small total of 29 runs, G. C. Yeo taking 6 wickets at a cost of 7 runs. The Brooklyn eleven then went in and ran up a total of 57, gaining an easy victory.

On July 20th, the Brooklyn and New York game came to an unsatisfactory termination. Brooklyn batted first, and after making a score of 136 for 5 wickets, declared their innings. At the call of time the New York team had scored 67 runs for the loss of 8 wickets, but refused to play on fifteen minutes longer, as specified in the League rules, to prevent a draw.

On August 3d, Staten Island gained an easy victory over the Brooklyns by 53 runs and 6 wickets to spare. Totals—Brooklyn 121; Staten Island 174 for 4 wickets.

Manhattans had little trouble in defeating the New Yorks by 52 runs on the same day. J. Adam, of the Manhattans, bowled with great success, taking 5 wickets for 8 runs. Totals—Manhattan 98; New York 46.

On August 10th, the New Jersey A. C. lost their match with the Staten Island team by 73 runs. The totals were—New Jersey A. C. 77; Staten Island 150.

On the same day Manhattans placed an easy victory to their credit over the Brooklyn club by 38 runs and 7 wickets to spare, the scores were—Brooklyn 90; Manhattan 128 for 3 wickets.

In the New York Cricket Association games on July 6th, Paterson defeated the New Jersey Second eleven by a score of 75 to 45.

Columbias gained a victory over the St. George Athletic Club by a total of 44 to 34.

The Harlem and Metropolitan Insurance Athletic Association game of the same date, scheduled for Central Park, was not played, the Park authorities deciding that the grounds were unfit for play.

On July 13th the New Jersey Second eleven dismissed the Metropolitan Insurance A. A. for 30 runs, and themselves compiled a total of 78.

Patersons gained an easy victory over the Columbias by a total of 75 for 3 wickets, to 30.

Harlem defeated St. George A. C. by 3 runs, the scores being—St. George A. C. 56; Harlem 59.

July 20th, Kings County St. George scored a win by 10 runs over the Columbias, the scores being—Kings Co. 82; Columbia 72.

The New Jersey A. C. Second eleven won from the St. George A. C. by a total of 124 to 102.

Paterson won easily from the Metropolitan Insurance A. A., dismissing them for 31 runs, and themselves running up a total of 145.

On August 3d Columbias lost their game to New Jersey Second eleven by a total of 97 to 30.

Metropolitan Insurance A. A. forfeited their Association game to St. George A. C. on the same day.

Paterson defeated Harlem by a total of 125 to 35.

The Harlem club had an easy win by an innings and three runs in their match against the Metropolitan Insurance A. A., on August 10th. The totals were—Harlem 68; Metropolitan Insurance A. A. 18 and 47.

The St. George A. C. lost to the Paterson team on the same day by a score of 141 to 65.

On July 27th rain caused the postponement of the scheduled contests of the Metropolitan District League and the New York Cricket Association.

In the Chicago Cricket Association games of July 20th, the Pullman team won very easily from the St. Lawrence, dismissing the latter for a small total of 20, and themselves running up a total of 130.

The Albions won their game from the St. George by a total of 105 to 52.

On July 27th, the St. Lawrence bowling did not prove strong enough for the Wanderers, who ran up a total of 207 for 5 wickets. The St. Lawrence were then disposed of for a small total of 36.

Pullman won from the St. Georges by a total of 72 to 28; J. Cummings and J. M. Langham doing excellent bowling for the winners, the former taking 4 wickets for 14 runs, the latter 5 for 11.

T. C. TURNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

On June 30th, the Bohemia C. C. and the Pacific C. C., in their match at Klinknerville, each scored 74. The Pacific team, in its second innings, scored 31 for 2 wickets.

The same day, at Alameda, the California C. C. team went in first, scoring 113. The Alameda team responded with the fine score of 230 for 8 wickets.

On Independence Day, a team of the Pacific C. C. visited Mill Valley to play against the newly

established Country Club. The day turned out very wet, and the grounds soggy. Mill Valley were all out for 24. Then the Pacific team went in, and after 8 wickets had been lost for 33 runs, the game was abandoned.

July 7th, at Alameda, the Pacific C. C. played against the Alameda C. C. Alameda won the toss and took the field; all the Pacific men were out for 54; Alameda put together 150. The Pacific men did very little better in their second innings, scoring only 57. The Pacific C. C. thus lost the match by an innings and 39 runs.

July 7th, at Klinknerville, the Bohemia C. C. defeated the California C. C. by 134 runs. The California C. C. played two men short, and scored only 33; Bohemia scored 167.

July 14th, at Klinknerville, the Alameda team

scored 204 for 7 wickets against the Bohemia team. The Bohemia team were then sent in, but could make only 133.

On the same day, at Alameda, the California C. C. went in first against the Pacific C. C., but could put together only 42. The Pacific team made up the fine total of 255. Cecil Gardner retired after making 103, and J. Meyers, not out, 90.

On July 21st, at Alameda, the Pacific C. C. scored 131; against this the Bohemia team made only 40 in their first innings, and 118 in their second. The Pacific C. C. thus won by 91 runs on the first innings.

There was no match at Klinknerville on July 21st.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

GOLF.

FIXTURES.

- Sept. 2d—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Labor Day handicap.
 Sept. 5th to 7th—International tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.
 Sept. 9th to 11th—Chicago Golf Club, Chicago, Ill., club and open tournament.
 Sept. 14th—St. Andrew's Golf Club, fifth handicap.
 Sept. 24th to 27th—Lenox Golf Club, Lenox, Mass., tournament to amateurs and professionals.
 Sept. 28th—Country Club, Philadelphia, Pa., fourth club handicap for annual cup.
 Sept. 28th—Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton, L. I., handicap matches.
 Oct. 1st to 7th—United States Golf Association, Newport, R. I., amateur and open championships.
 Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th—St. Andrew's Golf Club, open tournaments and amateur and professional matches, competition for long driving open to amateurs.
 Oct. 17th to 19th—Country Club, Philadelphia, Pa., tournament and fifth Club handicap for annual cup.
 Oct. 19th—St. Andrew's Golf Club, sixth handicap.
 Oct. 26th—St. Andrew's Golf Club, final handicap, open only to winners of monthly handicap.
 Oct. 26th—Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton, L. I., handicap matches.

The spasm of show games between professionals, which, not long since, loomed large, has passed and, with it, golfing has settled down to its legitimate sphere as the pastime of the amateur. The show games have effected their allotted function; they have shown us to what degree of excellence and with what little physical exertion the game can be played; they have evoked the enthusiasm of the expert amateur, and riveted the attention of the multitude. So far so good. That these matches should become a permanent institution, or that on them the interest of golfers should be unduly centred, would be a deviation from the paths by which golfing should travel.

At the present moment no such peril threatens the sport. The amateur, pure and simple, is in full possession of the field, and the United States Golf Association is fortunately guided by men and principles that will keep the right goal in view.

The impetus given to the game by the formation of a centre of authority, round which it could aggregate, has been incalculable. In every direction, where wealth and leisure congregate, the link is coming into spontaneous existence, and meeting a want that no other sport has. It is the pleasant pastime of either sex and of every age; moderate in its demands on the physique, pleasant in all its surroundings, and out of doors. It is the crowning outing of our pastimes.

St. Andrews.—The golf players of the Country Club, Brookline, Mass., have challenged the St. Andrews Golf Club to meet them in a team match of thirty-six holes, ten men to form the team; eighteen holes to be played on the links of each club. The match will be played for glory, a commendable precedent to set in these days, when such a flood of trophies and cups has set in as is apt to demoralize the sport. St. Andrews has ever been the puritan amongst golf clubs, and her example in the direction of "sport for its own sake" is gratifying.

U. S. G. A.—The Tuxedo Golf Club has been elected to associate membership, and the Lenox Golf Club as an allied member.

Shinnecock Hills.—On the last Saturdays of the months, up to and including October, there will be handicap matches over the white course for gentlemen and over the red course for ladies, open to all members, season subscribers and non-resident subscribers of the club, who have posted at least five of their best scores during the month in the book kept for the purpose. The Mead cup and Russell cup competitions proceed until the 5th of October.

Mr. S. L. Parish, the secretary, has offered a cup to be competed for by ladies over the red course.

A "Colonel Bogey" competition, open to members, season and non-resident subscribers, will proceed up to October 31st.

The play to be by holes against the Colonel's score as below.

The trophy will be won by the player first defeating the Colonel, or, if that is not done, then by the player who by October 31st shall have come nearest to defeating him.

Scores, duly attested and dated, must be deposited in the Bogey box on the day of play. All score cards will be preserved, and in event of two or more players tying, the trophy shall go to the one of them who has played the best three matches against the Colonel.

Colonel Bogey's round by holes:

1st	5	11th	5
2d	5	12th	5
3d	4	13th	4
4th	5	14th	5
5th	4	15th	5
6th	5	16th	5
7th	5	17th	4
8th	3	18th	4
9th	4		
10th	4	Total	81

As J. F. Gray holds the amateur record, 83, and the professional record is 78, there is a very small debatable margin, and "Bogey" fairly represents the general average which should be attained.

Newport.—The annual election of officers of the Newport Golf Club, July 27th, resulted as follows: president, Theodore A. Havemeyer; vice-president, Robert Goelet; governors, to serve this year, R. J. Gammell, J. P. Kernochan, H. A. C. Taylor, F. W. Vanderbilt, and subsequently, at a meeting of the board, O. H. P. Belmont was elected treasurer and R. J. Gammell secretary.

The first handicap contest of the season was held on Saturday, July 27th, and there were twenty entries, fourteen of whom turned in scores. Mr. A. M. Coats was the winner, with a net score of 92 strokes, which is the best amateur score made over the Newport links. The following is the summary:

	Gross.	Hd'p.	Net.
A. M. Coats	92	—	92
Perry Tiffany.....	139	45	94
Charles E. Sands	122	27	95
H. O. Havemeyer	114	18	96
H. R. Winthrop	116	18	98
I. T. Burden, Jr.	133	30	103
B. Sorchan	111	6	105
F. C. Havemeyer	125	15	110
J. E. Hoffman	162	45	117
H. O. Bax-Ironside	163	45	118
H. G. Gray	169	45	124
Buchanan Winthrop	168	36	132
J. C. Gray, Jr.	192	45	147
R. W. Goelet, Jr.	195	45	150
W. Rutherford	—	—	—
H. M. Brooks	—	6	—
J. A. Stillman	—	30	—
Orme Wilson	—	45	—
L. B. Preston	—	27	—
R. I. Gammell	—	45	—

Hamilton, Mass.—A handicap match was played on the links of the Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass., Saturday, July 27th, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Q. A. Shaw, Jr., who completed the course with a net total of 81 strokes. The full score was:

	Gross.	Hd'p.	Net.
Q. A. Shaw, Jr.	89	8	81
E. W. Thomas	91	9	82
John Moorhead, Jr.	99	14	85
A. P. Gardner	99	8	91
M. K. Abbott	114	22	92
T. J. Coolidge	111	18	93
G. L. Meyer	113	20	93
John R. Poor	108	14	94
Thomas Silsbee	107	12	95
J. T. Spalding	120	25	95
L. D. Ahl	118	20	98
F. B. Fay	132	34	98
S. H. Bennett	110	6	104
S. L. Peabody	122	16	106
A. B. Silsbee	122	12	110
F. P. Abbott	120	10	110

Tuxedo.—Tuxedo's golfers are enthusiasts in fostering the amateur game, and followed up the team match with the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club by a match with the Paterson Golf Club team, August 2d. Fulton Cutting has offered a cup for teams of four from the clubs in the New York group, to be played in turn at the various links.

West Islip, L. I.—The South Shore Country Club, West Islip, has been opened, and golf links are to be laid out. The officers of the club are: president, Harry O. Nicholas; vice-president, C. F. Frothingham; treasurer, Stephen H. De Forrest; secretary, William Allen Overton, and directors, C. Dubois Wagstaff, Col. Alfred Wagstaff, Nelson G. Carman, Malcolm W. Ford, Woodruff Sutton, Jr., Phoenix Remsen, and R. G. Rolston.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The Country Club is laying out a six hole course under the direction of Mr. John Moorhead.

The South.—The eminent success of golf as a winter pastime has received marked demonstration during the past winter, when only on six days was it necessary to postpone play at Lakewood, Aiken, South Carolina, and Asheville, North Carolina, have both links in progress for next season.

Lenox.—Golf has come to the aid of the weather and some fine playing is expected at the tournament in September. Mr. S. Parkman Shaw leads the men, and Miss Shaw, of Hampstead, has led all the other young women golfers. She made a score of 73, which is one of the best, if not the best, score made by a woman on the Lenox Golf Club grounds. The Misses Constance and Gertrude Parsons, the Misses Barnes, Miss Mildred Devereux and the Misses Sloane are all good golfers, as well as bicyclists. Mrs. De Heridia, who has offered the silver loving cup to the best woman player, is also a good golfer. She has made a score of 83.

Arrangements have been made to lay out a golf course near Stamford, in the Catskill Mountains.

The Nyack Country Club has decided to at once add golf to its other attractions, and the laying out of the links is now in the hands of Messrs. Mairs, Browning and Varker.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The Niagara Golf Club, of Niagara, Ontario, Canada, has arranged for an international tournament, which will take place on the links of the club, on the shores of Lake Ontario, on September 5th, 6th and 7th. The meeting will be managed by Captain Dickson, of the Niagara Club; H. D. Warren and Judge Kingswill, of Toronto; A. Simpson, of Ottawa; F. Stancliffe, of Montreal; H. O. Tallmadge, of St. Andrews Golf Club, Yonkers, N. Y.; C. B. Macdonald, of Chicago; Hobart Chatfield Taylor, of Chicago, and Langdon Wilks, of New York.

The opening event will be a handicap tournament, in which the handicap limit is twelve strokes; eighteen holes, medal play. This event is open to amateurs of any recognized club. Teams from the Toronto and Niagara Golf Clubs will play a match in the afternoon, the result of which will decide which team shall have charge of the Niagara Cup. A driving competition, in which distance and accuracy of the drives will be considered in the summing up of the points, will close the sport for the day.

On September 6th, the first round of eighteen holes of the international championship contest will be played. This event will be the chief feature of the tournament. Mr. Henry Winnet offers a sterling silver trophy, valued at \$300, as a prize in this event. It will become the personal property of any player who wins it three times in succession. The programme for the afternoon includes a championship match, over a nine-hole course, for ladies, and an approach and put contest at distances of forty, fifty and sixty yards over a net.

The final round of the international championship will be played Saturday morning, September 7th.

C. TURNER.

LONG ISLAND AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.

Their tenth annual regatta was rowed July 13th in Flushing Bay, Long Island, over a straight-away course one mile in length. Just at the close of the first race a violent storm of wind, rain and hail stopped the rowing for half an hour, after which the weather cleared and the programme was finished.

During the first race the fresh wind raised quite a sea, but, after the storm, wind and waves gradually died away.

Junior single-scutt shells—M. Whitlatch, Varuna Boat Club, 6m. 41s.; G. W. Russell, Metropolitan B. C., 2; M. J. Mulhearn, Empire B. C., 3.

Junior double-scutt gigs—Lone Star B. C., D. C. Cohn (bow), G. Hader (stroke), 5m. 50s.; Varuna B. C., C. F. Harden (bow), H. Norris (stroke), 2, by 3 lengths; Nereus B. C., J. G. Schmelzee (bow), C. E. Titus (stroke), 3.

Junior double-scutt shells—Overpeck B. C., W. Jarvis (bow), O. W. Gardner (stroke), 5m. 55s.; Dauntless B. C., W. J. Tucker (bow), D. McNeill (stroke), 2, by a few feet.

Senior four-oared barges with coxswains—Varuna B. C., R. McDougal (bow), W. N. Norris, J. Mehrtens, C. J. Belger (stroke), Judge Cowan (coxswain), 5m. 56s.; Active B. C., E. States (bow), H. Thomas, W. Reiss, F. States (stroke), F. Gunkel (coxswain), 2, by 5 lengths.

Junior four-oared gigs, with coxswains—Union B. C., S. H. Dolan, Jr. (bow), M. A. Cornell, J. Farrelly, A. G. Wolf (stroke), J. Boyle (coxswain), 5m. 31s.; Dauntless B. C., E. Miller (bow), A. Devoe, J. Knipe, H. Farjeon (stroke), E. Anderson (coxswain), 2; Nereus B. C., H. A. Wilmerding (bow), D. Brigham, R. G. Murray, W. Wallace (stroke), F. L. Wood (coxswain), 3.

Senior four-oared gigs, with coxswains—Varuna B. C., R. McDougal (bow), W. N. Norris, J. Mehrtens, C. J. Belger (stroke), Judge Cowan (coxswain) 5m. 36s.; Atalanta B. C., W. Leslie (bow), E. C. Cunningham, J. Hughes, E. Gallard (stroke), E. C. Villarde (coxswain), 2; Active B. C., E. Kortlang (bow), A. Bruhn, J. Mohlman, C. Sanger (stroke), J. Gerlach (coxswain), 3.

Junior four-oared shells, for the *Eagle* cup—Varuna B. C., W. A. Fischer (bow), W. H. Whitney, E. Riefeustell, E. E. Bodine (stroke), 4m. 49s.; Flushing B. C., G. Scholce (bow), W. Williams, A. Hance, P. Connors (stroke), 2 by 4 lengths.

THE NATIONAL REGATTA.

The twenty-third annual amateur championship regatta, given by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, was rowed July 17th, 18th and 19th, on Saratoga Lake, N. Y. The finish line stretched across the cove at the northern end of the lake. The eight-oared boats started a mile and a half up the lake, and rowed straight-away to the finish, while in all other races the contestants started at the finish line, rowed three-quarters of a mile up the lake, turned, and came back to starting line.

The lake was unusually well-behaved. Wednesday brought fine weather, smooth water and a light wind with the finish of all races. Thursday's weather was also clear, with a trifling breeze, and smooth water. The final trial of the senior single sculls, the only race on Friday, met fine weather,

a fresh wind, and lumpy water. The attendance was shamefully sparse, and it is probable that after the expiration, next year, of the present contract with Saratoga, the regatta will be transferred to some point offering equally good water, coupled with greater public interest and larger attendance.

Intermediate single-scutt shells—A. Jury, Jr., Toronto (Ont.) Rowing Club, 10m. 30s.; W. A. Fisher, Varuna Boat Club, Brooklyn, L. I., 2, by 2 lengths; J. Hobbs, Riverside B. C., Cambridgeport, Mass., 3, by 4 lengths.

Senior single-scutt shells; first round; winners of each heat to start in final—First heat, J. A. Rumohr, T. R. Club, 10m. 12s.; F. Hawkins, Harlem R. C., New York City, did not finish. Hawkins made no honest attempt to win, and abandoned the race on the homestretch. He is by no means an ornament to amateur rowing, and his recently announced purpose to retire will arouse no opposition.

Second heat, J. L. Hackett, Rat Portage (Ont.) R. C., 10m. 4½s.; F. Cresser, Vesper B. C., Philadelphia, Pa., 2, by 3 lengths; J. J. Whitehead, Columbia R. C., Boston, Mass., 3, by 3 lengths; R. McKay, Argonaut R. C., Toronto, Ont., 4, by 2 lengths.

Third heat, W. S. McDowell, Delaware B. C., Chicago, Ill., 9m. 54½s.; R. N. Johnston, Burrard Inlet R. C., Vancouver, British Columbia, 2, by half a length; C. Bulger, Albany (N. Y.) R. C., 3, by 3 lengths; E. N. Atherton, Hartford (Conn.) R. and Athletic Club, 4.

Final heat, first attempt. All steered badly in the first half of the race, and reached the turning line near the wrong stake-boats. Hackett, while trying to turn the same stake with Rumohr, fouled the Toronto sculler, whose boat was so seriously injured that he was compelled to abandon the race and pull for the shore. Hackett finished three lengths ahead of McDowell, in 9m. 44½s., but was disqualified, and the other scullers ordered to row again, next day.

Final heat, second attempt. McDowell, 9m. 50s.; Rumohr, 2, by 2 lengths.

Intermediate double-scutt shells—Crescent B. C., Philadelphia, E. F. Faber (bow), W. McKeever (stroke), 9m. 24½s.; Harlem R. C., C. Mase (bow), J. Mahr (stroke), 9m. 28¼s.; Institute B. C., Newark, N. J., N. A. Carney (bow), D. Rowe (stroke), 9m. 47s.

Senior double-scutt shells—Harlem R. C., J. E. Nagle (bow), F. Hawkins (stroke), 8m. 43s.; Rat Portage R. C., J. L. Hackett (bow), T. D. Desbreny (stroke), 8m. 44½s.; Toronto R. C., J. J. Ryan (bow), J. A. Rumohr (stroke), 8m. 53s.

Pair-oared shells—Toronto R. C., P. J. Mulqueen (bow), J. Wright (stroke), 9m. 3s.; Pennsylvania B. C., Philadelphia, A. J. Ingraham (bow), C. B. Dix (stroke), 2, by 3 lengths.

Intermediate four-oared shells—Winnipeg (Man.) B. C., J. C. Armitage (bow), W. J. K. Osborn, J. C. Waugh, C. L. Marks (stroke), 9m. 3s.; Metropolitan R. C., New York, T. S. Mahoney (bow), F. B. Ellis, J. C. Rougle, W. A. Grant (stroke), 2, by 2½ lengths; Excelsior B. C., Paterson, N. J., E. D. Cundell (bow), T. J. Coburn, T. Purdy, E. J. Dunn (stroke), 3, by 3 lengths.

Senior four-oared shells—Institute B. C., W. Kiely (bow), V. Lockmeyer, E. J. Kearney, O. E.

Fox (stroke), 8m. 43½s.; Winnipeg B. C., J. C. Armatage (bow), W. J. K. Osborn, J. C. Waugh, C. L. Marks (stroke), 2, by a few feet.

Intermediate eight-oared shells, with coxswains—Wachusett B. C., Worcester, Mass., T. O'Toole (bow), M. Maher, F. F. Flagg, T. Higgins, F. Gilchrist, J. Herbert, T. Spencer, J. Carr (stroke), D. A. Coogan (coxswain), 7m. 33½s.; Montrose B. C., Philadelphia, L. Cluff (bow), J. Bell, G. Frame, J. Riddlough, J. Crawford, E. Auer, W. Furman, E. Markle (stroke), G. Harbison (coxswain), 2, by a few feet; Eureka B. C., Newark, N. J., J. Conley (bow), E. Cox, J. McCance, T. Gilhooly, J. Baxter, W. Satchwell, J. Nagle, W. Mann (stroke), H. Winkle (coxswain), 3, by 12 lengths. This was a grand race, hotly contested all the way. The winners were quite unknown to fame, and hardly hoped for victory. When it was announced that they had finished in front their joy knew no bounds, and their extravagant demonstrations of delight afforded much amusement to the spectators.

Senior eight-oared shells, with coxswains—First Bohemian B. C., New York, V. Grastil (bow), O. Novotny, F. Zelaney, V. Ladman, K. Vancura, J. Behrensky, J. Belohalvek, J. Kondeika (stroke), J. Skoda (coxswain), 7m. 39½s.; Triton B. C., Newark, N. J., F. Holt (bow), C. Hadfield, C. Brown, W. Cox, M. Milne, J. Davidson, Jr., J. Castles, E. Brink (stroke), H. Cashion (coxswain), 2, by 4 feet; Minnesota B. C., St. Paul, Minn., N. P. Langford (bow), G. Langford, P. Houghton, L. M. Mahon, H. L. Buffington, J. H. Simpson, T. L. Wann, W. N. Armstrong (stroke), W. H. Yardley (coxswain), 3, by 15 feet. The winners are a powerful crew, making up in strength and gameness what they lack in skill. Triton rowed a gallant race, but were outpaced in the final effort. Minnesota were good enough to have won in almost any other year.

The twenty-third annual convention of the association was held July 17th, eighty-nine clubs being represented by delegates or proxies.

It was decided that clubs in arrears for their annual dues should not be allowed to vote.

The four vacancies on the executive committee were filled by the election of F. B. Fortmeyer, Newark, N. J.; H. W. Garfield, Albany, N. Y.; G. W. Staatzell, Philadelphia, Pa., and J. A. Pilkington, New York City.

The convention recommended to the executive committee that the association should be divided into districts, and the members of the executive committee elected by these districts, instead of by the association at large as is now the practice.

At a meeting of the executive committee, held July 18th, the election resulted as follows: president, Charles D. Catlin, Chicago, Ill.; vice-president, Julius D. Mahr, New York City; secretary, Fred. R. Fortmeyer, Newark, N. J.; treasurer, Dr. Conrad Behrens, Philadelphia, Pa.

NORTHWESTERN AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.

Their twenty-seventh annual regatta was rowed July 25th and 27th, on the St. Clair River, at St. Clair, Mich.

The course for the canoe races was half a mile straightaway, with the current, and for all other races a mile and a half with a turn. Intelligence and liberality marked all the preliminary arrangements, and the oarsmen were hospitably enter-

tained, but the course is so exposed to every wind that rough water is the rule rather than the exception.

July 25th. Weather fine; wind fresh and varying from northwest to northeast; water fairly smooth at first and gradually grew rougher and rougher.

Junior single-scul shells—A. A. Le Fevre, Mutual Boat Club, Detroit, Mich., 12m. 47s.; F. Weighart, Toronto (Ont.) Rowing C., 13m. 26½s.; G. C. L. Gies, M. B. C., 14m. 3s.

Tandem canoes, a half mile straightaway, with the current—Detroit B. C., first crew, C. H. Gould and W. C. Noack, 3m. 4s.; Detroit B. C., second crew, E. S. Reynolds and F. T. Bancroft, 3m. 7s.; Argonaut R. C., Toronto, Ont., H. Small and W. H. Bunting, did not finish.

Junior double-scul shell—Toronto R. C., F. Weigbert (bow), F. Russell (stroke), 15m. 46½s.; Mutual B. C., H. Brown (bow), J. Van Damme (stroke), 18m. 30s.

Junior pair-oared shells—Mutual B. C., C. J. Skiffington (bow), B. F. Kiesel (stroke), 13m. 4s.; Ecorse (Mich.) B. C., T. Bondie (bow), C. H. Tank (stroke), 13m. 45s. The winning crew used a double-scul boat, with all its outriggers intact.

Junior four-oared shells—Argonaut B. C., W. H. Bunting (bow), P. E. McKenzie, H. Small, A. I. Boyd (stroke), 11m. 41s.; Ecorse B. C., T. Bondie (bow), A. S. Beaubien, G. Clark, C. H. Tank (stroke), 11m. 58s.; Mutual B. C., A. I. Skiffington (bow), W. D. West, H. H. Skiffington, B. F. Kiesel (stroke), 12m. 52s.; Detroit B. C., J. F. Lyons (bow), E. L. Warner, J. E. Leggett, W. A. Warner (stroke), 14m. 34½s.

July 26th—Races postponed on account of rough water.

July 27th—During the first race the weather was rainy, with light wind and smooth water. Afterwards the weather cleared, the wind freshened, and the water grew so rough that several of the racing boats narrowly escaped swamping.

Single canoes, half a mile straightaway, with the current—W. C. Noack, D. B. C., 3m. 20s.; F. T. Bancroft, D. B. C., 2; C. H. Gould, D. B. C., 3.

Senior single-scul shells—J. A. Rumohr, T. R. C., 11m. 27s.; C. L. VanDamme, M. B. C., 12m. 7s.; R. A. Johnson, A. R. C., 3, by 4 lengths. Van Damme injured his boat by fouling the turning buoy, and sank just after crossing the finish line.

Senior double-scul shells—Toronto R. C., J. A. Rumohr (bow), J. J. Ryan (stroke), r. o. in 11m. 30s.

Senior pair-oared shells—Toronto R. C., P. J. Mulqueen (bow), J. Wright (stroke), 18m. 31s.; Ecorse B. C., E. R. Labadie (bow), C. H. Tank (stroke), quit at quarter-mile.

Four-oared gigs with coxswains—Detroit B. C., second crew, J. F. Lyon (bow), E. L. Warner, E. L. Leggett, W. McMillan (stroke), C. L. Harris (coxswain), 11m. 24s.; Detroit B. C., first crew, F. D. Standish (bow), D. B. Duffield, W. A. Warner, F. A. Lyon (stroke), R. F. Gillis (coxswain), 11m. 40s.; Ecorse B. C., T. Bondie (bow), E. R. Labadie, A. D. Beaubien, C. H. Tank (stroke), C. A. Sausance (coxswain), 11m. 50s.

Senior four-oared shells—Toronto B. C., P. J. Mulqueen (bow), J. J. Ryan, J. A. Rumohr, J. Wright (stroke), 12m. 54½s.; Wyandotte (Mich.) B. C., M. C. Busha (bow), W. N. Ocobock, C. A.

Prescon, E. B. Nellis (stroke), 2; Ecorse B. C., T. Bondie (bow), A. S. Beaubien, A. D. Beaubien, C. H. Tank (stroke), filled with water and went ashore at the turn.

The annual meeting of the Association was held July 26th, the election resulting as follows: president, W. A. Littlejohn, Toronto; vice-president, W. Campbell, Wyandotte; secretary and treasurer, W. C. Jupp, Detroit. For members of the executive committee, C. Catlin, Chicago, and W. C. Jupp, Detroit, were re-elected, while W. W. Armstrong, St. Paul, succeeds F. H. Walker, Detroit.

The following definitions were adopted:

A junior sculler is one who has never won a scull race.

A junior oarsman is one who has never been a winning oarsman in a race.

An intermediate sculler is one who has never won an intermediate or senior scull race.

An intermediate oarsman is one who has never been a winning oarsman in an intermediate or senior race.

A coxswain shall weigh not less than 105 lbs., but shall not be otherwise classified.

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN.

Their sixteenth annual regatta was rowed August 2d and 3d, at Hamilton Beach, Burlington Bay, about seven miles from Hamilton, Ontario. A sand-bar cuts off the lower end of Lake Ontario, making an enclosed bay with narrow outlet into the lake. When it is proposed to hold a regatta there the committee lay out two courses, one in the lake and the other in the bay. These courses are in different directions, and have different protection from the wind, so that when it is rough on one it will be smooth on the other, and nothing less than a furious storm can make both of them unfit for rowing. These courses are a mile and a half in length, and all races are straightaway over that distance. Interest in rowing seems on the wane at Hamilton, the local boat clubs do not flourish, and the attendance at the regatta was sparse.

August 2d. Weather clear and warm; wind light, with the oarsmen; water smooth. The lake course was used.

Junior single-scull shells—L. Marsh, Don Rowing Club, Toronto, 9m. 54½s.; E. C. Jury, Toronto B. C., 2, by 2 lengths; E. A. Wark, Leander B. C., quit at a mile.

Intermediate single-scull shells—J. O'Connor,

D. R. C., 9m. 52½s.; L. Marsh, D. R. C., 2, by a yard.

Junior double-scull shells—Don R. C., first crew, C. Raime (bow), J. Hurley (stroke), 10m. 3s.; Don R. C., second crew, 2, by 2 lengths.

Junior four-oared sculls—Argonaut R. C., Toronto, R. W. Hoskins (bow), N. W. Linton, O. Heron, H. W. A. Dixon (stroke), 9m. 23½s.; Don R. C., D. O'Keefe (bow), T. Friend, J. Delaney, J. Nicholson (stroke), 2, by 5 lengths; Leander R. C., R. Colvin (bow), T. Meyers, A. Scott, S. Aikens (stroke), did not finish.

August 3d—Weather warm and foggy; wind light; water smooth. The bay course was used.

Senior single-scull shells—R. N. Johnson, A. R. C., 10m. 35½s.; J. A. Rumohr, T. R. C., 2, by 2 lengths; L. Marsh, D. R. C., 3; W. S. McDowell, Delaware B. C., Chicago, Ill., 4, by a length.

Senior double-scull shells—Toronto R. C., J. J. Ryan (bow), J. A. Rumohr (stroke), 10m. 44½s.; Argonaut R. C., F. H. Thompson (bow), R. N. Johnson (stroke), 2, by 3 lengths.

Pair-oared shells—Toronto R. C., P. J. Mulqueen (bow), J. Wright (stroke), r. o.

Intermediate four-oared shells—Don R. C., J. O'Connor (bow), W. Nelson, A. J. Trayling, L. Kennedy (stroke), 9m. 13s.; Toronto R. C., A. Jury, Jr. (bow), W. C. Kennedy, A. R. Stell, J. A. Russell (stroke), 2, by 2 lengths; Argonaut R. C., W. H. Bunting (bow), P. E. Mackenzie, H. Small, A. J. Boyd (stroke), 3, broke an oar against the 1-mile flag-staff.

Senior four-oared shells—Don R. C., J. O'Connor (bow), W. Nelson, A. J. Trayling, L. Kennedy (stroke), 9m. 35½s.; Argonaut R. C., W. H. Bunting (bow), P. E. Mackenzie, H. Small, A. J. Boyd (stroke), 2, by a length and a half; Toronto R. C., J. R. Bennet (bow), J. Smyth, W. J. Sheehan, F. S. Wells (stroke), 3.

The annual meeting of the association was held August 2d, delegates being present from the Toronto; Argonaut and Don Rowing Clubs, of Toronto, Leander and Nautilus, of Hamilton, and Grand Trunk, of Montreal.

The terms of three members of the executive committee, G. F. Galt, Winnipeg; F. S. Killackey, Toronto, and C. E. Howard, Lachine, had expired, and in their stead were elected P. D. Crerar, Leander B. C.; W. C. Kennedy, Toronto B. C., and A. Boyd, Don R. C.

The treasurer's statement showed a cash balance on hand of \$902.

YACHTING.

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB SPECIAL.

The Larchmont Y. C. offered special prizes for races July 12th. The principal event was the race of the schooners for the Drexel cup, which was won by *Amorita*. *Elsemarie* and *Ramona* started against her but the latter dropped out at the end of the first round. The wind was light at the start but it freshened afterwards to a lively topsail breeze. The course was a 15-mile triangle sailed over twice; the first leg was a broad reach, the second a thrash to windward and the third run to leeward. The *Amorita* won by 5m. 18s. actual and 3m. 43s. corrected time.

Gossoon and *Minerva* raced together, in class 6, sailing twice over an 11-mile triangle. *Minerva*

got a start of 18 seconds over *Gossoon*. The race was close throughout. *Gossoon* came in 48 seconds ahead but the *Fife* cutter won by 1m. 55s. corrected time. Mr. Frank M. Freeman's *Dragoon* came to the line alone in the 34-footer class and had a walk-over. Among the 21-footers *Celia* beat *Vaquero* by 2m. 21s. actual and corrected time. *Shrimp* started but withdrew.

THE LARCHMONT-ATLANTIC CRUISE.

This year, for the first time, the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs joined forces for a cruise down the Sound. An imposing fleet, numbering over eighty yachts of all sizes but all in excellent trim, were assembled in Larchmont harbor on the morning of July 13th to take part in the cruise or

OUTING FOR SEPTEMBER.

to help make a successful start. As on the occasion of the annual regatta the club's usual luck with the weather deserted them, and at the time set for the start a rain squall had blown up. The first run was to be to Black Rock and it was a fast run from start to finish. The weather finally cleared and the start was made shortly after noon. The official time over the 26 miles was as follows:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A, 80FT. AND OVER.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona.....	2 40 30	2 39 55
Sachem.....	2 44 48	2 36 53
Alsacienne.....	3 23 24	
Crusader.....	3 01 56	2 49 51
Phantom.....	3 10 17	3 00 04
Emerald.....	4 38 40	2 30 09

CLASS B, 70 TO 80FT.

Amorita.....	3 02 43	3 02 43
Elsemarie.....	3 06 33	3 05 10
Florida.....	3 27 10	3 24 36

CLASS C, 70FT. AND UNDER.

Loyal.....	3 07 45	2 57 07
Viator.....	3 06 28	3 03 03
Cavalier.....	3 15 18	3 15 18

SLOOPS—CLASS 2, 50 TO 70FT.

Katrina.....	2 51 37	2 51 35
Huron.....	3 43 33	3 37 41

CLASS 3, 53 TO 60FT.

Wasp.....	3 08 18	3 08 11
Eclipse.....	3 21 50	3 21 50
Clara.....	3 23 51	3 23 51
Vixen.....	3 52 40	

CLASS 4—46 TO 53FT.—FLUSH DECK.

Gossoon.....	3 39 57	3 39 57
Verena.....	3 57 53	
Xara.....	3 53 40	3 50 36
Minerva.....	3 35 16	3 32 03

CLASS 4—46 TO 53FT.—TRUNK CABIN.

Penguin.....	3 41 50	3 41 18
Choctaw.....	3 36 34	3 31 55
Harriet.....	3 59 56	
Awa.....	3 37 36	3 33 41
Iola.....	4 13 12	
Wenona.....	3 55 33	
Ventura.....	3 51 40	3 48 19

CLASS 5—40 TO 45FT.

Kathleen.....	4 06 44	3 58 28
Bonnie Kate.....	4 08 48	3 00 32
Tigress.....	3 50 47	3 54 42
Norota.....	3 35 38	3 35 18
Senorita.....	4 06 29	3 55 42

CLASS 6—35FT. AND UNDER.

Infanta.....	3 50 52	
Fidello.....	4 21 00	
Modesta.....		
Dragon.....	3 39 10	
Gunhilde.....	4 09 03	
Almira.....	4 06 24	

On Sunday afternoon, July 14th, the fleet sailed to Morris Cove. On the 15th the squadron sailed from Morris Cove to New London. The start was made before colors and most of the yachts were handicapped by reason of being late at the start. The wind was very light all day, from the east all day and the beat was slow and tedious. The fleet broke tacks and scattered; the only notable feature was the light weather speed developed by *Amorita*.

The winners were the *Ramona*, first prize, and *Sachem*, second, in class A; *Amorita*, first in

class B; *Viator*, first in class C; *Ventura*, first of sloops, class 2; *Wasp*, first in class 3; *Choctaw*, first, and *Awa*, second, in class 4. Cabin trunks—*Minerva* first and *Gossoon* second in class 4. Flush decks—*Norota* first and *Senorita* second in class 5; *Infanta* first and *Almira* second in class 6.

On July 17th, at New London, thirty yachts remained in the combined cruising fleet. The day's work consisted of a broad reach and at the end, through a shift of wind, a beat to the cornfield light-vessel, then a run to Plum Gut, 23 miles in all. The wind was very light all day.

The winners were: Schooners, class A—*Emerald* beat *Sachem* 3h. 03m. and *Ramona* 25m. 15s.; class B—*Amorita* beat *Elsemarie* 4m. 29s.; class C—*Loyal* beat *Viator* and *Cavalier*. Sloops, class 2—*Katrina* beat *Huron* 3m. 48s.; class 3—*Eclipse*, walk-over; class 4, flush deck—*Gossoon* beat *Minerva* 6m. 01s.; class 4, trunk cabin—*Penguin* beat *Wenonah* 37m. 42s.; class 5—*Norota* beat *Kathleen* 45m. 01s.; class 6—*Almira* beat *Infanta* 33m. 49s.

This ended the racing of the cruise, although the fleet kept together in Daering's Harbor until the 19th.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE.

The rendezvous of the N. Y. Y. C., preparatory to the annual cruise was on July 20th and, as usual, at Glen Cove, L. I. The fleet was an unusually large one; while the *Defender* and the *Vigilant* were the chief objects of interest, there was good sporting blood all through the fleet and many owners were anxious, after months of preparatory toil, for first blood in their respective classes. The racing among the schooners *Emerald*, *Ramona*, *Crusader*, *Amorita*, *Elsemarie* and *Loyal* had been keen during the early summer regattas, which had been arranged by the leading clubs, and these yachts were all here in fighting trim. The fleet, which would be remarkable in any water and at any time, was strengthened by the arrival of the stately *Lasca*, recently returned from a 10,000-mile cruise in foreign waters. She exhibited the embodiment of all that is best in American yachting; beauty, comfort, speed and strength. There also were the English-built *Queen Mab* and the American *Wasp*, whose competition would be worthy of the attention of the yachting world, if it had not the rivalry of the greater sloops upon which to whet its appetite.

The first race was across the Sound to the Norwalk Islands and return and thence to Huntington Harbor. Com. Edward M. Brown had offered three cups: One for the cup-defending sloops, one for the schooners and a third for the smaller sloops. The race between the *Defender* and *Vigilant* is narrated in this month's OUTING. The results among the others were as follows: *Amorita* beat *Emerald* 1m. 58s., *Elsemarie* 1m. 27s., *Lasca* 10m. 44s., *Marguerite* 13m. 21s., *Loyal* 15m. 49s., *Neaera* 15m. 35s. and *Iroquois* 16m. *Defender* beat *Vigilant* 1m. 49s. elapsed time. *Wasp* beat *Queen Mab* 2m. 18s., *Mincola* 7m. 36s. and *Hildegard* 15m. 47s. The winners of the cups were *Amorita*, *Defender* and *Wasp*.

On July 30th occurred the first run of the cruise from Hempstead Harbor to New London, 73 miles. A goodly number of the old salts, who

value the luxury of an invigorating sail in which there is no rivalry, and for which temporary happiness is the only prize, sailed without the formality of crossing the line, intent upon a cruise rather a race.

Twenty-six yachts entered the competition for the club honors. All hands were on deck at sunrise; the start being made at 6.40 A. M. The day proved to be one which will be recorded on memorable pages in the logs of the participants. The race from Huntington Bay to New London was a broad reach from start to finish, covering 64 nautical miles. There was all the wind that was wanted at first for gaff-topsails and then for reefs. The Sound was white with breaking seas. It blew from the S. W. at a 20-mile rate. *Clara* lost her topmast and bowsprit and dropped out. The big schooner *Montauk*, whose cruises have been the subject of books, took a knock-down, and had one of her boats and a part of her rail carried away. The new *Norota* had a hole blown through her mainsail; *Ventura* not only burst her mainsail but had her balloon jib blown to ribbons, and *Defender* split a gaff-topsail.

Those who had doubts as to *Defender* in a big wind had now the opportunity to be comforted. But, although the big sloops did their best, the honors of the day were carried away by the old schooner *Constellation*. She made the run in 4h. 36m. 34s., or at the rate of over 14 knots an hour. *Vigilant*'s time was 4h. 40m. 37s., which was at the rate of 13.7 knots. Near the finish, off Bartlett's Reef, *Defender*'s patent steering gear failed because of heating and binding of the sleeve, on the main shaft, which controlled the speed-increasing gear. She was at the time about 2 minutes ahead of *Vigilant*, but was compelled to give up the race.

The results were as follows: among the big schooners *Constellation* defeated *Ramona* 5m. 22s.; the *Emerald* won in the second class schooners, beating the *Lasca* 1m. 36s.; the *Ariel* won in the third class schooners, beating the *Iroquois* 2m. 11s.; the *Amorita* in the fourth class schooners, beat the *Shamrock*, her only competitor, 8m. 39s.; the *Loyal*, in the fifth class schooners, beat the *Neaera* 3m. 30s.; the *Katrina*, in the second class sloops had a walk-over; the *Queen Mab*, in the third class sloops, beat the *Hildegarde* 2m. 19s.; the *Wasp*, in the fifth class sloops, beat the *Eclipse* 10m., and the *Gossoon* beat the *Norota* in the sixth class sloops 16m. 8s.

Volunteer was awaiting the arrival of the fleet, and *Jubilee* came in from Boston with three of her four port shrouds hanging loose, because their aluminum bronze turnbuckles had snapped. On July 31st, a large fleet started from New London to Newport, 40 miles, but most abandoned the outside racing course and went through Fisher's Island Sound. The run of the racers was, for the most part, with spinnakers. *Vigilant* burst her mainsail, although the wind was light.

The winners were: Schooners, class 1, *Constellation* beat *Ramona* 6m. 4s.; class 2, *Mayflower* beat *Emerald* 3m. 52s., *Lasca* 6m. 44s., *Merlin* 7m. 36s., *Alcaa* 29m. 52s.; class 3, *Iroquois* beat *Ariel* 11m. 55s., *Marguerite* 12m. 36s.; class 4, *Amorita* beat *Elsemarie* 12m. 28s., *Shamrock* 17m. 30s.; class 5, *Neaera* beat *Loyal* 6m. 4s. Cutters, class 1, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* 12m. 2s. and *Volunteer* 24m. 5s.; class 2, *Queen Mab* beat

Hildegarde 12m. 26s.; Class 5, *Wasp* beat *Mineola* 14m. 31s.; Class 6, *Uvira* beat *Norota* 9s.

The Golet cup race was sailed August 2d, over the Block Island course, in a twelve to fifteen-knot breeze and over a moderately smooth sea. Although the *Defender* lost the race to the *Vigilant* through the breaking of her gaff at the beginning of the last leg of the course, she that day dissipated all doubts as to her weatherly power in a stiff blow. The course was the club course number four, 38 miles; from Brenton's Reef lightship, a beat of 13½ miles to a mark one mile from Block Island; a run of 18 miles with spinnakers set, to a mark two miles S. W. by W. from West Island light, and a reach of 6½ miles. The wind was steady from the S. W. This race presented the splendid spectacle of the four great sloops starting off together under club-topsails and small jib-topsails, followed, after an interval of five minutes, by a fleet of ten racing schooners. Among the attending steamers were W. K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*, J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, E. D. Morgan's *Shearwater*, W. H. Starbuck's *Tillie*, Joseph Stickney's *Susquehanna*, E. C. Benedict's *Oncida*, Robert Golet's *Hermione* and John Hall's *Unquova*. These, with all the sea-going pleasure craft of Narragansett Bay, combined to make a truly notable fleet.

The *Defender* was sailed by Capt. Haff, *Vigilant* by Capt. Charley Barr; Capt. Newcomb sailed the *Jubilee*, with Gen. Paine and John B. Paine at his side, and Capt. Aubrey Crocker handled the *Volunteer*, with Malcolm J. Forbes on deck, still greatly proud of his old champion, but ready to learn to what degree the designer's art had progressed since she won her laurels eight years ago.

At the finish, *Vigilant* had beaten *Jubilee* by 9m. 14s. and *Volunteer* by 25m. 48s. At the second turn, two minutes before the *Defender* broke, she was 1m. 35s. ahead of *Vigilant*; then her gaff snapped and she dropped out of the race, leaving Mr. Willard and the *Vigilant* to win one of the most coveted prizes of the season and to score a well-earned victory.

Capt. Haff and Capt. Crocker had a lively brush at the start for the windward berth. *Volunteer* and *Defender* were first at the starting line the former to windward and a length ahead, with scarcely sixty feet between her and the lightship. Then Capt. Haff saw the chance for one of his startling manoeuvres. Up goes his helm, the *Defender* jibes in her own length under *Vigilant*'s stern; she shoots to windward of the Tobin-bronze yacht and between her and the lightship, blankets her sails, and crosses the line 6 seconds ahead. No American yacht but the *Defender* could have made such *coup de force*, and few skippers would have attempted it. The *Jubilee* crossed 9 seconds later. Capt. Barr, seeing that the *Vigilant* had lost the weather berth, took advantage of the five minutes' handicap limit and lay back to keep clear of the others and perhaps secure a better wind. He crossed 3m. 23s. after *Jubilee* and within 30 seconds of the end of the 5 minutes.

The time of the big sloops to the windward mark, after the 13½-mile beat, was—*Defender*, 1h. 40m. 25s.; *Vigilant*, 1h. 46m. 29s.; *Jubilee*, 1h. 50m. 9s.; *Volunteer*, 1h. 57m. 40s. After rounding the mark, *Vigilant*'s Scandinavian crew

beat the Deer Island boys in getting out their spinnakers; the *Vigilant's* was drawing in 20 seconds, the *Defender's* in 40 seconds, the *Jubilee's* in 2 minutes, and the *Volunteer's* in nearly 3 minutes.

The time at the end of the run was—*Defender*, 3h. 44m. 10s.; *Vigilant*, 3h. 55m. 45s.; *Jubilee*, 3h. 57m. 8s.; *Volunteer*, 4h. 14m. 50s.

The time of the race is recorded as follows:

NAME.	Start.			Finish.			Elapsed.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Defender.....	11	30	33	Not timed.					
Volunteer.....	11	30	30	5	00	04	5	20	25
J. Jubilee.....	11	31	09	4	44	00	5	12	51
Vigilant.....	11	34	12	4	38	09	5	03	37

The following is the time of the schooners:

	Start.			Finish.			Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Constellation.....	11	39	58	Not timed.								
Merlin.....	11	35	21	5	46	51	6	08	30	6	00	35
Lasca.....	11	36	43	5	19	24	5	42	36	5	34	38
Mayflower.....	11	40	00	5	40	24	6	00	24	5	50	05
Emerald.....	11	37	54	5	21	18	5	43	34	5	33	01
Marguerite.....	11	40	00	5	52	12	6	12	12	5	57	33
Amorita.....	11	36	30	5	35	12	5	58	43	5	27	01
Elsemarie.....	11	37	34	5	53	33	6	20	59	5	59	11
Loyal.....	11	38	35	6	25	17	6	46	52	6	15	01
Nearca.....	11	36	22	6	31	38	6	55	16	6	17	20

It has been most unfortunate that differences have arisen between Mr. Iselin, or, as it now stands, between the regatta committee of the N. Y. Y. C. and Mr. Willard. It is a case of "when doctor's disagree who then shall decide?" Certainly the members of the committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, are thoroughly just and competent; and yet Mr. Willard takes exception to their decision, and he is unquestionably one of the most able and clear-headed of Corinthian sailors. Certainly there is something of perspicuity needed in the club's sailing regulations when such uncertainties occur; they would not be possible under the ordinary rules of the road at sea.

Mr. Willard claims that on two occasions, July 22d and August 6th, the *Vigilant* was crowded by the *Defender* so that a collision would have been likely if the former had not given up the right of way, to which she was entitled. He entered his protest in the first instance, but refrained from doing so in the second because he feared the syndicate might be embarrassed by the operation of the rule, which provides that a yacht justly protested twice shall be barred from entering further races of the club during the season.

Whatever were the merits of the case in the second instance, the committee had to deal only with the first. Their report was a surprise to many who witnessed the occurrence at the Scotland light-ship, and who are familiar with the ordinary rules of the road.

Both yachts were to windward of the line, the start being to leeward. The *Vigilant* was reaching along the line on the starboard tack. The *Defender* was to windward, and running before the wind towards the line.

The first of the club's rules, Sec. 2, reads, in full: "A yacht free shall keep clear of one close hauled."

Sec. 6 reads "A yacht with the wind aft shall keep clear of a yacht on any point of sailing." Without stopping to consider whether there is any *raison d'être* of the former rule while the latter exists, or to point out the grammatical

absurdity which would make a yacht with wind aft not on any point of sailing, the question to be considered is, did *Vigilant* abandon the right of way which Mr. Iselin at the time admitted she had and which most of the on-lookers thought she was entitled to? If, when Mr. Willard thought a collision was imminent, the *Vigilant* had luffed up under the *Defender's* stern, as she subsequently did, it would have been the duty of the committee to decide whether the proximity of the boats was sufficient to justify it.

As it was it was claimed that previous to luffing, the skipper of the *Vigilant*, Capt. Charlie Barr, rolled up his wheel as if to bear away over the line, which movement was promptly reported by Captain Berry to Captain Haff, who was at *Defender's* wheel. The wheel of the *Vigilant* was reversed so quickly that few on the attending steamers noticed the original movement or perceived any change in the *Vigilant's* course. If he had abandoned her original course on the wind, she unquestionably abandoned the right of way under the rules. The regatta committee in their report simply stated that the protest was not allowed, without giving any reference to the rules or statement of the case.

It seems that the only point of principle involved is what constitutes a change of course; and the only question of fact, did the *Vigilant* so change her course? We cannot see that any of the club's rules other than those cited apply to the case; the only one which approaches it, Sec. 14, governing overlaps while rounding marks, does not appear to fit, as there was no overlap.

As far as we may obtain the facts, it appears that Capt. Barr put up his wheel, and that the committee decided that this was a change of course. If this was the basis of it, the decision would seem to be a strict but an eminently proper one; and a proper precedent has been established.

R. B. BURCHARD.

The Astor cups, the munificent gift of Mr. John Jacob Astor to the N. Y. Y. C., for the winners in the trial races to decide which yacht will defend America's cup, are of the value of \$2000.

These cups were designed and manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Co., and are of rare beauty and grace, a departure from the conventional lines of yacht prizes, forming trophies which, while suggesting in every detail the purpose for which they are offered, have still a light and graceful appearance, which forms a noticeable contrast to the heavy, massiveness of many noted cups.

Each cup is two feet high, from the base to the top of the figure of Victory, and nine inches across the widest part, resting on a movable base of ebony, around which is twined a wreath of vines and fruits with a crowned head of Neptune on each side. The base is of classic design, rising in graceful form with fluted indentations, crowned by dropping leaves to a double sea-shell in which two dolphins rest. The tails of the dolphins are twined around a border which forms a lozenge-shaped panel, uniting at the top to a sea-shell, in which rests one foot of a figure of Victory.

This figure, eight inches in height, stands full front in a most graceful posture, the right foot

resting in the shell, the other drawn back and upheld by the top of the shell. In the right hand is the wreath of victory, while held aloft is a branch of palms. The handles are of a particularly graceful shape, and are composed of bull rushes and other aquatic plants in graceful and natural forms, with the head of an American eagle at the top of the curve. These bull rushes divide at the handle, a part of the plants clinging to the sides of the cup as far as the neck, where they gradually taper off into drippings of water. Both sides of the cup are alike, with the excep-



THE ASTOR CUPS.

tion of the figure of Victory, it being intended to etch a yachting scene in one panel, with the name of the winner and other details in the other. Great attention was paid to symmetry, gracefulness and proportion, and the result is two of the handsomest cups ever produced by the Gorham Manufacturing Co.

The Goelet cups were this year the costliest raced for in years. For many years they have ranked as the most important prizes of the yachting season, and were, as usual, supplied by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. The prizes are the costliest

that Mr. Goelet has ever offered in this series, and although they will probably go on record as the thousand-dollar and five-hundred-dollar Goelet cups, the generous donor paid considerably more this year to secure two of the choicest examples of the silversmith's art.

The \$1,000 prize for schooners is one of Tiffany & Co's famous Columbian Exposition pieces, a bacchanalian tankard weighing nearly one hundred and sixty ounces. In general form it was suggested by the style of the carved wooden tankards made early in the last century. This silver tankard, however, merely suggests the form of the earlier ones; for the decorations, which reveal a happy blending of rococo work and bacchanalian characters, bear the stamp of originality and original treatment. Under the lips of the tankard old Satyr is represented, with an expression of thirst, surrounded by a rich growth of luxuriant grapes and leaves, forming a broad, border-like decoration around the top.

Around the lower part of the tankard a procession of *babines* is seen, some riding on rams, and others walking, and producing sounds with pipes, flutes, and various instruments of the period, while others in this merry band have developed into fauns, and are sporting in gymnastic exercises as they join in the feast of wine and song. To give appropriate support to the sentiment expressed in this frieze, the base of the cup is decorated with the old proverbial ram's head, smothered in lavish decoration of the wine-producing fruit, while the ram's hoofs are introduced as feet to the piece. The handle is of rococo character and very graceful. The tankard has a capacity of seven quarts, and stands two feet high, measuring six and a half inches in diameter at the bottom, from which it tapers to the top.

The \$500 prize for sloops is a massive silver punch-bowl of the famous Tiffany Indian chrysanthemum pattern. It weighs two hundred ounces, stands eleven inches high, and has a capacity of sixteen quarts. The decorative work upon this bowl, while not so lavish as upon the tankard, is still of a very superior order. The Indian chrysanthemum buds, leaves and flowers are not merely chased up, but have been first cast, and then all the minute details of the beautiful flower brought out by *repoussé* work and then applied to the bowl. The bas-relief work and chasing are examples of the most advanced work; and both trophies are, in many respects, the most beautiful and costly that will be raced for during the season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. B.—The most recent publications on physical training are Judd's "Always Strong and Happy," and "Hygiene and Physical Culture for Women." We can supply them both.

F. J. W., N. W. M. P.—For Bevia, on the east coast of Africa, consult some good shipping agency.

J. N. M., Marietta.—The second edition of Stephens' work contains all you require. No table of offsets has ever been published.

M. V. W., Freehold.—You will get what you require by applying to N. L. Wilson, 170 Tremont St., Boston.

H. A. M.—No compiler of athletic statistics takes notice of such absurdities as 10-yard and 25-yard runs. Nor do they keep records of performances by lads of different ages. Your performances would be fair if there was any reason to suppose that the timekeeping was accurate. The most experienced officials hesitate about times for such abbreviated affairs as 10 yards and 25 yards, and the best timekeepers would disagree on races run in less than two seconds. You can ascertain your comparative abilities by competing against other boys, and will probably find them harder to beat than is a watch, held by an inexperienced official.

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